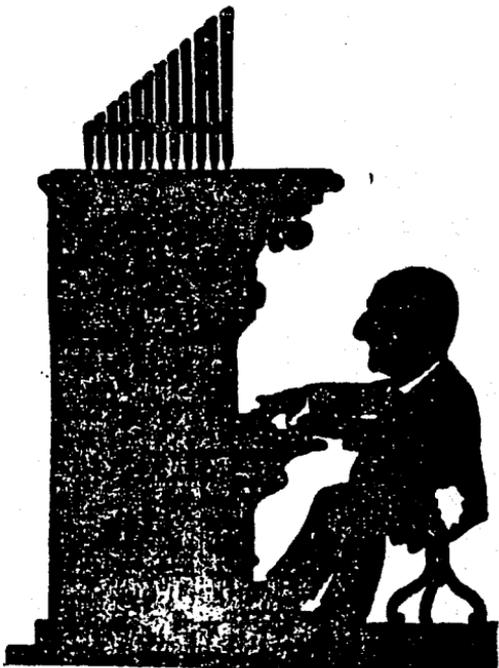


# Chord and Discord

February 1932

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**The famous silhouette of Bruckner at the organ by Hans Schliessmann  
appears on the cover of this Journal by kind permission of Mrs.  
Schliessmann.**

# CHORD AND DISCORD

Official Journal  
of

The Bruckner Society of America

*H. Ben.*

February, 1932

Vol. 1, No. 1

## NEW SYMPHONIC HORIZONS

That distinguished sage among American music critics, Mr. W. J. Henderson, can perhaps still remember that gloomy day more than forty-five years ago, when the New York Philharmonic, under Theodore Thomas, first played Bruckner's Seventh Symphony. Concerning that occasion Mr. Krehbiel, young Henderson's senior colleague and the acknowledged head of the critical profession, perceiving the opposing fury with which the press greeted the gigantic work, rose (like Hans Sachs after the "Meistersinger" have scornfully rejected Walther's first song) and said in mingled admonition and prophecy:

*"It is neither wise nor just to pronounce condemnation on an artwork in so superficial and flippant a manner as nearly all the New York newspapers did on this occasion; but bearing in mind a score of marvelous things in the symphony, notably several moments that approach grandeur in the slow movement, and remembering that that is not always the highest type of beauty which is obvious at a glance, we are yet constrained to say that for the present the work is a failure. It may be beautiful in twenty-five years; it is not beautiful now."*

Just what the prerequisites of symphonic "beauty" were in those days is eloquently hinted at in the following excerpt from Mr. Krehbiel's representative review of the first American performance of Bruckner's *Romantic Symphony* the following year:

"With the exception of the Scherzo (representative of a hunt) none of the movements shows the form of the classic or even of the modern symphony, as followed by Brahms, Rubinstein, and Raff, and certainly still less that of Schumann, who was the most representative of romantic symphonists."

Thus Bruckner's symphony was not even a symphony, because its outlines did not correspond to certain prescribed measurements on the yardstick without which no true critic of the "Eighties" would lend a first symphonic performance his attention.

Almost a generation later Gustav Mahler came to America to take charge of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Mr. Krehbiel, as famous as ever in his realm, was official author of the organization's program notes. In the course of the season, 1909-10, Mahler's First Symphony, having battled its Odyssean way to European recognition through a score of years, was to receive its first American hearing. Imagine Mr. Krehbiel's dismay in December when the scheduled day arrived without any prefatory explanations by the composer. His repeated requests for an outline analysis had met with firm refusal. Gustav Mahler was apparently convinced that the intrusion of any traditional notions on a first symphonic hearing was a false practice that must be abolished. Half apologetically Mr. Krehbiel introduced the work to the audience as follows:

"In deference to the wish of Mr. Mahler, the annotator of the Philharmonic Society's programmes refrains from even an outline analysis of the symphony which is performing for the first time in New York on this occasion, as also from an attempt to suggest what might be or has been set forth as its possible poetical, dramatic or emotional contents. Mr. Mahler's conviction, frequently expressed publicly as well as privately, is that *it is a hindrance to appreciation to read an analysis which with the help of musical examples lays bare the contents and structure of a composition while it is playing.* All interest and attention should be concentrated on the music itself. 'At a concert', he says, 'one should listen, not look,—use the ears, not the eyes'.

"All writings about music, even those of musicians themselves, he holds to be injurious to musical enjoyment."

In short, the "twenty-five year" period Mr. Krehbiel had mentioned in that early review of Bruckner's "Seventh" was over; but American musical criticism was still "tradition-bound". It seemed unable to listen to a new work of art without holding it up to the light of Beethoven, Wagner, Brahms and others during the initial hearing.\* Since then another score of years has passed, and that shell of pedantry at last shows signs of giving way. Man realizes more clearly each day that it is not the degree with which a new work clings to the form of accepted masterpieces that determines its worth. The younger master may have learned much from the older; but the very essence of his "mastery" is his individual message which finding all traditional means of construction inadequate must often create its own form and vocabulary.

Last year was the beginning of a period in American symphonic appreciation which some critics have aptly called the "Bruckner Renaissance." The young Mr. Henderson of the day of Krehbiel glory had himself become a sage of New York music critics. The founding of the Bruckner Society of America in January had been succeeded only two months later by the almost incredible decision of Mr. Toscanini that Bruckner was really worthwhile. To prove this the great conductor chose the very symphony which the "Philharmonic" programs had banned for forty-five years! His four successive performances of the "Seventh" early in March made musical history in this country. And Mr. Toscanini's "resurrection" of the work was characterized as follows by Lawrence Gilman of the "Herald Tribune":

"There are, of course, intepreters who can expound with eloquence an esthetic gospel in which they have no faith. Mr. Toscanini is not among them. Sincerity is one of the roots of his power and persuasiveness as an artist. Hearing him in his disclosure of page after page of the music's nobler contents, one knew that the completeness of the revelation was the index of an apostolic fervor and conviction."

And Mr. Henderson of the "Sun" prefaced his account of the occasion as follows:

"Arturo Toscanini presented at the Philharmonic Symphony Society concert in Carnegie Hall last evening a program of two symphonies, Bruckner's seventh and Beethoven's fifth. The return of Bruckner to the stage of the Philharmonic is due at least in part to the devotion of his admirers in this city, who have formed a society for the propagation of the faith. The movement is entirely proper. Even Wagner required the aid of Wagner societies to spread the gospel of his art.

\*In 1924, after many seasons of torture at the hands of critics, the *Friends of Music* actually resorted to the desperate step of barring them from their concerts.

"Conductors hesitate to produce the symphonies of Bruckner because of their inordinate length and because the name and significance of the composer are unknown to all but a few music-lovers. A society of Brucknerites can doubtless accomplish much toward bringing the works of the composer to public notice."

The year marked the thirty-fifth anniversary of Bruckner's death, and the new impetus to the cause of his music was already heralded in January when the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Stock performed the "Ninth". By May this body of musicians had given that difficult work six hearings in various cities. Mr. Stock had also given the "Seventh" twice in April, a month after Toscanini's triumphant quartet of performances. The summer had brought the "Romantic" under Mr. van Hoogstraten on the "New York Stadium Concerts Series". Autumn arrived with its unforgettable contribution by the Friends of Music under Mr. Bodanzky, of Bruckner's sacred masterpiece, the "F Minor Mass". Almost legendary in its proximity to this was the sudden death of its chief patroness, Mrs. Lanier, head of that fine choral organization (now disbanded) and Honorary Chairman of the Bruckner Society. Winter was not without its encouragement, for the "Romantic" symphony was given in Portland, Oregon, under that loyal Brucknerite, Mr. van Hoogstraten.

However, it is not the intention of the Bruckner Society to confine its efforts to the furtherance of the Bruckner cause in this country. It is doing its utmost also to increase the frequency of Mahler performances. Of these 1931 showed a flattering number, clearly in excess of American precedent. The great symphonic song-cycle, "Das Lied von der Erde", given by Dr. Koussevitzky in Boston at the close of 1930 was but a prelude to his many presentations of its instrumental companion-piece, the much neglected "Ninth Symphony", during the past year. The difficult and deeply moving work was heard for the first time in America on October 16th, 1931, in Boston. Dr. Koussevitzky's fifth performance of it since that day occurred on January 9th, 1932, in New York. Last March Mr. Reiner, conducting the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, gave Mahler's Seventh. At the celebrated May Festival in the same city the mighty Eighth, the "Symphony of a Thousand", repeated its infallibly triumphant impression on an American audience, recalling the success of the performances Mr. Stokowski had given it some years before. The celebrated conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra has made the following statement concerning the "Symphony of a Thousand":

"When we played Mahler's Eighth Symphony it made an impression on the public unlike anything else I have ever experienced. There seemed to be a human quality in this work which so deeply moved the public that the greater part of the listeners were in tears at the end of the performance. This happened at all of the nine performances we gave; so it was not due to an accidental condition on one particular date."

The present year promises increased attention to Bruckner and Mahler on the part of the leading orchestral conductors. These sterling musicians have whole-heartedly endorsed the aims of the Bruckner Society of America and are much elated over the prospect at last offered them of being allowed to program the works of these masters by request rather than by stealth. Bruckner's *Te Deum*, *E Minor Mass*, the

*Third* and *Eighth* Symphonies, the solitary *Quintet* are only some of the works definitely slated for production in the near future. Mahler's *Lied von der Erde* and the *Sixth* (Tragic), two of his deepest compositions, have also been announced.

One of the most significant musical events of 1932 will be the American premiere of Arnold Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*, composed thirty years ago. With the tremendously rich color effects drawn from its numerous orchestral membership, of which the voices of eight flutes and ten horns singing parts allotted them by one of the greatest orchestral masters of all time is only a hint, this work is perhaps the culmination of the penchant for massed lyric instrumentation so characteristic of nineteenth century music after *Tristan*. It is, however, a product of Schoenberg's early, pre-revolutionary days, and no doubt the unsurpassable richness of its orchestral idiom convinced its composer that he must resort to a thoroughly new mode of expression if he expected to make a real contribution to musical art. Much of the music he has written since then has been hailed by experts as epoch-making and prophetic of the path of development musical art will take during the next half-century. Perhaps the fact that Schoenberg has dedicated his rather recent *Quintet for Brass* to his little grandson, the "Bubi Arnold", is not without its intended significance that this unsuspecting child is to arrive at manhood when the world will be ready to listen appreciatively to the work inscribed to him.

Which takes us back to that gloomy premiere of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony almost half a century ago, when Mr. Krehbiel alone, of all the reviewers, sounded that broad, oracular note of tolerance which is perhaps the wisest sort of criticism of a totally new and earnest artwork.

GABRIEL ENGEL

### MARTIN G. DUMLER

On January 31, 1932, Dr. Martin G. Dumler, M. M., of Cincinnati, Ohio, was elected Honorary Chairman of the Bruckner Society of America. For many years a prominent American composer of sacred music and at present Vice-President of the College of Music of Cincinnati, Dr. Dumler is deeply devoted to Bruckner's art. His regard for that master's music dates back to 1889 when he first heard some of Bruckner's works performed in Vienna. Ever since that time he has left no stone unturned in his efforts to bring about American performances of Bruckner. He not only did much to bring about the first American performance of Bruckner's F Minor Mass, which took place in St. Francis de Sales Church, Cincinnati, on July 15, 1900, but actually took part as one of the singers. In 1907 he became personally acquainted with Gustav Mahler, in whose genius he has been a firm believer ever since. As a member of the Board of Directors of the Cincinnati May Festival Association he made the suggestion last year which led to the inclusion of Mahler's *Symphony of a Thousand* on the Festival program.

The Executive Committee of the Bruckner Society of America wishes to express to Dr. Dumler its appreciation of his acceptance of the Honorary Chairmanship left vacant by the late Mrs. Lanier.

Of all our greatest composers I doubt if any one ever had as sad a fate as Anton Bruckner. Others have suffered during their lifetime, as for example, Schubert; but he died young and his works won universal recognition shortly after his death. Mozart, who had his triumphs when he was a child, fared badly when he had matured and become the greatest of all composers. He too died young and soon after was accorded his rightful place among the immortals. But Bruckner lived to the ripe old age of 72; he composed nine gigantic symphonies—several of which he never heard; and now—35 years after his death—his works are still partly unknown outside of Germany and Austria. When on rare occasions one of his symphonies is performed in England or America, the papers in these countries rehash all the old stupid phrases which were hurled at him by the Viennese papers during his lifetime.

In speaking of Bruckner it is unavoidable to mention the conditions which prevailed in Vienna during his lifetime. The musical world there was divided into two hostile camps. The real battle was not over Bruckner, but over Wagner and his 'chromatic' music. It is perhaps necessary to remark that a new era had commenced. As the system of the ecclesiastical modes had once been superseded by our diatonic modes, to find expression in all the composers since Bach (inclusive), so this system was now superseded by the new 'chromatic' system. Not that the chromatic scale was something new; but now each note in the chromatic scale was harmonized, and diatonic suspensions became chromatic. This was as daring in those days as attempts at atonality and polytonality are in ours. The innovators were Wagner, Liszt, and Bruckner; but each one worked in his own field. Wagner devoted himself to the stage, Liszt to the piano and the orchestra in the works which he called *Symphonic Poems*, while Bruckner devoted his efforts exclusively to the classical form of the symphony, the realm of purely instrumental music.

In destructive criticisms of his symphonies we are told that Bruckner's form is incoherent, loose-jointed. Just exactly what this means no one of these takes the trouble to tell us, for obvious reasons. The orthodox sonata-form demanded four movements—Allegro, Adagio, Menuet and Allegro. Mozart had already taken some liberties with this form. In the A Major sonata for piano he begins with a slow variation movement. In his violin sonatas there are several irregularities of this kind. He even has a sonata in two movements. Beethoven also changed the original sonata-form in several of his works. In opus 26 he starts (like Mozart) with a slow variation movement. He composed four sonatas with only two parts each. Yet no one has criticised him or Mozart for violating any form. But when Bruckner does something for which there is no precedent in strict orthodox frame-work, at once a tremendous howl arises. "He is formless!" I have studied and played all his nine symphonies, and I fail to see a single musical statement of which he has not given a formal accounting. He prefers at times to come to a complete pause, and then starts a new theme. This is decidedly to his taste, but not to the taste of his critics, who insist, *one theme must flow directly into another*. Well, in the seventh he shows he can accomplish such a transition. On rare occasions he does bring in material which is irrelevant; but in instruction books on orthodox form we are told that in the development group (modulatory group) it is permissible to insert a period which is 'free phantasy', something of the nature of improvisation. Beethoven

has done this in the first movement of the *Eroica* and it is one of the most beautiful moments in the whole symphony. But when Bruckner does it he is just formless.

He has been accused of taking his harmonies from Wagner. 'It sounds like Wagner' is the usual stupid objection. One never meets the objector face to face; he is safely entrenched in his newspaper office. It would only be necessary to ask the question: 'And will you please show me in the score just what sounds like Wagner and where Wagner has said the same thing?' . . . and the critic would be 'out of luck'.

It stands to reason that there is bound to be some similarity between works of different composers who are using the same idiom. One can find these similarities ad infinitum in the works of Mozart and Beethoven; yet only a stupid person would assert that Beethoven had copied Mozart. The works of the Russian composers Balakirew, Borodin, Glazounow, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Kalinnikow are similar in so far as these composers all use the same idiom. The same is the case with the French composers. They are all graciously accorded the privilege of using the idiom of their time . . . except Bruckner. He must not do such a thing; all his harmonies belong to Wagner. For example: there is a very common chord—Dominant Ninth chord in minor; when this chord is inverted symmetrically it becomes less common; it then becomes the Ninth chord on the seventh degree of the minor scale. Bruckner used this chord in his D minor Mass composed in 1863; and this was very inconsiderate of him; he should have known that Wagner was going to invent this chord and use it in "*Goetterdaemmerung*" in 1876.

His orchestra is the same as Brahms'—but he knows better how to use it. He has been accused of stealing Wagner's orchestration. But he does not use Wagner's English Horn nor his Bass-clarinette. He does use the Tuba, constructed for Wagner's 'Ring'. And why not, if it suited his purpose? Other composers have used every available resource without being criticised! Franck was censored for introducing the English horn into the symphony, but his critics are now laughed at.

We are told that Bruckner's themes are unimportant. Just when is a theme unimportant? Does any one know? I don't. I have asked several musicians and not one of them seems to know. But the critic knows. Then this conclusion is obvious, if he knows an unimportant theme he also knows when one is important. It is a shame that he is withholding this knowledge from the world. Our text-books give us no directions about how to construct important themes, nor how to avoid constructing unimportant ones. What a boon it would be to composers if the critic would only share his knowledge with them! Then we would have nothing but themes of importance!

It is not the theme that counts, but what the composers do with it. I suppose no one will dispute the importance of the theme in the Fifth symphony of Beethoven; yet this theme is—strictly speaking—not by Beethoven. In its inverted form it is found in a fugue by Bach, and Bach states that it is taken from Legrenzi—an old forgotten composer, who lived in Italy (1625-60) years before Bach was born. Legrenzi did nothing important with it; neither did Bach. It remained for Beethoven to mould a worth-while composition out of it. But if the theme per se is important, Legrenzi should have the credit and not Beethoven—an argument which would justly be considered quite idiotic except

when applied to Bruckner. In this case any argument is taken at "par value" without investigation. While speaking of themes it may not be amiss to mention that Bruckner has been ridiculed for using the theme of *Isolde's Love Death* in his Sixth symphony. I am not in a position to say what prompted Bruckner to use this theme. I shall refer to a similar instance in the E-flat major sonata for violin and piano by Richard Strauss. In the slow movement the piano has in the last bars the theme from the slow movement of Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, Opus 13. I have been told that he did this to pay homage to Beethoven. Why is it not possible to accord Bruckner the same privilege and let him pay homage to his admired Wagner? One thing in Bruckner's favor which cannot be said for Strauss. The *Isolde* theme is not Wagner's invention; it was used by four composers before Wagner ever thought of it. It is found in a composition by Heinrich Schutz: *Historia des Sterbens and Leidens* (1550); Pergolesi: *Stabat Mater* (No. 12); Bach,\* *W. CL. I, B minor Prelude*; Gluck: *Orpheus*.

\*The Well-tempered Clavichord, part I.

Bruckner introduced the Chorale into the symphony. It is quite understandable that this should appeal to him. Having been associated with religious institutions most of his life, he found in the solemnity of the Chorale a welcome contrast to his other utterance. In his treatment of it one might guess that his prototype was the elaborate chorale-prelude of Bach.

It is impossible to weigh justly a Bruckner symphony after one or two hearings. It would have taken many years for Beethoven to attain public appreciation if Liszt had not made propaganda for him through his piano arrangements of the symphonies. It would likewise have taken many years for Wagner to be appreciated if there had not been piano scores of his operas. Bruckner had the further disadvantage of not having composed anything besides his symphonies, his string-quintette and his choral music, which might bring his name to the public's notice,—no piano-music, nor other instrumental solo-music,—no songs. To realize the significance and beauty of his music one must study it beforehand in miniature score and in arrangements for piano two hands, four hands, or for two pianos four-hands. In this way the music-lover may get to know this deep music intimately and thoroughly, and be able to follow all its details, when at rare, but let us hope, ever increasing occasions, our orchestras present Bruckner's symphonies.

TH. OTTERSTROEM—Chicago

### BRUCKNER'S "ROMANTIC" IN PORTLAND, ORE.

The Society has received the following communication from Dr. Willem van Hoogstraten, conductor of the Portland Symphony Orchestra:

On Dec. 14th we performed Bruckner's *Fourth*. The orchestra from rehearsal to rehearsal grew more and more into the spirit of the music and finally played it with deep devotion and enthusiasm. I can honestly say that the symphony was well received by the audience. I thoroughly believe in the sincerity of my audience here, and as Bruckner's music is intensely sincere, it will only be a matter of time before this symphony becomes popular in the real sense of the word. Very likely we will play it again next season.

## ROMANTIC MASS OR SACRED SYMPHONY?

The beautiful and brilliant but rather unliturgical atmosphere of devotion in the masses of Haydn, Mozart and Schubert brought about a striving for simplification and purification of church music in Central Europe during the first half of the nineteenth century. In the hands of secular musical pedants possessed at best of third-rate inspiration, however, the planned reform resulted in so thorough an abasement of the artistic standard that had been set heaven-high centuries before by Palestrina that only the touch of a devoted genius could restore the music of the ritual to its pristine dignity and glory. No mere imitation of the manner of the old Italian church master could have been a convincing, regenerating expression of faith after the middle of the nineteenth century. When Bruckner's Great Mass in D minor resounded for the first time in the cathedral at Linz in 1864, the effect was so overwhelming that not only was Bishop Rudigier "unable to pray", but the leading critic hailed the work as epoch-making and fearlessly compared its religious power with the great mysticism of Palestrina's music.

This mass and the two in E and F minor that succeeded it mark the maturity of that long period of years the younger Bruckner devoted almost exclusively to the composition of sacred music. So fine are these three works that if he had composed nothing else his reputation as a creator of liturgical music would have been supreme. But standing at the very threshold of his nine giant symphonic creations these masses are not only significant through their positive status as great church music, but also through their implied revelation of that transitional era of "storm and stress" in Bruckner's life which closed only when he turned definitely from the chiseled perfection of his "masses" to the rugged, worldly and dramatic struggles of symphonies that clamored for existence.

The 1860's constituted a "Golden Decade" in musical annals if there ever was such a decade; for three of the greatest musical premieres in history occurred within those years. "Tristan," "Meistersinger" and "Rheingold," a mighty trinity of tone-poetry, added their combined romantic spell to a world of art already intoxicated with the rich emotional beverage of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhaeuser," and, mirabile dictu! the naive, devout, unliterary Bruckner, the modest church composer, was the "reiner Tor" chosen by Fate to take up the whole burden of symphonic beauty and vitality pulsating in the scores of these music-dramas, and make it the vehicle of a more spiritual revelation issuing anew from the deep spring of absolute music. The metamorphosis from the composer of masses to the symphonies was for years a bewildering one. Titanic struggles of the soul are waged in that most earnest of all "first symphonies, the "kecke Besehl," composed by Bruckner before the completion of his last "great mass". Just before writing his first mass he had experienced his thrilling introduction to Wagner's music when the opera conductor, Otto Kitzler, analyzed for him the wonders of the "Tannhaeuser" score. From that time the symphonic urge became ever stronger in Bruckner, even thrusting itself upon the music of the "masses" to a degree utterly disconcerting to most secular authorities, who could see in the powerful, romantic fervor of these new works only an elaborate, profane statement of faith that rendered them utterly unfit for ritual use. Since then sixty years have passed and the tremendous evolution

of musical idiom has not only opened the cathedrals of Central Europe to Bruckner, Mozart and Schubert, but the "mass" itself has attained the status of a great and free symphonic form in which tremendous tone-poetical works have been recently composed. These present, on the one hand, no peril to the liturgy, for they are concert "masses", while on the other hand they are for the world new bulwarks of optimism and faith resting on no rigorously phrased "credo", but rather striving toward the spiritual heights sounded in Mahler's "Symphony of a Thousand".

Curiously enough, it is not Bruckner's great "concert" mass in F minor, but his first Mass in D Minor composed in the very blaze of that first Wagnerian revelation, that forecasts most eloquently the free, realistic expression characteristic of the "concert" mass of to-day. The mass in D is studded with romantic touches anticipatory of Wagner. A year before "Tristan", its "Kyrie" opens with the leading phrase of the "Liebestod", to receive thoroughly dramatic treatment at that time with precedent only in Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis". Before the "Kyrie" is over there occurs a moment of religious ecstasy while the very phrase sounds that is to accompany the "descent of the dove" in "Parsifal" twenty years later. The "Agnus" begins with the "spear-motiv" from the "Ring". The "Et resurrexit" is introduced with a highly realistic symphonic passage of twenty-eight bars in which the prominence given kettle-drum and contrabass lends a grim, dramatic coloring Bruckner never again dared to exploit except in his symphonies. The "Benedictus" is a veritable pastoral "symphonic poem". It is no wonder that no less a judge of artistic quality in music than Gustav Mahler chose this "liturgical" mass in preference to the later ones in E and F for "concert" performance at Hamburg in 1893. Bruckner himself was completely aware of the symphonic leanings of the work, for many of his symphonies, even the latest ones, make use of thematic material presented here for the first time, and perhaps most prophetic fact of all, the closing portion of the mass, like the Bruckner symphonic finales, gathers together the earlier threads of the work, thus achieving the convincing unity of a form completely rounded out. This "cyclic" form, perfected by Bruckner in his symphonies was also adopted by the next symphonist, Mahler, who lent it enhanced significance through a wealth of psychological details characteristic of the artwork of our own time.

The second mass, in E minor, a strictly liturgical setting, is practically an a capella work for eight mixed voices; for the unique instrumental accompaniment of wood-wind (without flutes) and brass is marked as "not indispensable". The rich choral writing, recalling the glory of Palestrina, is nevertheless full of typical "Bruckner" enharmonic touches to be met with later in his symphonies. The consummate mastery of musically sonorous dissonance in the score reaches its climax in the second "Miserere" where all seven tones of the diatonic scale seem to combine naturally to form a tower of orderly sound, according to the critic Goehler, "perhaps the most magnificent harmony that has ever been penned."

The last mass, in F Minor, though composed as a "concert" mass, is unanimously rated on account of its irreproachable union of all the characteristics necessary to a perfect setting of the sacred text, as the best of the three. The "Benedictus", an adagio of "Beethoven" depth,

forecasts the spirit of the mighty slow movements of the symphonies to come. Perhaps the complete triumph of his work as an expression of faith, as well as the limitations put upon symphonic utterance by church forms led Bruckner to the broader, freer fields of the symphony. Not until he had finished his Seventh symphony did he return to serious contemplation of sacred music, and then the "Te Deum" he wrote, often called the greatest "Te Deum" of all, bore eloquent witness of the tremendous spiritual growth he had achieved in the world of absolute music.

MRS. WOODS BECKMAN, Altoona, Pa.

### FRANZ SCHALK

With the passing of Franz Schalk last September the Bruckner cause in Europe suffered the loss of one of its mightiest bulwarks. To him as to no other conductor had all devotees of Bruckner come to look for the most inspiring interpretations of the master's symphonies. The executive brilliancy that commenced almost four decades ago with that soul-stirring premiere of the *Fifth* at Graz acquired ever greater spiritual quality with the years until the mere mention of Schalk's "Bruckner" was a sound full of wonderful magic significance for the lover of symphonic music. Perhaps the highest token of the boundless regard and gratitude of the European Brucknerites towards him was the dignity of the Honorary Presidency of the *Internationale Bruckner Gesellschaft* to which the unanimous wish of that organization's membership had elected him.

And now there remains only a single one of that stalwart band of giants of the baton who in their early career swore lifelong fidelity to the art of the great master the privilege of a personal friendship with whom gracious Fate had accorded them. The celebrated Dr. Karl Muck, whose record of major performances of Bruckner's symphonies began over forty years ago, was the only logical successor to the post of honor left vacant by the recent death of Franz Schalk. It is the fervent hope of all that Dr. Muck be granted many years in which to lend his distinguished services towards furthering the transcendental art of Bruckner.

### BRUNO WALTER

On January 31, 1932, Bruno Walter was elected Honorary Member of the Bruckner Society of America. On the one hand, from earliest youth one of Gustav Mahler's dearest friends, and later his chosen disciple, on the other hand, unhesitatingly named by the dying Schalk as the man best fitted to take over his abandoned baton, Bruno Walter is the living embodiment of the broad musicianship absolutely indispensable to one who is to carry the banner of the greater symphony on into the future. In Europe today he possesses the enviable reputation of being not only an ideal Mozart conductor and a Mahler interpreter equalled by none except Mengelberg, but also (and this is a recognition only lately granted him) one of the ablest of the world's Bruckner conductors.

### MEDALS OF HONOR

The Executive Committee of the "Society" has prepared special medals for presentation to the following conductors for their distinguished contribution toward the advancement of popular appreciation of the works of Bruckner and Mahler in America.

Bruckner Medals: to Willem van Hoogstraten, Frederick A. Stock, Arturo Toscanini.

Mahler Medals: to Artur Bodanzky and Serge Koussevitzky.

Villeneuve du Lemane  
Jan. 6th, 1932

Dear Mr. Grey,

I accept, with pleasure, honorary membership in your Bruckner Society and I thank you for electing me. I admire profoundly the composer of these monumental symphonies, who of all the great musicians of the nineteenth century was in his art (if not in his character) nearest akin to Beethoven.

I beg to be excused from writing an article for your Journal. I am taken up with duties which require all my time.

Please be assured of my most sympathetic attitude,

Romain Rolland

### BRUCKNER'S THIRD (WAGNER) AND EIGHTH SYMPHONIES IN BOSTON

According to press reports, the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky will perform these two works this season. The *Third* will be a "first time". The *Eighth* was played in Boston under Koussevitzky's direction two years ago.

### BRUCKNER'S STRING QUINTET IN CHICAGO

Before the musical season 1931-1932 is over, Bruckner's String Quintet, his sole contribution to chamber music, and a work which is universally regarded as being on a par with his symphonies, will have had its first hearing in Chicago. The pioneering spirit which has at last placed this great "minor symphony" on the program of a well known musical organization of that city is a credit to the Chicago String Quartet, which has undertaken to perform this rarely heard Bruckner masterpiece.

### BRUCKNER'S E MINOR MASS

Two American performances of this second of Bruckner's three monumental settings of the *Missa Solemnis* are scheduled for the near future. One of these will take place in Altoona, Pa., under the direction of Rev. Father Joseph A. Hauber. The performance was to have taken place last November but was postponed because of the inauguration of the Cathedral.

The other performance, which was also postponed, will be given in St. Henry's Roman Catholic Church, Bayonne, N. J., under the direction of the noted American composer and musicologist, Mr. James P. Dunn, whose lecture on Bruckner's Masses at the Roerich Museum last October proved a valuable preface to the unforgettable performance of the *F Minor Mass* by the "Friends of Music".

## MAHLER'S MUSICAL LANGUAGE

Most recently a newspaper critic in a moment of revelation following a performance of Mahler's "Ninth" in New York remarked that it was a great pity so little had been written about the composer's individual treatment of the orchestra. This reviewer suddenly realized, as too few music-lovers do, that the content of a symphony is so inextricably interwoven with the peculiarities of its orchestral idiom that some acquaintance with these determining characteristics is absolutely necessary to any adequate comprehension of the work as a whole.

Even Mahler's closest friends, people of high musical culture, were frequently amazed by the utter strangeness of his attitude toward the art. He would stand outside the grounds of a country fair completely fascinated by the babel of tones issuing simultaneously from human throats, hurdy-gurdies, carousels and a brass band. In the confusion of these many tunes accidentally mingled, he claimed, lay the essence of true polyphony, which is an ensemble of independent voices, each singing in the manner best suited to it.

In the light of this Mahler's symphony orchestra is really a community of independent soloists ideally cast, who perform in some wordless drama of absolute music various roles created for them by a serious composer whose freedom of expression recognizes no limitation save that imposed by the great, utterly human soul of true art. Paradoxical as it may sound, Mahler's scores, thoroughly modern though they be, are as transparent and simple as those of Mozart. There is in his music a total absence of that prevalent vice, the padding of parts to obtain increased fulness or richness of orchestral sound. Where other composers instinctively surround dissonant voices with soothing harmonic accompaniments Mahler resorts to the extreme of ascetic scoring, intentionally laying bare pointedly discordant parts by the exclusion of all others. In melodic polyphony alone lay the heart of music for him; and in order to keep as close as possible to it he unhesitatingly braved the perils to his popularity involved in the many unpleasant surprises of his "discordant" scores for the average ear. Not that harmony as a basic influence is absent from his music. It is present, but its importance is enormously reduced by the incessant claims of the intricate melodic web upon the listener's attention. Mahler asks us not to hear vertically, as harmonies are written, but horizontally, as the lines of themes progress.

And these are great themes, suited to the colossal structure of the forms he chose. Great themes, though perhaps not in the same, simple, pure, austere sense characterizing the immortal themes of the classic symphonists of the past; but songlike themes of broad and daring outline, themes unprecedentedly rich in fantasy, and completely free from the restraining shackles of triads grouped according to age-old formulas of melodic construction. Above all Mahler is the "song" symphonist. His most intricate polyphony only reflects to what degree his soul is a "singing" soul, thoroughly saturated with melody. When he conducted an orchestra even the heavy-voiced tuba was compelled to "sing". To obtain enhanced songlike eloquence Mahler almost revolutionized the symphonic idiom of each instrument.

He exploited each instrument not merely for the clearest musical effect of which it was capable, but even more for its most striking emotional accents, thus endowing the orchestral language with a psychological power it had never possessed before. The prodigious profusion of his unexpected usages in instrumentation was the strange feature that accounted in a great measure for the public's misunderstanding of his music.

Solo flutes which the habit of masters had made the vehicles of sweet melodies were now suddenly heard sounding ethereally, totally bereft of expression, as if issuing out of infinite distances. The brilliant little E-flat clarinet, newly abducted by Mahler from the military band, now invaded the proud precincts of the symphony orchestra and was heard to burst forth in mockery, grotesque to the point of scurrility. Owing to the parodistic gifts of this reclaimed instrument not even the gloomy atmosphere of a funeral march would be safe from an interruption of ribald merriment. The spell of most tender moments would be rudely broken by an instrumental sneer. The oboe, no longer the accustomed high-pitched voice of poignantly sweet pathos, was now heard singing comfortably in its natural, middle register. The bassoon, suddenly become most eloquent of repressed pain, would cry out, most convincing in its highest tones. The contrabassoon would have a coarse grotesque remark to make all alone.

The horn (in the treatment of which most authorities agree Mahler was the greatest master of all time) had never had so much to say. To the noble level of expressiveness it had attained in Bruckner's hands Mahler added a new power, enabling it by means of dying echoes to carry smoothly an idea already exploited into a changed musical atmosphere. Sometimes a solo horn would issue with overwhelming effect from a whole chorus of horns among which it had been concealed; or singing in its deepest tones it would lend a passage an air of tragic gloom. In Mahler's resourceful use of the horn every register seemed possessed of a different psychological significance.

Those short, sharp, fanfaresque trumpet 'motives' so characteristic of Wagner and so effectively transplanted by Bruckner into the symphony attain new life with Mahler; but either disappearing gently in a soft cadence, or singing bravely on, they soar with ever increasing intensity and breadth to a powerful dynamic climax, to be finally crowned with the triumphant din of massed brass and percussion. Or where usage had led to the belief that the intensification of a melodic line was the peculiar task of many instruments in unison, Mahler would save the clarity of this line from the covering danger of massed voices by asking a single trumpet to take up the theme with intense passion. Above a sombre rhythm powerfully marked by a chorus of trombones over percussion he would set a solitary trombone to pour out grief in noble, poignant recitative. Never had such significance been given the percussion group as Mahler gave it. His mastery of this section was doubtless a heritage of the fascination with which he had in infant days listened to the martial strains issuing from the Iglau\* barracks. Often he would even combine various percussion instruments, giving them amazing contrapuntal treatment, much as though they were true solo instruments.

\*The town in Bohemia where Mahler spent his childhood years.

"Tradition is slovenly" was his oft-repeated motto. He rejected every stereotyped means of obtaining a desired effect; and it was often the utter originality of his solution to an instrumental problem which while carrying richer meaning was yet regarded by the misunderstanding listener, fed on conventional combinations, as merely grotesque. In this intensified and clarified musical idiom, however, there was nothing actually revolutionary. It signified nothing more than that the inevitable development of the orchestral language had been sent forward a whole generation by the genius of one man.

His great mastery of the "color" possibilities of each instrument kept Mahler, the absolute symphonist, thoroughly modern in a musical world gone "program" made. With this ability he could afford to stand aside from those who blindly risked the sacrifice of musical content to the sensational effect of trick instrumental combinations. There was no emotion he could not give clear expression without abandoning a pure, "linear" method as essentially legitimate as that of Bach. Through orderly contrapuntal "line" scored in his eloquent idiom, he achieved "color", and yet retained that transparent clarity of expression which in the higher orchestral world has become synonymous with the name Mahler.

So striking and vital was the originality of his method that it speedily evoked a "school" of emulators but little concerned with the real content of his symphonies. A generation went by; meanwhile the latest offspring of major music came into existence, the "chamber-symphony", over whose many exclusively solo voices the "lineo-coloristic" method of Mahler holds paternal sway. And above this spirit hovers that of the Wagner of the "Siegfried Idyll", the accidental forerunner of all this "modernism", whispering, "Create something new, children,—always something new."

—GABRIEL ENGEL

#### MAHLER'S FOURTH IN LOS ANGELES

The Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Artur Rodzinski performed Mahler's Fourth on December 31st and January 1st. These were the first performances of this symphony in Los Angeles.

#### MAHLER'S FIFTH IN NEW YORK

The Philharmonic Symphony Society will perform Mahler's Fifth under the direction of Bruno Walter on February 11, 12, 13, and 14th. The last of these performances will be broadcast over the Columbia chain.

#### MAHLER'S SIXTH IN BOSTON

According to press reports, the Boston Symphony will perform Mahler's Sixth in Boston this season. The performance will be under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction.

"GUSTAV MAHLER in my estimation belongs on a par with the greatest masters of symphonic art. He is not yet fully accorded the appreciation which is his due. Twenty years have passed since his death, and we can better understand this remarkable man who was able to sing with profound and pathetic accents the final song of the romantic era, using a technic—both contrapuntal and orchestral—which was thirty years in advance of his time. Once Mahler's significance is grasped, the world will make light of his apparent weaknesses, his banalities, his longeurs. To make his art better known should be the desire of every artist."

### PAPER TRUMPETS

A mere glance through the files of newspaper musical criticism of the past two generations is sufficient to suggest the suspicion that those countless, formidable columns of ink are the very barriers which have retarded the recognition of the greatest and most serious works of musical art by the general public. Quotations would be odious, and are even unnecessary, for the vicious cause of this condition is to-day in America as powerful as it was in Europe in the heyday of the notorious Hanslick. The modern metropolitan newspaper is a stupendous financial investment the success of which is entirely dependent upon the numbers of its readers. The success of every "columnist" is obviously reflected in the size of his following. Naturally, the better the musical critic can adapt the flow of his utterance to the pulse of the average reader the more popular he will be. Thus arises the great temptation to enrich the report of a concert with pointed, clever remarks the aim of which is clearly to bring about the greatest possible number of chuckles rather than to help the layman along the true path of artistic progress. The critic as popular entertainer is no doubt very dear to the cause of large newspaper circulation. Because such a writer generally knows much more about music than those who read his effusions with delight, these dependent multitudes feel highly gratified that so witty an authority is of the same mind as they. The fame of the critic waxes greater; it goes to his head, and he becomes still more entertaining. Meanwhile, serious art, the subject of popular pleasantries, is brought almost to a standstill.

Bruckner is daily becoming a less fruitful subject for this entertaining school of newspaper "criticism". Mahler has for two decades served as chosen sacrifice upon the altar of the columnist's cleverness. Schoenberg and others are already marked to follow when the name of Mahler is no longer conducive to the generation of wholesale snickers.

The music critic is entrusted with a tremendous responsibility. It is in his power to hasten or to retard musical progress. Let him, therefore, lay aside personal vanity and other ulterior considerations which may prevent him from assuming in a thoroughly honest and dignified manner the lofty role of the public's chosen judge of a new art-work. There are three essential factors involved in musical progress, the composer, the critic and the public. The critic must stand squarely and midway between the other two. If he caters he is not only pernicious to progress but he shirks a sacred responsibility.

# SIDES AND ASIDES

## SEVENTH SYMPHONY, ANTON BRUCKNER

*New York, March 4, 6, 7, 8, 1931; Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York; conductor, Arturo Toscanini. The last performance was broadcast over a nation-wide chain.*

*"The Friends of Bruckner—an increasingly numerous clan—should derive considerable comfort from Mr. Toscanini's indorsement of the work, since he accorded to it a performance of surpassing eloquence—a performance which must surely have dispelled the doubts of many as to the salience and significance of this music. The applause at the conclusion of the symphony was earnest and prolonged, and though no doubt it was intended in part for Mr. Toscanini and the players of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, much of it certainly was a tribute to Bruckner." . . .*

—EDWARD CUSHING, Brooklyn Eagle

*"The symphonies of Bruckner can never be called masterpieces. They are fragments of masterpieces, so tremendous that the colossal unfinished achievement, part of it towering to the skies, other parts supine in the scaffolding and rubbish that lie about the base, stir us as many a finished work of art cannot. - - -*

It would, therefore, be well if audiences could know more than they do of Bruckner's symphonies. - - -

The eighth Symphony is superior to the Seventh and probably the greatest of the Bruckner symphonies. The Fifth is a work of peculiar originality and vastness. *The opportunity to know Bruckner more intimately than we can as programs are now constituted would be welcome, because the pure gold of his genius is worth hunting through much rough slag and ore."*

—OLIN DOWNES, N. Y. Times

*"Yet often he was able, if not to shapen or to enter the inner chamber of Blake's 'palace of wisdom', at least to behold the incredible turrets shining in the evening light. For a few he was, and is, at his most rewardingly characteristic, one who knew the secret of a strangely exalted discourse. Sometimes, rapt and transfigured, he saw visions and dreamed dreams; and we know that for Bruckner, then, some ineffable beauty flamed and sank and flamed again across the night."*

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, N. Y. Herald-Tribune

*"This work shows, particularly in the two middle movements, so much individuality, beauty and genius that it is difficult to understand how mere prejudice could have kept it so long from the music-lovers of the metropolis. - - -*

*In his handling of the 'brass', particularly horn, tuba and trumpet, Bruckner surpassed his chosen master, Wagner. The splendor and majesty of expression he attains in the overwhelming 'fff' of the funereal second movement and in the final passage of the first and last movements, alone assure him a place among the immortals."*

—JOACHIM H. MEYER, N. Y. Staatszeitung und Herold

N. B. All italics in the course of this entire pamphlet are our own. (The Editor)

"At last Arturo Toscanini has consented to conduct Bruckner with as result a signal triumph for both the living batonist and the dead and gone composer.

The revelation took place in Carnegie Hall last evening at the concert of the Philharmonic Symphony Society, and a huge audience received it with close attention and heartfelt applause. - - -

In fact, Mr. Toscanini's reading of the finale solved the problems of that difficult section as no other has done within my experience. It moved at his behest with the jubilant majesty of the stars in their courses."

—PITTS SANBORN, New York World-Telegram

## ... SEVENTH SYMPHONY, GUSTAV MAHLER ...

*Cincinnati, March 6, 1931; Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; Conductor, Fritz Reiner.*

"Enthusiasm was too general and appreciation too convincingly demonstrated to be argued down. - - -

Also it may be said that what might have seemed to be temerity in programming such a colossal composition in reality became an instance of courageous conviction on the conductor's part and a mighty compliment to his audience. - - -

No program is needed because the music is absolutely tangible. It is a stupendous example of inspired workmanship, healthy genius of expression and artistic maturity. *It covers a gamut of moods, and excites a range of emotions quite bewildering in extent.* - - -

Mostly, Mahler is a modern romanticist, but here and there his music is prophetic of the day which we are living in. He uses classic forms and every needed known device in treatment of material. *And with all his classic structure, romantic nature and overwhelming technique of manipulation, he has reached into what even to us who survive him is the far distant future."*

—GEORGE A. LEIGHTON, Cincinnati Enquirer

## NINTH SYMPHONY, ANTON BRUCKNER

*Chicago, Pittsburgh, Ann Arbor, Milwaukee, Evanston; Feb.-May, 1931; Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Conductor, Frederick A. Stock.*

"Into the Ninth Symphony (styled the *Unfinished* as it lacks the final movement) the versatile Stock imbued a mysticism, religious fervor, and grandeur, that gave the loveliness of its simplicities new importance and renewed interest. His interpretive understanding gave significance to a composer whose works have been too long misunderstood. - - -

After the riotous regime of ultra modernity and atonality in the realm of music, the works of not only Bruckner, but also those of Mahler should at last come into their own."

—RALPH LEWANDO, Pittsburgh Post

"It was Pittsburgh's first hearing of Bruckner.

In his ninth symphony one is awed by the grandeur of the score. Bruckner knew his counterpoint and polyphony and he crams his movements with thematic and color riches.

It was an impressive work, and despite its length, we would like to hear it again next year."

—HARVEY GAUL, Pittsburgh Post Gazette

# EIGHTH SYMPHONY (SYMPHONY OF A THOUSAND)

GUSTAV MAHLER

*Cincinnati, May 6, 1931 (May Festival); Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; Conductor, Eugene Goossens.*

"It is gratifying to think that the triumphant premiere which Mr. Specht recalls must have brought deep solace to the self-torturing, hypersensitive, unhappy Mahler. The event took place in the autumn before his death, at Munich (the date was September 12, 1910). 'After the performance', wrote Leopold Stokowski, who was present, 'the vast audience sprang to its feet, and a scene of such enthusiasm ensued as one sees only once in a lifetime. To those who realized, in part at least, the inner sadness of Mahler's life, there was something infinitely tragic in his figure at that moment of supreme triumph'.

It was Mr. Stokowski who introduced the *Symphony of a Thousand* to America in an extraordinary series of performances with the Philadelphia Orchestra which he undertook in the spring of 1916. The work was produced on March 2, and had a run which, for a mere symphony, was almost equivalent to the triumphant persistence of *The Green Pastures*. - - -

In the following month, the *Society of the Friends of Music* imported Mr. Stokowski with his army of executants to New York, and the work was disclosed to this capital at a memorable concert in the Metropolitan Opera House. - - -

It is curious that Bayard Taylor, half a century ago, should have spoken of the closing scene of *Faust* as 'a symphony': an ever-rising and ever-swelling symphony, with its one theme of the accordance of Human and Divine Love; as (again) 'this mystic Symphony of Love'. It almost seems as if he had previsioned the tonal possibilities of the poem—possibilities which Mahler, in this symphony of today, has in so large a measure realized and fulfilled. For here, take it all in all, is one of the noblest scores of our time. In it, now and again, are pages unforgettable for their superearthy beauty—inspirations of which their creator might justifiably have said, with the singer of the Odes of Solomon, 'So are the wings of the Spirit over my heart, and I have been set on His immortal pinions.' '\*

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, N. Y. Herald Tribune

\*Jan. 24th, 1932. Although the interim shows no performance of Mahler's "Eighth", since the one recorded above, Mr. Gilman sounds a violent discord in an "aside" about this monumental work in today's issue of the N. Y. Herald Tribune. The occasion is an article introducing Mahler's Fifth Symphony; the cause, we must confess, beyond our comprehension.

We quote the puzzling passage:

"That vein (peasant humor) is native to him, genuine and unforced and individual. But Mahler in his pseudo-apocalyptic vein: Mahler as Lucifer, as Prometheus, as Faust, as the Angel Gabriel, as Deity, assisting at the birth of worlds and the resurrection of mankind, is, for the most part, a bore and an affliction.

"The writer heard the symphony for the first time. He could listen with a clear and unprepared mind to the sheer effect of music and performance, and that effect was overwhelming. - - -

We do not say that it is the purest musical material. Technically it is a tour de force. . . But if Mahler is sometimes forced to substitute

straw for bricks in the first part of his symphony, he is such a master of his structure and his feeling is so true and tremendous that criticism in the listener is overwhelmed if it is not entirely silenced. And this is no more than just to the composer, for Mahler is not to be judged entirely as other men who write music. . . He saw mighty visions and he believed, and there is that in his music—at least when it is presented as it was this evening—that makes fault-finding with detail or measuring with a yardstick seem somewhat petty.”

—OLIN DOWNES, N. Y. Times

#### FOURTH SYMPHONY (ROMANTIC) ANTON BRUCKNER

*New York, July 12, 1931 (Stadium Concerts Series); Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y.; Conductor, Willem van Hoogstraten.*

*“The symphony, last heard here at the Stadium three years ago, improves upon acquaintance. . . There is often an ingratiating melodiousness, especially in the slow movement, where we are reminded of Schumann’s D minor symphony; the scherzo has a marked freshness and elan; passages where the brass instruments intone sonorously have an impressive dignity of the type found in Bruckner’s seventh and eighth symphonies to a greater degree.”*

—FRANCIS D. PERKINS, N. Y. Herald Tribune

*“Bruckner now seems destined to become an integral part of our musical life, as he long has been in Germany and Austria.*

Last evening the Stadium was to have been treated to him again, but if the weather forbade, at least the Philharmonic Symphony made the Great Hall of the City College ring to the tune of the Austrian’s fourth, or “Romantic” symphony, while a considerable congregation of displaced Stadiumites listened with unmistakable interest.

Mr. van Hoogstraten is a Bruckner enthusiast, and he directed the symphony with cherishing care and tremendous vigor. The charge has been brought against Bruckner that in the intervals between fine episodes he goes irretrievably dull. *Well, I defy anyone to recall a dull moment in the symphony last evening—and that is a feather in the cap of Mr. van Hoogstraten as well as a tribute to the composer.”*

—PITTS SANBORN, N. Y. World-Telegram

#### NINTH SYMPHONY, GUSTAV MAHLER (FIRST TIME IN AMERICA)

*Boston, Oct. 16, 17 and Nov. 9, 1931; Boston Symphony Orchestra; Conductor, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky.*

*“A strange figure in the symphonic field, not one to be slighted, much less wholly admired; not one to be ignored; a man of great moments, but, as Rossini said of Wagner’s ‘Tannhaeuser’, of dreadful half-hours. And how often is Mahler trivial when he thought he was important. - - - The performance was remarkable. The enthusiastic audience recalled Dr. Koussevitzky two or three times.”*

—PHILIP HALE, Boston Herald

One might write also of Mahler's marvelous pertinent orchestral technic, of the perfection with which all his projected effects 'come off'; of the economy of his writing in the face of the great length of his works—of the idiom, the flavor, which defines Mahler as specifically as that of Strauss defines Strauss or of Debussy defines Debussy; of the advanced musical thinking which places the symphony at least a decade ahead of its day. Suffice it to say that detractors eager to note 'influences' in this symphony—and not too sure of their musical history—all too easily find in it supposed traces of works which did not see the light of day until a later date!"

A. H. MEYER, Boston Evening Transcript

"Unmistakably and from end to end it is a superb technical achievement—often the germinating *motives* are brief and simple. - - -

What does he not do with them, more particularly in the first and the second movements! The modernists are lions for counterpoint, expert practitioners withal. Yet the youngest of them sits in admiration and amaze before 'old' Mahler's polyphony. He has outdone them all, and a generation ago."

—H. T. PARKER, Boston Evening Transcript

"It impressed one hearing it for the first time as a masterpiece deserving a permanent place in the repertory, and frequent performance. What is more significant, the audience, few of whom can have heard it before, applauded with a warmth seldom bestowed here on unfamiliar music. - - -

One can only repeat that yesterday's performance, an unusually eloquent and sympathetic one, proved that Mahler is a genius to be classed with Brahms, possibly in some ways above him."

—P. H., Boston Globe

"To Dr. Koussevitzky, then, our full gratitude for having given us first in 'The Song of the Earth', and now in the Ninth Symphony, the two works of Mahler's maturity and prime, in which he sounded a note unheard in music since Beethoven wrote his last sonatas and quartets. Like Beethoven, Mahler in his later years found in composition an escape from the world of reality, become increasingly distasteful to him. Like Beethoven he achieved at times a spiritual calm, a clarity of spiritual vision, beyond the usual human experience; like him could express it in terms of tone.

This mood of spiritual ecstasy, so different from the sensuous mysticism of Franck and of Wagner's 'Parsifal', finds voice in the last division of 'The Song of the Earth' and in the sublime Adagio that concludes the Ninth Symphony."

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, Boston Post

## MISSA SOLEMNIS IN F MINOR, ANTON BRUCKNER

New York, Oct. 25, 1931; Society of the Friends of Music; Conductor, Artur Bodanzky.

"A cause to advance, an issue to contest, is precious to certain people. And now there is hot-to-do about Anton Bruckner, whose Mass in F minor was performed for the first time in this city by the Friends of Music, Arthur Bodanzky conductor, yesterday afternoon in the Metropolitan Opera House. - - -

He (Bruckner) was a composer only half articulate. He had ideas of sufficient value to float imperfect scores, and some of these ideas are so great that they keep his music alive, if not violently kicking, and cause its inclusion from time to time on concert programs. - - -

But the net value of the mass is, in our belief, exaggerated, and one performance is sufficient for some seasons to come."

—OLIN DOWNES, N. Y. Times

"The Bruckner Mass is a concert work. It is romantic, unchurchly, uncatholic and was certainly never intended for use in a sanctuary. - - -

But on the whole the mass justified the claims of Brucknerites. It is certainly one of the highest flights of the composer. Stylistically it is coherent and its melodic character and formal evolution are so simple, and even naive at times, as to make it quickly comprehensible to the listener. It is an art work in which intellectual power is singularly wanting, but which wins by its clear revelation of a humble and pious soul."

—WILLIAM J. HENDERSON, N. Y. Sun

"Yesterday's carefully prepared performance proved a powerfully convincing presentation of the lofty musical and spiritual qualities of the F minor Mass, and unless all indications are deceptive, the 'Friends of Music' should include the work in their regular repertoire. - - -

In the fervor of its utterance, in the broad, bold outlines of its musical framework, in the masterly handling of its themes (the rearing of a monumental structure out of small 'motiv'-like fragments) in its enduring outlook upon life (a veritable peak of romanticism) the F-minor Mass reveals most colorfully the supreme church musician, who hid deep in his simple soul a world of lofty thoughts."

—JOACHIM H. MEYER, N. Y. Staatszeitung und Herold

"It is quite short, taking only sixty-five or seventy minutes to perform, and is obviously designed for liturgical performance, in a church, as part of religious services, rather than as a concert work. It is relatively unpretentious; the choral writing is not particularly elaborate; few, if any chances for extended vocal display are offered the soloists; the orchestration is less rich than in the composer's later music. - - -

With melody of a Germanic, romantic type, the music gives a clear expression of Bruckner's religious faith—thorough, convinced, unquestioning and, in this case, optimistic; a serene devotion, often tender, sometimes jubilant."

—FRANCIS D. PERKINS, N. Y. Herald Tribune

"After devoting a great deal of attention to Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, not to mention Gustav Mahler, the Friends of Music, at their initial concert of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday, got around to Anton Bruckner . . .

And it is safe to say that few of the recent attempts to endear the music of this simple, devout Austrian to the local public are likelier to bear fruit than this first performance in New York of the Mass in F minor. - - -

The Mass, which is neither long nor in any of its parts exceedingly elaborate, is of a singularly sustained inspiration."

—PITTS SANBORN, N. Y. World-Telegram

"FOR US this ponderous Mass was uninspired and uninspiring. It never soared, though it strove bravely and persistently to do so. It beat its wings, but couldn't leave the ground. - - -

The work unquestionably has some beautiful details, both in the choral writing and in the orchestra; but it has also monotony of color, and though it contains at least two ingenious examples of fugal writing, it quite generally fails to contrast successfully the several choirs when contrast would dispel this monotony. Beyond question it carries the conviction of Bruckner's sincerity. But, it plods emotionally, and its religiosity has little of 'lift.' "

—OSCAR THOMPSON, N. Y. Evening Post

### NINTH SYMPHONY, GUSTAV MAHLER

*New York, Nov. 19, 1931, Jan. 9, 1932. Boston Symphony Orchestra; Conductor, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky.*

"How does it happen, then, that we have waited 22 years (the Ninth Symphony was completed in 1909) to hear one of his most important works? Echo answers. He has never had, in this city, an enthusiastic press, and for this reason, it may be, as well as for others more practical, conductors have been reluctant to perform it. As for the public, given the chance, it might express a preference for Mahler's music."

—EDWARD CUSHING, Brooklyn Daily Eagle

"Mahler's Ninth Symphony, which opened the concert, was interpreted with an eloquence, a conviction, a richness of color which may well have given the music fictitious significance. - - -

Mahler's symphony, played for the first time here, is too long."

—OLIN DOWNES, N. Y. Times

"But length in music is after all, a relative thing. *Die Meistersinger* is almost twice as long as *Thais*; but not everyone would believe it without a stopwatch.—Mahler's instrumental demands in this score are considerable, but they are not exorbitant, and any one of our major orchestras could have met them without turning any grayer than usual the hair of of the trustees.—It should be added to the repertoire of other symphonic bodies, and it should be heard again; for it is a remarkable score".

.....LAWRENCE GILMAN, N. Y. Herald Tribune

"Mahler's musical relationship to Bruckner, his prodigious prolixity, his occasional flights into the empyrean of beauty, all have made him an object of adoration and the victim of misplaced propaganda among the confraternity of Brucknerites and their sympathizers. But enormous plans, ponderous masses of structure and openly exhaustive effort do not make compositions great. Schubert's *Erlkoenig*\* is a more unassailable masterpiece than any of Mahler's symphonies.—That the symphony was worth hearing is beyond question."

—W. J. HENDERSON, N. Y. Sun

\*Editor's Note:—Perhaps, after all, history does repeat itself. We take the liberty to remind Mr. Henderson that when the *Erlkoenig* made its bow in New York the *American Musical Journal* of May, 1835 greeted the Schubert masterpiece with the following tirade:

"*The violation of all harmony, although the modern school may defend its absolute correctness, is here, in our thinking, misplaced; the discord is too piercing for the ear. We might overlook it in a chorus of devils a la Weber, but in this instance it is not to be endured. This is a song of the Rosalie species certainly, but far very far, its inferior; nor do we think that Charles E. Horn, with his excellent taste and his beautiful touch of the pianoforte, could reconcile us to this monstrum horrendum which we, however, strongly recommend as a beautiful specimen of modulation, a good pianoforte lesson, and a useful exercise for the voice.*"

"Only violent antipathy or prejudice could have prevented an earlier hearing of this symphonic swan-song (as it proved to be) for the tenth symphony is a mere fragment.—Koussevitzky's performance of this emotional and certainly sincere work helped much to remove that prejudice. The apparently genuine enthusiasm of the audience must have been balm to Koussevitzky's pioneering heart."

—MUSICAL COURIER, November 28, 1931

"To Serge Koussevitzky and the splendid Boston Symphony Orchestra all gratitude for this unforgettable performance!—From a purely musical viewpoint Mahler's last symphony is one of the most significant products of all symphonic creation, and that despite numerous weak spots, the result of an over-attention to detail detrimental to the firm maintenance of the major structural outlines. The manner in which the composer raises the opening movement out of thematic particles to a mighty edifice is one of the greatest examples of symphonic construction. Those distant, alluring horn calls, reminiscent of the 'Nachtmusiken' of the 'Seventh', sound here once again.—In wealth of coloring this, as well as the other movements, reveals the tone-sorcerer, who with the exception of Richard Strauss, is without equal in modern music."

—JOACHIM MEYER, N. Y. Staats-Zeitung und Herold

*(Translated by the editor.)*

"The music grows in intensity, eventually to die away in one of the finest expressions of that ineffable loneliness and yearning which was inseparable from the tortured spirit of Mahler.—As the music faded into the silence of eternity, the high receding violins spoke of the ultimate consolation which is complete surcease from pain, from thought; the last sleep which is our inalienable birthright.—The symphony is scored for an enormous orchestra, scored with the utter mastery that was Mahler's, and technically the Bostonians performed it magnificently."

—PITTS SANBORN, N. Y. World-Telegram

"Prune it down until nothing is left save Mahler's musical ideas and the amount of development that they are worth, and the Ninth Symphony would last about twenty minutes.—Some day, some real friend of Mahler's will do just that . . . take a pruning knife and reduce his works to the length that they would have been if the composer had not stretched them out of shape; and then the great Mahler war will be over."

—DEEMS TAYLOR, N. Y. American

"The playing was so fine as almost to win over some of us who have grown weary of the efforts of successive conductors to acclimatize Mahler to our soil.—But the bad seemed to us not as bad and the indifferent not as indifferent as in some of the other symphonies.—Though not a great work, this is one to give pleasure. Its liabilities include its length."

—OSCAR THOMPSON, N. Y. Evening Post

### MAHLER'S NINTH (SECOND N. Y. PERFORMANCE)

"Too little has been written in appreciation of Mahler's superb instrumentation; of its eschewing of filling-in effects such as often clutter up the scores of Strauss and of his great skill in saying much with little means. Although he calls for a huge orchestra, he is sparing in its use. Polytonality may be traced here to its original source and his poignant use of dissonance is that of a master.—After the profound utterances of Mahler, Ravel's pretty work seemed doubly trivial."

—JEROME D. BOHM, N. Y. Herald Tribune

"Musicians welcomed a second hearing made possible by the matinee, and there were many standing in a crowded house.—First and last the triumph was Mahler's."

—W. B. CHASE, N. Y. Times

"The work made a far better impression on the present reviewer than when it was done in New York last November by the same orchestra and conductor. The audience, too, seemed deeply interested last week and gave eloquent applause to the music and its vivid and colorful performance."

—MUSICAL COURIER, January 16, 1932

## PHONOGRAPH-RECORDINGS

Thus far only a single symphony of Bruckner has made a complete phonograph appearance. This is the Polydor recording of the Seventh made by the Berlin Philharmonic under Jascha Horenstein before the days of improved electrical devices for good musical photography. There is, however, a rather fine Parlophone recording of the great "Te Deum" sung by the Bruckner Choir. The Scherzos of the Third and Fourth are available on H. M. V. records, that of the Fourth played by the Vienna Philharmonic under Clemens Krauss.

Mahler's symphonies are completely unrecorded. The best of his music to be had for the phonograph is Polydor's version of the "Kindertotenlieder", beautifully sung by Heinrich Rehkemper. There exist, also, recordings of some Mahler songs.\*

Good phonograph recordings furnish perhaps the most effective means of popularizing music, but unfortunately, the exclusively commercial basis upon which outstanding companies venture upon the publication of records still restricts phonographic versions of Bruckner and Mahler symphonies to mere hopes for the future. How immediate this future of realization will be depends wholly upon the frequency with which these symphonies are performed by major musical organizations; for their overwhelming impression upon the audiences has been repeatedly demonstrated beyond all doubt.

## WELCOME CONCESSIONS

Urged by complaints from several musical organizations who found the performance rights of Bruckner and Mahler symphonies prohibitively expensive, the Society communicated directly with the Universal Verlag, publishers, of Vienna. Shortly after this the following gratifying announcement was made by the Associated Music Publishers, American representatives of the European establishment:

Charges for rights of performance of Bruckner's works have been removed.

Charges for rights of performance of Mahler's works have been reduced fifty percent.

Charges for rental of Bruckner material have been reduced fifty percent.

Members of the Bruckner Society are entitled to a reduction of twenty-five per cent from the list price of miniature scores and piano arrangements of Bruckner and Mahler works. These can be obtained by writing to the Associated Music Publishers, 25 West 45th Street, New York."

\*Records mentioned above are obtainable at The Gramophone Shop, 18 East 48th Street, N. Y.

THE BRUCKNER SOCIETY OF AMERICA  
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GABRIEL ENGEL, Editor

440 West End Ave.,

NEW YORK, N. Y.

# THE LIFE OF ANTON BRUCKNER

## A Monograph

By GABRIEL ENGEL

"This hand book is invaluable to the program maker or musicologist who desires to know something of the man who is said to have written the world's finest 'Te Deum'."

—Harvey Gaul, Pittsburgh Post Gazette.

"It is a sympathetic and convincing tale—well told. Not padded out with unnecessary details but giving the essentials forcefully yet not unduly controversial."

—Karleton Hackett, Chicago Post.

"Not enough is known in America or in English writing about the life of Bruckner, and this first attempt to cover the subject—is therefore most welcome, for it tells the main facts about the much misunderstood master's studies, struggles, tendencies, disappointments, and triumphs. The interesting quartet, Bruckner-Wagner-Hanslick-Brahms, come in for discussion of their association, also there are arresting passages about Muck, Mahler, Nikisch, all of them pupils of the composer who had the courage to oppose Hanslick and the simplicity to dedicate a symphony to God. A reading of Gabriel Engel's sympathetic tribute is well worth while."

—Leonard Liebling, Musical Courier

"This small volume gives a picture of the composer and an estimate of his work in clear precise language. The last chapter 'The Symphony of the Future' is of special interest."

—Joachim Meyer, Staats-Zeitung und Herold

"A convenient and timely monograph."

—Pitts Sanborn, N. Y. World-Telegram

"This monograph . . . tells in an entertaining fashion its story of the composer's long struggle for recognition and makes out an impressive case for him as the successor of Beethoven."

—Warren Storey Smith, Boston Post

The monograph can be obtained through Mr. Robert G. Grey, Secretary, 222 West 83rd Street, N. Y., or through the Roerich Press, 103rd Street and Riverside Drive, N. Y., N. Y. (Price 50 cents plus 5 cents postage.)

(In Preparation)

GUSTAV MAHLER

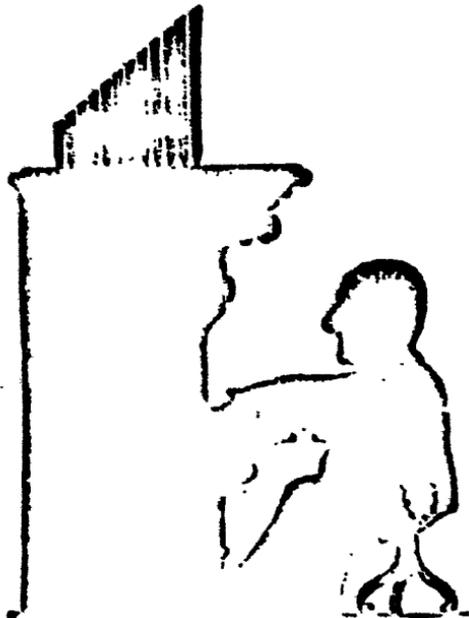
By GABRIEL ENGEL

### From the Author's Preface:

"This biography is not an unqualified eulogy. It is the first life of Mahler written by one who cannot boast a more or less intimate personal acquaintance with him. It is, nevertheless, the first account of his life based on his collected letters, the recent publication of which has at last made available material proving him to have been a far more human and fascinating figure than the halos of sentiment cast over him by ultra-partisan German biographers will admit.—Mahler's compositions receive much the same treatment in these pages as other incidents in his life; for he lived his works, and nothing was more abhorrent to him than the guide-book explanations and programmatic rhapsodies which constitute the rather rambling method of the biographies by his countrymen.—The book is necessarily short; for it is a first word from a new point of view; yet it is no mere chronicle of dates and facts intended to preface an aesthetic discussion of the thousand and one details of nine colossal symphonies. It is primarily and almost entirely a narrative."

# Chord and Discord

November 1932



{Just Published}

## GUSTAV MAHLER—SONG SYMPHONIST

By GABRIEL ENGEL

Gabriel Engel's biographical sketch of Gustav Mahler is an illuminating study of this controversial figure in music. The first book on the subject that has appeared in English . . . a valuable beginning and another practical evidence of the activity and devotion to artistic ideals of the Bruckner Society.

—KARLETON HACKETT, *Chicago Evening Post*

The book shows Mahler, as the author himself says in the preface, to be "a more human and fascinating figure than the halos of sentiment cast over him by his German biographers will admit." The book is also the first on the subject to be written in the English language. Nevertheless it shows Mahler in a new light both from the musical and the human angles. As such, it is a valuable addition, especially to English-speaking persons, to the Mahler literature.

—S. L. LACIAR, *Philadelphia Public Ledger*

The present volume, like its predecessor (*The Life of Anton Bruckner*) entertainingly presents historical facts and critical opinions concerning a composer of whom the ordinary concert-goer knows all too little. Towards Mahler as toward Bruckner Mr. Engel is sympathetic but not idolatrous.

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

### From the Author's Preface:

"This biography is not an unqualified eulogy. It is the first life of Mahler written by one who cannot boast a more or less intimate personal acquaintance with him. It is, nevertheless, the first account of his life based on his collected letters, the recent publication of which has at last made available material proving him to have been a far more human and fascinating figure than the halos of sentiment cast over him by ultra-partisan German biographers will admit.—Mahler's compositions receive much the same treatment in these pages as other incidents in his life; for he lived his works, and nothing was more abhorrent to him than the guide-book explanations and programmatic rhapsodies which constitute the rather rambling method of the biographies by his countrymen.—The book is necessarily short; for it is a first word from a new point of view; yet it is no mere chronicle of dates and facts intended to preface an aesthetic discussion of the thousand and one details of nine colossal symphonies. It is primarily and almost entirely a narrative."

(Price \$1.00 plus 6 cents postage)

THE BRUCKNER SOCIETY OF AMERICA  
R. G. GREY, *Executive Secretary*, 222 W. 83 St., N. Y. C.

The famous silhouette of Bruckner at the organ by Hans Schliessmann appears on the cover of this Journal by kind permission of Mrs. Schliessmann.

# CHORD AND DISCORD

Official Journal

of

The Bruckner Society of America

November, 1932

Vol. 1, No. 2

## THE AMERICAN SYMPHONIC RENAISSANCE

Though not as hard pressed as the operatic, the concert world is also deeply troubled with conflicting economic and esthetic interests. An unusually conservative summer at the New York Stadium played a fitting prelude to the bombshell of discord sounded by the Philadelphia Orchestral Association just before the present season began. The air still rings with the echoes of that organization's amazing announcement of a new (and allegedly necessary) policy of musical conservatism, alarming because of its bearing upon the artistic ideals and plans of one of America's most inspiring guides of musical progress. The amusing phases of this announcement at once found vivid portrayal in that droll cartoon of words by Mr. Downes of the New York Times headed "Orchestral Market. Sharp Decline in Modern Issues," an article listing the box-office values of the composers as so many securities in a Stock Exchange report. Yet Mr. Downes, as well as all the other musical critics, felt that beneath the surface the prospect presented in Philadelphia was too serious to be dismissed with mere raillery.

A quarter of a century ago Gustav Mahler, embittered by the hopeless conflict between artistic achievement and grudging subsidy at the musical capitals of Europe, determined to retire to private life in order to devote himself entirely to composition. A poor man, and yet a lover of material comforts, he accepted a glittering offer from musically "backward" America knowing he might there speedily earn with his baton the money necessary to the realization of his wish. In those days the leading musicians of Europe still regarded the United States as a fabulously wealthy country inhabited by morons and savages willing occasionally to exchange some of their facile gold for a portion of musical culture.

In the course of his American activities, first, as musical director at the Metropolitan Opera House, and then as reorganizer and conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, he instinctively analyzed all the features, material as well as spiritual, involved in our musical problems and describing these with enthusiasm in a letter to incredulous Willem Mengelberg (1908) he concluded regretfully:

"But if I were young and still had the energy which I gave unstintingly to Vienna for ten years, perhaps it would be possible to create here the condition which appeared to us at home an unattainable ideal, the exclusion of every commercial consideration from matters pertaining to art—for those in authority here are honest and their resources unlimited."

Though Mahler died three years later, a martyr to this "unattainable" ideal, his words soon proved prophetic utterance, for young Mahler disciples, filled with an almost fanatic missionary zeal, settled here soon after and battled hard to raise our musical standards to the lofty level the deceased genius had found unattainable in Europe. Some

of these, devoid of the great personal magnetism necessary to the success of an absolute ruler in any field, eventually abandoned their increasingly unpopular efforts at progressive reform for a safer conservatism. But outstanding among the few who staunchly bore to convincing realization that claim of Gustav Mahler so incredibly flattering to America was Leopold Stokowski, the man now asked to curb the brilliant universality of his programs. And most curiously of all, this occurs at a moment when Mr. Stokowski deserves the laurel more than ever before; for many Philadelphians point proudly to their city as the musical capital of America.

In times like these one readily lends sympathetic ear to every tale of fiscal woe. But granted that the "drawing power" of composers has been carefully estimated, even "scientific" tables have been found to exclude subtle essentials the neglect of which ultimately proved the tabulation unfortunate.

Most great music sounded disconcertingly "modern" to its contemporaries. The incredibly stupid criticisms that invariably greeted the earliest performances of masterpieces prove how puzzling these were to the original listeners. No one knows this better than Mr. Stokowski. Consequently, the announcement of conservatism by the Philadelphia Orchestral Association finds him undaunted, nay, even prepared to redouble his efforts to keep the gates wide open for the music of the present and future.\* "Modern" music perhaps never sounded as "debatable" as it does to-day. But the condition should not arouse a spirit of mourning; for it is the inevitable result of a gradual, normal esthetic development through centuries, and, viewed historically, it indicates real progress. The chronicle follows.

Long before the tone-poem and the symphony and their humbler formal ancestors there flourished a "golden age" of art. The products of painting, sculpture, poetry, and music never possessed such unquestioned authenticity as they did in those days of the universal "rebirth" of culture. Mystic superstitions and stern temporal powers swayed mankind, and the screaming slogans of democracy had not as yet been displayed to the light of the sun. Faith in the ultimate benevolence of a Supreme Power was an instinctive factor in human character, and the religious rites that constituted its external manifestation were at the same time the dominant inspiration of creative expression. The profound mysticism in music that culminated in Catholic Palestrina was as vital to the souls of the millions of worshipers as it was to the ritual voicing their faith. Composers of that age were not obsessed with the urge to create tonal masterworks bristling with individuality. They simply wrote music to fulfil the terms of a contract which required them week after week to provide something new for the services at their cathedral. There was no applause, there were no critics nor estheticians; nor was there any need of them under such felicitous artistic conditions; for musical "supply and demand" (these are "economic" days!) were in perfect accord. And as for immortality, some of those liturgical compositions of old, at first merely regarded as consummately fitted to their

\*In a statement published in the N. Y. Herald Tribune, Oct. 9, 1932, Mr. Stokowski said:

"At this moment we are entering a period of upbuilding in every phase of life, meeting new conditions with new methods. The coming new music will be part of this. . . .

"If the classicists will remember that new genius will surely arise in the future, just as it did in the past, and if the modernists will remember that Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Wagner were all modernists in their days, we can all combine in a spirit of tolerance and open-mindedness."

inspirational purpose, kept attaining occasional repetition far beyond the age of naive faith that had brought them forth. The people of subsequent generations found them possessed of tremendous extra-ritual appeal. Music-lovers, musicians, theorists, and estheticians have never ceased to admire them, and thus they have made their infallible way down the centuries, continuing to impart their human and poetic message with undiminished effect even in our own day of sophisticated scepticism.

In the course of the festive Baroque period that followed bewilderment overtook those anxious to make composition continue to answer a practical purpose. The wings of musical art spread far beyond the range of the altar. Numerous "forms," suited to as many tastes, became the vehicles of serious musical expression. The esthetician, a new species of musical sage concerned less with the technical than the spiritual features of music, sprang into sudden prominence. These pioneer critics at once began to speak of art for art's sake, an aim totally unintelligible to the music-makers preceding Bach. The urge for "self-expression" now harassed many outstanding composers, and the unmistakably personal character of much of Haydn's music is evidence of the conflict that raged in the soul of the world's first symphonist, although his art was heavily mortgaged by the superficial demands of the jewelled lords and ladies of the Rococo.

The germs of this inclination towards subjective expression took much stronger root in Mozart, the outer tragedy of whose life clearly reflected his refusal, if not inability, to cater to the narrow musical wants of the gay nobility. Yet this was in those last pre-revolutionary days the sole practical aim for art, comparable, at least from the economic point-of-view, to the demands of the church upon the old masters.

Beethoven, resigned to technical apprenticeship in his first two symphonies, was suddenly electrified by the current of democratic idealism that swept over Europe from France. Out of the spiritual flames kindled by the universal heroics at Paris came the soul of the *Eroica Symphony*. But even as Beethoven bitterly erased the name of his mistaken genius of democracy, Napoleon, from the dedication of this work, he realized that the all-embracing democracy he had thought to address was but a figment of his imagination. There followed five symphonies of great poetic stature, marvels of structure and melodic inspiration, but not until the *Ninth*, with its titanic "Ode to Joy," did he again succeed in striking so universal a note as that of the *Eroica*. And this despite the fact that it was only an imagined audience of a united mankind that he had aimed to address. This tremendous yearning for an ideal democracy was clearly the truest and most vivid subjective expression of which he was capable. Were such a world as Beethoven longed for possible, musical art might have an aim as objective as it had in the days of the early church composers.

The subjective note so profoundly sounded by Beethoven became an integral feature of the gospel of all subsequent symphonic expression. It underlies the finest passages in Brahms whose individual contribution consists in an eloquent tonal portrayal of the eternal *Sehnsucht* invoked by the unattainable beauty of a world of romance. Bruckner's *Adagios*, born of a soul singularly rich in faith, brought to the symphony a mystic power that could have been the personal expression of no other great composer since Bach. Mahler, torn between faith and doubt, love of life and fear of death, misery and happiness, poured into his symphonies the chaos of feeling inspired by such travail of the soul.

Thus the serious music of our own day, apparently abounding in trivial idiosyncrasies, is really the normal result of a steady advance along the path of subjective expression. There is nothing deplorable in the fact that art seems to have lost touch with the esthetic requirements of Tom, Dick, and Harry. If this rift appears to be growing wider it is because the taste of the masses is being undermined by an unprecedentedly powerful array of superficial music. Perhaps the world is even to be congratulated that serious music still has some audience in an age almost hopelessly infested with such low forms of tonal entertainment as characterize the picture-palaces, the broadcast programs, and the so-called "musical" shows. But popular taste is actually no lower than it was over a hundred years ago when Beethoven felt obliged to serve up his great newly completed *Missa Solemnis* to a reluctant public that would listen to it only a few moments at a time between pretty arias by Rossini.

What, then, has been the trouble with the general run of programs in this country? Certainly, the dramatic appeal of Wagner is still a powerful drawing-card. Ours is a nation on a titanic scale. Tremendous occasions suit it and even fascinate it. Beethoven's *Ninth*, with its colossal chorus, never fails to lure thousands of listeners. The American premiere of Mahler's *Symphony of a Thousand* by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Leopold Stokowski (1916) was a brilliant succession of nine performances before audiences the huge numbers of which are usually met with at prize-fights rather than concerts.<sup>1</sup> Bruno Walter is as fine a psychologist as he is a true progressive artist when he announces performances (during this season of "depression") of such subjective masterworks as the rarely heard *Fifth* of Bruckner and the gigantic *Resurrection Symphony* of Mahler.<sup>2</sup> Arturo Toscanini, whose sudden resolve to play Bruckner's *Seventh* last year must have come as a shock to anti-Brucknerites,<sup>3</sup> announces that he will play that composer's *Romantic Symphony* early this season. In Boston Dr. Koussevitsky recently gave what was perhaps the world premiere of the complete, unadulterated *Eighth Symphony* of Bruckner. He has announced for this season the first performance in America of Mahler's most problematical

<sup>1</sup> The most recent American performance of the *Symphony of a Thousand* took place in Cincinnati, in May, 1931. Olin Downes of the New York Times, who was present, wrote concerning it as follows:

"We have seldom seen an audience display such enthusiasm as did the audience in Music Hall last night. We have never felt the claims of Mahler and his disciples to have so much justification.—The writer heard the symphony for the first time.—He could listen with a clear and unprepared mind to the sheer effect of music and performance and that effect was overwhelming."  
New York Times, May 7, 1931.

<sup>2</sup> Commenting on the most recent performance of Mahler's *Fifth* in America, Pitts Sanborn wrote in the World-Telegram of Feb. 12, 1932:

"It was not inevitable, however, that the audience should stay to cheer the symphony. Yet this is exactly what happened. After the stupendous performance of the Rondo Finale, the handclapping and the cheers constituted an ovation which it was easy to see was directed toward both Mahler and Mr. Walter, to say nothing of the admirable orchestra."

<sup>3</sup> "There are, of course, interpreters who can expound with eloquence an esthetic gospel in which they have no faith. Mr. Toscanini is not among them. Sincerity is one of the roots of his power and persuasiveness as an artist. Hearing him in his disclosure of page after page of the music's nobler contents one knew that the completeness of the revelation was the index of an apostolic fervor and conviction."

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *New York Herald Tribune*, March 5, 1931.

Concerning Bruckner's *Seventh*, after Mr. Toscanini's four successive performances: "It is further testimony to an inextinguishable demand for Bruckner that an hour-long symphony, without cuts, by a composer who remains outside the pale of the generally sanctioned and approved, has been heard and acclaimed by a modern audience."

—OLIN DOWNES, *Symphonic Broadcasts*, p. 249.

work, the *Sixth Symphony*, known as the Tragic. In addition he also will do Bruckner's *Romantic*. Dr. Frank Laird Waller has also chosen for his season's contribution to the cause of symphonic progress the *Romantic* of Bruckner; in addition, he will perform the *Fourth* of Mahler. Mr. Gabrilowitsch joins the triumphal procession with Bruckner's *Seventh* and Mahler's *Titan* (the *First*).

Let the American scene resound with these profound Old World strains. If they arouse vivid controversy, let us welcome it, for that is but a sure index of the vitality of an artwork. Were not such recent American premieres as Mahler's *Ninth*,<sup>1</sup> and Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*<sup>2</sup> among the most fascinating of our musical experiences? Small wonder that the serious music composed since 1910 strikes such dismay in the hearts of most sincere American music-lovers. The arterial course of symphonic progress was almost totally hidden from general view by the sudden glare of a world of shallow "tone-poetry" that was inaugurated in the Nineties. But now at last the greatest conductors are striving in concert to fill the long musical hiatus which was then created. Not only Bruckner and Mahler, but the neglected Sibelius as well is arousing widespread critical approval. No, great symphonic accomplishment did not cease with the works of Brahms. Let us no longer be lulled to sleep by the opiate effect of an almost exclusive diet of tried and true (but alas! overtried) strains of familiar classics.

—R. G. GREY.

## AMERICAN BRUCKNER AND MAHLER PERFORMANCES

### BRUCKNER

{1932-1933}

- IV Boston Symphony Orchestra; Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor.  
Los Angeles Philharmonic; Artur Rodzinski, Conductor.  
Milwaukee Philharmonic; Frank Laird Waller, Conductor.  
Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y.; Arturo Toscanini, Conductor. (Sunday performance will be broadcast.)
- V Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y.; Bruno Walter, Conductor.
- VII Detroit Symphony Orchestra; Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Conductor.
- VIII Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Frederick A. Stock, Conductor.  
Choral Works—Columbia University Chorus; under the direction of Prof. Lowell Beveridge.

### MAHLER

- I Detroit Symphony Orchestra; Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Conductor.
- II Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y.; Bruno Walter, Conductor.  
Soloists: Jeanette Vreeland and Sigrid Onegin.  
Chorus: Schola Cantorum, Hugh Ross, Conductor.
- IV Milwaukee Philharmonic; Frank Laird Waller, Conductor.
- VI Boston Symphony Orchestra; Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor. (American Premiere)

<sup>1</sup> Said H. T. Parker, reviewing Dr. Koussevitzky's superb performance of Mahler's *Ninth*:

"No one, accustomed to the performance of music in concert halls, might doubt the intense absorption of the audience in this *Ninth Symphony*, even through a first movement twenty-five minutes long. As its listening was eloquent so also was its final applause. Both testified to engrossed minds and stirred hearts, while the pause of silence, momentary though it was, between the sounding of the last note and the outpouring of the first plaudits, was as a return from the vision by which most had been holden.

—*Boston Evening Transcript*, Nov. 10, 1931.

<sup>2</sup> See the reviews of this performance on p. 16 of this issue.

## BRUCKNER AND THE NEW GENERATION

ON the evening of December 30, 1884, when the ghost of the recently deceased Wagner still haunted all musical thought, young Arthur Nikisch raised his baton in the famous, tradition-bound Gewandhaus at Leipzig and for the first time wove about the hearts of music-lovers the irresistible spell of the chorus of deep-toned tubas singing that sombre song of premonition now universally known as the *Adagio* of Bruckner's *Seventh Symphony*. Tremendously impressive as these strains were from a purely human viewpoint (the sole permanent index of the worth of an artwork) the open worship of the great music-dramatist their programming professed spread an ominous Wagnerian veil over the Austrian symphonist's German debut which a whole subsequent generation of Bayreuth-sprung Brucknerites, through a strange mixture of intent and inability, failed to lift.

Shortly after this Music-director Levi, of *Parsifal* renown, presented the entire *Seventh Symphony* in Munich midst the wildest Wagnerian enthusiasm, a splendid performance, no doubt, but an occasion the musical significance of which was all but lost in the turmoil of renewed hostilities between Wagnerian conductors and anti-Wagnerian critics. Indeed, not even the entire destructive artillery of the Hanslickian "bad press" that was now suddenly turned upon the innocent, unsuspecting Bruckner proved as perplexing to his reputation as the fanatic support of the multitude of his new-found friends flaunting the banner "Wagner ueber alles!" Rudely awakened from a long, resigned obscurity the shy composer was compelled by these misunderstanding adherents to don a glittering crown. But even as they hailed him "The Wagner of the Symphony" the echo of their triumphant outburst was flung back at him by the jeering chorus of the critics, "Yes, indeed, the Wagner of the Symphony!" And Bruckner's crown became a crown of thorns.

In the whole vast score of this symphony the anti-Wagnerians could find but a few stray bars of genuine music, a passage or two in the *Adagio*. The rest, they said, was pure, unadulterated Wagner. Of symphonic form there was to them no evidence save, perhaps, the boisterous but obviously constructed *Scherzo*. "A Wagner of the Symphony, to be sure!" "Hurrah!" shouted the warlike men of Bayreuth accepting the challenge, "Long live Bruckner, the Wagner of the Symphony!" And Bruckner, trembling between naive pride and apprehension, continued his simple life of industry and prayer, and began to write his sublime *Ninth Symphony*, dedicated to "His Dear God."

One or two music-lovers, above these bitter post-Wagnerian dissensions, soon perceived the great injustice being done the individual accomplishment of a genius and desperately called critical attention to the profound and sustained beauties of all the Bruckner *Adagios*; for all the Bruckner symphonies were now being unfolded in rapid succession to thousands of curious German music-lovers desirous of hearing the new "Wagnerian" symphonies. "Yes, you are right," agreed the critics, smiling significantly, "It would really be unjust to overlook the relative superiority of these *Adagios*. But it is by this very contrast to the slow sections of Bruckner's work that the inferiority of those colossal hoaxes, his opening movements and finales, in short, the bulk of his 'symphonies' is proven beyond question. Yes," they concluded, "Bruckner is an 'adagio-composer', but he is certainly no symphonist." And upon this self-

imposed reef of logic the few truly appreciative Brucknerites of those days, unable to attain a correct perspective of their idol's essentially coherent giant forms, saw their dream of setting him up as Beethoven's legitimate successor shattered.

The years passed by, and curiously enough, though this Wagnerian shadow continued to obscure the general understanding of his work, Bruckner's fame spread throughout the world of music. Yet these steadily increasing performances of his symphonies occurred almost without exception midst Wagnerian propaganda and under Wagnerian batons. On December 18, 1892, Hanslick who had with consistent stupidity just stubbed his toe once more (this time upon the formidable apparition of the young Richard Strauss) stumbled out of the hallowed precincts of the Musikverein in Vienna during the premiere of Bruckner's *Eighth Symphony* a completely baffled and discredited music-critic. But even his *Apologia*, published the following day, confessing his inability to judge Bruckner's work impartially, was heard much as the voice of a muted trumpet at twilight sounding "Taps" for the senile order of anti-Wagnerians.

It is doubtful whether there was ever greater need of a sane, competent analysis of musical accomplishment than in those early days of universal Bruckner agitation and misunderstanding. If August Goellerich, the brilliant man of music and letters designated by the symphonist as official biographer in 1891, had completed his projected Bruckner record at that time, it is more than likely that a permanent seal of damnation would have been placed upon that great life-work considered by many to-day as the world's richest symphonic heritage. For Goellerich was preeminently a Wagnerian, reared in the school of Liszt. It was a happy whim of fate that transformed the author into a music-director, a disciple of Bruckner pledged to the gigantic task of introducing all of the composer's works to his native district of Upper Austria. Twenty years of Goellerich's life were consumed ere this pledge was fulfilled, twenty years during which the "official" biography of Bruckner languished in the shape of masses of documents, letters, musical manuscript, and desultory penciled notes. Then the director put down his baton and reached for his pen; but it was too late. The World War was already raging and the fate of all culture seemed to hang in the balance.

Meanwhile German audiences that were being stirred by Bruckner's symphonies as by no others had grown weary of waiting for the authorized book that was to reveal to them once for all the soul behind this deep music. At length in 1905, nine years after Bruckner's death, when Ferdinand Loewe's performance of the "unfinished" *Ninth Symphony* had shown music-lovers the utter magnificence of this simple composer, whose life-work unto the very last note was an uninterrupted ascent toward the sublime, the first attempt at a full-length account of his life was published.\* This book by Rudolf Louis, was in many ways a splendid biography, but clearly the work of a Wagnerian and a Liszt devotee, inevitably reflecting the traditional misconception under which Bruckner had been named "the Wagner of the Symphony."

Disappointingly inadequate, hence increasingly rare efforts had been made in the Eighties to familiarize America and England with Bruckner's music. How our critics of those days, unaccustomed to such sturdy musical fare, had fallen into the natural error of decrying Bruckner's gigantic forms as formless and his dome-like dynamic curves as mere

\*Rudolf Louis: Anton Bruckner; Muenchen, 1905.

noise, has been indicated in the article, "New Symphonic Horizons," in the first issue of "Chord and Discord." The appearance of Louis' book with its apparent evasions upon the score of the composer's originality must have been the occasion of critical complacency here and in England, for in its pages lay apparently authoritative foundation for the relentless depreciation of Bruckner by the American and British press. A whole generation has passed since then. Our newspaper reviewers have grown decidedly more friendly towards these long symphonies which seem, like huge spiritual tractors, to have surmounted the obstacles placed in their way by miscomprehending years. In German Europe many masterly books have supplanted the timid, compromising chapters of Louis, books that have at last pierced to the very marrow of Bruckner's gigantic first sections and finales.<sup>1</sup> These keen analyses have revealed them as perfect units built on the emancipated sonata-form of the opening movement of the *Eroica*, rendered still broader to house the huge, elemental conceptions of a composer for whom a symphony must, like that mightiest of books, be all-embracing, beginning "In the beginning," so that it may tower up and up, as the soul carried aloft through sheer faith, to God, the Ultimate Source.<sup>2</sup> This phase of the Bruckner revelation has recently been made the basis of a fine German novel called "The Divine Finale."<sup>3</sup>

Shortly after Bruckner's death an Austrian youth of seventeen named Max Auer, who had never heard a note of the composer's music, happened to be present at one of the many memorial concerts given in those days in honor of Bruckner and listened in delighted amazement to a fine performance of the *Romantic Symphony*, that most popular of the composer's major works. Seeking to learn more about a symphonist whose very first impression upon him was one of overwhelming greatness he made the disappointing discovery that a pamphlet of a few pages giving but the most meager data of Bruckner's career was the sole available information about him.<sup>4</sup> But even this scant knowledge proved sufficient to enthrall his interest permanently, for it revealed Bruckner as not only a fellow-Austrian but one who had been born and raised in Auer's own home region. St. Florian and Linz and numerous more obscure places of paramount significance in Bruckner's life were almost as familiar to Auer as his own little home town of Voecklabruck. "So great a man should have a comprehensive biography written about him," thought the youth. "Why should not I, his countryman, be the one to write it?" Further inquiry revealed that Bruckner's sister Rosalie was actually a resident of Voecklabruck, being the wife of the garden-supply dealer Hueber, whose store was only a few doors away from Auer's own home. In that little house and garden where Bruckner had spent many peaceful vacation weeks much of the *Eighth Symphony* had been sketched, and not so very long ago! Perhaps some of these original sketches were still lying about somewhere in the home of those simple people who little dreamed what greatness had dwelt among them! Auer hastened over to Hueber's store to make inquiries. His suspicion at once proved accurate. A single glance at the heap of letters, documents, and musical pencilings lying on the bench by the huge oven revealed the heartrending

<sup>1</sup>August Halm: *Die Symphonie Anton Bruckners*; Muenchen, 1914.

Alfred Orel: *Anton Bruckner*; Wien, 1925.

Ernst Kurth: *Bruckner*; Leipzig, 1925.

<sup>2</sup>Erich Schwesbch: *Bruckner*.

<sup>3</sup>Herbert Hiebsch: *Das goettliche Finale*.

<sup>4</sup>Franz Brunner: *Anton Bruckner*, Linz, 1895.

fact that the remnants of a veritable treasure-trove of knowledge about the composer were still being used by the ignorant storekeeper as mere wrapping-paper. Horrified, Auer gathered the remaining precious papers up reverently and paid Hueber a considerable sum of money for them and any others of a similar nature that might still be found scattered about the place.

Max Auer soon became a school-teacher and found ample opportunity to wander about from town to town in the Bruckner country, Upper Austria. He came upon little churches where the composer had not only played the organ in his early years but had actually left the original manuscripts of many of his occasional secular compositions. He met old people who could still recall the amazing feats of musicianship of "that young school-teacher, Bruckner." Everywhere Auer was on the alert for all possible written and oral information that might add to his knowledge of the composer. He applied himself intensively to the study of musical theory that he might be better able to cope with the more technical problems connected with the subject that had become the major interest of his life. It must be remembered from the outset that Auer was a music-loving country-boy completely unaware of the tremendous wars of artistic creed being waged in the musical capitals of the world. His boyhood approach toward Bruckner was the purely human response of one individual soul to the irresistible appeal of another. Totally unhampered by Wagnerian prejudices, Auer was perhaps the first genuine Brucknerite in the world.

In the course of his search for Bruckner material he was told that Goellerich, then music-director at Linz, had been working for years upon the "authorized life" of Bruckner. Immediately Auer communicated with the noted musicologist, generously offering to place at his disposal all the data he had collected. A firm friendship thus sprang up between the two, an attachment based on a community of purpose that proved a lifelong bond. For a score of years they sifted out together all the evidence relating to Bruckner and his work. When the timid Louis biography was published Auer was extremely disappointed and became impatient to expose once for all the injurious fallacy that persisted in branding the symphonist as a Wagnerian offshoot. Smarting under the conviction of this injustice he impulsively penned a brief biography bristling with the facts Goellerich and he had collected; but Auer was unknown and his revelation was the unvarnished truth of the inspired research worker, a clear-cut structure of frank detail couched in the simple, unassuming language every layman could understand. How could such a work hope to supplant the stylistically glittering and theoretically learned discourse of a famous exponent of musical esthetics? Therefore fifteen years passed before any publisher was willing to assume the necessary financial risk.<sup>1</sup>

The book as at last published by the Amalthea Verlag of Vienna was an instant success. Here, for the first time, in charming, friendly form, and beaming with fine illustrations, lay the entire story of that life of unparalleled industry and devotion so long misunderstood. Here at last was a vivid portrayal of the Anton Bruckner of fact, the man whose utterly peaceful mode of life, like that of the great Bach, was the only possible setting for those wordless symphonic dramas of the

<sup>1</sup>Max Auer: Anton Bruckner, Wien, 1923.

Max Auer: *Leben und Werk Anton Bruckners*; Amalthea Verlag, Wien, 1932 (This is a revised and enlarged edition much richer in the number of photographic and musical illustrations than the edition of 1923, which has been long out of print.)

aspiring soul which undiscerning judges had for over half a century stupidly confounded with the theatrical, textually and tonally sensuous dramas of Richard Wagner.

The Goellerich undertaking was pending thirty years when sombre fate intervened leaving its fulfilment to Auer's sole efforts. The thorough inventory he now made of his deceased friend's manuscript revealed that only a few of the earliest chapters were actually finished. Nevertheless the first part of the work promptly went to press, appearing the same year (1922) as a fitting memorial tribute to the man who had planned the whole biography.<sup>1</sup>

This volume with its accurate reproductions of the earliest extant compositions of Bruckner, most significant of which are perhaps the remarkable organ-preludes of the twelve year old boy, sounded the keynote of the unusual biography. It was clearly to be a source-work, a Bruckner archive, in which the composer's own music and letters would form the bulk of the catalogue of information. This first book, then, told and sang the Bruckner legend from his birth to his twenty-first year, sweeping aside in benevolent triumph all the comments that had been made about the period by previous writers.

Four years of incessant labor were necessary for the completion of the second part of the work.<sup>2</sup> This was issued in two volumes, a text-volume and a separate collection of Bruckner's compositions and sketches during the St. Florian period (1845-1855). Outstanding among the hitherto unknown music here revealed was a fine facsimile reproduction of the seventy-five page score of the early *Missa Solemnis* in B flat minor.

Another four years passed and the third part, also in two volumes, was published.<sup>3</sup> This embraced the riper revelations of Bruckner's sojourn at Linz and laid bare the fertile and individual character of his pre-symphonic church music, showing that in his secular compositions during many years of preparation lay the real sources of his later symphonic expression. Meanwhile two profound works on Bruckner by famous musical experts had appeared to mark the centennial of the composer's birth. These books, one by Alfred Orel,<sup>4</sup> the other by Ernst Kurth,<sup>4</sup> supplemented the epoch-making work of August Halm<sup>4</sup> published eleven years before to lift once for all the Wagnerian veil that had so long obscured the individual significance of the symphonist. Kurth's approach to the subject was that of the modern psychologist of music, Orel's that of the consummate technical analyst. Beside the conclusions of these two scientists of tone the Goellerich-Auer books, with their wealth of documentary evidence, assumed paramount importance.

The fourth and final portion of the great biography, embracing practically all of Bruckner's career as symphonist and a documentary history of his bitter struggles in Vienna, is now in preparation. When it is issued Bruckner, the artist and the man, will stand before the world completely revealed and Max Auer's lofty dream of a life-time will have been realized.

To be sure, all this literature exists at present in German alone. But at last a beginning has been made in English, though necessarily a modest one. The Bruckner Society of America, regarding the pro-

<sup>1</sup>August Goellerich—Max Auer: Anton Bruckner, I Band; Bosse, Regensburg, 1922.

<sup>2</sup>August Goellerich—Max Auer: Anton Bruckner, II Band; Bosse, Regensburg, 1926.

<sup>3</sup>August Goellerich—Max Auer: Anton Bruckner, III Band; Same as above, (Part One, Text; Part Two, Illustrations.) Band II is also in two volumes.

<sup>4</sup>Previously described.

pagation of Bruckner literature in English as one of its chief aims, has issued a monograph which tells in simple language the story of his life.<sup>1</sup> It proposes in the near future to publish another concise work devoted exclusively to an account and analysis of the Bruckner symphonies. Our critics are unanimously agreed that literature in English on Bruckner is timely and necessary. The steadily decreasing crew of scoffers and doubters has been retreating for some time. With the formidable assistance of such supreme executants as Dr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Toscanini, and Mr. Walter the retreat must soon become a rout. The real, irresistible Anton Bruckner is definitely conquering the American world of music.

—GABRIEL ENGEL

### THE FIRST UPPER AUSTRIAN BRUCKNER FESTIVAL

ON May 5, 1932, the ancient, colorful little monastery town of Sankt Florian, a significant landmark in musical topography because of the decade Bruckner had lived there as teacher and organist, suddenly sprang into Austrian newspaper headlines. The grand occasion, attended even by the President of Austria, was the high-point of the *First Upper Austrian Bruckner Festival*, a week of Bruckner performances centering about the official dedication of the rebuilt monastery organ which the composer had loved so deeply all his life and beneath which, at his own request, he now rests in Eternity.

The restoration of this famous old "king of instruments" was the happy inspiration of Max Auer, leading spirit of the International Bruckner Society. The huge sum of money, \$20,000, required for the work was literally scraped together bit by bit over a period of years, and being the collective contribution of thousands of impoverished music-lovers (for even European music-lovers are generally poor) this example of self-sacrificing devotion is one of mankind's highest tributes to the memory of a great musician.

The Festival inaugurated by a fine performance of Bruckner's *F Minor Mass* on May 1, in the cathedral of the near-by city of Linz, was almost exclusively devoted to the composer's sacred music, for Bruckner was during his long sojourn at Sankt Florian a church composer, scarcely even dreaming of the symphonic creations which were later destined to spread his fame throughout the world. Yet the one symphonic evening, May 4, that formed part of the austere celebration, did not bear the character of interpolation, for its program consisted of the *Nullte* (Symphony No. 0) and the *First*, both composed during the early years Bruckner devoted primarily to the composition of his Masses.

The outstanding performances of the Festival, both concert and ritual, were the three great masses, in D, E, and F minor, the famous *Te Deum*, and the two early symphonies already mentioned. The chief conductors, Siegmund v. Hausegger, Prof. Berberich, music-directors Wolfsgrubner and Keldorfer, and Choir-masters Franz Xaver Mueller and the Rev. Plohberger were naturally proud of this opportunity to offer their distinguished services towards the success of the Festival, the inspirational qualities and artistic beauties of which none of those who had the good fortune to be present will ever forget.

<sup>1</sup>Gabriel Engel: *The Life of Anton Bruckner*; for full description see back cover of this issue.

# THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN ORCHESTRATION

	BERLIOZ <i>Symphonic Fantastique</i> (1830)	WAGNER <i>Rienzi</i> (1840)	WAGNER <i>Tristan</i> (1859)	BRUCKNER <i>First Symphony</i> (1865)	WAGNER <i>Goetterdaemmerung</i> (1877)	BRAHMS <i>First Symphony</i> (1877)	BRUCKNER <i>Eighth Symphony</i> (1888)
<b>WOOD-WIND</b>	2 Flutes	1 Piccolo 2 Flutes	3 Flutes	2 Flutes	1 Piccolo 3 Flutes	2 Flutes	3 Flutes
	2 Oboes	2 Oboes	2 Oboes	2 Oboes	3 Oboes	2 Oboes	3 Oboes
	English Horn		Engl. Horn		Engl. Horn		
	2 Clarinets	2 Clarinets	2 Clarinets	2 Clarinets	3 Clarinets Bass Clarinet	2 Clarinets	3 Clarinets
	2 Bassoons	2 Bassoons	3 Bassoons	2 Bassoons Contra-bassoon	3 Bassoons	2 Bassoons Contra-bassoon	3 Bassoons
<b>BRASS</b>	4 Horns 2 Trumpets 2 Cornets	4 Horns 4 Trumpets	4 Horns 3 Trumpets	4 Horns 2 Trumpets	8 Horns 3 Trumpets 1 Bass Trumpet	4 Horns 2 Trumpets	8 Horns 3 Trumpets
	3 Trombones	3 Trombones	3 Trombones	3 Trombones	3 Trombones	3 Trombones	3 Trombones
	2 Bass Tubas	(Brass band on stage)	1 Bass Tuba		1 Contrabass Trombone 2 Tenor Tubas 2 Bass Tubas 1 Contrabass Tuba		4 Tubas (Bass) 1 Bass 1 Contrabass Tuba
<b>PERCUSSION</b>	4 Timpani	Timpani	Timpani	Timpani	Timpani (2 pair)	Timpani	Timpani
	Bass Drum	Drums			Triangle		Drums
	Cymbals	Cymbals	Triangle		Cymbals		
	Gongs	Triangle	Cymbals		Bells		
	2 Harps	Harp			6 Harps		Harp
<b>STRINGS</b>	15 1st Violins 15 Seconds 10 Violas 11 'Cellos 9 Basses	Same String Balance	Same	Same	16 1st Violins 16 Seconds 12 Violas 12 'Cellos 8 Basses	Same String Balance	Same

**EXPLANATORY NOTE:** The content of an artwork is definitely beyond the scope of tabulation. It is possible, nevertheless, to suggest by some such classification as the above whether a composer is technically progressive or regressive. The orchestration of Brahms, for example, is notoriously conservative, exhibiting comparatively few passages of outstandingly individual instrumental color, though these few are beyond question of transcendental beauty. Brahms was, like the great classic symphonists, primarily concerned with the musical ideas in his works. None of his four symphonies employ a greater orchestra than do the later symphonies of Beethoven. Bruckner, content at first with the same limited apparatus, soon felt that his type of symphonic structure called for a larger group of woodwind and brass instruments. His more mature symphonies are scored for a "threefold" balance of woodwind and brass. The more modern penchant for numerous solo passages, eloquently predicted by Berlioz in his *Fantastique*, found its first more recent expression in Mahler's

# BALANCE AND INSTRUMENTAL COLOR

MAHLER <i>First Symphony</i> (1888)	STRAUSS <i>Heldenleben</i> (1899)	SCHOENBERG <i>Gurrelieder</i> (1901)	MAHLER <i>Fifth Symphony</i> (1904)	STRAUSS <i>Elektra</i> (1908)	MAHLER <i>Eighth Symphony</i> (1910)	STRAVINSKY <i>Sacre du Printemps</i> (1913)
2 Piccolos 4 Flutes 4 Oboes Engl. Horn 3 Clarinets bE Clarinet Bass Clarinet	1 Piccolo 3 Flutes 3 Oboes Engl. Horn 2 Clarinets bE Clarinet Bass Clarinet	4 Piccolos 4 Flutes 3 Oboes 2 Engl. Horns 3 Clarinets 2 bE Clarinets 2 Bass Clarinets	4 Flutes 3 Oboes 3 Clarinets 2 Bassoons Contra- bassoon	Piccolo 3 Flutes 2 Oboes Engl. Horn Heckelphon 4 Clarinets bE Clarinet Bass Clarinet 2 Bass Horns 3 Bassoons Contra- bassoon	2 Piccolos 4 Flutes 4 Oboes Engl. Horn 2 bE Clari- nets 3 Clarinets Bass Clarinet	4 Flutes Alto Flute 4 Oboes Engl. Horn 3 Clarinets D Clarinet Bass Clarinet
3 Bassoons	3 Bassoons Contra- bassoon	3 Bassoons 2 Contra- bassoons	3 Bassoons Contra- bassoon	3 Bassoons Contra- bassoon	4 Bassoons Contra- bassoon	4 Bassoons Contra- bassoon
9 Horns 4 Trumpets	8 Horns 5 Trumpets	10 Horns 6 Trumpets 1 Bass Trumpet	6 Horns 4 Trumpets	8 Horns 6 Trumpets Bass Trumpet	8 Horns 4 Trumpets "In the dis- tance," 4 Trumpets	8 Horns 4 Trumpets Bass Trumpet 1 Cornet
3 Trom- bones Bass Tuba	3 Trom- bones Tenor Tuba Bass Tuba	3 Trombones 1 Alto " 2 Tenor " 1 Bass " 1 Contra- bass " 1 Bass Tuba 4 Bayreuth Tubas	3 Trom- bones Tuba	3 Trom- bones Contrabass Trombone 4 Tubas Contrabass Tuba	4 Trom- bones "In the dis- tance," 3 Trombones Bass Tuba	3 Trombones 2 Tubas
Timpani (2 Pair) Drums Triangle Cymbals Tamtam Harp	Timpani Drums, etc. 2 Harps	6 Timpani Drums, etc. Bells Xylophone 4 Harps Celesta	Timpani Drums, etc. Harp	Timpani (2 Pair) Drums, etc. Bells 2 Harps Tambourine Celesta	3 Timpani Drums, etc. Piano Harmonium Organ Mandolin Celesta Bells (2 Sets)	1 Small Tim- panum Timpani Drums, etc. Tambourine "Ancient" Cymbals
Same	Same	Augmented Strings  Solo Singers and Choruses	18 First Violins 16 Second " 14 Violas 12 'Cellos 10 Basses	8 1st Violins 8 2nd " 8 3rd " 6 1st Violas 6 2nd " 6 3rd " 6 1st 'Cellos 6 2nd " 8 Basses	Augmented String Section	String balance as in Mahler's Fifth

**WOOD-  
WIND**

**BRASS**

**PERCUS-  
SION**

**STRINGS**

First, the prodigally rich coloring of which won the highest admiration of the younger Richard Strauss. The latter's contribution to orchestral technique, an increased wealth of instrumental harmony and color, found its ultimate expression in the tremendous score of the opera *Elektra*. The symphony orchestra, having constantly borrowed from its more dramatic and colorful sister, the operatic orchestra, had by this time attained a "fourfold" balance of woodwind and brass in addition to the acquisition of a great contingent of percussion instruments hitherto practically unheard of in such a connection. Mahler's *Eighth* and Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder* are striking examples of this development. The enormous progress in the technique of orchestral color in the course of a single generation is amply accounted for by the fact that four such great masters as Mahler, Strauss, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky are practically contemporaneous figures in musical history.

## SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

A Record of Critical and Popular Reaction

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### GUSTAV MAHLER—FOURTH SYMPHONY

*Los Angeles Philharmonic, Artur Rodzinski, Conductor; Zaruhi Elmassian, Soloist. Los Angeles, California, Dec. 31, 1931; Jan. 1, 1932.*

The Mahler Symphony No. 4 in G Major followed and its varied mood, which swept from chaos to the very height of melodic and harmonic beauty, proved a great attraction and it must be acknowledged that it was Rodzinski's genius which opened it out into dazzling beauty.

Miss Zaruhi Elmassian, whose clear and resonant soprano voice readily adapted itself to the instrumentation shared the triumphant burst of applause which greeted the closing measures.

—CARL BRONSON, *Los Angeles Express Herald*

Strange work the Mahler Symphony. Great simplicity, almost a folk song quality characterizes much of its melody. Naïve indeed is the jingling of the harness bells which appears early and toward the close of the symphony. Quaint is the orchestral treatment of the second movement with its delicate waltz-like rhythm.

The dynamics that one usually finds at the close of a work are concentrated briefly at the end of the quiet third section, and ultimately comes a sort of wistfully apocalyptic close, with the voice part, essaying its glimpse of another world.

—EDWIN SCHALLERT, *Los Angeles Times*

Rarely has Mahler been played; Artur Rodzinski last night gave this symphony the finest reading I have yet heard . . . It is pure music and contains within it all the genius that Mahler had. Its naive thematic expression reflects the creator.

—DAVID SOKOL, *Los Angeles Record*

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### GUSTAV MAHLER—FIFTH SYMPHONY

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York; Bruno Walter, Conductor; New York, Feb. 11, 12, 13, 14 (last performance broadcast).*

The rhythmically ominous Funeral March with its overwhelming fanfare of trumpets, the savage section in A minor, in which a bound Prometheus seems to be fighting on a storm-lashed rock to break his chains, the felicitous *Scherzo* furnishing its soothing rustic *Laendler* with a delightful companion, a waltz melody that anticipates the *Rosenkavalier*—all these reveal the resourceful and imaginative musician. In the art of applying the most telling instrumental colors, in the alchemy of uniting independent tone elements, Gustav Mahler finds his equal in Richard Strauss alone.

—JOACHIM H. MEYER, *N. Y. Staats-Zeitung*

The symphony itself opened its heart to us as never before. The second movement (*Stuermisch bewegt*) follows the initial funeral march as with the torment of irreparable loss, and the memory of grief haunts the vigorous measures of the laendlerish scherzo that comes after.

Where outside of the andante of the slow movement in Beethoven's ninth symphony is the serenity of a longing too deep and sacred for an earthly fulfilment expressed as it is here in Mahler's adagietto? . . .

The listening to this symphony as expounded by Bruno Walter has stood forth among the few compensating privileges of a singularly cheerless music season. All honor unto Mr. Walter for not passing it by in the interest of the facile plaudits that he can always capture with the over-driven symphonies of Beethoven and of Brahms.

Mr. Walter deserves our heartfelt gratitude for his zealous and able interpretation of Mahler's fifth symphony, which must have won Mahler not a few converts.

—PITTS SANBORN, *New York World-Telegram*

### ANTON BRUCKNER—QUINTET

*Chicago String Quartet. Messrs. Felber, Reiners, Lehnhoff, Du Moulin, Dolejsi; Chicago, April 17, 1932.*

The Chicago String Quartet closed their season of six concerts in the theatre of the Chicago Woman's Club yesterday afternoon, playing to a sold-out house . . .

Yesterday they did their solemn duty by that much misunderstood Viennese master, Anton Bruckner, presenting the F major quintet.

—GLENN DILLARD GUNN, *Chicago Herald*

Bruckner bears with him the embarrassment of conscious rectitude, high artistic purpose and a blameless life. He had no "experiences," and so was free to concentrate all of his energies on his music. He took his time to it, with no sense of haste and the solemn determination to squeeze the last drop of juice from each musical thought.

—KARLETON HACKETT, *Chicago Evening Post*

But beautiful music it is throughout. The slow movement reaches in sublimity the slow movements in the symphonies; in this particular field Bruckner is the master of all masters—none excepted. Such depth and pathos has been reached only by him.

The performance was fine in the two first movements (the slow movement was played as second part); the Scherzo and the Finale would have gained by a little more preparation. But we are grateful to the five excellent musicians who gave us an opportunity to listen to this masterpiece.

TH. OTTERSTROEM, Chicago, April 19, 1932

It is radiant with moods and there is the most vigorous and stimulating range of thought . . .

I have never heard the Chicago String Quartet play so well as in the bracing first movement or the glamorous second . . .

It is a beautiful work, and it should be played frequently though it is a difficult one . . .

—EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago Daily News*

## ARNOLD SCHOENBERG—GURRELIEDER

*Cantata in four parts, for five vocal soloists, three four-part male choruses, one eight-part mixed chorus, a speaker, and augmented orchestra.*

*Leopold Stokowski, Conductor; Paul Althouse, Tenor; Jeanette Vreeland, Soprano; Rose Bampton, Contralto; Abrasha Robofsky, Bass; Robert Betts, Tenor; Benjamin de Loache, Reciter.*

*The Princeton Glee Club, Alexander Russell, Conductor; The Fortnightly Club, Henry Gordon Thunder, Conductor; The Mendelssohn Club, Bruce Carey, Conductor; The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Philadelphia, April 8, 9, 11, 1932. {One performance broadcast\*}*

*Leopold Stokowski, Conductor; {Same cast of assisting artists as in Philadelphia performances, April 8-11} New York, April 20, 1932.*

It is tremendous, almost beyond conception . . .

Nowhere, save in Philadelphia, where are pooled the genius of Stokowski, the forces of an adventuresome opera company and a spirit to take the bull by the horns and experiment, would this undertaking have been possible. Nowhere else could it have met with such dynamic success.

—HENRY C. BECK, *Philadelphia Record*

At the close Mr. Stokowski was called repeatedly to the stage to acknowledge the applause which he shared with the soloists, choruses and members of the Orchestra . . .

The orchestration of the composition is all Schoenberg's own. It is always rich, but never noisy, and it shows an immense appreciation for the various instruments of the orchestra and their respective colors. These are combined in an innumerable variety.

—SAMUEL L. LACIAR, *Philadelphia Public Ledger*

Such glowing, glamorous beauty of tone, such rapturous richness of musical material, such spacious sweep of design, have not marked any premiere performance here in a long, long time. Indeed, it is a question whether such sustained ecstasy of emotion made musical, such poetic fervor of effect and sheer lavish loveliness have been so potently combined since the death of Richard Wagner.

—LINTON MARTIN, *Philadelphia Inquirer*

The instrumental texture of the *Gurrelieder* has, one must grant, unique clarity and iridescence; as sound, this score is often supremely beautiful; light and color play through it, gleam upon its surface—and lead, in the end, to satiety of the ear . . .

—EDWARD CUSHING, *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*

This performance, received with much enthusiasm by an audience that packed the theatre, required enormous forces . . .

The music is extremely sincere and it contains the technical germs of the later Schoenberg. There is a sensuous feeling which the later Schoenberg has completely abjured . . .

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*

\*The importance of broadcasting as a cultural influence cannot be overestimated. During the concert and opera season millions of people, whose homes are far from any musical center, will have the opportunity of catching out of the air splendid performances of the best music, as played by the best orchestras in the U. S. This occasional glimpse into the magic realm of true musical art will undoubtedly prove for many thousands an effective antidote to the regular scharine diet of musical poison that forms the bulk of the daily broadcast programs.

The more salient question is whether the composer has voiced the moods of his drama so that they communicate themselves to the music lover. The question can be answered with a general affirmative.

For one thing, there is much glowing lyricism in the score . . .

On the whole the writer found the work more impressive last evening than when he heard it at the first performance in Philadelphia.

—W. J. HENDERSON, N. Y. *Sun*

Its idiom has nothing to do with its significance; nor has any idiom. That is a relative matter. It is the essence of the music that should concern us.

The music is eloquent, warm, throbbing, musical dramatic writing, set in a glamorous orchestral investiture rivalled by but few works in the literature. The long phrases that characterize the love of King Waldemar and his Tove are still potent in their exalted beauty; the magic of orchestral glow, such as we find here, as we do in Wagner, Strauss and a few others, can make us glad, as can but few productions of the latest music makers . . .

—A. WALTER KRAMER, *Musical America*

Schoenberg remains always the musician of admirable self-discipline; he works with a palette of colors radiating sheer beauty, plasticity, and joy in song. His melody is clothed in a splendidly flowing robe of harmony; his thematic, or rather, leitmotivated material, in the parts of Waldemar and Tove, is eloquent witness of a creative power . . . which, all in all, would stamp any 26 year old composer—be his name Schoenberg or anything else—as a genius!

—JOACHIM H. MEYER, *New York Staats-Zeitung*

## LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI ON THE GURRELIEDER

In a special communication to the Bruckner Society following the premiere reported above, Mr. Stokowski said:

“Since hearing the first performance of *Gurrelieder* in Vienna I have been studying the score whenever I had leisure. Last summer I studied it thoroughly. All of last season I was rehearsing it with the choruses, solo singers and in the final period with the orchestra. We gave three performances in Philadelphia and one in New York. These are some of my impressions:

“*Gurrelieder* is remarkable for the steady evolutionary growth in style within itself. While the early part is extremely simple there are moments which foreshadow the later organic growth. This is most noticeable in the song of *Waldtaube*. In the second part sung by Waldemar is increased condensation and concentration of style. The growth reaches its highest development in *Des Sommerwindes Wilde Jagd* in which the mature development of Schoenberg today is clearly fore-shadowed. His musical life has been a slow unfolding of an organism complete in unity and design. *Gurrelieder* promises what later he has achieved. The creative power of the song of *Waldtaube* and *Des Sommerwindes Wilde Jagd* is incontestable.”

## ANTON BRUCKNER—EIGHTH SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor. Boston Mass., April 22, 23, 1932.*

Through page upon page the long adagio coils and uncoils, ultimately and ever mounting heavenward. Four themes engender it into hymn-like instrumental song; reiteration enforces it; deeper and deeper sonorities enrich it, or a more shimmering texture gilds it as with an halo. Presently the heavens open and Bruckner—the mysticism of the Roman church pulsing within him—beholds and sounds the joys of Paradise. A thousand times at St. Florian's or in Linz Cathedral he has played the Sanctus upon his organ. Now the host of the redeemed are singing it apocalyptically. Of a sudden the hymn stays, and stills. And God said: "Let there be peace." And there was peace . . . It is by his deepest fervors, his spellbound visions, his celestial felicities, and the music he made of them, that Bruckner should be judged—to stand unique, thus far, among the diviners who have written black notes upon white paper ruled in staves . . .

As the Bostonian elect, fifty years ago gradually accustomed themselves to Wagner and to Brahms, as within much nearer time, they have yielded inch by inch to Stravinsky, so now they must reconcile themselves to occasional Bruckner or Mahler at characteristic, insistent, but not unprofitable, lengths. For no two composers, up and down the world, have conductors fought more manfully. Now at last, in Europe and in America, this persistence is prevailing . . .

In New York, Boston and Chicago, reviewers oftener than lay listeners have been the antagonists. Now, more accustomed, audiences are hearing for themselves.

—H. T. P., *Boston Evening Transcript* \*

Its merit is to have caught something of the nobility of mood, the selfless devotion to music for its own sake that is Beethoven's rarest gift.

—P. R., *Boston Globe*

In response to the urgings of certain ardent Brucknerites who, with some right on their side, asked for all or nothing, Dr. Koussevitzky presented at yesterday's Symphony Concert an uncut version of the Austrian master's Eighth Symphony . . .

There is enough music, whether regarded vertically or horizontally, in Bruckner's Eighth, a symphony vast both in scope and in content, to fill a concert . . .

Is there any finale of any symphony that would not come as anti-climax after that solemn and sublime Adagio, to which Dr. Koussevitzky, yesterday, restored measures unjustly excised in the performance of three years ago?

—WARREN STORBY SMITH, *Boston Post*

\*This performance of Bruckner's *Eighth* was perhaps the world premiere of the original, uncut version of the great symphony. Mr. Parker, of the Boston Transcript, moved by the eloquence of the music's complete version, addressed the Bruckner Society as follows:

"I wish that in one of your publications you might make the point that Mahler's and Bruckner's symphonies should be played without cuts. That is . . . the length is one of the characteristic qualities essential to the composer's style, necessary to the expression of his thought and feeling."

## ANTON BRUCKNER—FOURTH {Romantic} SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra; conductor, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky; Boston, Oct. 14 and 15, 1932.*

Being an organist become composer and tone-poet, Bruckner loves pedal-points and the even flow of the melodic stream. In neither did the string choir fail him; while it was as swift as he would speed it through the so-called "Hunting Scherzo." In his Fourth Symphony, besides, Bruckner is unusually susceptible and fanciful with the wind choir. In flawless tone it gave him what he asked, even when in the slow movement the imitation of a singing bird in the forest momentarily, and childishly, delights him. Throughout the orchestra excelled itself as fused and plastic ensemble, quick to every sonority that sang in the composer's ear and heart. . . . For the hour the simple composer had found his prophet in the sophisticated conductor. The applause at the end testified as much. . . . This fourth Symphony harked back to an earlier Bruckner than we usually hear; tapped him in fresh veins; reminded us that he was romantic before he was apocalyptic; that he could transfuse into music sensations from the world without as well as visions from the soul within.

—H.T.P., *Boston Evening Transcript*, Oct. 15, 1932

Not without reason has the work been dubbed "Romantic." The call of the hunting horn is a dominant motive. There are rich harmonies from the brasses as well as strings. The orchestration is, on the whole, much lighter than is customary in a Bruckner score, but by its transparency is none the less charming.

—MOSES SMITH, *The Boston American*, Oct. 15, 1932

In the later Bruckner symphonies, the outstanding movements are always the second and the third. Such Adagios and Scherzos had been written by no other composer since Beethoven. In the Symphony of yesterday, the first and last movements—and particularly the latter, with its chief theme that none of Bruckner's contemporaries could possibly have imagined—are the strongest . . . Dr. Koussevitzky conducted this Symphony with understanding and enthusiasm, and the applause at the end, which returned him to the platform until he bade the players rise and bow, proved that his efforts had not been in vain.

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*, Oct. 15, 1932

## BRUCKNER AND MAHLER IN JAPAN

Japan heard its first Bruckner on April 24, 1931, when the Takaraduka Symphony Society of Kobe performed the *Romantic* under the direction of Joseph Laska. Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder* were presented by the same organization on May 18, 1929. Last season Mahler's *Fifth*, conducted by Pringsheim, was enthusiastically applauded by the music-lovers of Tokio.

## BRUCKNER AS COLORIST\*

The term *color*, as here used, means *modulation*. Modulation is a transition from one *key* to another. As there are but twelve distinct keys in music (*major* and *minor* of the same degree being merely locally altered forms of the same key) the composer has a choice of eleven different modulations from any given key.

In the music of pre-Bach times the domination of inflexible *church-modes* rendered modulation practically impossible. With the advent of our *major* and *minor modes* new possibilities appeared, and finally, at the fervent, prophetic recommendation of Bach, the compromise of the *tempered scale* was universally adopted, throwing wide open the doors of the twelve keys that had hitherto been like so many cells in a prison of harmony.

Naturally, at the beginning of the new era masters ventured only a few of the newly emancipated eleven modulations, confining themselves for the most part to convenient and safe transitions, viz., to the *dominant*, *subdominant*, and the *relative* major or minor keys. Not even the average Bach fugue (*Well-tempered Clavichord*) shows modulation beyond these narrow confines. In the music of Mozart and Beethoven the increasing tendency towards a complete freedom of key-choice is revealed. Thus, for example, in the opening movement of Beethoven's *Sonata, op. 53*, the first and second *subjects* are in the relation of C major to E major, instead of the traditional C major to G major (*tonic* to *dominant*). Since most subsequent masters freely admitted that their individual contributions toward the spiritual and technical advancement of music were firmly rooted in one or other of the various revolutionary accomplishments of Beethoven, some analysis of the significance of the above more daring modulation will perhaps prove helpful towards the plotting of a line indicating the progress of freedom in the application of harmonic colors by more recent composers.

Outstandingly characteristic of Beethoven was a craving for intense contrast. He found the traditional modulation to the dominant pale and unsatisfying. When he chose the transition from C to E he may be said to have leaped over that first dominant G, over *its* dominant D, and over the next dominant A, coming to rest only upon reaching the fourth

\**Editor's Note:* The eminent American musical theorist who in *A Word to Anti-Brucknerites*, published in the first issue of *Chord and Discord*, exploded a number of antiquated fallacies prejudicial to a fair, impartial view of Bruckner as a symphonist proceeds to show in an original piece of constructive analysis that it was Bruckner who developed to its ultimate richness the urge towards harmonic contrast which marks one of the most important advances of Beethoven over his predecessors.

"There is noticeable after Beethoven," claims he, "a constantly increasing freedom in the application of *key variety* and *contrast* by progressive composers, particularly by Wagner, Liszt, and Bruckner. The use of chromatically altered chords excepted, this phase of musical technique is about the only one in which there seems to have been a development since Beethoven's time. Rhythm and meter have not developed; our double-and-triple time and our four-and-three-measure period grew out of the unmeasured time of a 1000 years ago. When composers change the time in every measure or every other measure they do not contribute anything new, but simply revert to the unmeasured Gregorian Chant.

"It is hard to think of any development in polyphony after compositions in 20 parts by Okcghem (Ockenheim: 1415-1513) and in 40 parts by Tallys (1525-1585).

"A further development of the sonata-form used by Beethoven has been attempted (the symphonic poem, the tone-poem) but opinions are still divided concerning this 'improvement'.

"If we are considering progress in music, it must be in regard to coloring and chord elements. As painting of the last generation differs from 'the old masters' in the use of all twelve colors in the spectrum, so music of the last three generations shows a constant expansion towards the use of all twelve keys."

dominant, E. This step, then, was a sudden transition to the dominant of the *fourth power*, if we may be permitted so mathematical a terminology.

In the following brief table of the comparative variety of modulations employed by the leading symphonists particular emphasis is laid upon the contrast between any two adjacent keys. If a composition follows the *circle of fifths* (C-G-D-A. etc.) it produces all twelve colors, but obviously only a single contrast, that of a *fifth*. If it progresses from one "color" to another chromatically (C-D flat, D-E flat, etc.) all twelve colors appear, but again with only one contrast, that of the *minor second* (or *augmented prime*). In both cases we have the deadly affliction of the *sequence*, which has been so disastrous to many composers and composers *in spe*. It is possible, without repeating any color or contrast, to arrange all twelve colors in such a manner that all eleven contrasts appear; the writer of these lines has found 7708 different arrangements. But that is a problem in *permutation and combination* and does not belong here. We are concerned with Bruckner and the color-technique in his symphonies; for this reason only symphonic movements of other composers are included in the following classification.

Two lines of numbers are presented in each instance. The lower line shows the mere distance of each new key in the music from the initial key, as measured in half tones. The upper line shows the contrast between any two adjacent keys. Thus if 0 (zero) is C, F will be 5, A 9, E 4, etc.; if it is D-flat, G-flat will be 5, B-flat 9, F 4, etc. The contrasts are

are  $\frac{5 \quad 4 \quad 7}{0 \quad 5 \quad 9 \quad 4}$  (The direction of the motion is, of course, always up.)

The list to the right includes the colors not employed in the work analyzed.

Mozart: *G minor Symphony*, first movement:

2	3	5	7	8	9	10	11	1	4	6	
<hr/>								<hr/>			
0	3	5	7	8	9	10	11	1	2	4	6

Beethoven: *Ninth Symphony*, first movement:

1	4	5	7	8	9	11	2	3	6	10	
<hr/>							<hr/>				
0	1	3	5	7	8	9	10	2	4	6	11

Brahms: *C minor Symphony*, first movement:

1	2	5	6	7	8	9	11	3	4	10	
<hr/>								<hr/>			
0	1	3	5	6	7	8	10	11	2	4	9

Bruckner: *Romantic Symphony (IV)*, first half of first movement:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	<i>complete</i>	
<hr/>												
0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	<i>complete</i>

This analysis is, of course, only technical; but it may be relevant in this connection to quote Wagner: "Technique is the ever evolving property of all artists since the very existence of art; it has to be reckoned with, mastered, and absorbed. That which technique is to express can certainly not be learned." Nor can it be discussed. No one knows why a work is great or insignificant, beautiful or ugly, important or unimportant, interesting or tedious. All such statements are results of individual reactions and as such beyond dispute. But a technical analysis shows whether a composer is progressive or regressive. In the matter of colorful symphonic music Bruckner was certainly ahead of all the composers of his time.

TH. OTTERSTROM.

## EUROPEAN ECHOES

### VIENNA

Ernst Krenek, whose monumental setting of Goethe's *Triumph of Sensibility* most critics considered the high-point of the *Tenth International Music Festival* held in Vienna last summer, may well be regarded as an exponent of the longing of the younger generation of composers to destroy the popular impression that sets up a yawning chasm between modern creative effort and the accomplishment of the masters of the past. In the course of an interview with the present correspondent, Mr. Krenek emphasizing the false notion which he considers the root of all this misapprehension, exclaimed, "There is no such thing as modern music. There is only good or bad music."

Included in the program of the ten-day festival was a visit to the "graves of honor" at the Zentral Friedhof, where simultaneous homage was paid the memory of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Bruckner, and Mahler.

The evening of June 21 was devoted to a Popular Concert of works by Schoenberg, Alban Berg, and Mahler, whose *Second Symphony* achieved the triumph that is its just due.

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A musical event not without a measure of romance was the presentation in Vienna, on July 19, of Gustav Mahler's unfinished *Tenth Symphony*, under the direction of his nephew, Fritz Mahler. This young conductor, already internationally noted for his masterly interpretations of both the Bruckner and Mahler symphonies, which he has made his special province, was the ideal choice for the honor of this, the first broadcasting of the song-symphonist's last legacy to the world's music lovers. The orchestral score of two movements of the symphony was prepared for performance by Ernst Krenek. The complete original sketches were published in a limited, facsimile edition by Mrs. Mahler about ten years ago under the auspices of the Paul Zsolnay Verlag of Vienna.

In Vienna it has become customary to broadcast complete Bruckner and Mahler cycles direct from the Rundfunk building. This fact alone is sufficient evidence that the city traditionally known as "the city of music" still leads the world in the idealistic quality of its audience of general music-lovers. New Yorkers will doubtless regard as a joke the assertion that numbers of Viennese men of business upon arriving home from work will sit by their loud-speaker with a little Bruckner or Mahler orchestral score in hand and listen with great delight to the broadcasting of this deep, serious music.

Recently the student orchestra of the New Viennese Conservatory under the direction of Prof. Nilius gave a fine performance of Mahler's *Resurrection Symphony* (the *Second*) thus proving the still preeminent quality of Austrian musical pedagogy.

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### MUNICH

This has been an unusually rich Bruckner season for Muenchen. The complete cycle of the composer's works begun last winter was continued before capacity audiences from all parts of German Europe. On January 7, the fourth Bruckner evening brought the *Wagner and Romantic* symphonies under the capable direction of Prof. Heinrich Laber, a native product of Munich whose fame as a Bruckner interpreter is al-

ready international. Concerning the performance the *Bayrische Staatszeitung* said, "Prof. Laber's mastery of these two great works is no mere reflection of a consummate knowledge of the orchestral technique involved; his is that deeper knowledge, the revelation imparted only to the soul inspired by apostolic conviction. One feels that he loves Bruckner's music. One hears it with every bar he conducts. It has become a part of him."

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On February 23 and 25, respectively, Munich heard the canceled *Nullte* in D Minor and the *Linzer Studiensymphonie* in F minor interpreted by Prof. Franz Moissl of Klosterneuburg, Austria. These two less-favored sisters of the brilliant "nine" require the most sympathetic treatment in order to display their genuine, profound Bruckner quality. Prof. Moissl, editor of the *Bruckner Blaetter* from its inception, and for many years the leading spirit of that famous periodical of sacred music, *Musica Divina*, is, because of his great devotion to Bruckner and his supreme knowledge of church music, eminently fitted to interpret these "study" symphonies of the composer written while he was still under the austere influence of almost exclusively liturgical composition. The thunderous applause and the huge laurel wreath which were tendered Prof. Moissl at the close of the second performance were eloquent witness that this modest, great musician, much as the shy, aging Bruckner fifty years before him, was at length to be brought forth from his long obscurity to a deserved international fame.

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On February 28 occurred the first performance, before a small audience of invited guests, of the original version of Bruckner's *Ninth*, the unfinished masterpiece which the composer's foremost disciples had for forty years regretfully regarded as the product of a failing genius. The emancipation of the orchestral language that characterized the music of the opening decades of this century has revealed that Bruckner in his closing years anticipated many of the delicate nuances of instrumental color which, though thoroughly sanctioned in our own day, must have appeared feeble and erroneous to the musical experts of over a generation ago. The private hearing, under the distinguished direction of Siegmund von Hausegger, was repeated on April 2.

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## BERLIN

Two special concerts to celebrate the *Fiftieth Jubilee* of the Berlin Philharmonic brought "stunning" performances of Bruckner's *Seventh* and Beethoven's *Ninth*, according to Mr. Herbert F. Peyser, the well known American critic. Writes Mr. Peyser in the *New York Times*, May 22nd, 1932:

"But when one hears Furtwaengler conduct Bruckner and Beethoven as he did on these occasions the temptation is strong to forget or to condone any 'derailment' of the sort and to exclaim as Dean Swift once did to a singer in the 'Messiah,' 'For this be all thy sins forgiven!'"

Herr Furtwaengler also gave performances of Bruckner's *Ninth* and Mahler's *Fourth*.

Otto Klemperer, apostle of modernism, surprised Berlin last year with a sudden change of musical diet. Bruckner was prominent among the classics he presented.

The first of four concerts given by the *Friends of Music* under the direction of Dr. Unger was devoted entirely to works of Mahler.

## A NEW ERA IN PHONOGRAPH RECORDING

**I**N the recent amazing improvements in the devices for electrical phonograph recording the forces that have so long striven in vain to spread the neglected gospel of symphonic music have undoubtedly gained their most powerful ally. Studio recording of great modern scores, owing partly to the tremendous numbers of the personnel usually involved, and partly to the peculiar acoustic problems presented by the intricate polyphonic web of most of this music, was always either impossible or highly unsatisfactory. But now a new era has set in. The concert-hall has become the studio. The actual performance under the master's baton before the breathlessly expectant thousands of listeners is the music caught and perpetuated upon the records. Every up-to-date gramophone shop is a treasure-house of beautifully bound volumes of these records of the world's famous symphonies as actually interpreted before music-lovers and critics by the best conductors and finest orchestras in the world.

Perhaps the greatest triumph as yet achieved in this new era of recording is the recently published volume of fourteen double-faced records comprising the American premiere performance of Arnold Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder* under Leopold Stokowski at Philadelphia on April 8. The unparalleled enthusiasm that greeted this performance is reported on page 16 of this issue in the very words of leading critics who were present. All the apostolic fervor which Mr. Stokowski instilled into the hearts of his army of assisting executants upon this momentous musical occasion radiates forth from these incomparable records that have photographed for mankind for all time an ideal interpretation of this titanic landmark of serious modern music.

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### SOME IMPORTANT RECORDINGS

#### BRUCKNER

- Seventh Symphony; Berlin Philharmonic, Jascha Horenstein, Conductor; Polydor.
- Te Deum; Bruckner Choir; Parlophone.
- Scherzo, Third Symphony; Wiener Sinfonie Orchester, Anton Konrath, Conductor; H.M.V.
- Scherzo, Fourth Symphony; Wiener Philharmoniker, Clemens Krauss, Conductor; H.M.V.

#### MAHLER

- Kindertotenlieder; Heinrich Rehkemper; Polydor.
- Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen—Urlicht  
Mme. Charles Cahier with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra, Selmar Meyrowitz, Conductor; Ultraphone.
- Der Tambourgesell — Rheinlegendchen  
Heinrich Schlusnus with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra; Herman Weigert, Conductor; Polydor.
- Adagietto, Fifth Symphony; Concertgebouw Orchestra, Willem Mengelberg, Conductor; Columbia.

#### WOLF

- Songs sung by Elena Gerhardt; these excellent records were sponsored by the Hugo Wolf Society; H. M. V.

#### SCHOENBERG

- Gurrelieder (See article A New Era in Phonograph Recording.)

All records listed here can be obtained at the Gramophone Shop, 18 East 48th St., New York.

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—WARREN STORRY SMITH, *Boston Post*

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March 1933

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## BACK TO ROMANTICISM!

"Back to romanticism!" The slogan requires some qualification, for despite all modern revolutionary tendencies romanticism has never departed from art, and especially from music. All art is inextricably interwoven with romance. Yes, more than that: art and romance are basically identical conceptions. Even the one who merely takes pleasure in art experiences "romantically," so to speak, the intensity of this "romantic" experience, of course, differing with the individual. In one completely taken up with business and every-day cares the spirit of romanticism lies dormant. The more readily a man responds to the voices of his inner being the more vivid is his romantic experience. The last human being will be the last romanticist.

In music romanticism is the art of the spiritual recluse. Without inner solitude, in my opinion, there can be no art and, particularly, no music. Gustav Mahler, whose *Song of the Earth* stirs the hearts of the people more every day, was one of the world's great lonely souls. Out of his solitude he created those immortal works in which that romantic-*daemonic* nature of his, so completely severed from the outer world, finds overwhelming expression.

There is, in contra-distinction to this manner of creating out of the inmost soul, another, the inspiration of which is the reality of everyday life. This kind of creation might be compared to a photographic plate and is not art in the higher sense of the word. It is necessary therefore to differentiate between two kinds of musical art, the work of the spiritual recluse, a contribution offering something new and unknown to the world, and the work of the mere tonal chronicler or photographer of everyday experience. Some composers, unaware that they are at heart romanticists, and some, who are romanticists against their will, labor under the delusion that they are musical photographers of reality, but the apparent drabness of their achievement is elevated to the higher plane of art by their imaginative power and individuality. Igor Stravinsky, dubbed a foe of romanticism, a thoroughly creative being who considers himself anything but a romanticist, betrays romantic traits in many of his works. I need only mention his *Sacre du Printemps*, that ecstatic hymn to the primal power of nature.

How a purely commonplace incident may be metamorphosed into romance by the creative artist is evident from the following example. The *cudgel-scene* in Wagner's *Meistersinger* is a realistic, musical setting of an extremely ordinary happening. Yet the delicate humor of the composer raises the whole incident to a higher sphere. Thus everything

can be a subject for musical art if it is made—"inexact."<sup>1</sup> There is, in music, no such thing as "exactness," a term that has aroused so much controversy. I demand "exactness" from an architect, for I want to live in a house, pray in a church, etc. But music fulfils no such "exact" need—how then is exactness to be associated with it? Music is, was, and will remain a confession of the soul! The more individual, unworldly, and solitary a soul is, the more timeless the music created out of it. From the soul alone come the loftier revelations in their purest form, as the composer knows, and only the composer! In this respect every true artist is of necessity a romanticist.

One often hears the claim that many a musical work of decidedly romantic character has dated. This view neglects the fact that in such cases it is not the romantic nature of the music but its lack of vitality that is to blame. Weber, for instance, was a confessed romanticist. He always emphasized this disposition of his, which of course harmonized with the artistic atmosphere of his age. His music possesses the lasting charm characteristic of a genuinely creative being alone. The perishable element of his *Oberon*, that woe-begotten creation of a deathly sick man who composed an opera for London in order to keep his family from starving, is not to be found in the extremely fine musical setting but in the defective web of the text. His *Freischuetz*, on the other hand, is, thanks to its superior libretto, still much alive today, as are all romantic works of perfection. Verdi, whom many for a time wished to set up as the spiritual opposite of Wagner, is also to a great degree a romanticist. To prove this I need only mention the unforgettable nature-painting of the fourth act of *Rigoletto*, the enchantment of the Egyptian night in the Nile-act of *Aida*, or the poetic scene of the elves in *Falstaff*.

Thus we see that all music that was the expression of genuine, vivid experience remains timeless and is still convincing today. Take, for instance, the music of Mendelssohn, that composer banned as a "mere romanticist." His wonderful *Midsummer-Night's Dream* music is still as radiantly enchanting as ever with all its wealth of color. If a musical work has lost its appeal the reason is not its romantic character but some real deficiency such as may be found even in some of the compositions of the greatest masters.

There is apparent in the audiences of today an inclination towards true art, towards the genuine things in music. Adverse criticism has sought in vain to strike a death-blow at romanticism, but it is destined to survive because the heart of man is ever the same and will not be suppressed.<sup>2</sup>

—BRUNO WALTER

<sup>1</sup>The original German words "sachlich," "unsachlich," and "Sachlichkeit" possess a connotational nuance (when connected with music) that makes an ideal translation impossible.

<sup>2</sup>Translated by the Editor and published with the kind permission of the *N. Y. Staats-Zeitung und Herold*. (Zurueck zur Romantik, Staats-Zeitung und Herold, d. 4. Dez. 1932.)

## THE NEW AUDIENCE

Although our method of musical training has been and still is rather conservative the growing generation is being given more and more opportunity of hearing modern as well as so-called "accepted" masterpieces. One need only call particular attention to the broadcasts of the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra, of the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and of the Metropolitan Opera Company. In addition children and adults throughout the U. S. are being given the opportunity to hear broadcasts of the Damrosch Music Appreciation Hour and Schelling's Children's Concerts.

As usually happens when progressive suggestions are made, the ultra-reactionaries, unmindful that they may have been championing composers who in their day were not included in the "non-debatable" category, protested vigorously when that apostle of progress in music, Leopold Stokowski, suggested that listening in on the Philadelphia Orchestra concerts be made part of the curriculum of our schools. According to the conservatives children should hear only masterpieces "tried and true." They lose sight of the fact that only yesterday Wagner, Brahms, and Strauss would have been kept from the delicate ears of these helpless children. Just what is good music? How do they, or how could any masterpiece originally considered mere cacophony have become "tried and true" if the opponents of progress in music had succeeded in silencing the pioneers?

Certainly the awe-inspiring score, *Elektra*, could not have created a furor in Philadelphia when it was given a memorable performance under Fritz Reiner in October, 1932, nor could it have drawn large crowds in New York the following season (six performances have already been given at the Metropolitan at this writing) had the original verdict of the press been sustained by modern audiences and modern reviewers.<sup>1</sup>

The immediate triumph of this "monstrum horrendum" brought forth speculation as to the reasons for this complete change of attitude. No one reason seems to explain the phenomenon. The movies, radio-broadcasts of symphonic concerts, the unforgettable *Elektra* of Gertrude Kappel, the advances made in the study of psychology, the fact that the "intelligentsia" has shown great interest in Eugene O'Neill's psycho-analytic plays, especially in "Mourning becomes Electra," all these factors doubtless contributed towards making the production of Strauss' *Elektra* the unusual success that it was.

The attendance of movies and plays well produced has made the intelligentsia more critical of staging, just as hearing concerts and Wagner productions has resulted in the rejection of inferior musical offerings. The production of *Elektra* was generally acclaimed for its musical excellence owing, in great part, to the zeal of Artur Bodanzky, and criticized

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<sup>1</sup>For precisely fifteen minutes by the watch the audience, in slowly diminishing numbers, cheered and called the principal artists to the stage. . . . It is probably accurate to say that no one dreamed of such a reception of Strauss' formidable opera.

because of its inferior staging.<sup>1</sup>

Influences similar to those that developed a new audience for the opera (an audience critical of the really musical side of performances, an audience that does not hail the leather-lunged tenor or the bejeweled prima donna, an audience that is attracted by a notable cast but displays more interest in the "Gesamteindruck" (teamwork) than in individual accomplishment)—the influences of the radio, of the gramophone with its recording of the so-called "accepted" masterpieces and of modern music, and the inclusion on concert programs of modern and ultra-modern music, have made concert-goers more critical not only of the quality of performances but of the programs themselves. One reads complaints of the all too frequent repetition of the accepted classics and of the dearth of performances of less familiar music. One reads of the growing demand for Bruckner, Mahler, and Sibelius, and cannot underestimate the growing interest in the works of neglected masters even at the popular Stadium Concerts in New York City.<sup>2</sup> Since that time the number of Bruckner and Mahler performances has not only increased noticeably but even met with enthusiastic receptions by different audiences in the same city and by audiences of different cities. How these composers are gradually coming into their own here was described in the November issue of *Chord and Discord* ("The American Renaissance.")

Since that issue went to press a number of additional performances has been given, all of which left no doubt as to the receptive attitude of the audiences. It is encouraging indeed to find that reviewers are abandoning the mincing attitude that used to stress the "shortcomings" of Bruckner and are gradually emphasizing the monumental virtues of his works.

As Mr. Oscar Thompson said very aptly of *Elektra*: "Time has shown that its virtues amply justify repertory," time will show that the virtues of Bruckner as well as Mahler will justify their inclusion in the standard repertoire of every important American symphonic organization just as they are included in the repertoires of the important symphonic organizations of many countries of Europe.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch's performance of Mahler's *First* in Detroit last October met with a cordial reception from the audience. When Bruckner's *Romantic* was performed in Milwaukee under the direction of Dr. Frank Laird Waller the reception was such that an encore was given.

<sup>1</sup>Staging does not seem to have been one of the outstanding accomplishments of the Metropolitan even during Mahler's regime twenty-five years ago. One wonders why the effort, time, and money expended upon the lavish production of *Saalko* in recent years were not directed toward improving the staging of Wagner, for example. In Jan. 1908, Gustav Mahler, hoping to induce Prof. Alfred Roller to become the Stage Director, wrote:

"The gentlemen here are planning to appoint the present manager of the Scala (G. Gatti-Casazza) manager of the Metropolitan Opera and to engage the much praised conductor Toscanini for Italian opera, leaving me in charge of German opera. . . .

"I have proved most thoroughly to them that the stage here needs a new master more than anything else and that I know only one who by means of his art and personality can 'pull the wagon out of the mud.' At the same time (and I have proved this) it is essential that this person be given complete charge of the stage and everything connected with it. . . . Here they respect only one thing—the ability and the will to do things. . . ."

[Gustav Mahler Briefe—Copyright—Paul Zsolnay Verlag.]

<sup>2</sup>Two years ago the press reported that the names of these composers appeared on the Request Ballot Programs more frequently than heretofore. The reason is obvious. Conductors had begun once more to give their audiences the opportunity of hearing a Bruckner or a Mahler work on rare occasions.

An unforgettable reading of the same symphony in New York under the baton of Arturo Toscanini was hailed with enthusiasm.<sup>1</sup> Bruckner's *Fifth*, which received its first Cincinnati performance under the direction of Eugene Goossens in December, excited the audience to a veritable storm of applause. It is revelative of the attitude that has been fostered towards Bruckner here since the Eighties to read the concluding sentence of Mr. Leighton's excellent review of this performance:

"Let no one stay away through fear of Bruckner."

Apparently the music-lovers of Cincinnati took his advice, for according to Dr. Sidney C. Durst, Director of the College of Music of Cincinnati, the audience manifested unbounded enthusiasm. Earlier in the season Boston audiences had made known in unmistakable terms their approval of Bruckner.

One of the most important contributions to the Bruckner movement was the series of performances of Bruckner's "Choral" (V) Symphony. There were four performances of the *Fifth* under the direction of Bruno Walter. The last of these was broadcast over the Columbia Chain thus increasing the actual listeners by untold numbers.<sup>2</sup>

While Walter was conducting the first two performances of the *Fifth*, Frederick A. Stock paid tribute to Bruckner and Wagner by performing the *Third Symphony* dedicated to the "Master of Bayreuth." In Chicago the audiences as well as the critics gave the work a highly satisfactory reception.<sup>3</sup>

As was pointed out above, students also are taking an interest in Bruckner. A concert in Newark, N. J., by the Newark Sinfonietta, conductor Armand Balendonck, given under the auspices of the N. J. State Normal School, included Bruckner's *Quintet* and the *Adagio* from Mahler's *Fifth* and aroused great interest among the music-lovers of that city.<sup>4</sup>

All indications point toward a new audience, growing in size with every season. "The rise and growth of such an audience led Pitts Sanborn to write after a memorable performance of *Tristan* at the Metropolitan: "The character, size, and enthusiasm of the audience bore witness to the practical wisdom of offering such a performance," while Olin Downes wrote, "The accepted dictum that 'Tristan and Isolde' could never under any circumstances become a popular opera suffered a shock. For the fuss the audience made, it might have been Aida."

Let opera impresarios bear in mind that the music-loving public's taste is changing, that it can discriminate, that well-performed Wagner, and *Elektra*, and the like are popular attractions. Let conductors and managers keep in mind that classics are repeated too often and that Bruckner and Mahler are coming into their own.

—ROBERT G. GREY

<sup>1</sup>"The concert was well attended and the applause, particularly after Bruckner, long and enthusiastic."  
—HUBBARD HUTCHINSON, *New York Times*.

<sup>2</sup>After the first performance Hubbard Hutchinson of the *New York Times* wrote: "The control that subdued the beginnings of the final crescendo and made possible the blaze of power which ended it and which brought a burst of applause and 'bravos' from a large audience was masterly."

<sup>3</sup>Dr. Stock should take courage from the reaction of last night's audience and play us more Bruckner. Nobody found it too long or too solemn  
—GLENN DILLARD GUNN—*Chicago Herald Examiner*.

<sup>4</sup>The adagio—is the most informal, the most eloquent in the work and ranks with the more admirable in the chamber music form. It was played with a feeling for its harmonic structure and melodic contents and a technical smoothness that incited plaudits.  
—*Newark Evening News*.

## MUSIC BECOMES ELEKTRA

The painful attack of squeamishness suffered by our native esthetic spirit two decades ago upon the occasion of the American premiere of Richard Strauss' *Elektra* resulted in the placing of a ban upon that great music-drama which was not lifted until about a year ago.\*

Among the influences that instilled into some enterprising Philadelphian music-lovers the courage to venture a revival that struck most critics as foolhardy the astonishing success of Eugene O'Neill's inspired modern paraphrase of the sombre Greek masterpiece should not be underestimated. After this purely dramatic triumph of the so-termed revolting and gruesome, there could no longer be any doubt as to the feasibility of von Hofmannsthal's dreaded libretto. Thus despite the uncontestedly classic status of Strauss' orchestral contributions in our own day the primary problematical feature that cast a pall over the hope of popularizing this most gloomy of tonal artworks in our country was undoubtedly musical.

And no wonder; for in the tremendously gripping and even terrifying music that holds uninterrupted sway over the listener's emotions throughout the breathless tonal suspense that is the score of *Elektra*, a strange orchestral idiom finds its highest utterance. This is that language of unadulterated music-dramatic effect one seeks in vain in all the romantic, dramatic magnificence of Wagner's epic scores. This vast difference between the two mighty Richards of the stage goes a long way towards explaining the stupendous recent triumph of *Elektra*, a laurel that could have been granted only an art-work of striking originality. What then is the nature of this tonal language, so telling and yet so different? The key to it lies in a few passages of the earlier *Salome* in which human passion and suffering already attain consummate expression by means of insistent, almost unmusical hammerings and pulsations in the contrasted colorings of the various instrumental families. Two generations before *Salome* Hector Berlioz, that great pioneer of orchestral effect, prophesied by occasional usage the vast range of emotional suspense yet to be translated into the vocabulary of instrumentation. A slight trace of a kindred revelation is evident in the operatic scores of Weber; but the real source (just as is the real source of all that is purely emotional in modern music) is to be found in Beethoven. The "prime genitor" of all this tonal passion is the revolutionary outburst of tone that begins the *Finale* of the *Ninth Symphony*. Yet this view by no means explains all the music of *Elektra*. The problem of sustaining by orchestral effect the undiminished suspense of an extended dramatic poem of such sombreness is one that could have been solved so consummately by perhaps no other composer in musical history. Strauss himself, having completed the huge labor of inspiration, must have wondered at the achievement.

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\*In his illuminating review of the Metropolitan Opera House performance Mr. Lawrence Gilman of the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune* recalls the reception of the masterpiece when it was first produced here in 1910 at the Manhattan Opera House. Writes Mr. Gilman in part:

This, we were told, was no lyrico-dramatic setting of the theme immortalized by Sophocles, Euripides, and Aeschylus—it was not, in short, an opera at all. It was a shambles, a chancel-house, an insane asylum shrieking through the bars of a lunatic score. Impassioned sermons were preached to us concerning the alleged brutality, violence, and ignoble horror of von Hofmannsthal's libretto and upon the shocking enormity of Strauss's score, its wilful infraction of every established law of musical procedure.

He must have realized that by this means of orchestral contrast no more could be achieved, for all his subsequent scores for the stage reveal a complete departure from the method of *Elektra*. The sudden change of musical religion displayed by Schoenberg after that Everest of orchestral romanticism, the *Gurrelieder*, is an example of a similar upheaval in the soul of a creative artist.

After all this generalization about the orchestral idiom of *Elektra*, the writer may be pardoned at least one brief attempt at specification, although he knows that the perusal of a "score" analysis is no fascinating prospect for the layman.

*Elektra's* cry of recognition, "Orest!" bursts upon a moment of complete orchestral silence. Her surprise is immediately echoed by the whole woodwind choir against a sombre background of lugubrious resonance in the string basses. The skilful contrast of a briefly uttered gasp of normal feminine coloring by the high-pitched voices of the flutes only enhances the breathless suspense of the moment. The scoring of the passage that now follows is the ultimate of Straussian virtuosity in instrumentation, the steady and telling application of orchestral contrasts not so much to mirror as to intensify the vital play of human passion in the lines of the poem, an achievement which, upon the whole, a mathematical survey of method can thoroughly illuminate only for the trained musician, though it be as well the nearest approach to an accurate accounting for the effect of the music upon the unsophisticated listener. There are felt coursing simultaneously two mighty lines of melody, veritable arteries of tone horizontally bound. Along the upper melodic line sound the combined voices of two oboes, an E-flat clarinet, two bassethorns, a bassclarinet, two horns, joined after a measure or two by all the strings, while four clarinets and two trumpets provide the rich harmonic background. Beneath this already highly sonorous tonal structure there sounds simultaneously another equally resonant, an independent melodic web realized by three trombones singing in harmony against the feverishly pulsating background of a motive alternately uttered by six horns singing high and an answering hammering chorus of deep-toned instruments (two bassoons, a contrabassoon, a contrabass trombone, a contrabass tuba and the string basses).

It was suspected by many, so well versed in the Wagnerian music-drama that they were blind and deaf to any other possible means of tonal expression for the modern stage, that Strauss' espousal of a purely melodic method in *Rosenkavalier*, *Ariadne*, etc., was tantamount to a personal confession by the composer that the score of *Elektra* was but a "charnel-house" of sensational artistic lies, a clever noise intended to cover his inability to assume the purple robe of the composer of *Goetterdaemmerung*.

But the steadily growing tumult of popular approval that has greeted successive recent performances of *Elektra* at the Metropolitan seems to have added another striking instance to the unending list of stupidities sponsored by yesterday's critics and estheticians in judging the real masterpieces of their own generation. The verdict of the critics has always been hampered by necessary haste, but fortunately the process of enlightenment constantly at work upon the general public brings about a certain though often a very belated rectification.

## THE TURN TO BRUCKNER

Strange as it seems, in both Boston and New York, to the elder generation of reviewers and listeners, a new audience is now hearing the symphonies of Bruckner, hearing them without prepossession or prejudice, seemingly receiving pleasure from them. Frequenters of the *Symphony Concerts* know by heart the signs of boredom or distaste—the recurring rustle through the auditorium, the reading of the program-book page by page, the wandering eyes, the vacant faces, the waning attention. Not one was conspicuous when Dr. Koussevitzky revived the *Fourth Symphony* last Friday afternoon; while on Saturday evening composer, conductor and orchestra held the audience intent. On both occasions applause answered generally and warmly. The two performances, last spring, of Bruckner's longer, more exacting, more uneven, *Eighth Symphony*, brought no less interested and cordial response. In New York, Mr. Toscanini and the Philharmonic Society were as fortunate with the *Seventh*; while within a few weeks they will set out the *Fourth* as well.

At the beginnings of Bruckner in America, as some like to believe, his symphonies displeased reviewers more than they did lay listeners. Soon the scribes—and a few Pharisees—evolved a formula for discourse about them. It arrayed at length the composer's limitations and weaknesses. It noted less spaciouly, with a certain air of weariness, the signal and highly individual qualities that offset them. It implied, and usually asserted, that he and all his works were dull. Whatever the symphony in hand, this formula returned. There was no attempt to examine each one as a separate entity with its own particular quality. By dint of repetition upon hearers with little discernment and less courage of their own, the formula gradually prevailed as the verdict of American audiences upon Bruckner.

Pause ensued during which conductors next to never ventured his symphonies. Then the present return to them—by Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Toscanini annually in Boston, and New York; by Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Stock more occasionally in Philadelphia and Chicago. Forthwith, a new generation that knew nothing of the old reviewing formula, and shared none of the prejudices it had bred, listened to Bruckner for himself; heard each proffered symphony according to its kind and degree, usually took pleasure in it.<sup>1</sup> Enlightened and persevering conductors have not kept in vain their faith in Bruckner. In Boston and in New York in these nineteen-thirties, he has, decidedly, a present and a future—the “old crowd” (as the young amiably call it) to the contrary notwithstanding.<sup>2</sup>

—H. T. PARKER, *Boston Transcript*, November 17, 1932.

<sup>1</sup>The Columbia Spectator, a student publication in a review by A. W. Hepner praising Bruckner's *Fifth Symphony* as well as its performance under the direction of Bruno Walter asks, “Why not allow New York conductors to give them (the audiences) more music of this type, music which is monumental, which has something to say, and which is just as enjoyable as the usual routine of Beethoven's nine, and Brahms' four, symphonies?”

N.B. The above is significant because it reveals the attitude of the younger generation.

<sup>2</sup>And now the four recent epoch-making performances of Bruckner's *Fifth Symphony* by the N. Y. Philharmonic under Bruno Walter seem to have overcome even the opposition of the “old crowd” mentioned by Mr. Parker.

## A NOTE ON DEMOCRATIZATION

Lately the hue and cry about depression has penetrated into the high places of American musical art, wreaking particularly sad havoc in the realm of opera. When the society of the *Friends of Music* dissolved last season, although the regrettable event was not directly due to unfavorable economic conditions, the sudden revelation that even so fine an institution had owed its life-blood to the almost unaided bounty of a single individual showed as vividly as the handwriting on the wall that the financial foundation upon which so many other of our leading musical organizations rested was far from stable.

The growing uneasiness inspired by last season's ominous crop of deficits was all too soon transformed to open fear when more than one nabob who had in better times proudly played the role of Maecenas suddenly withdrew his indispensable support and two distinguished operatic organizations lapsed into gloomy silence. For a time even the world-famous "Golden Horseshoe" threatened to be veiled in darkness, until a desperate compromise between the artists and the business management of the Metropolitan made it possible to promise music-lovers at least a curtailed season of performances for 1932-1933. Naturally, the whole distressing contingency aroused much indignation and a general longing among the mentors of the opera to vest the burden of financial responsibility in the numerous though modest, but certainly less treacherous private budgets of the general public. Last fall, upon being pressed for some definite statement concerning the plans of the Metropolitan, Mr. Artur Bodanzky, fresh from his annual European summer vacation, exclaimed:

"You tell me that both the Philadelphia Opera and the Chicago Civic Opera have had their support of a few financial backers withdrawn. This is not like your real America, but it is decidedly like those who use opera for their own social ends.

"I had no intention of discussing the finances of the Metropolitan Opera Company. But you have brought it up, so, perhaps, it is well. I say that it was the artists of the Metropolitan that saved this distinctly great American institution from going to the wall last winter.

"Yes, there is a plan afoot here. It is to take the Metropolitan Opera out of the hands of the wealthy few and put it in the hands of the appreciative public."

Whether the Metropolitan, hampered as it is by dependence upon a traditionally exclusive patronage, will be able to realize this rather Utopian dream, remains to be seen. Perhaps nothing but a fresh, vigorous and courageous beginning can bring about the desired millennium. At last such a start has been made though not in the snobbish, opulent East. Even at this moment of national woe municipal control of music has entered our country at the Golden Gate. To San Francisco goes the honor of having taken the step which may prove to be the most far-reaching in American musical history. In order to raise the six million dollars required for the creation and maintenance of the magnificent architectural and artistic venture the city floated an issue of four millions in bonds and has, in addition, pledged itself to an annual outlay of \$65,000 towards the maintenance of the institution. *Tosca*, a fine inaugural performance, was broadcast on a nationwide hook-up, October 15, 1932.

## BRUCKNER'S NEGLECTED FIRST

Unless the immutable annals of art lie it will be the mournful lot of the ghosts of the day's musical Caesars to behold the scenes of their too facile earthly glories through ever-thickening clouds of obscurity. As that great wit among critics, Mr. Ernest Newman, has remarked, good and bad composers differ in one respect, that it takes the former a long while to be discovered and the latter a long while to be found out. Of the latter, then, the less said contemporaneously the better, for that species literally bestrides the shores of the Seven Seas (though it be for only a short season) like a Colossus, proudly effulgent in the smugness thrust upon it by a race congenitally incapable of identifying the rare portion of true gold that is to be its own contribution to the treasury of human culture.

It is far more comforting and profitable to consider the good though it can be perceived but afterwards. There lived once a man named Bach, whose *St. Matthew Passion*, after an initial modest performance under the composer's own direction, had to wait a century for a second hearing. More recently a certain Cesar Franck, having with superhuman perseverance fashioned one great work after another while his fellow-men seemed not to care, finally arrived unobserved at the threshold of his grave, still smiling wistfully, as though in response to life's grimly whispered jest, "Enter here and become immortal."

Of this patient, mighty company, too, is Anton Bruckner, whom Fate never even permitted to hear that magnificent *Fifth Symphony* of his, the spiritual power of which has at length after a steady critical opposition lasting over half a century succeeded in silencing the last remnant of an army of traditional scoffers in this country. "It is high time," this was in substance the significant confession of Mr. Olin Downes on January 25, during the few minutes of nation-wide radio spokesman-ship allowed him just before the fourth successive performance of the symphony under Mr. Walter, "It is high time for the American critical tribunal, face to face with an artwork of such overwhelming sincerity as this to abandon the unreceptive attitude it has steadily maintained towards Bruckner and own up that he was undoubtedly one of the greatest composers of the post-Wagnerian era."

The man who upon a first hearing unhesitatingly subscribed to the grandeur of Mahler's *Symphony of a Thousand* and has repeatedly regretted that conductors have chosen to do Bruckner's *Seventh* in preference to his stupendous *Eighth* would have at once selected as his favorites, had he lived in Beethoven's time, the *Third*, the *Fifth*, and the last of that master's immortal nine. Yet Mr. Downes must have been misinformed concerning the place generally granted Bruckner's *Fifth* among the composer's symphonies, for it is classed by European experts not with or beneath his *Seventh* but side-by-side with those other two masterpieces of subjective symphonic expression, his *Eighth* and *Ninth*. The critic of the *New York Times* may well feel gratified, for he has reserved his praise for nothing less than the best.

There remains now but one Bruckner symphony which America has never heard and this is a work which, from the point-of-view of depth, is a worthy forerunner of the composer's three greatest symphonies. Already seventy years have elapsed since its completion.\* Now that the critical frown upon Bruckner has lifted and that at a moment when the symphonic repertoire thirsts perhaps more than ever before for additional serious works of real significance, may we not reasonably ask how much longer we must wait before being given an opportunity to hear this important composition?

—G. E.

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\*The First Symphony, for which many experts claim the proud status of "the most remarkable of all first symphonies."

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### FREDERICK A. STOCK AWARDED BRUCKNER MEDAL

After the performance of the *Third Symphony*, Dr. Martin G. Dumler, Honorary Chairman of the Bruckner Society, presented a medal to Dr. Stock in appreciation of the conductor's championship of Bruckner's music. Dr. Dumler expressed the hope that Bruckner's music will be presented more frequently in Chicago.

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### AN RCA VICTOR COMPANY MESSAGE

"We are determined to give to our public the best of modern music as well as standard works and it is very encouraging to know that we have the sympathy and interest of such people as yourself and your Society to whom we must, of course, look for support in this policy.

"We are indeed considering Bruckner and Mahler and if the opportunity offers we expect to do some recording of their works this winter.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES O'CONNELL,

*Record and Recording Div.*

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### SOME IMPORTANT RECORDINGS

#### BRUCKNER

- Seventh Symphony; Berlin Philharmonic, Jascha Horenstein, Conductor; Polydor.
- Te Deum; Bruckner Choir; Parlophone.
- Scherzo, Third Symphony; Wiener Sinfonie Orchester, Anton Konrath, Conductor; H.M.V.
- Scherzo, Fourth Symphony; Wiener Philharmoniker, Clemens Krauss, Conductor; H.M.V.

#### MAHLER

- Kindertotenlieder; Heinrich Rehkemper; Polydor.
  - Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen—Urlicht  
Mme. Charles Cahier with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra, Selmar Meyrowitz, Conductor; Ultraphone.
  - Der Tambourgesell—Rheinlegendchen  
Heinrich Schlusnus with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra; Herman Weigert, Conductor; Polydor.
  - Adagietto, Fifth Symphony; Concertgebouw Orchestra, Willem Mengelberg, Conductor; Columbia.
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All records listed here can be obtained at the Gramophone Shop, 18 East 48th St., New York.

## TOSCANINI AND BRUCKNER

I doubt very much whether any other conductor devotes as much reflection, as much meditation, and as much intensity of feeling to the study of a work as does Toscanini. I am sure that none is as indefatigable in the search for spiritual as well as material perfection. He not only assimilates in his phenomenal memory the whole complicated musical structure, elaborated by the composer with so much care; he analyses the work and sifts it through his clarifying imagination with an insatiable interest for details and an unflagging progress towards an ideal. Toscanini's method of study is simple enough. He reads the score away from the piano, often, at night, in bed. Then, again, he spends hours at the keyboard, playing the music from orchestral score, and with consummate ease. While he is very short-sighted, he has no difficulty whatever in reading the smallest script once he has put on his pince-nez. He doesn't even bend forward conspicuously in order to bring his eyes close to the page. That he should find it irksome, at times, to read at sight some of the high-towering modern scores, is hardly surprising. In that respect he is surely no exception. I have heard other musicians complain that one ought to have some perpendicular mode of locomotion for travelling up and down such musical sky-scrappers. For how can you, when your eyes, say, are on the level with the lowest staff, see simultaneously the notes on the highest staff, about two feet above your head? During these periods of study Toscanini is completely wrapped up in the particular music under scrutiny. There is a very noticeable difference, however, in his manner of approaching works that do not appeal to his taste and works that kindle his interest. In the former case, as I have often heard the maestro tell, he postpones his study until the eleventh hour. In the latter case he is eager to begin immediately, and once he has started he can hardly tear himself away from the work.

It is inspiring to witness Toscanini's enthusiasm, his almost pathetic consecration to the interests of the composer. Repeatedly, during his preparation both of the Seventh and the Romantic Symphony, I had the privilege of hearing him play from the score. And I never saw him dedicate his well-nigh clair-voyant interpretative powers to any music with more ardor. Tirelessly he sought for ways and means—perhaps through slight modifications of tempo or dynamics, perhaps through stress of emphasis or accent—that might make the composer's message more clear, more trenchant, more effective. And how his face would light up when he had discovered a way of achieving the desired result.

Toscanini may introduce a slight revision in the score, adopting under certain conditions a most conservatively considered cut or amending slightly the instrumental web. This he does rarely, however, and only when he has convinced himself beyond all hesitation that he is realizing thereby more nearly the composer's intentions.

I seem to have wandered far afield from the Fourth Symphony of Bruckner. That he liked the work greatly he left no doubt while playing this or that page for me from the Partitur with an enthusiasm evidenced in every fibre of his body. While I was fully aware that he had taken a liking for Bruckner since he decided to perform with his great American Orchestra the Seventh Symphony I was surprised to find him more en-

amored, apparently, of the Romantic than of the later work. He as much as admitted, at any rate, that he found fewer weak spots in the orchestration. Personally I hope that Toscanini's enthusiasm for Bruckner will increase with every one of his works he makes his own. It is interesting to note that he not only was conducting the Fourth Symphony for the first time in his life when he produced it here, but that he had never before heard the work played by any one else.

—MAX SMITH\*

\*This is a special communication addressed to *Chord and Discord* by the well-known critic, Mr. Max Smith, after the recent performances of Bruckner's Romantic Symphony by the New York Philharmonic under the famous Italian conductor. Mr. Smith is a close friend of Toscanini and his representative in America. It was Mr. Smith who, at the request of Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, persuaded Toscanini to become conductor of the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York.

## The Wagner Memorial Parsifal

Amfortas.....	Friedrich Schorr	1st Esquire.....	Helen Gleason
Titulel.....	Siegfried Tappolet	2d Esquire.....	Philine Falco
Gurnemanz.....	Ludwig Hofmann	3d Esquire.....	Marek Windheim
Parsifal.....	Lauritz Melchior	4th Esquire.....	Max Altglass
Klingsor.....	Gustav Schuetzendorf	Solo Flower Maidens: Nina Morgana, Philine Falco, Dorothea Flexner, Editha Fleischer, Phradie Wells, Henrietta Wake- field.	
Kundry.....	Frida Leider	Conductor, Artur Bodanzky.	
A Voice.....	Rose Bampton		
1st Knight of the Grail...Angelo Bada			
2nd Knight of the Grail..Louis D'Angelo			

The performance given by the Metropolitan Opera Association under the auspices of the Southern Women's Educational Alliance proved to be a memorable occasion, a wholly appropriate tribute to the Bayreuth Master, who died fifty years ago (Feb. 13, 1883.)

There was no applause except at the end of the second act when the curtains parted and a bust of Wagner was revealed on the stage. The audience, said to have been the largest of the season, rose, thus showing its respect for one of the most remarkable figures in the history of music and its allied arts.

The restoration of all cuts revealed more than ever before the grandeur, the nobility of the *Buehnenweihfestspiel*, and proved conclusively the desirability of presenting this work in its entirety on all occasions. Leider proved to be a magnificent Kundry. Schorr gave a moving interpretation of the suffering king, Amfortas. The Gurnemanz of Hofmann had great dignity and simplicity. Melchior's Parsifal is well known for its poignancy in the first two acts and for its nobility in the last. Schuetzendorf emphasized the villainy of Klingsor.

All the principal as well as the minor roles were well sung and acted. A word of praise is to be said for the stage director, Hanns Niedecken-Gebhard, and for Mr. Bodanzky whose slow and deliberate tempi so immeasurably enhanced the majestic and noble qualities of the unique score.

—R. G. G.

## SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

### *A Record of Critical and Popular Reaction*

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#### ANTON BRUCKNER—4th {ROMANTIC} SYMPHONY

*New York Philharmonic Symphony Society, Arturo Toscanini, Conductor; New York, Nov. 24th and 25th, 1932.*

Although Mr. Toscanini excels in attaining an orchestral power of utterance in the cosmic sweep of Beethoven's symphonies and in Wagner's majestic scores of heroic legend, the harmonic fullness and glowing, shimmering volume of sound which came from his splendid band last night had a character which identified this composer most eloquently as a man of original ideas and individual ways.

—H. BECKETT, *New York Evening Post*.

The composer himself called it *Romantic Symphony* and by that name laid bare its real character in one broad stroke. The "romance" is that of the German woods, with the deep spell of which the tone-poet merges himself, and the intimate moods of which he, as a true poet, reveals in wondrous music.

Beneath the delicately discriminating hand of the conductor there arose that succession of exalted moods in the opening section, the poet's worship of the woods, his delight in the green beauty of nature, his awe before the boundless wizardry of creation!

A mournful, lofty strain begins the second movement. Here hope and sadness sound alternately, until the voices of the violas are raised in a heartfelt song of consolation. Such strength of faith as lies in this deep *motiv* is to be rarely met with in the themes of any composer since Bach.

—A. HAAG, *New York Staats-Zeitung*.

Bruckner's symphony showed throughout the scrupulous care with which Mr. Toscanini habitually prepares his performances; the numerous beauties of detail in execution which always delight a corner of the listener's mind, no matter how strongly its centre is swept by the emotional stream emanating from the orchestra as a whole. . . . Behind such details, however, shone the rich and changing fire of the performance as a whole, the flaming brasses lifting the finale to its tremendous *crescendi* (the brass section deserves special mention for its handling of Bruckner's great demands); the tenderness and delicacy of the *andante*.

—HUBBARD HUTCHINSON, *New York Times*.

What with two of the season's new singers emerging at the Metropolitan Opera House and Mr. Toscanini conducting Bruckner's fourth symphony at Carnegie Hall, this watcher of the skies was faced last evening with a difficult dilemma, which he conquered by hearing them all. . . . The fourth, or "Romantic" symphony, has been called a "Woodland Symphony," and it was in the woodland spirit that Mr. Toscanini

read it. The Philharmonic-Symphony players executed their director's will with a well nigh miraculous perfection. The result, for one listener, being that throughout this work (which Mr. Toscanini cut scarcely at all) he lived in a forest of enchantment. This performance will stand out as one of the unforgettable events of the present musical year.

—PITTS SANBORN, *New York World-Telegram*.

The Bruckner work was played with fine clearness, the themes and developments woven into a mighty musical pattern. The brasses, an important choir in the composition, spelled perfection, their climaxes a blazing sound, and playing also the difficult and intricate passages of the scherzo movement with unclouded tone and technical precision. Toscanini's contribution was a devoted and illuminative interpretation.

—*Musical Courier* (Dec. 3, 1932)

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## ANTON BRUCKNER—FIFTH SYMPHONY

*Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; Eugene Goossens, Conductor; Cincinnati, December 1st and 2nd, 1932.*

Listening to such composers as Bruckner and Mahler one cannot help a feeling of inadequacy of comprehension. It surely is not just to pass lightly over such colossal labors as theirs, to admit ennui or disinterest and ascribe blame offhand to the creators who strove with such earnestness and idealism and spent so many years in stupendous preparation, and this in spite of little encouragement and small material gain. . . .

And, as with the B-flat Symphony last evening, the final emotion is thrillingly uplifting; the final judgment that of imposing grandeur and attainment; the final thought a reverence for a true artist, a great art creator, a perfect workman and an inconceivably capacious intellect.

The performance of the symphony was one of the major achievements in the history of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. Eugene Goossens seemed to have found in the music a reflection of some of his aesthetic sensibilities and predominant intellectuality, for nothing he has given us in the past, and most of it has been fine, has approached in breadth of concept, in perfection of detail, in completeness of comprehension and authority his presentation of this work. . . . Let no one stay away through fear of Bruckner.

—GEORGE A. LEIGHTON, *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

That Cincinnati audiences are appreciative of good music was proved by the reception accorded the symphony, one never before heard here. . . . There is nobility, grandeur in it and rugged beauty. . . . The word which best describes it is found in the excellent program notes, "Gothic."

—LILLIAN TYLER PLOGSTEDT, *The Cincinnati Post*.

It was a red letter day in the annals of musical Cincinnati when on December 1 and 2 the first performance of the noble Bruckner Fifth Symphony was given.

The Symphony Orchestra under its gifted conductor, Eugene Goossens, had worked long and hard, and was more than rewarded by the enthusiasm of the audience. From the first note until the last, the symphony was listened to with reverent, yet breathless attention, and to the great joy of the Bruckner enthusiasts this was manifested at both the evening and the afternoon performances. Needless to say, these audiences are quite different in type, as they usually are in each of our cities that possess a symphony orchestra, and that the Fifth Symphony should produce the identical effect on each audience is certainly an attestation of its greatness.

The opening Adagio produces in the hearer feelings of the utmost solemnity which, succeeded by the powerful octaves and the noble chorale, prepares one for the tragic theme of the Allegro. The gentle pizzicato second theme, the cantabile in the first violins, with the graceful woodwind arpeggios and the succeeding climax, fill one with a musical satisfaction that is added to by the intellectual satisfaction of the marvelous development and the glorious and jubilant close of the whole movement, which leave the musician and layman alike with the feeling of intense joy.

As do all Bruckner's slow movements, the Adagio leaves one speechless with awe. Its beauty is eternal.

The Scherzo is a great surprise in its use of the material of the Adagio, and the ensuing mood in waltz time cheers and amazes one with its consummate mastery of counterpoint. To a trained contrapuntist the last movement is a sheer joy. The colossal ability shown in the science of music is without precedent since the days of J. S. Bach. To the lover of music for music's sake only the tremendous climax is absolutely overwhelming and has few parallels for immensity, intensity, and exaltation of spirit.

As I said before, it was a red letter day in the annals of musical Cincinnati. —SIDNEY C. DURST, *Director College of Music of Cincinnati*.

## ANTON BRUCKNER—THIRD {WAGNER} SYMPHONY ARNOLD SCHOENBERG—LIED DER WALDTAUBE

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick A. Stock, Conductor; Jeanette Vreeland, Soloist; January 12th, 13th, 1933.*

The great symphonist, Bruckner, was represented by his most monumental and impressive D Minor. What can a mere reviewer say of such a work? It is so rich in orchestral coloring, so profoundly erudite without the dryness of pedantry, its four movements a succession of inspired invention, that no word or panegyric can do justice to its greatness. Does not Bruckner deserve rank among the immortals?

—HERMAN DEVRIES, *Chicago American*.

Chicago heard only the Song of the Wood-Dove, which, as interpreted by Dr. Stock and as sung by Miss Vreeland, made such a deep impression as to make one wish that this entire composition might be given in its entirety, if not by the Chicago orchestra at Orchestra Hall, at least during the World's Fair.

—RENE DEVRIES, *Musical Courier*.

The Symphony, now fifty-nine years old, came to modern ears as a reaffirmation of the beauty and nobility of the art of tones. It is a majestic page, filled with a superb sonority, but filled also with a gentle sweetness of spirit-worthy, almost, of Schubert. . .

This Symphony is a masterpiece even to the intimate, almost devout, adagio. The first division is one of the most virile expressions in the literature. The scherzo has both fantasy and charm. The finale is a pageant of melody and of orchestral effect. Nor is it possible to expend too many superlatives in praise of the performance.

—GLENN DILLARD GUNN, *Chicago Herald and Examiner*.

The scherzo and the finale came out best. The upshot was to make one believe that if one accepts Schubert's tenth symphony—and I for one do not see how this can be avoided—then Bruckner is on undebatable ground so far as the model for his lengthy reveries is concerned.

—EUGENE STINSON, *Daily News*.

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## ANTON BRUCKNER—QUINTET

*The Newark Sinfonietta, Armand Balendonck, Conductor, January 14, 1933.*

It was indeed a daring thing to combine such weighty things as Bruckner, Mahler and Brahms on the one program and cultured Newarkers owe a debt of gratitude to him for enabling them to hear this music. . . .

As for the audience—it listened with apparently serious attention for nearly two and one half hours to the weighty program and accorded it generous applause.

In conclusion one may say that the general result was such as to warrant the hope that the affairs of the Newark Symphony Orchestra will so shape themselves as to enable Mr. Balendonck to bring to a practical fruition the plan he has privately expressed to the writer of performing in Newark one of the symphonies of Bruckner.

—JAMES P. DUNN.

This Quintet, composed in the year 1879, is Bruckner's sole contribution to chamber-music and proves him through its perfection, a master of an artform he resorted to but once. Though some of his ideas and his treatment of some parts of the forms involved betray his thoroughly symphonic character, these impressions do not violate the essentially five-voiced nature of the work, for the composer created here keeping in mind the limited carrying-power of a quintet of strings but exploiting to the ultimate all the expressive qualities of the five instruments at his disposal. The work abounds in colorful, highly romantic melodies, and as these shine forth from among the finely woven polyphonic web, often a continuous star-like glitter seems to issue from the shimmer of tone—an effect which Bruckner knew well how to use in contrast with splendid chord effects.

Mr. Balendonck conducted the difficult work with a feeling for plasticity of form and with a verve that revealed him as a thorough Bruckner interpreter.

—A. HAAG, *New York Staats-Zeitung*

## ANTON BRUCKNER—FIFTH SYMPHONY

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor; January 12, 13, 14, 15, 1933. {The last of these performances was broadcast over the Columbia chain}.*

One is grateful to Mr. Walter for reviving the B-flat Symphony of Bruckner. Though all but the first of Bruckner's nine published symphonies have been played in New York, our concert-goers do not hear them as often as they should.

Bruckner—the complete symphonic Bruckner—deserves to be better known. One of the most remarkable composers of the nineteenth century, he has never in this country received his due. . . .

How deep is his feeling, how piercing his vision of supermundane things. How lofty a beauty he could summon to his measures; how blazing a splendor touches the pinnacles of certain towering movements in his scores! Much of his music remains a *compendium maleficarum* for the censorious musical purist. Yet how easy it is to forget that fact when we listen to such things as the Dirge in the Seventh Symphony, the slow movement of the Eighth, the seraphic final Adagio of the Ninth—music of a valedictory tenderness, of a beauty transfigured and serene; music that searches the very heart of loveliness. . . .

There are moments when the curtains part, and we find ourselves confronted by an astonishing world of beauty, vast and inexplicable and mysterious, that fades and reappears and fades again, echoing with a strange murmur of revelation.

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *New York Herald Tribune*

Such music, however, should not be permitted to lie in prolonged slumber. Certainly it ought to be preserved in these barren times and offered periodically for the consideration of concert audiences. It is worth hundreds of the more cunningly planned and industriously published works of some contemporaneous writers. Mr. Walter deserves commendation for resurrecting the score and for bestowing upon it the sincere and sympathetic study which was evidenced in last evening's excellent performance.

—W. J. HENDERSON, *New York Sun*

The slow movement is as fine as the first is glorious. This might be the windows or the fine painting and carving added to the frame of steel and stone. The Philharmonic strings played to full perfection, acquiring a mellow tone in the andante. The scherzo, too, added to the integrity of the structure. One moment it jumped. The next it danced almost in the tempo of a valse. The rhythm of the tympani announced the return of the jumping scherzo. . . .

It is a shame that the work of so fine a composer must suffer from lack of presentation. . . .

Why doesn't New York's musical audience lose some of that pseudo-sophistication and not only demand the popular works? Why not allow their conductors to give them more music of this type, music which is monumental, which has something to say, and which is just as enjoyable as the usual routine of Beethoven's nine and Brahms' four symphonies.

—A. W. HEPNER, *The Columbia Spectator* (Columbia University)

The suppleness of the strings as they developed the adagio's principal theme, and the contrapuntal clarity of the woodwinds, were characteristic of his thoughtful and sensitive reading; the control that subdued the beginnings of the final crescendo and made possible the blaze of power which ended it, and which brought a burst of applause and "bravos" from a large audience, was masterly. —H. HUTCHINSON, *New York Times*

This symphony is not only the "most contrapuntally brilliant" of Bruckner's nine, but otherwise one of the most impressive. . . .

Wilhelm Gericke introduced it to America at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston on December 27, 1901. Joseph Stransky led the Philharmonic in the first New York performance on December 14, 1911. He repeated the work six seasons later. . . .

Indisputably this symphony stands in the front rank of Bruckner's compositions. In the second adagio the composer walks with rapt gaze in the region of his superearthy visions. The scherzo is a magnificent affair. The finale, which in spite of the counterpoint should hardly be spoken of as "fugued," is another superb fabric of sound.

Yesterday the auxiliary brasses, joining in the Parsifallian chorale, closed the work in a glorious outburst of golden tone.

The audience in its enthusiasm, not only applauded but cheered—a heartening record for Bruckner in our incredulous city.

—PITTS SANBORN, *New York World-Telegram*, January 16, 1933

Bruckner partisans had every reason to be joyful at last night's concert of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony in Carnegie Hall. Bruno Walter, altogether in the vein, gave the Fifth—or "Tragic"—or "Pizzicato"—Symphony the most stirring and revelatory performance of any Bruckner symphony within the experience of the reviewer. The same conductor had made much the same impression with this work at the last Salzburg festival, where his forces were the Vienna Philharmonic. Last night's performance was even finer in its sonorities, particularly those of the brass. . . .

There are broad, expressive, singing themes in the "Tragic" Symphony that go a reasonable distance toward justification of the Bavarian and Austrian conception of Bruckner as primarily a melodist.

—OSCAR THOMPSON, *New York Evening Post*, January 13, 1933.

But one such theme as the broad unisonous string melody of the Adagio is worth a multitude of the starved and torturous works that have passed for symphonies in Central Europe since Bruckner laid down his pen. —OSCAR THOMPSON, *New York Evening Post*, January 16, 1933.

To Bruno Walter all gratitude for his signal pioneer service in the cause of Anton Bruckner. The applause of the audience was unanimous and spontaneous—not least owing to the splendid playing of the orchestra which responded with faultless quality to the wishes of its German conductor.

Bruckner himself never heard this B-flat Major Symphony. It was first performed while he was still alive (in Graz, in 1894, Franz Schalk conducting). New York heard it for the first time in 1911, under Josef Stransky. Since then it languished in almost total obscurity. According to press reports the work achieved a great success recently in Cincinnati under Eugene Goossens.

This success was confirmed yesterday. I consider the "Choral" or "Faith" Symphony, purely from the point-of-view of a felicitous expression of Bruckner's philosophy of life, the most significant symphonic work of the composer. Despite its length its structure is so irreproachably firm and yet so full of artistic variety, its thematic ideas of such individual power, its orchestral coloring and its spiritual "program" so rich, vital, and soulful, that this B-flat Major Symphony, thus blessed by the noblest genius, is destined for immortality.

It is necessary always to keep in mind the fact that the great tone-technician Bruckner is in all his compositions the "musician of faith." Many like to compare him with Johannes Brahms, but with little foundation. Yet a parallel between the respective views of life of the two composers may perhaps be drawn with some profit. Brahms—the great moulder, completely master of his feelings, the Protestant, who exercises an inexorable self-discipline, whose creations, despite all Viennese influence, are reflections of the severe northern German landscape! On the other hand—Bruckner, a child of sunny upper Austria reared among Baroque surroundings, a strict, deeply devout Catholic, who accepts joy and sorrow as his appropriate lot by the grant of Fate, and kneeling humbly before his God gives his soul up to the rich bounty of spiritual adventures out of which he shapes his resonant "choral" symphonies. How the man Bruckner, neglected, scorned, and condemned by poverty to a life of material want and worry, could have despite all his trials clung fast to hope and faith—that must remain forever a miracle of human fortitude and confidence.

It is to this spiritual phenomenon that the master gives overwhelming expression in the B-flat Major Symphony. The eighth-notes of the bass in the slow introduction to the first movement seem almost to be the beating of his own heart. (They make their appearance again later in the *Scherzo* and in the gigantic *Finale*). Then with gradually unfolding strength and clarity of tonal imagery there emerges as though out of an uncertainty of doubt a mighty theme, the rich content and coloring of which reveal the master of form whose unbounded exultation is the natural expression of a romantic-religious spirit. Then that splendidly swinging melodic line of the *Adagio*, that movement of a deep impressiveness almost without parallel, yet one containing no protest but (in its significant change to D major) humbly accepting every vicissitude. The rhythmic *Scherzo*, the strong pulsation of which attains a more restrained metamorphosis in the *Trio*, is a revelation of pastoral beauty. The titanic *Finale*, in which the composer, using a huge, boulder-like theme sprung from octave-leaps, builds upon a "Battle Fugue" (for so

it has been called) a "Double-Fugue of Victory" radiant with confidence to crown the work with a jubilant song of faith, a chorale of deep devotion—this movement brings to a close one of the mightiest of symphonic creations.

The performance was flawless. Bruno Walter infused into the thrilling orchestral experience such plasticity, rhythmic vitality, and dynamic mastery as could come only from one possessed of the inmost understanding of this great music.

—JOACHIM H. MEYER, N. Y. *Staats-Zeitung*.

N.B. Translated from the German by the Editor, and published with the kind permission of the *New York Staats-Zeitung*. This review appeared in German in the issue of January 13, 1932. The following, a brief excerpt of Mr. Meyer's review of the fourth successive performance of the symphony, appeared in the *Staats-Zeitung* on January 16, 1932.

If a more gripping and convincing performance than that of last Thursday were possible (Cf. above) it was realized yesterday under Mr. Walter's magic wand. Above all there must be mentioned in this connection the broad, melodic flow of the second movement with its deep impressiveness and the *Finale* with its impetuous ascent to the mighty "choral" climax.

Tumultuous applause rewarded the conductor and his splendid orchestra.

—JOACHIM H. MEYER, N. Y. *Staats Zeitung*.

## A PARTIAL LIST OF BRUCKNER—MAHLER—REGER PERFORMANCES IN EUROPE {1932-1933}

### Basel

- Oct. 29 Mahler—3 Songs
- Feb. 11 Mahler IV
- Feb. 25 Bruckner III  
Conductor, Felix Weingartner

### Berlin

- Mar. 20 Mahler IV  
Conductor, Bruno Walter

### Bochum

- Nov. 3 Bruckner IX (original version)
- Feb. 2 Reger—Symphonic Variations for violin and orchestra  
Bruckner VIII  
Conductor, Leopold Reichwein

### Dortmund

- Dec. 12 Bruckner IV
- Oct. 17 Reger—Mozart Variationen
- Nov. 28 Mahler IV

1933

- Apr. 3 The second Westphalian Bruckner Festival will begin on this date. Among other Bruckner works to be announced, the original version of the Ninth, a Mass and the Te Deum will be performed during the Festival.

### Duisburg-Hamborn

- Nov. 14 Mahler Songs and Symphony II  
Conductor, Paul Scheinpflug
- May 8 Reger—Boecklin—Suite  
Conductor, Hermann Abendroth
- June 12 Mahler—Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen  
Conductor, Karl Koethke

*Gera*

- Oct. 3 Bruckner IV  
 Nov. 18 Reger—Boecklin Suite  
 Conductor, Heinrich Laber

*Hagen*

- Dec. 1 Bruckner V  
 Conductor, Weisbach

*Hannover*

- Jan. 9 Bruckner VIII  
 Conductor, Rudolf Krasselt

*Kiel*

- Nov. 14 Reger—Hymnus der Liebe; Beethoven Variationen  
 Feb. 20 Bruckner III  
 Conductor, Fritz Stein

*Karlsruhe*

- Nov. 9 Mahler—Lied von der Erde  
 Nov. 30 Bruckner VII  
 Apr. 26 Bruckner VIII  
 Conductor, Josef Krips

*Köln*

- Oct. 24-25 Bruckner VII  
 Mar. 7 Mahler VIII  
 Apr. 3 Bruckner VI  
 Conductor, Hermann Abendroth

*Krefeld*

- Jan. 14 Bruckner VII  
 Conductor, Dr. Walther Meyer-Giesow

*Leipzig*

- Dec. 1 Bruckner IX (original version)  
 Mahler—Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen  
 15 Mahler I  
 Conductor, Bruno Walter

*Salzburg*

The international Bruckner Festival is scheduled for the week of August 8th—August 15. Two orchestral concerts conducted by Siegmund v. Hausegger will include the *First Symphony* (Linz version) and the *Third Symphony* to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Wagner's death. Otto Klemperer is expected to conduct the *Eighth Symphony*. The Quintet will be performed and Bruckner's *Masses* and *Requiem* will be sung. *Jedermann* and *Figaro* are included in the Salzburg program.

*Stockholm*

- Oct. 26 Bach-Mahler Suite  
 Bruckner I  
 Conductor, Vaclav Talich  
 Jan. 11 Bruckner IX (original version)  
 Conductor, Hans Weisbach  
 Feb. 22 Bruckner VII  
 Conductor, Eugen Jochum  
 Apr. 5 Bruckner III  
 Conductor, Vaclav Talich

*Stuttgart*

- Jan. 16 Bruckner IV  
 Conductor, Carl Leonhardt  
 30 Bruckner VII  
 Conductor, Eugen Jochum  
 Mar. 13 Reger—Symphonischer Prolog  
 Conductor, Fritz Busch

*Weinheim near Frankfurt*

The third Bruckner Festival of Baden will be held in Weinheim from May 3 to May 5.

*Wiesbaden*

- Nov. 11 Bruckner IX (original version)  
 Mar. 24 Bruckner VIII and Te Deum  
 Conductor, Carl Schuricht

## AN EMINENT BRUCKNERITE

There arrived recently in America Mr. F. C. Adler, a noted German conductor, whose favorite field of interpretive activity for a quarter of a century has been the music of Bruckner. During the years immediately following the revolution in Germany Mr. Adler conducted with tremendous success several Bruckner symphonic cycles in Munich, thus helping immeasurably to pave the way for the great Bruckner enthusiasm which eventually resulted in the choice of that city as the scene of the First International Bruckner Festival. It was no mean accomplishment that popularized a "Bruckner Abend" concert program, a whole evening devoted to Bruckner, just as tradition has stamped with approval the Wagner or the Beethoven "Abend." It would be hard to imagine a richer and fuller musical experience than the following offering:

### BRUCKNER ABEND

*150th Psalm*

*IX Symphony*

*Te Deum*

and such programs are typical among the long array of concerts offered the German music-lovers by Mr. Adler. The progressive idealism that revealed itself in such devotion to Bruckner could not resist the appeal of Mahler and Schoenberg, two more recent giants of deathless romanticism. Among Mr. Adler's proud achievements in the cause of serious music are to be found Mahler's dreaded *Sixth Symphony* (The Tragic) which no conductor has as yet dared to produce in America and that titanic cantata, Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*, only recently given its New World premiere by the enterprising Mr. Stokowski.

During the past few years Mr. Adler has occupied a prominent position in the German music-publishing world. In this capacity he has been particularly kind to unknown and little known composers, among them also some Americans. The opera *Caponsacchi*, by the American composer Richard Hageman, one of the few Americans whose work has ever been presented on the German operatic stage, is one of Mr. Adler's publications.

It is to be hoped that some outstanding American symphonic organization will offer Mr. Adler an opportunity as guest-conductor to interpret some of the lesser known symphonies of Bruckner and Mahler for us and to renew with us the rich musical laurels he won through a long and active career as musical director in Germany.

—G. E.

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## MAHLER IN ESTHONIA

The brilliant young Bruckner and Mahler interpreter, Fritz Mahler, continues steadily to add to his laurels as a conductor of high ideals and great enterprise. His triumphant path as guest-conductor in many European cities brought him to Esthonia on January 20, when he performed Mahler's *Fourth* at Reval. Although it was the first Mahler music ever played in Esthonia, the audience expressed its enjoyment in unmistakable terms, applauding the fine work of the young guest-conductor with much enthusiasm.

## THE SYMPHONIES OF ANTON BRUCKNER

In the near future the Bruckner Society will issue the first book in English on Bruckner's symphonies. The work comes from the pen of Gabriel Engel, the author of "The Life of Anton Bruckner" and "Gustav Mahler, Song-Symphonist," both of which treatises have met with flattering attention from critics and music-lovers. The new book will be adorned with a series of six full-page illustrations of famous conductors of Bruckner premieres by the greatest of Austrian silhouette artists, Hans Schliessmann, an immortal specimen of whose genius is the "Bruckner at the Organ" printed on the cover of *Chord and Discord*.

The following excerpt from the author's preface reveals the general nature of the work:

Thanks to the devotion and perseverance of such great conductors as Koussevitzky, Stock, Toscanini, and Walter there is no longer a critic of standing in our country who through the revelation of some of Bruckner's music has not become aware of the towering genius of that long-neglected Austrian symphonist. Never has the American music-lover known a greater need for information concerning the work and character of a great composer, yet the whole Bruckner literature in English is contained in a single, slender brochure on his life. Among the rather formidable array of recent books about Bruckner in German there are two, large sections of which are devoted to masterly analyses of his music. The first, by Ernst Kurth, abounds in fascinating psychological remarks often throwing more light on the mental processes of the author than of the composer. The second, by Alfred Orel, reveals too noticeably for the average music-lover the huge store of technical knowledge its author employs for the illumination of Bruckner's symphonic achievement. Two decades ago August Halm wrote his epoch-making analysis of Bruckner's symphonies, paving the way for all subsequent books on the subject. But much new material has been unearthed since then, all of which is presented in documentary form in that definitive source-work on Bruckner in seven volumes by August Goellerich—Max Auer.

No mere translation of any of the above-mentioned books can answer our immediate need, though no language without a translation of the monumental Auer biography of the master will ever be able to boast an adequate Bruckner literature. Powerful music the individual character of which refuses persistently to unfold when conducted in the accepted classical manner so necessary to Beethoven, or the romantic, temperamental manner required by Wagner, must be illuminated from a fresh point-of-view. Therefore, only a straightforward, objective exposition of the facts involved in Bruckner's symphonic contribution and in that of no other composer can claim general attention in America to-day. A concise presentation of such facts is the aim of this present treatise.

# Chord and Discord



THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

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.. SYMPHONIC FORECASTS

BRUCKNER'S *NINTH*: THE ORIGINAL VERSION

NEW LIGHT ON MAHLER

TONERL TURNS COMPOSER

MAHLER'S *FIRST*: SYMPHONIC POEM OR SYMPHONY?

MAHLER'S *SECOND*: A VERDICT OF 1933

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October 1933

## THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

(REPRODUCED ON THE FRONT COVER)

RECENTLY, a distinguished member of the Bruckner Society, the American sculptor, Mr. Julio Kilenyi of New York, wishing to give formal expression to his great love for the master's music, designed an exclusive Medal of Honor displaying his own conception of Bruckner's features. A photograph of this design was immediately sent to Austria where leading members of the I.B.G. (International Bruckner Society) hailed it as the most impressive portrait of the master that has as yet appeared. So delighted was Prof. Max Auer with it that he at once requested permission to include it among the illustrations in the fourth volume of the monumental Goellerich-Auer biography of Bruckner then in the press.

The hearty European welcome accorded this initial American contribution to the iconography of the great symphonist should be a source of deep gratification not only to our native Bruckner enthusiasts but also to all American lovers of the plastic arts. Mr. Kilenyi's triumphant solution of a difficult problem in this by-path of music follows a long line of sculptural successes in more wordly, more glamorous walks. Among his many creations are the designs for exclusive medals officially awarded to Colonel Lindbergh, Admiral Byrd, Thomas A. Edison, General Pershing, President Coolidge, and many other outstanding figures in the cultural, industrial, and political life of this country. Perhaps the most distinguished among his recent designs is the William Penn Anniversary Medal, replicas of which were presented to their Majesties, King George and Queen Mary of England, and Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.

This year (1933-1934) for the first time, the Bruckner Society will be able to present its own Medal of Honor, the one designed by Mr. Kilenyi for that exclusive purpose. It will be awarded during the current musical season to Arturo Toscanini and Bruno Walter of the New York Philharmonic, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky of the Boston Symphony, Dr. Frederick Stock of the Chicago Symphony, and Dr. Martin G. Dumler of Cincinnati, Honorary Chairman of the Society.

When asked for the source of his Bruckner inspiration, Mr. Kilenyi made the following interesting reply:

"Listening to Bruckner's music has always seemed to me like reading Dante's poetry. There is in the work of these two great geniuses the same grand spirit. It is this conception that I sought to portray on the Society's new, exclusive Medal of Honor. It only requires a single glance to discover the Danteque expression of my Bruckner."

# CHORD AND DISCORD

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## SYMPHONIC FORECASTS

"It is easy to prophesy: compare the present with the past—and you have the future"—Busoni

In the heyday of tonal romanticism, when most music-lovers still considered the *Eroica* and the *Ninth* the most incoherent of Beethoven's symphonies, there came by recommendation to the home of the world-famous Robert Schumann a modest, blond-haired youth of twenty, who shyly asked the master's permission to play for him some original compositions. The great man stared wonderingly at this queer, provincial-looking apparition (for Johannes Brahms was still a total stranger to the world) but good-naturedly agreed to listen. Barely had the unknown begun to play when the consummate artistry of his performance at the piano was evident; but brilliancy of execution was no surprising attainment in that house. Only the music mattered, yet what music that was! Irresistibly drawn to the fresh voice of this new-born melodic beauty Schumann bade the youth play on and on. Finally, he embraced him in an ecstasy of enthusiasm and sat down to write his astonishing article *Neue Bahnen*,\* announcing to the world that the real Messiah of music had at last arrived.

Exactly eighty years have gone by since then and for the vast majority of music-lovers Schumann's prophecy seems to have been richly fulfilled by the numerous beautiful works Brahms afterwards composed. Whether the actual significance of his symphonic contribution has been exaggerated (as is claimed by a small though steadily increasing group of discerning European judges) is of no consequence to the present discussion, for in America Brahms is still unconditionally regarded as Beethoven's legitimate successor. To a few the undeniable discrepancy between the revolutionary spirit of the greatest Beethoven symphonies and the comparative conservatism of Brahms' four seems to furnish sufficient proof of the ultimate untenability of such a classification. But two and two may not always make four in extra-mathematical fields, where subtle coefficients beyond the ken of man dominate inexplicable results; wherefore art has ever been a futile ground for logical polemics. Granted that Brahms was, so far as methods go, even ultra-conservative, is it not a fact that the mighty Bach was slighted by his contemporaries because of his refusal to join in the new homophonic movement that

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\**Neue Zeitschrift fuer Musik*, Oct. 1853.

later produced a Haydn, a Mozart, and culminated in the work of Beethoven? The banner of revolution was often unfurled in the range of musical history, but when the smoke of ensuing conflict cleared away the only surviving signs of the upheaval were to be seen resolutely fixed in the art's main line of progress. Revolution in music has been of importance only in so far as it has affected the evolution of the art. The nature of this evolution is no more one of pure chronology than it is of mathematics, else the beauties of Shakespeare's poetry had been surpassed by the lesser lines of a hundred thousand poets since.

Schumann did not live to hear the Brahms symphonies the coming of which he had anticipated from the youth's early piano sonatas. Had he survived to reaffirm or retract his prophecy his later statement would perhaps have proven a revelation to the world. But as it is we may only guess at the probable nature of an opinion the formulation of which Fate forbade. We have Schumann's own symphonies and we know from his diary how frenzied was his constant search for the new, beautiful melody which he believed alone represented the basis of any real musical contribution. How much he loved the *Eroica* and the *Ninth* we learn from his frequent tributes to these masterpieces. In the light of his own symphonic style, however, it cannot be granted that he fully comprehended the spiritual greatness of Beethoven's most gigantic inspirations. Thematic originality and beauty were never Beethoven's primary musical worries. For him originality was made of different stuff. Schumann, whose themes are of superlative and instantly convincing beauty, nevertheless does not rank with the great symphonists; yet Beethoven, whose *Eroica* towers up out of comparatively commonplace thematic material, is not for that reason a second-rate symphonic figure. What, then, is that elusive quality, the true symphonic character?

Just as cathedrals and skyscrapers must be built of sterner stuff than mansions and villas, so those super-structures of the tonal world, symphonies, may attain their proper stature and enduring form only when reared upon thematic foundations of most utter simplicity and rugged strength. It is in the magnificence and firmness of this tonal architecture that the imaginative and spiritual powers of the symphonic composer are revealed. His failure to grasp this deeper, though less colorful truth inseparably connected with the greater symphonic conception was the defect that dwarfed Schumann's musical genius, making the loftiest and most sustained flights in the art impossible for him. He sought and found beauty, as it were, by illusive moonlight, but never saw it in the glory of its noon-day power.

For a clear statement of the source and nature of true originality in creative work it is perhaps permissible to leave for a moment the tortured field of musical esthetics. The eminent literary critic, Van Wyck Brooks, has pronounced a definition that may well be applied to any branch of creative endeavor:

"True originality is not so much freshness of talent as a capacity to survive and surmount experience, after having met and accumulated it, which implies a slow growth and powerfully moulded intention."

Certainly "slow growth" and "powerfully moulded intention" cannot be denied an artist who, like Brahms, waited until the riper years of middle age before venturing to give to the world his first large symphonic work. If the future ever finds a flaw in the caliber of that work its revised judgment will rest upon the validity of an apparent paradox latent in the sentence with which Mr. Brooks prefixes his definition:

"The writers who succeed ultimately in differentiating themselves most from the mass, in attaining a point-of-view all their own, are those who have served the longest apprenticeship; their early works are usually timid, tentative, imitative, and scarcely to be distinguished from others of the same school and tradition."

Bach's earlier works are clever echoes of the accomplishments of a former century. The younger Mozart appeared so devoid of originality that the eminent contemporary critic, Dr. Burney, unhesitatingly included in his book of musical travels the following striking verdict:

"He is one further instance of early fruits being more extraordinary than excellent."\*

The Mozartian and Haydnesque character of Beethoven's pre-Eroica work is common knowledge. Wagner's outstanding achievements also have their long prelude of apprenticeship. Even the once breath-taking originality of Strauss' symphonic poems has its cautious forebears in traditionally formed longer works. In the light of these facts one may be pardoned for wondering what Schumann, who thought he heard the symphony of his dreams in young Brahms' piano sonatas, may have said had he lived to see the day that not only hailed the real symphonies of his protege but practically shelved his own.

In one of the most significant declarations among the speeches that marked the numerous recent Brahms centennial celebrations Dr. Wilhelm Furtwaengler unwisely emphasized Brahms' genius in polemic terms that not only failed to do justice to the master's true greatness but attempted to reflect discredit upon all the progressive composers since Beethoven on the ground that they had intentionally resorted to unprecedented forms and means of expression.

"Brahms," said he, "was the last musician who brought before the world the universal significance of German music."

Could Dr. Furtwaengler have witnessed the enthusiasm with which Bruno Walter's repeated performances of Bruckner's *Fifth* and Mahler's *Fifth* symphonies, to say nothing of Stokowski's performances of Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder* and Berg's *Wozzeck* were greeted in America last year he might not have wielded his "iron broom" so sweepingly.

"Brahms," he continued, "saw clearly that eternal progress as the aim of music (as of all art) is an illusion.—He showed that so far as he was concerned there were other things to do than to seek the boundless expansion of the materials of the art.—With a classically schooled reserve he used in his orchestration no valved instruments, none of the Wagnerian innovations."

A noble sentiment, indeed, but as this has also been a season of Wagner celebrations, not only do the great music-dramatist's "innovations" deserve some respect, but so, too, does his honest appeal in behalf of "eternal progress" to the younger generation of composers, "Create something new, children, always something new." It is possible that Dr. Furtwaengler's speech is a posthumous echo of that troubled past to which the arch-guardian of artistic purity, Dr. Hanslick, bade a regretful adieu forever thirty years ago, when with trembling, senile fingers he wrote, "I must now admit that the future belongs to the younger generation." But Dr. Furtwaengler's word, a muted trumpet-call out of the 'Eighties, still carries weight with many and may even attain the status of a slogan in the artistic "house-cleaning" that is part of the weird political program of the "Third Reich."

\**The Present State of Music in Germany, etc.*, vol. II, page 325.

Only a single assertion of his, an axiom of art, almost a childish platitude, is beyond argument:

"The true art is present only when music and soul, soul and music are one and inseparable."

And that is the point at which Bruno Walter began his summary of the nature and function of the art in the article entitled "Back to Romanticism!" (published in the previous issue of *Chord and Discord*). Mr. Walter wisely refrained from entering upon problems of musical technique. Spiritual solitude, according to him, is the touchstone of true musical art. Thus for him, too, Brahms is unquestionably one of the elect; but not the last. Life and romanticism are inseparable, for the last human being will be the last romanticist.

"Gustav Mahler, whose *Song of the Earth* stirs the hearts of the people more every day, was one of the world's great lonely souls.—Igor Stravinsky, dubbed a foe of romanticism, who considers himself anything but a romanticist, nevertheless reveals romantic traits in many of his works. I need only mention his *Sacré du Printemps*, that ecstatic hymn to the primal power of nature."

Even the once dreaded Schoenberg, of whose art the most famous German music-lexicon\* says, "Thank God, it is still generally unknown," is not forbidden a place in the sun by Mr. Walter's standard of judgment. The great war against "atonality" has proven to be no more than a tilt with a wind-mill. Schoenberg has openly scorned the word "atonal" as a false label. "The only true description," says he, "of my style of writing music is *composition with twelve totally independent tones.*" His early experiences with great forms (*Gurrelieder, Pelleas*) had convinced him that he could say nothing more in music without throwing off the age-old shackles forced upon musical grammar by the inevitably recurring cadences of dominant and tonic harmony.

It was a brave step he took, requiring a martyr's courage; but the most astute creative musicians did not delay taking the amazing road he indicated towards a new freedom. Just as in the case of the Wagnerian *motif* two generations before, many would-be composers plunged into an orgy of futile works in the "new style," thereby bringing upon the innocent head of the innovator a tremendous storm of abuse. Asked for a statement concerning the "school" that had sprung up about him, he said:

"A composer is under no obligation to write either in the *tonal* or the so-called *atonal* manner. His duty is merely to write or not to write music. He must not question the manner, but only compose according to his own ability. He who has something real to say will do so, regardless of any question of tonality or atonality. Those who have nothing to say, but make a practice of exploiting every possibility of the musical language, may go on erecting their score-towers of noise. They may even succeed for a time in discrediting us (the "school"), for they know just how to win the numerous ears that are constantly attuned to the reception of the sham and the repudiation of the genuine. We must address ourselves to the same ears primarily for reasons of acoustics, because an empty concert hall is less resonant than one filled with empty-headed listeners." †

\*Riemann's Musik-Lexikon.

† The last clause contains an untranslatable play on words. The original German is "Weil ein wirklich leerer Konzertsaal noch weniger klingt als einer, der voller Leerer ist." The stark reality of the bitter conditions that underlie this pun is only too vividly revealed by the message of Mr. Willi Reich of Vienna, introducing the "Arbeitstagung" at Strassburg (August 6-17, 1933) a series of concerts programming music from Mahler to the youngest of the younger generation. Many important premieres took place during these concerts, attended only by composers, conductors, performers and critics. The program announced that the festival was to be a musical contribution by musicians for musicians.

Such bitterness is easily excusable in a genius. Mr. Schoenberg may rest assured that at least so far as America is concerned the outlook for the future of his artwork is no longer as hopeless as it was. He has an able and dauntless champion in Mr. Stokowski, who loves nothing better than to perform the most subtle and difficult scores provided he is convinced of their importance. It was he who first gave us Mahler's *Symphony of a Thousand*, Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*, and that prominent Schoenberg disciple's (Alban Berg) epoch-making music-drama *Wozzeck*.

It is of particular interest in connection with the confused journalistic reception accorded *Wozzeck* to contemplate the riddle of the music critic's congenital inability to identify an accepted principle in a new guise. Naturally, the first accusation Mr. Berg had to face was that of "ragged, formless musical construction". With commendable patience he pointed out the fact that with a faithfulness perhaps without precedent since Mozart the musical settings of the many scenes in his opera are built upon frameworks of traditional form. For instance (Act II, Scene I) what seems to the critic an incoherent rhapsody is in reality a set of variations built in free style on a sequence of three chords, the whole scene being virtually given the unity of an independent composition by the logical interpolation of the stanzas and refrains of a hunting-song to furnish the folklike character demanded by the text. The allegedly aimless patchwork in the following scene ("characteristic of the method of the atonalists") is nothing other than a fantasy and fugue (triple) in which the themes are introduced in regular order, but make their original appearance in harmonic settings, gradually casting off this guise to take their purely contrapuntal roles in the real fugue that follows; and so on, Mr. Berg showing that the "formal weakness" of the work is clearly a misnomer due to snap judgment or inability on the critic's part to recognize *sonata*, or *scherzo*, or *rondo* form save in its archaic, elementary condition. Of course, if Dr. Furtwaengler's scorn of "eternal progress" in art is justified *Wozzeck*, which seems to-day to bristle with innovations, should be done away with as though it were a poisonous snake. But the artist who was able to sever himself so completely from the humdrum of the every-day world as to discover the inmost soul of rhythm and build stirring tonal structures on solid principles while placing complete emphasis on purely rhythmic thematic material (to cite just one example, Act 3, Scene 3) may still meet with a welcome on musical Olympus as conceived by Mr. Walter.

There is, however, a group of younger composers (those who find themselves voluntarily or involuntarily, arrayed under the banner of *Sachlichkeit*)\* which meets with Mr. Walter's distinct disapproval. They seem to him fundamentally at variance with art in its highest sense. But perhaps the inexorable quest of reality which is inevitably characteristic of their work is essentially the machine-age expression of the very quality of romanticism which Mr. Walter fails to see in it. It is too early to pass judgment on the artistic contribution of the last and the present decade.

Paul Hindemith, born in 1895, and Ernst Krenek and Kurt Weill, both born in 1900, seem to be the leading figures of the younger generation. Young as they are they have all (and years ago) made their mark, producing numerous works that have been crowned with artistic and popular

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\*Practically untranslatable; "exactness" gives only a partial conception of the principle involved. See "Back to Romanticism" in *Chord and Discord*, No. 3.

success. They are engaged upon a very frenzy of composition, primarily for the musical stage. Such fidelity to external form as Mr. Berg claims for *Wozzeck* is not one of their primary considerations. It seems to them that musical art has wandered too far from the main road of life, thereby losing its spontaneity.

Kurt Weill, whose two-act opera, *Der Jasager*, was recently performed here for the first time,\* goes back over Wagner to Mozart for his guiding principle. In that classic master's orchestral works he finds that varied, pulsating life which he claims but few composers since Mozart have been able to incorporate in their work for the musical stage.\*\* He says that it is not the plastic form but the vital temperament of Mozart's symphonies which furnished us with the proper cue for regenerating the music-drama; that one might take the opening or closing movement of a Mozart symphony and make it the accompanying background of a real music-drama.

The gifted, versatile, clear-sighted Ernst Krenek gives fascinating, though startling, utterance to an artistic creed which at first sight appears to be the very negation of art:

"There is no such thing as *modern* music; there can be only good or bad music.—Art is not nearly so important a consideration as the world has been persuaded to believe. The composer who places art at the pinnacle of his creed will, in my humble opinion, accomplish nothing. *Vivere necesse est, artem facere non*, I say. Let us live and look life squarely in the face and we shall at once have art without knowing how it came.—Art must always issue like a stream out of the exuberance of life; then it will be true and beyond all questioning."

At bottom there is no offence against the soul of art in these words, for they mean nothing but a claim that spontaneity is the prime quality of real music. Who will say no?

Thanks to the enthusiastic partisanship of men like Koussevitzky, Stock, Stokowski, Toscanini, and Walter, the causes of neglected musical giants like Bruckner, Mahler, and Schoenberg have been and will continue to be advanced in America. To such conductors a composer's race, creed, and politics, questions that have of late once more assumed unfortunate prominence in the musical circles of Central Europe, will not be allowed to influence any decision concerning the inclusion of his work on American symphonic programs. The squeamish warning of self-constituted guardians of American artistic purity that there has been no real symphonic music since Brahms falls daily on fewer ears. We have seen the magic musical colors of Debussy and the mystic harmonic architecture of Scriabin; we have experienced the thrill of Stravinsky's melodic dissections; we see the logic of Schoenberg's espousal of "twelve-toned composition", now that we have at last heard his great farewell to the past, the *Gurrelieder*. In all these, Dr. Furtwaengler notwithstanding, we recognize solid contributions towards the twentieth century musical message that still awaits consummate utterance. Many of the younger composers, working independently, are already using the best features of all the so-called "modern" styles as if they were an integral part of the grammar and vocabulary of the new generation.

\* The Playhouse, April 27, 1933; the cast was made up of children from the Music School of the Henry Street Settlement, New York City.

\*\*He mentions Beethoven's *Fidelio*, declaring the prison-aria of Florestan a superb instance of human, life-like quality in operatic music. Weber, Bizet, and Strauss, he claims, owe their success to their understanding of this quality. Wagner, with his superhuman characters and scenes, was compelled to create his own form to give them successful expression.

†Wagner's *Das Judenbium in der Musik* caused a deplorable upheaval during the 'Sixties and 'Seventies of the past century.

Some authorities claim that Paul Hindemith whose work embraces in a natural, simple manner all the virtues of the various innovators and yet reveals a strikingly vital individuality, is the long-awaited great assimilator.\* The brilliancy of his music reminds them of the meteor-like appearance of the young Richard Strauss on the musical horizon in the Nineties. Of course, no one can tell, as yet. But at least we are receptive and we know that our conductors are not only fine musicians, but also true artists, ready to give a hearing to any music old or new, so long as it be of genuine consequence.

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## CONCERNING BEETHOVEN'S TRUE SUCCESSOR

In a recent communication to the Bruckner Society Dr. Frederick Stock, famous conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, said:

"I have always regarded Bruckner as the logical successor of Beethoven in the realm of the Symphony, rather than Brahms, who belongs with the Romanticists, and as such is the true successor of Schubert, Schumann, and Mendelssohn.

To Bruckner belong the qualities of superior craftsmanship, broader vision and great profundity of thought, as expressed especially in the adagios of his Symphonies. His nine symphonies will come to be ranked with those of Beethoven, whose *Eroica*, *Fifth* and *Ninth* will always remain the corner stones of symphonic literature. Bruckner's conception of the symphony after Beethoven is of the same gigantic grandeur. One has only to study the theme development of the first and last movements of his symphonies to realize this. His adagios are expressions of a heroic nature, the works of a man whose thoughts traveled along monumental lines. His scherzos are inimitable for their brightness and harmony. While Brahms had the greater mastery of form and design in a more concrete and well-condensed fashion, yet Bruckner's conception of the symphonic structure is that of the titanic Beethoven. His day is yet to come."

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## THOMAS MANN ON BRUCKNER AND MAHLER

Upon being asked to write an article for *Chord and Discord*, the great German novelist, Thomas Mann, replied:

"I have heard with the liveliest interest about the work of the American Bruckner Society. Urgent literary labors do not permit me at present to formulate my ideas concerning Bruckner and Mahler, two composers for whom I have the deepest regard. I accept with pleasure your offer of Honorary Membership and wish to thank you for the honor you thereby show me."

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\*Hindemith's charming cantata, *We Built a City*, first given here with great success in 1931 by the children of the Music School of the Henry Street Settlement, New York City, was once more performed by them on April 27, 1933, at the Playhouse. After the American premiere Henry Beckett said, "With clear enunciation and a sure pitch, these boys and girls sang a long sequence of phrases, never faltering at the odds and unfamiliar intervals of Hindemith." May not this critical pronouncement be interpreted as a recognition of the naturalness and spontaneity possible in the dreaded "new style"?

## BRUCKNER'S NINTH: THE ORIGINAL VERSION\*

When Anton Bruckner died, on Oct. 11, 1896, music-lovers knew that his last legacy to the world, a *Ninth Symphony*, was still incomplete. Even in the narrow circles of his most intimate friends the opinion prevailed that this work, in the shape the composer had left it, was fated to perpetual silence; that even the very sections he had finished were, most likely, "unplayable." They were convinced that his many years of illness had brought about not only a complete physical collapse, but also a corresponding decline in his mental and spiritual powers. All the greater, therefore, was their astonishment when it was finally announced that a world premiere of this posthumous "unfinished" symphony was to take place under the direction of that prince of Bruckner disciples, Ferdinand Loewe. This sensational performance, (Feb. 11, 1903) seven years after the master's death, was rendered unforgettable to all who heard it by the inspired playing of the *Wiener Konzertverein* orchestra, which Loewe's zeal had converted into a body of "Bruckner specialists."

After that first delightful surprise, the unexpected spiritual power of the work, discerning listeners began to notice frequent details in the music which seemed inexplicable in the light of Bruckner's well-known frank and sturdy symphonic character. When the *Scherzo* leaped lightly forth, all a-glitter with typically French *esprit*, the audience was reminded of the scintillating manner of Berlioz' instrumentation. In the minds of many there arose some such questions as these: Where are those abrupt, Bruckneresque transitions between the passages? Why do the various phrases end in gentle expirations? In short, whence comes this general finesse, this smooth polish into the work of a composer universally noted for his rugged individuality?

An explanation, though only half the truth, was quickly forthcoming. It was announced that the three movements performed had been composed by Bruckner before he was in the grip of his fatal malady, but not a word was uttered of the revision to which the score had been subjected by Ferdinand Loewe, a revision sufficiently drastic to deserve the label "arrangement"! As a youth Loewe has been of much assistance to the master in the preparation of his symphonies for a final, correct edition, and though, a mere conservatory student, he could have had but limited orchestral experience, he did not hesitate to suggest modifications in the scoring that struck him as possible improvements. Then, the master good-naturedly listened to him, called him "Berlioz," and left the instrumentations as he himself had written it.

The manuscript of the *Ninth Symphony*, having been entrusted by Bruckner into the keeping of a non-Viennese friend, did not find its way back to the city until several years after the master's death. When Loewe saw it, he concluded that the final process of revision must take place in the case of this work also, even though there was no longer a Bruckner to supervise it.

It was, doubtless, Loewe's modesty that kept him from making public the fact that he had made radical changes in the score. Therefore,

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\*Translated from the German by the Editor, with the kind permission of the publishers, Gustav Bosse Verlag. This article originally appeared in the *Zeitschrift fuer Musik*, October, 1932.

his version of the symphony must be looked upon as a labor of love. At any rate, it was a task so expertly and effectively performed, that the work soon made its triumphant way, unquestioned, through all the great concert-halls in the world, and was greeted for almost thirty years as an original work of Bruckner's.

The recent publication of the ninth volume of the *Kritische Gesamtausgabe*\* of Bruckner's works, edited by Robert Haas and Alfred Orel and promoted by the *Internationale Bruckner Gesellschaft*, under the sponsorship of the Viennese National Library, has at last lifted the veil, revealing the master's original score to the public. Encouraged by this event the I.B.G. (named above) brought about at the *Tonhalle* in Munich (April 2, 1932) a special, semi-private performance of both the "Loewe" and the original versions, in order to determine, from the comparative impressions made by the two, whether the original was sufficiently practicable to warrant publication of its orchestral parts. This unique concert, played by the Philharmonic Orchestra of Munich under the inspired baton of that eminent Brucknerite, Siegmund von Hausegger, led to the unanimous conclusion that so far from being "unplayable," the original far surpassed the "Loewe" version by the splendor of its orchestral coloring and the power of its dynamic contrasts; that the two versions differed so vastly in spirit that they might be said to belong to "different worlds". After this triumph of the original version the Executive Committee of the I.B.G. decided to urge the immediate publication of the "parts" by the firm of Benno Filsner,\*\* Augsburg, and informed the public of its resolve by the following communication:

With all due respect to the great services rendered by Ferdinand Loewe, who, actuated by a spirit of sincere loyalty, made such changes in the work as he deemed absolutely prerequisite to its public performance, the Committee resolves that, because of the new conception of the true individuality of Bruckner's tonal language that has come into existence during the thirty year interim, and the overwhelming impression made by the original version at its first performance, the Ninth Symphony, in the exact form in which it was left by the master, should no longer be kept from the musical world."

With the release of the "parts" Bruckner's *Ninth* became available in two versions, either one of which conductors are now at liberty to perform. Should they still prefer to do the "Loewe" version it is their duty to indicate this fact on the concert-program. The first public performance of the symphony in its original form took place at the International Bruckner Festival held at Vienna last fall. To the Viennese Philharmonic Orchestra and the baton of Clemens Krauss fell the honor of the premiere.

As Alfred Orel goes into painstaking detail to point out,† the "original version" is no mere bundle of sketchy fragments, but the permanent, definitive result of numerous careful studies and revisions by Bruckner himself. As early as the summer of 1887, immediately after finishing his work upon the instrumentation of the *Eighth*, Bruckner plunged into the composition of the *Ninth*, at the time actually carrying the orchestral setting of the first movement as far as the end of the second

\*Literally, "Critical Complete Edition."

\*\*The original publishers of the *Kritische Gesamtausgabe* of Bruckner's works. The continuation of this magnificent venture has been recently taken over by the I.B.G.

†See the reviser's note, "Kritische Gesamtausgabe," Vol. IX. Comprehension of this fact is necessary to a proper understanding of the sonata form as used by Bruckner in his symphonies.

*Themengruppe* (Theme-group)\*. Then came an interval of three years during which he was occupied with the revision of the *Eighth* and the *First*. On Feb. 18, 1891, he resumed work on the *Ninth*, finishing the scoring of the opening movement on Oct. 14, 1892 and its final revision a year later on Oct. 23, 1893. In the meantime he had completed the *Scherzo* on Feb. 27, 1893, although it did not attain permanent form before added revisions that lasted until Feb. 15, 1894. The *Adagio* was finished on Oct. 31, 1894, also after much revision.

In view of the revelation imparted by these sketches and experimental scores published in the ninth volume of the *Gesamtausgabe* (even a "complete edition" presenting all the composer's studies for a work is without precedent) the three movements of the symphony, just as they were left by Bruckner, must be unconditionally regarded and respected as his final intention.

Loewe went decidedly too far in his revision of the work. His sweeping alterations in dynamics reveal his greatest failure to grasp the individuality of the master. He almost nullified Bruckner's favorite practice of creating sudden dynamic contrasts (that peculiarity that proves his affinity with the organ) by introducing mild graduations of tone volume. Thus he rendered the rugged master "fit for the salon," so to speak. Loewe muted the brass frequently, not realizing how much freshness of coloring it lost thereby. In fact all the dynamics he altered sound more genuine in the original version.

Often, where Loewe prescribed "diminuendo," Bruckner achieved the effect more subtly, purely by means of instrumentation, e.g., in the next to the last bar of the *Adagio* theme, where he suddenly silenced the brass while the strings continued *fortissimo*, an early example of orchestral *decrecendo* as it is often practiced by the composers of our day.

Loewe also made numerous changes in phrasing. In his revised indications of tempo a particularly striking example contrary to the master's spirit is the omission of the *Ritardando* called for by Bruckner in the second part of the main theme (the third bar after D)† at the ascending passage of 16th notes. This results in the total disappearance of the effect Bruckner desired, a sort of Promethean "scaling of the heights". The absence of any tempo-modification in the *Trio* is eloquent of the wishes of the master, and the *Scherzo* seems to recover its correct, rather moderate speed through the original instrumentation.

It is impossible, in the narrow confines of this article, to enumerate the changes Loewe made, especially in the *Scherzo*. He transferred entire string passages to the wood-wind, and vice versa. The answer to the principal *Scherzo* theme, that comes showering down out of the violins, is performed in the original version by the violas and cellos, but is given by Loewe to the cellos and bassoons (the ninth bar). At the tempo in which it has been generally taken this passage cannot be clearly articulated *staccato*, but at a slower rate it sounds perfectly clear. The correct tempo of the *Scherzo* depends, therefore, upon the greatest speed at which this passage may be played *staccato* with absolute clarity. Moreover,

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\*The traditional terminology of symphonic analysis, i.e., *first theme, episode, transition, second theme*, etc., must, in the case of Bruckner, undergo a modification corresponding to the change he introduced in the sonata-form. *A group of themes*, all different, and yet logically evolving one out of the other, takes the place of the more artificial arrangement of theme, episode and transition.

†The letters refer to the Loewe version.

the chords sustained by the woodwind for many bars at the beginning of the *Scherzo*, absent in the Loewe version, serve to give the movement a calmer character. We feel compelled to agree with Alexander Berrische when he says in his fine review\* following the premiere of the original version:

“The change Loewe wrought in the *Scherzo*, which in the Bruckner version belongs to an entirely different sphere of sound and expression, is incredible. Loewe arranged the piece most cleverly, with a view to giving it a pleasant, winning air, and it is his revisions alone that gave rise to the generally uttered opinions endowing the *Scherzo* of the *Ninth* with an elfin, “midsummernight’s dream” atmosphere and the false synthetic quality of a combined Mendelssohn, Berlioz, and Bruckner. Now such notions are gone forever, and we may bid them good-bye, well consoled. The real Bruckner *Scherzo* may be without any sugared *esprit*, but it stands firm, on sturdy legs, planted on the composer’s native soil of Upper Austria.”

Among the multitude of Loewe’s instrumental changes two outstanding instances should not be omitted here. He cast out the chord passage in eighth notes in the woodwind (six bars before J, first movement), and he substituted violas and cellos for the original tubas in the chords four bars before E in the *Adagio*.

He made changes even in the form of the work, e.g., a four bar “cut” just before the *Trio*, at the end of the first section of the *Scherzo*.

Finally, he actually interpolated some passages of his own composition; e.g., in the first movement, two bars before Q, he filled in a rest with a *motif* of his own for the oboes and clarinets.

The most radical change, for some reason, perhaps, justifiable in those days, but no longer intelligible to us, was the one he made at the last tremendous climax of the main theme in the *Adagio* (Q-R). He resolved into a pure E major chord the mighty discord in the first bar, a simultaneous sounding of the tones E, #F, #G, A, B, and C, as clear as it is resonant because of the chord’s wide-open position, yet representing one of the most daring ventures in 19th century harmony. In the Loewe version no trace remains of this titanic dissonance save a feeble, passing #F in the figure with which the strings join the placating E major chord. That the master intentionally introduced this “cacophony” is clear from the A, #F, #G sounding throughout the bar in the woodwind eighth-note figure and the very same combination of tones in the thirty-second-note figure of the violins in the original version.

In this final conflict before the moment of “death and transfiguration” Bruckner, with this single harmony, sees far ahead into the future. In its significant position, a last farewell, this mighty chord is certainly more than a mere example of the extraordinary artistic possibilities of “cacophony”.

May this real *Ninth Symphony* of Bruckner receive the universal recognition it so richly deserves!

—PROF. MAX AUER.

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\*Muenchener Zeitung, Apr. 4, 1932.

## TONERL TURNS COMPOSER

Tonerl\* at ten was the "complete schoolmaster" in miniature. After a trying forenoon with his upper-class charges "Herr Lehrer" Bruckner,\*\* sole teacher in the secluded Austrian village Ansfelden, would gladly turn over the dreaded rod of inculcation to his precocious son. Sudden illness having once compelled him to resort to this emergency measure he remembered with great satisfaction the flattering reports of how the earnest Tonerl had instilled a proper respect for academic order in the afternoon class of rustic tots. Father Bruckner felt exceedingly proud at the prospect of passing a cherished pedagogical heritage on to his son. It was his dearest wish that the village classroom dynasty founded by his own father Joseph more than half a century before should survive.

He took for granted the marked musical talent displayed by Tonerl. His own father had also been very musical; else how could he have filled the teacher's post, one of the indispensable qualifications for which was the ability to play the organ well? According to the Bruckner household tradition the first steps in music practically preceded the first step out of the cradle. Therefore it did not strike him as amazing that Tonerl could play the violin intelligibly at four and that at an age when other boys were just beginning to spell he could sit confidently at the church organ on Sunday morning and furnish an adequate musical setting for the simple Catholic ritual of the village.

But now and then that gifted Bruckner cousin Johann Baptist Weiss, schoolmaster of the neighboring village Hoersching, a man whom Tonerl regarded with great awe because he was conceded by all to be the best musician in Upper Austria, would come to Ansfelden for a brief visit. Fascinated by what seemed at first glance just another sample of the genus child prodigy he would make the boy play and improvise for him while he pondered upon the problem of his talent. The careful judgment of Weiss once spoken proved prophetic, for he finally announced to the incredulous father his firm conviction that God had placed far greater emphasis upon Tonerl's musical than his pedagogical bent. He begged that the boy be given into his personal care for thorough musical training. Eventually his plea was granted and one day the eleven year old Anton Bruckner, with all his worldly possessions slung over his shoulder, went trudging through the woods in the direction of Hoersching, to receive his first taste of the drab world of Thorough-bass.

There was nothing of the pedant about Weiss. Indeed, there seems to have been a complete lack of routine to his method of initiating a pupil into the mysteries of musical theory. He applauded and encouraged young Bruckner's favorite practice of improvising upon the organ, believing that the wings of fancy must be permitted unhampered flight in earliest years. Meanwhile the rules of musical grammar, universally considered inexorable laws in those days, were given only secondary attention by the tone-king of Hoersching.† A set of four short organ

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\*Diminutive for "Anton" in Austrian dialect.

\*\*Literally, "Mr. Teacher Bruckner," the polite "Herr" being always prefixed to vocational titles in German.

†There is in existence a neatly written note-book of the "rules of thorough-bass" as they were taught the boy Bruckner, but this manuscript, judging by the well-developed penmanship it displays, was most likely written during Bruckner's "choir-boy days" at St. Florian.

preludes,\* composed and written down by the boy some time during the year and a half he spent in the village, furnishes the sole remaining documentary evidence of the nature of his studies there.

The opening bars\*\* of the very first of these pieces contain flagrant errors that even a Tom, Dick, or Harry would not make after a few lessons in elementary harmony. (Bars 1-4).

Despite so dubious a beginning the prelude launches at once upon a broad, smooth, though stereotyped, path of song. (Bars 4-12)

Out of this unassuming strain there now leaps a brief, characteristically pompous *motif*, its harmonically varied restatements insistently suggesting the symphonic nature in embryo. (Bars 13-27)

In the development of this naively vigorous passage a surprising climax is attained in a series of tonal subtleties technically called "enharmonic changes," (Bars 20-27) phenomena hardly attributable under any technical nomenclature to a boy almost totally ignorant of musical grammar, hence better interpreted, because of their spontaneous origin, as the first signs of an innate leaning towards mystic expression.†

Truly remarkable is the section immediately following. Bravely striking a fundamental tone (♭E) foreign to the key of the whole piece the young composer bursts forth into the first "organ point" of his career. In other words, he picks up a fragment of his theme and sends it spinning gracefully across the musical landscape. Its sustained flight is a perfect chain of brief, symmetrical curves. The constant tone in the bass seems to him (according to a statement he made in later years) an ideal vantage point, commanding the whole musical horizon (Bars 28-39)

It is particularly interesting to note that the path of this first Bruckner "organ point" does not end with a return to the initial tonic or dominant. Contrary to traditional usage it does not end, but goes on to find an unexpected outlet through another "enharmonic change", (♯D to ♭E (Bars 38-39). Issuing from so unsophisticated a pen as this unschooled boy's such an evasion may not be construed as evidence of a desire for mere novelty. The Bruckner symphonies are packed with parallel instances that point unmistakably to this source expression of childhood days. If this prelude shows nothing more it reveals an individual, deeply rooted musical instinct already striving for powerful expression.

\*The original manuscript of these preludes is preserved in the archives of the church at Hoersching. They have been published in their entirety in the first volume of the monumental Goellerich-Auer biography of Bruckner, pp.97-102. The revised and enlarged edition of Auer's one-volume *Leben und Werk Anton Bruckners* just issued by the Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag, Wien, publishes for the first time an additional *Praeludium in ♭E Major*, particularly interesting because of its enharmonic and its florid character. (See the appendix of musical illustrations, No. 1)

\*\*The editor regrets not having as yet obtained permission from the publishers to quote the actual music of this first Bruckner composition. Those sufficiently interested in the *Prelude* are referred to pp. 97-98 in vol. I of the Goellerich-Auer biography of Bruckner.

†It is that sterling musicologist of the Encyclopedia Britannica, Mr. Tovey, who calls a fine enharmonic change a "sublime mystery." What phrase can more appropriately describe the grandeur of the numerous mystic harmonic changes in Bruckner's greatest adagios (those of the Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Symphonies)? Therefore it seems only natural to trace the source of this tonal mysticism back to these earliest extant Bruckner compositions, the juvenile organ preludes.

It was young Bruckner's great fortune to find in his cousin, Weiss, a genuine artistic personality rather than an excellent drill-master. The comparatively recent publication of a Mass\* by Weiss proves him to have been a church composer of marked individuality, one whose work radiates the very same romantic-devotional spirit that the symphonic world now concedes as Bruckner's own.

That inspired English essayist, Arthur Machen, once said that human beings add nothing to their store of experience after eighteen. Out of the vivid spiritual adventures of youth spring tremendous aspirations towards self-expression the realization of which must wait for the consummate perspective of riper years. Weiss revealed to his pupil visions of an austere splendor the memory of which no later influence ever dimmed! To the twelve year old boy the appeal of Weiss' romantic-religious music proved far more vivid and lasting than that of immeasurably greater classics by Haydn and Mozart which also formed part of the sacred repertoire at Hoersching. Had not the mature Bruckner himself fervently avowed his spiritual indebtedness to this man it would be necessary to cite but a characteristic phrase or two from Weiss' *Requiem* to show how the very soul of the teacher was absorbed by his pupil. †

Tragic fate did much to intensify and render permanent the deep impression made upon the boy by Weiss' *Requiem*. Four years after the premature death of his father had terminated young Bruckner's short period of study at Hoersching he became a village teacher. He was then seventeen. Season after season he struggled on in this humble capacity, compulsory drudgery and utter poverty veiling in growing hopelessness the great longing for artistic accomplishment with which the idealist Weiss had imbued him. In this gloomy condition he suddenly heard the terrible tidings of his cousin's suicide. The poor, unworldly creature had innocently accepted from a villainous relative the responsibility of a church fund from which a large sum had been embezzled. Insane with terror at the sight of a policeman approaching his cottage one morning he fled to the graveyard and killed himself.

Bruckner tried repeatedly, but in vain, to induce the church authorities to entrust to his keeping the skull of the ill-starred musician whom he so revered. Half a century later, in the agony of the symphonist's last illness, the pitiful memory of Weiss was as vivid as ever in his consciousness. Even upon his death-bed the aged Bruckner did not forget to write his periodical request to the church authorities at Hoersching that mass be said for the repose of his unfortunate cousin's soul.

Bruckner's *Ninth Symphony* begins as though it would whisper the mournful mystery of life's last lullaby. But like a stroke of lightning, a blinding vision of the "Day of Wrath," its dreadful glory heralded by a tremendous choir of brass in full harmony, suddenly transforms this dirge of the earth into a mighty prophecy of immortality. It is Tonerl's last and highest tribute to his cousin, the supreme spiritual revelation of Weiss' *Requiem* inseparably united with Bruckner's own farewell message to the world.

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\*Requiem in bE, Hoersching, 1904.

†When an advance copy of this *Requiem* (still without the composer's name) was placed before Prof. Heinrich Wottawa, one of Bruckner's favorite pupils, he declared it to be an arly work of Bruckner's.

## SYMPHONIC POEM OR SYMPHONY? (MAHLER'S *FIRST*)

Gustav Mahler was in his youth an omnivorous reader of the romantic literature of early nineteenth century Germany. He was particularly fascinated by "thrillers," such as the weird tales of E. T. A. Hoffmann, the great continental forerunner of our own prince of story-tellers, Edgar Allan Poe. Yet his early letters and compositions seem to indicate that none of his pre-symphonic reading made a more powerful impression upon him than Jean Paul's\* ponderous fusion of drollery, sentiment, and erudition, *Titan*. Originally published in 1800, and bearing (to meet the popular demand of that day) the deceiving subtitle *A Romance*, it long survived the vast bulk of contemporaneous exotic literature, attaining a certain vogue even in England and America as late as the 'Sixties.\*\* Thus in Mahler's boyhood days the book was regarded as a minor universal classic.

For a period of ten years, between its obscure world premiere at Budapest in 1889 and its publication in 1899, Mahler's *First Symphony* was known to the music-world as *Titan: A Symphonic Poem in Two Sections*. It was under that nomenclature that Richard Strauss had it performed at the Tonkuenstlerfest at Weimar in 1894. When the futile war between the adherents of *absolute* and *program* music broke out in fresh bitterness and confusion after this performance Mahler fled precipitately from the camp of the programites exclaiming that he had been completely misunderstood; that there was in reality no *program* or story connected with his music. Subsequently ample corroboration of his protest appeared in permanent form, for the printed score of the work revealed a symphony in the traditional four movements, definitely giving the lie to that initial mystifying description "symphonic poem".

In 1909, as the world-famous conductor of the *New York Philharmonic*, Mahler decided to introduce this symphony to America. The noted critic, Krehbiel, who was the program annotator upon that occasion, knowing well that the composer was violently opposed to all literary props for his music, nevertheless did not hesitate to lay open an old wound by asking him for the "story" of the symphony. The flat refusal which met his repeated requests was readily interpreted by the critic as a personal slight.† The merest acquaintance with the facts of Mahler's life would have shown Krehbiel that every decision he made in questions of art was actuated only by unswerving devotion to his ideals. The tragic sequel to the petty aggravations heaped upon the composer thereafter by the critic and other Americans who would not understand him reflected only too clearly his thoroughly martyr-like character, for realizing the shattered condition of his health, Mahler might have prolonged his life by assuming the mask of amiability which a superficial world demands even of its great geniuses. The heart-rending *Heiligenstaedter Testament* of Beethoven is one of the most overwhelming arraignment of this

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\*Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.

\*\*An English translation by Charles T. Brooks appeared in 1862.

†Krehbiel included the following statement among the "regretful" remarks he printed in the program: "All writings about music, even those of musicians themselves, he (Mahler) holds to be injurious to musical enjoyment."

phase of life's cruelty. Mahler's reply to the world was stoical silence, a proud stillness no less eloquent than the profound silence he imposed upon those who contritely accompanied his coffin to the grave.

Almost a quarter of a century has gone by since the American premiere of Mahler's *Titan Symphony*. It has been performed here several times since, once even at the Stadium Concerts under Mr. Van Hoogstraten. Its first fair test for the new generation, under irreproachable conditions, will take place early this season when the world's foremost Mahler disciple, Bruno Walter, will give it several successive hearings at Carnegie Hall, the superb New York Philharmonic orchestra assisting.

The critics will once more search the records in vain for descriptions of underlying meanings. Mahler's numerous European commentators, religiously adhering to the wishes of the composer, have avoided attaching any importance to the book *Titan* in connection with the *First Symphony*, as though the deed were tantamount to blasphemy. At the peril of a breach of good taste, the present writer, although he fully agrees with the composer that a serious work should be first heard only for its poetic, emotional quality, ventures to suggest that no one desirous of fathoming the soul of this symphony can afford to ignore Jean Paul's *Titan*. A single passage, typical of the rhapsodical character that dominates the more than one thousand closely printed pages of the book, will suffice to show that affinity between the *Romance* and the *Symphony* which Mahler so long affirmed and never completely denied.\*

"—My winged skiff glided lightly through green rosy splendor and through soft, musical murmuring of a long flower-fragrance, into an immense radiant morning-land.

"What a broad, bright, enchanted Eden! A clear, glad morning sun, with no tears of night, expanded with an encircling rose-wreath, looked toward me and rose no higher. Up and down sparkled the meadows, bright with morning dew. 'Love's tears of joy lie down below there,' sang the hermits overhead on the long, sweeping worlds, 'and we, too, will shed them.' I flew to the shore, where honey bloomed, while on the other bloomed wine; and as I went, my gayly decorated little skiff, with broad flowers puffed out for sails, followed, dancing after me over the waves. I went into high blooming woods, where noon and night dwelt side by side, and into green vales full of flower-twilights, and up sunny heights, where blue days dwelt, and flew down again into the blooming skiff, and it floated on, deep in wave-lightnings, over precious stones, into the spring, to the rosy sun. All moved eastward, the breezes and the waves, and the butterflies and the flowers, which had wings, and the worlds overhead; and their giants sang down, 'We fondly look downward,—we fondly glide downward, to the land of love, to the golden land.'

"Then I saw my face in the waves, and it was a virgin's full of high rapture and love. And the brook flowed with me, now through wheat-fields; now through a little, fragrant night, through which the sun was seen behind sparkling glow-worms; now through a twilight, wherein warbled a golden nightingale. Now the sun arched the tears of joy into a rainbow, and I sailed through, and behind me they sank down again, burning like dew. I drew nearer to the sun, and he wore already the harvest-wreath. 'It is already noon' sang the hermits over my head.

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\*The following passage is taken from the translation by Brooks, vol. II, pp. 169 ff. The translator chose his phraseology with a view to retaining the flavor of the original.

"Slowly, as bees over honey-pastures, swam the thronging clouds in the dark blue, over the divine region. From the mountain-ridge a milky-way arched over, which sank into the sun. Bright lands unrolled themselves. Harps of light, strung with rays, rang in the fire; a triling of three thunders agitated the land. A ringing storm-rain of dew and radiance filled with glitter the wide Eden; it dissolved in drops, like a sweeping ecstasy. Pastoral songs floated through the pure blue air, and a few lingering, rosy clouds danced out of the tempest after the tones. Then the near morning-sun looked faintly out of a pale lily-garland, and the hermits sang up there, 'O Bliss, O Bliss! the evening blooms!' There was stillness and twilight. The worlds held themselves in silence round the sun, and encircled him with their fair giants, resembling the human form, but higher and holier. As on the earth the noble form of man creeps downward by the dark mirror-chain of animal life, so did it, overhead there, mount up along a line of pure, bright, free gods, sent from God. The worlds touched the sun, and dissolved upon it; the sun, too, fell to pieces, in order to flow down into the land of love, and became a sea of radiance. Then the fair gods and the fair goddesses stretched out their arms towards each other, and touched each other, trembling for love; but, like vibrating strings, they disappeared from sight in their blissful trembling, and their being became only an invisible melody; and the tones sang to each other, 'I am with thee, and am with God'; and others sang, 'The sun was with God.'

"Then the golden fields glistened with innumerable tears of joy, which had fallen during the invisible embrace; eternity grew still, and the breezes slept, and only the lingering, rosy light of the dissolved sun softly stirred the flowers.

"I was alone, looked round, and my lonely heart longed dyingly for a death. Then the white world with the veil passed slowly up the milky-way; like a soft moon, it still glimmered a little; then it sank down from heaven upon the holy land, and melted away upon the ground; only the high veil remained, then the veil withdrew itself into the ether, and an exalted, godlike virgin, great as the other goddesses, stood upon the earth and in heaven. All rosy radiance of the swimming sun collected in her, and she burned in a robe of evening-red. All invisible voices addressed her, and asked, 'Who is the Father of men, and their Mother, and their Brother, and their Sister, and their Lover, and their Beloved, and their Friend?' The virgin lifted steadfastly her blue eye, and said, 'It is God!'"

Too much time and space has been devoted to speculating upon Mahler the prophet, the philosopher, the student of life. All this artificially induced cogitation has proven detrimental to the general understanding of Mahler's music. Even Paul Bekker in concluding his monumental task, that first comprehensive book on Mahler's symphonies,\* wonders whether Mahler the artist was not a victim of extra-musical influences that should not have been permitted to intrude upon his musical expression. That the instrumental portions of his work are interrupted now and then by texts rendered by singing voices is insufficient foundation for this doubt; for if these texts seem to some analysts to be didactic, or evangelistic, or what not, let it not be forgotten that Beethoven's *Hymn to Joy*, any symphonist's eternal license to use voices and

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\*Gustav Mahler's *Sinfonien*, Berlin, 1921.

verses in his work, is in essence nothing less than an ecstatic sermon to all humanity.

For those, however, who will not take their Mahler without a dose of "philosophy," the *Titan* of Jean Paul offers the opportunity for a Gargantuan satiety. Several generations ago a French critic described the book as follows:

"It is a poem, a romance; a psychological resume, a satire, an elegy, a drama, a fantasy; having for theme and text the enigma of civilization.

"How is it to end, this civilization which exaggerates alike intellectual and industrial power at the expense of the life of the soul,—wholly factitious, theatrical,—intoxicating, consuming itself with pleasure, seeking everywhere new enjoyments,—exploring all the secrets of nature, without being able to penetrate the first causes, the secrets of God,—what will be the fate of these generations' supersaturated with romances, dramas, journals, with science, ambition, with vehement aspirations after the unknown and impossible? . . .

"In augmenting the sum of its desires, will it augment the sum of its happiness? Is it not going to increase immensely its capacity of suffering?

"Will it not be the giant that scales heaven—

"And that falls crushed to death?

"Titan!"

### GABRILOWITSCH ON BRUCKNER AND MAHLER

The following is a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Bruckner Society by Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the renowned conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra:

"The symphonies of Mahler and Bruckner are among the most important contributions to symphonic literature of the last sixty years. It is a fact much to be deplored that these epoch-making compositions have so far found so little popularity and general understanding in America where, as a rule, the public is so receptive and open-minded toward new important musical compositions.

"The Bruckner Society of America is doing a great service in helping to popularize the compositions of the above named two masters of the symphony. There are already indications that our audiences are beginning to realize the true value of these works.

"I wish the Bruckner Society the greatest and speediest success in the excellent work it has undertaken."

### MAHLER'S SIXTH AT LAST!

American music-lovers who have long yearned in vain for an opportunity to hear the dreaded *Sixth (Tragic) Symphony* of Mahler are due for a pleasant surprise this season, according to a communication just addressed to the Bruckner Society by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky. It seems now that the man who gave us our first chance to experience the greatness of Mahler's *Ninth*, two season's ago, is seriously preparing to give the composer's *Sixth* its sadly belated American premiere. In this case, certainly, better late than never. Much credit is due this true artist, the dauntless leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose continued espousal of the cause of neglected and *tabu* masterworks has won for him a preeminent position among the symphonic conductors of our country.

## NEW LIGHT ON MAHLER

On June 4, 1933, *Das Neue Wiener Journal* published a hitherto unknown letter written by Gustav Mahler from Toblach in 1905 to his wife, Alma Maria, at that time convalescing at Levico. The communication, of especial importance because of the interesting light it casts upon the composer's philosophy of life, reads as follows:  
My Almscherl:

Yesterday your dear letter did not come until the afternoon (I always go in person to fetch the second mail) and I was getting really worried.

Your moods (this time induced by a dream) seem to me easily explicable, for *I myself* have been subject to them a thousand times. This confession may amaze you, but it may at the same time serve to reassure you, and perhaps even give you the clue to your own self.

Humanity (yes, all existence) is perpetually creative. In every phase of life the creative process goes unconsciously on, being the very essence of corporeal existence. When the creative power fails dissolution follows, and life must await re-creation in some new form.

On that plane of life, to which beings of a higher order belong, creation (which in the case of most, naturally, means mere reproduction) is not unconscious. It is psychologically complex, involving a distinct consciousness of the *ego* and making exacting demands upon the inner or moral being. Hence all the restlessness and discontent to which higher beings are subject. There are only brief moments in the life of a genius when these inner demands are fulfilled, while long periods of unfulfilment burden his consciousness with the weight of impossible longing and vain striving. It is this endless, and truly painful striving that dominates and shapes the life of these few.

Perhaps you will now guess or know my views on the external productions of man: that they are but his fleeting, mortal expressions. Only what he makes of himself, what he becomes through ceaseless living and striving, is permanent. In this sense, my dear Almschi, you already possess all that is necessary for the development of soul and character. And you still have a long life before you. Employ more and more these inner powers of yours (as you certainly do!). Make as much spiritual beauty and strength *a part of yourself* as possible. (None of us can do more than this—and none but the elect.) Grow spiritually, cultivate beauty and goodness, and always keep growing (for such is the nature of true creation) and be convinced, just as I have always preached to you, that whatsoever we leave behind us at the end is only skin, shell, etc. The *Meistersinger*, the *Ninth*, *Faust*, all are only cast-off shells! No more, if regarded basically, than our bodies!

Of course, I do not mean to say that creative work is superfluous. It is necessary for human beings as a means of attaining inner growth and *joy*, this being also a true sign of health and creative power. Nor must this "creation" take the form of musical composition. How often have I seen you attain that joyful mood so well known to me! Most recently, down there in the Prater. . . . Above all, regain your health, and then creation will come of itself, in one form or another—and joy.

The piano came yesterday from Boesendorfer, a magnificent, brand new grand. You will be happy when you see it. I have moved down to the ground floor where I now find it wonderfully mild. Yesterday I

wrote to Fraenkel, Credit Lyonnais! Is the address correct? I have not ventured into the "little house" as yet. It is always so exciting for me to take it over that I have not as yet found the strength to do so.

A thousand greetings, my Almschi.

Gustav.

I shall tell you more about Gucki soon.

In a recent number of the Viennese newspaper "Der Tag" Dr. Alfred Rosenzweig published through the courtesy of Mrs. Alma Maria Mahler, a sketch revealing Mahler's initial conception of the *Eighth Symphony*. The sketch, a single leaf in the handwriting of the master, presents Mahler's original plan of the work, and is dated August 1906. In the upper right hand corner appears the following:

1. *Veni Creator*
2. *Caritas*
3. *Weihnachtsspiele mit dem Kindlein (Scherzo)*  
(Christmas Games with the Little Child)
4. *Schoepfung durch Eros (Hymne)*  
(Creation through Eros)

One may conclude from this that Mahler at first wished to give the symphony the traditional four movements. On the twenty-lined musical page there are five three and four-staved "systems." Of these the first presents the beginning of a slow movement in B-minor (either from the *Caritas* or the introduction to the *Veni Creator*.) On the other lines one recognizes the famous main theme of the first movement (in #F-major) together with sketches of some of its contrapuntal possibilities. This manuscript, so extremely important for all Mahler research, bears the following dedication by the composer to his wife:

"8. *Symphony—Aug. 1906—the first inspiration—  
preserved for my Almschl—spiritus creator.*"

—WILLI REICH, Vienna

## "23"—A VIENNESE MUSICAL MAGAZINE

With its first issue for the season 1933-1934, "23", the most progressive monthly musical magazine published in Europe enters its third year of existence. It is a periodical devoted entirely to contributions (hitherto anonymous) by leading critics, composers, and musical aestheticians of the younger generation. Published in Vienna, now, perhaps more than ever before the continental music centre, it has clung fast to its unbiased ideal, the presentation of authoritative musical opinion totally free from commercial, political, and racial prejudice. The name of the editor, Mr. Willi Reich of Vienna, the only concrete clue we have to the personnel conducting the destinies of this magazine, is one commanding great respect among the circle of Europe's outstanding music-critics. *Chord and Discord* owes to the generous cooperation of Mr. Reich the important article in the present issue entitled "New Light on Mahler." Mr. Reich was one of the leading spirits responsible for that remarkable series of concerts "for musicians by musicians" given at Strassburg last August (See Footnote on page 4). "23" has grown to be a real power in the musical life of the Austrian capital. It accepts no advertisements, for obvious reasons inseparably connected with its policy. Every musical library desirous of giving its readers an unprejudiced view of the progress of the art in troubled Europe should subscribe to it. Subscriptions may be addressed to Willi Reich, Wien I, Hohenstaufen gasse 10, Austria.

## MAHLER'S SECOND: A VERDICT OF 1933

*Editor's Note:* The author of this article is nineteen years old, but it is not his youth alone that authorizes him to speak for the coming generation. As a student of Columbia University he was music-critic of the college daily, *The Spectator*, in which he gave constant expression to the broad point-of-view characteristic of the "new audience" which he addresses and for which he speaks. He is a rising musician, thoroughly familiar with the orchestral language and the problems of musical esthetics. He lectures frequently on musical subjects and is already well known in New York for his contributions to general musical appreciation for children.

Twenty-nine years ago Dr. Walter Damrosch introduced the music of Gustav Mahler to America with a performance of the *Fourth Symphony*, in New York. At that time the members of the press launched an attack upon the work, damning and condemning it from every conceivable angle. This over-impulsive initial reaction towards Mahler seems to have made an unforgettable impression upon most of the reviewers of that day, for many a year went by before he was granted an unprejudiced hearing. At each American premiere of his works thereafter (until this writing only the *Sixth Symphony*, the unfinished *Tenth* and *Das Klagende Lied* have not been performed here) most of the critics echoed the notices which appeared in 1904, instead of re-weighing those snap judgments in the only true balance, the evidence of the scores themselves. The indomitable devotion of Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Walter has done much to change all this, though even to-day one cannot help wondering at times whether some of the critics have not succumbed completely to the temptation of rehashing the vociferous damnations of their forerunners rather than go to the trouble of forming their own, unbiased, first-hand conclusions concerning this most abused and misunderstood of all giant symphonists.

This unsatisfactory state of affairs, we submit, has existed entirely too long. America is no longer in its musical infancy. We of the new musical generation reject the dogmas of the antiquated theorists to the effect that poetry and grandeur cannot exist except in the accepted forms established by Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms. It must be kept in mind that these dogmas are curiously reminiscent of similar stereotyped ideas which permeated the early critical reactions to Wagner and Strauss. Such irrelevant terms (characteristic of the symphonic language in the straight-laced days of Krehbiel) as *excessive length*, *banality*, *lack of originality* and *bombast* still hold favored places in the lexicon of our musical reviewers. Even the most rabid of anti-Mahlerite critics now admit that the almost complete suppression of Mahler's music that was in effect until most recently, has denied us the enjoyment of much that is magnificent in modern musical literature.

Lately a new generation of critics, conductors, and audiences has come to the front in America with the result that there has been a Mahler revival in the larger cities of the nation. In New York City, Bruno Walter conducted the *Fifth Symphony* in 1932 and the *Second Symphony* early this year. The grand ovation given him by the audience after the performance of the mighty *Second* announced in no uncertain language the triumph scored by Mahler in spite of his entrenched antagonists. What caused so complete an about-face in the attitude of the listeners? It was the verdict of a new generation, an audience which, for the most part, heard the music unbiased, an audience completely unhampered by predisposed worries as to symphonic idiom, texture, form, and structure. It listened with open mind and ear, allowing the music to speak for itself.

This writer is unfamiliar with the *Fifth Symphony*, but can speak of the *Second* with some authority, having made a close study of the score after becoming fascinated by it upon a first hearing. This symphony is replete with passages reflecting profundity of contemplation, passages which (as he has since learned, through the medium of recordings,) are truly characteristic of Mahler. The *Second Symphony* concerns a "death-celebration" and according to Gabriel Engel in his book, "Gustav Mahler—Song Symphonist," the music queries, "Why has the hero lived and suffered? Is death life's most magnificent step towards fulfilment?" Following this first contemplation of death, the composer narrates certain episodes in the life of the hero, and when he feels that a sufficient number of his deeds have been recounted, he returns to his previous cogitation of Death and the Hereafter, concluding the symphony with a jubilant *Resurrection Chorus*.

To me the second movement, *Andante Moderato*, seems the most ingenious part of the symphony. It opens with a theme quite Haydn-like in character, appearing in the musical dress of the eighteenth century. Yet, scarcely has one realized this fact, when Mahler has whisked the theme into a dress more properly becoming that of a young debutante of the present day. But no sooner has he done this, when with the turn of the conductor's wand the music appears again in the bustle and hoop of the charming court days of old. Then another lightning change occurs, this time again revealing the theme in an entirely different setting. In this manner Mahler takes a single theme and as if by magic transfers it from one design to another, in the very ears of the listener, so to speak.

A more realistic episode is described in the third section of the symphony. Here Mahler has set the music to the text of *St. Anthony's Sermon To The Fishes*, a fragment from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. Perhaps St. Anthony himself is the dead hero and the movement not just an allegory. Whatever the case may be, it aptly portrays the commonness and vulgarity of the ignorant. The hero attempts to address the rabble in noble language, but must soon disgustedly admit defeat. The "poor fish" resist all attempts to teach them. They seem to be perfectly satisfied with their misery and ignorance.

The addition of the human voice to the fourth and fifth movements adds greatly to the grandeur of the work. The prayer, contralto solo, to the "Urlicht" prepares the way for the fifth movement with its proclamation of the judgment day and the final resurrection of the hero's soul, sung by the chorus. Thus having blazed the way aloft, Mahler ascends to the mountain top. The resurrection music bursts forth, swelling into a paean celebrating the omnipotence of the Almighty.

From the point-of-view of symphonic architecture, as well as content, this work is a tremendous achievement. Its inner girders of steel are supplemented by a beautiful exterior design, rich with warm colorings. Some of New York's music-critics have intimated in their reviews that Mahler was preoccupied chiefly with the fine exterior, but that internally the music was weak and pretentious. One musical pundit even went so far as to call the symphony "soap-box oratory." But to the unsophisticated listener the foundation of the work is no less mighty than the superstructure is gorgeous. Its content is Mahler's profound conception; its exterior his extraordinary skill.

Musical thought as deep and powerful as Mahler's could not fail to find noble and gigantic expression in the hands of so superb a craftsman. In spite of its super-worldly character, this symphony sings with a sincerity which moves the heart. It breathes eloquence throughout, whether in

the fortissimo passages for full ensemble or pianissimo passages for woodwinds. Such expression cannot be branded as grandiloquent. It embraces the great human elements of understanding and pity.

We, (the new audience) have now met this master-builder and want to hear more and more of his works performed. Our foremost conductors have long desired a majority of such listeners as we are in the concert-hall. To them we say, "On to new, broader fields. Never mind the gray-beards, their day is done. The new musical generation is heart and soul behind your endeavors to give Mahler, Bruckner, Schoenberg, and any other composers of such calibre a fair hearing."

—ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER

### SOME IMPORTANT PERFORMANCES

{1933-1934}

Bruckner: VII Symphony; Boston Symphony; Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor

VIII Symphony; New York Philharmonic Society; Bruno Walter, conductor. (One performance will be broadcast over a nation-wide chain.)

Mahler: I Symphony; New York Philharmonic; Bruno Walter. (One performance will be broadcast.)

VI Symphony (American Premiere); Boston Symphony; Dr. Serge Koussevitzky; or

IX Symphony if the orchestral "parts" of the *Sixth (Tragic)* Symphony, are not available.

Arturo Toscanini's great interest in the original version of Bruckner's *Ninth* has aroused much expectation concerning the possibility of attending the American Premiere of that mighty symphony under his famous baton in the near future.

### FIRST AMERICAN PERFORMANCES OF BRUCKNER

#### SYMPHONIES

I—Unperformed.

II—Philadelphia, 1902 (Fritz Scheel) Chicago, February 20, 1903 (Thomas)

III—New York, December 6, 1885 (Anton Seidl)

IV—New York, 1887 (Anton Seidl)

V—Boston, December 27, 1901 (Gericke)

VI—New York, November 21, 1912 (Stransky)

VII—Chicago, July 29, 1886 (Thomas)

VIII—New York, November 28, 1919 (Stransky)

IX—Chicago, February 19, 1904 (Thomas)

#### OTHER WORKS

Quintet—Chicago, January 24, 1899; Milwaukee, February 1900

Mass in D Minor—Unperformed

Mass in E Minor—Unperformed

Mass in F Minor—Cincinnati, July 15, 1900 (Church of St. Francis de Sales)

New York, October 25, 1931 (Friends of Music—Bodanzky)

Te Deum—Cincinnati, May 1892 (Thomas)

## THE COMPLETE BRUCKNERITE

*Max Auer: Leben und Werk Anton Bruckners; Intern. Bruckner Gesellschaft. Wissenschaftlicher Verlag, Wien, 1933.*

With the approach of the centennial of Bruckner's birth in 1924 a tremendous interest in the details of his life and work sprang up among the music-lovers of Austria and Germany. Besides the biographies of the composer by Rudolf Louis and Franz Graeflinger, both of which passing years had stamped as inaccurate, there existed at the moment no comprehensive objective record of Bruckner and his achievement either for the student or the layman. Ernst Decsey's fine Bruckner book was clearly the enthusiastic expression of a poet's love for the master's music, but as a first word for the layman unfamiliar with the circumstances of the symphonist's life it was characterized by the disadvantages inevitably involved in a rambling, rhapsodical, literary manner.

Therefore, the publication of Professor Max Auer's straightforward, richly illustrated one-volume book on the subject by the Amalthea Verlag of Vienna in 1923 was particularly timely. The swiftness with which the original edition was absorbed by the music-lovers and libraries of the whole world was ample proof of this fact. The next year or two brought a great number of new books on Bruckner, ranging from deep, monumental studies by Ernst Kurth and Alfred Orel to the succinct, synoptical accounts by Karl Grunsky and Georg Graener. All these treatises were destined to yield in one respect or another to the definitive, authorized biography of Bruckner the materials for which August Goellerich had begun to gather as early as 1891. To-day the final two parts of this gigantic work which will be complete in seven volumes, (four volumes of text, three of music) are in the press. The actual preparation of the whole work has been in the hands of Professor Auer, for at the death of Goellerich only the first volume was ready for publication.

The past decade has added immeasurably to the world's understanding of Bruckner. Music-lovers, musicians, and estheticians are now co-operating whole-heartedly in the effort to bring about the universal love and recognition that is due Bruckner's great contribution to the spiritual treasury of mankind. Because of this change in the general attitude of the world towards the great symphonist, Professor Auer has decided that the time is again ripe for the issue of his comprehensive, objective one-volume account, now long out of print. The revised edition, enlarged to a text portion of 478 pages and a musical supplement of 86 pages, contains in addition to the contents of the original edition all the hitherto unknown information of importance revealed in the gigantic Goellerich-Auer work, reproduces in full, for the first time anywhere, a boyhood organ-prelude of the master, and records the world's organized cult of Bruckner until the present day, not even omitting the humble part played in the general cause by America's own Bruckner Society and this very journal, *Chord and Discord*.

Every general library and every serious music-lover with a working knowledge of the German language should own a copy of this attractive book.



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This monograph . . . tells in an entertaining fashion its story of the composer's long struggle for recognition and makes out an impressive case for him as the successor of Beethoven.

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*.

(Price, 50 cents plus 5 cents postage)

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It is perhaps the best life of Mahler extant . . . The reading public owes a debt of gratitude to the Bruckner Society for issuing this comprehensive brochure; it tells all that is necessary and it is informative.

—HARVEY GAUL, *Pittsburgh Post Gazette*.

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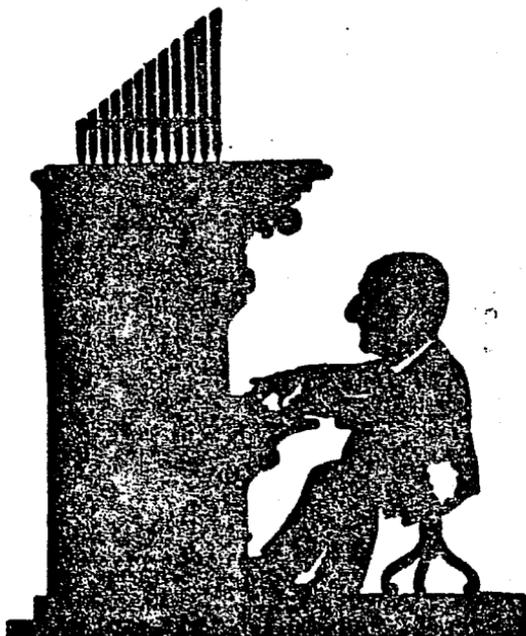
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With Silhouettes by Hans Schliessmann, and a profusion of musical illustrations from the works of the composer. The article *Tomerl Turns Corner*. This is an excerpt from the opening chapter of the book.)

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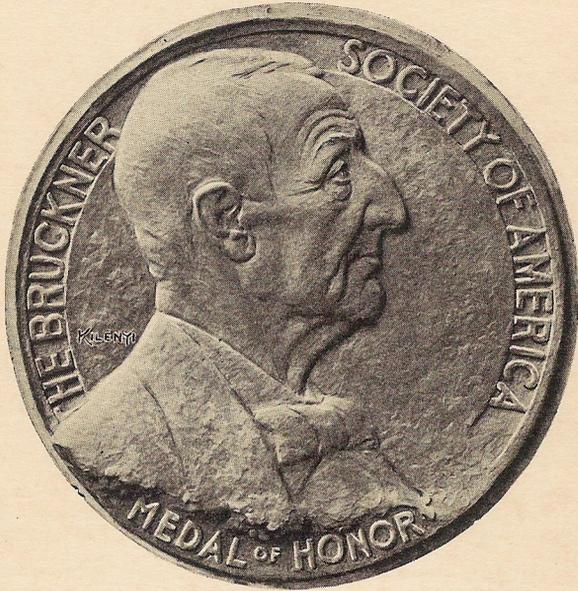
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# Chord and Discord



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BRUCKNERIAD: A SYMPHONIC ODYSSEY

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MAHLER'S ART: A NEW SURVEY

MUSICAL VIENNA TO-DAY

MOZART AS A MUSIC DRAMATIST

SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

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March 1934

1#5

# CHORD AND DISCORD

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Vol. 1, No. 5

## BRUCKNERIAD: A SYMPHONIC ODYSSEY

### I. ALLEGRO: STORM AND STRESS

1864—Anton Bruckner, organist, forty years old, and residing in the Upper Austrian provincial city of Linz, composes his first major work, the *Mass in D Minor*. Through his young orchestration-teacher, Otto Kitzler, conductor at the Linz theatre, he has come to know something of the fiery style of Richard Wagner, the master of the so-called "New Order" (Neue Richtung) in music, but this acquaintance is still restricted to the score of *Tannhaeuser*. In fact Bruckner's enthusiasm for Wagner's music is so limited at this stage that Kitzler urges him in vain to attend a Wagner performance during a sojourn in Vienna.

1865—Bruckner begins to compose his *First Symphony, C Minor*, in reality his third attempt in the great instrumental form. The marked "Storm-and-Stress" character of this work reflects clearly the tremendous inner struggle that is raging in Bruckner's soul at this time, compelling him to seek the opinion of the highest musical authority in the world.

Armed with the still incomplete score of his new symphony he travels to Munich, Europe's musical storm centre and finds the city in the throes of the preparation for the greatest artistic event of the century, the world-premiere of *Tristan*. He introduces himself to Buelow, then only thirty-five, and still unembittered and approachable.

Describing this incident in later years to his biographer, August Goellerich, Bruckner said:

Buelow examined my *C Minor Symphony* with great interest, giving alternate expression to his admiration of its beautiful ideas (as he styled them) and to his astonishment at the daring craftsmanship it displayed. "How splendid!" he exclaimed at one passage, and "What daring!" at another. At a certain particularly bold trombone passage he suddenly called out. "Ha, this is dramatic!" I said, "It's nothing out of the ordinary". Later I introduced myself to the master (Richard Wagner) who proved unusually kind and friendly towards me, seeming to take a liking to me at once. When Buelow told him about my symphony the master also asked to see it, but I did not have the courage to show it to him. Why, I could not even bring myself to sit down in his presence, at first, but he was reassuringly congenial and invited me to join his circle every evening. And so it went during the whole two weeks I remained there, waiting for the postponed *Tristan* performance. When, at the expiration of this time, Frau Schnorr (*Isolde*) was still ailing, I decided to return to Linz, although Wagner urged me to stay and wait. Somewhat later the premiere of *Tristan* did take place, but I could not obtain permission to return to Munich before the third performance. Wagner was very glad to see me and thanked me personally for having come again, but I did not dare show him any composition of mine even then.

1866—Bruckner finishes the *First Symphony* and composes his second great mass (*E Minor*). Overwork, discouragement due to continued neglect, his first unhappy love-affair, and the general hopelessness of the outlook for his artistic future bring about a total nervous collapse.

1867—On the verge of threatening insanity he is sent to Bad Kreuzen in the care of a priest. Thankful for his rescue from a horrible fate he composes his third, last, and greatest mass (*F Minor*).

1868—Filled with new hope he takes up cheerfully his duties as conductor of the "Frohsinn" singing society of Linz. Planning to make an approaching Festival Concert of the organization a sensational success he suggests that the Committee appeal to Richard Wagner for an original composition suited to their needs. He encloses a note of his own with the official request. Wagner answers Bruckner as follows:

I address myself to you, both to convey my thanks for your very friendly note and to ask you to tell the gentlemen of the "Frohsinn" how glad their warm message of encouragement has made me. I should be very happy indeed to accede to their request for an appropriate composition of mine for male chorus, but, as you must realize, a work of such a nature is scarcely to be found among my compositions. Still, after thinking the matter over, since you mention a Festival Concert with an assisting orchestra and female chorus, I believe I can offer you something that will be quite to the point. It is the closing section of my latest dramatic work, *Die Meistersinger*.

This is a Bass Solo, very grateful, without being really difficult, and requires, in addition, the full chorus and orchestra. Write to Fr. Schott, Mainz, for a copy of the piano arrangement, two acts of which are now ready, with the third soon to follow. Most likely, the engraving of the orchestral score of the Third Act is also sufficiently far advanced to make it possible for you to get hold of a proof copy of the section you will need. If not, ask Choir-Master Hans Richter of the Munich Court Theatre to obtain a copy for you.

The section I mean begins with the words "Verachtet mir die Meister nicht." ("Scorn not the masters".) Please announce to the executive committee of the "Frohsinn" that I accept with much pleasure the Honorary Membership to which they have elected me and shall look forward with real interest to any further communication from the Society. With most sincere, friendly regards, I remain,

Faithfully,  
Richard Wagner.

Munich, Jan. 31, 1868.

Thus it came about that the world-premiere of the last scene of *Meistersinger* took place at a rustic festival in Upper Austria, under Anton Bruckner's baton.

1868—Bruckner's *First Symphony* receives its first performance, at the Redoutensaal, Linz, the composer conducting, May 9. Encouraged by this success, but convinced that his future progress requires a wider sphere of artistic activity, he plans to secure a position as organist or conductor in some musical capital. Good friends use their influence in his behalf in Vienna. His secret longing is to live and work in Munich, the city of Wagner, the center of the "New Order," of which he (Bruckner) feels himself a part. He appeals to Buelow for help:

Please forgive me, Baron, for annoying you with a humble plea now, when every moment must be as precious as gold to Your Excellency. I am compelled to do this because of most urgent circumstances.

I have been fortunate enough to achieve fame as an organist in my country. In Vienna people say I am the best organist in Austria. As a pupil of Sechter I have a certificate conferring upon me the right to teach in conservatories. I have composed several Grand Masses, the first of which was given in the Court Chapel at Vienna with such great success that a second performance was at once ordered by the imperial authority.

Your Excellency showed me the graciousness, a few years ago, of looking over some parts of my *C Minor Symphony*. Would you now be so kind as to answer this question of mine in strict confidence? Should my merit be overlooked in my own country (for I cannot stay in Linz forever) would it not be possible for me, through your own and Mr. Wagner's influence, to be granted an audience by the King, so that by playing for His Majesty I may gain his consideration for a position as Court Organist or Assistant Conductor, either in the church or the theatre, I do not care which, so long as I receive a somewhat more generous remuneration than I do at present? Or would this be impossible just now? Mr. von (sic!) Wagner who recently wrote so encouragingly to me would, I am sure, do anything he could to help me. Please tell him about this letter and let me know what he thinks, in addition to your own personal reaction. And if the plan should be possible, how great an annual

salary may I hope for? I await your answer with the utmost suspense. I beg you most earnestly to keep this inquiry of mine a deep secret, and particularly not to breathe a word of it to anyone from Vienna.

Will the third and last performance (*Meisteringer*) take place on the twenty-ninth of this month? If it is at all possible I shall go to Munich to hear the grand work in the company of my magnificent friend and hero, Wagner. I send you my congratulations and deepest respect. I await your gracious answer.

Anton Bruckner.

Linz, June 20, 1868.

Had Buelow and Wagner immediately sent Bruckner a favorable reply, not only would the symphonist have been forever lost to Austria, but the entire character of his art would probably have taken the wildly revolutionary path blazed by his *First Symphony*. Vienna spoke promptly and two weeks after the above letter Bruckner was appointed Professor of Harmony, Counterpoint, and the Organ at the famous conservatory in that city. For several years he yielded to the misguided, though friendly, advice of Eduard Hanslick, arch-critic, and Court Conductor Herbeck, who urged him to concentrate upon a career as organ virtuoso, telling him that if he must compose he should do so "sanely," practically, in short, conservatively. Bruckner heeded them, with the result that he was enabled to celebrate triumphs as a virtuoso in Nancy and Paris in 1869, and in London, at several concerts at the Albert Hall and the Crystal Palace, in 1871. In this "sane" mood he began his *Second Symphony*, a work spiritually inferior to his *First*. The high priests of music in Vienna now looked upon him with real respect. Even the coveted gates of the Viennese Philharmonic Society, that anti-Wagnerian bulwark of conservatism, were thrown open to him. His *F Minor Mass* had already been performed at the Augustinerkirche, and the long, gradual, but safe road to academic laurels that spelled wordly success as surely as it boded extinction to his genius seemed to beckon. He sensed this and in his perplexity clung desperately to his ideal of freedom of artistic expression as he saw it embodied in the brilliant music-dramas of Wagner. The progress of this inner conflict inevitably brought him into open schism with the Viennese forces of conservatism. Hanslick's report of the *F Minor Mass* already contains a hint of the unpopularity that was soon to engulf the name of Bruckner:

Bruckner's *F Minor Mass* commands attention because of its artistic counterpoint and fine fugal technique, as well as its numerous passages of individual beauty. In style and conception (aside from its gigantic dimensions and its great technical difficulties) it points to the *Missa Solemnis* as its model and reveals the powerful influence of Richard Wagner.

—Eduard Hanslick, *Neue Freie Presse*, June 29, 1871.

Although the very name of Wagner had by that time become anathema to all Viennese musicians, Bruckner was too naive and honest to be able long to conceal the spirit of utter worship which he harbored toward the master. Only during his vacation days at Linz had he hitherto dared to give free rein to his true feelings. An incident related by one of the members of the "Froshinn" clearly shows that the opinion of Wagner in musical matters had never ceased to be the supreme one for Bruckner. The time was the summer of 1871:

On one occasion Bruckner, being also bound for Kremsmuenster, where we were to give a concert in the garden of the "Kaiser Max," made the trip by carriage with us, for there was as yet no railroad along that stretch. Suddenly, during an intermission, he threw off his coat, and asking Choir-master Weissgaerber to take care of it for him, disappeared. When the program was over and it was time to think of returning home there was still no Bruckner to be seen. Knowing that he wished to remain there for a day or two as guest of the monastery we handed his coat over to a servant of that institution and went to the market-place where our carriages stood. Just as we were about to start off Bruckner came running up in his shirt-sleeves and, his face beaming with happiness, asked us to follow

him into Fuxjaeger's Tavern. There he climbed upon a table and in a voice shaking with emotion read out to us a letter that had just arrived from Richard Wagner, in which the master praised highly an original composition Bruckner had sent him. Everyone present shouted with joy and crowded about Bruckner to catch a glimpse of Wagner's handwriting.

Bruckner finished his *Second Symphony* in 1872 and, without waiting for a performance or criticism, launched upon a new symphony, a work which he determined to imbue with the unhampered, heroic spirit of the "New Order." With the sweeping power of this resolve he recaptured the flaming manner of his *First Symphony* and brought to it the added wisdom and mastery he had gained during the six year interim of struggle and study. As the score began to unfold beneath his pen he found inner peace and happiness, for he knew that in these pages the strength of his message was no longer marred by the doubts that beclouded the violent "Storm-and-Stress" of his *First Symphony*.

## II. ADAGIO: PER ASPERA

During his vacation in August and September of the following year he made his choice and determined to cast his lot openly with the "new school." With his *Second* and *Third* symphonies under his arm he went to Bayreuth, not merely to get Wagner's opinion of these works but to secure his public approval and support as a symphonist of significance. His highest hope was to obtain consent to dedicate a symphony to the "master of all masters," as Bruckner called Wagner. The details of this meeting with Wagner remained throughout Bruckner's life the proudest of his memories and he never tired of relating them. Like a child he continued to harp upon the fact, so incredibly wonderful to him, that the "divine genius" had declared a Bruckner symphony worthy of being coupled with his name. Any one of a great number of letters might be cited to present Bruckner's version of the story, but perhaps the one he wrote to Baron Hans von Wolzogen of Bayreuth in Sept. 1884 is the most characteristic:

It was sometime about the beginning of 1873 (for the Crown Prince Frederick was just then at Bayreuth) that I asked the master's permission to lay before him the score of my *Second* and *Third* symphonies. He complained of the press of time (theatre construction, etc.) saying that it was not only impossible for him to examine my music at that moment, but that he could not even give the score of the *Ring* any attention. I said, "Master, I know I have no right to deprive you of even a quarter of an hour, but I thought that for you an instant's glance would be sufficient to grasp the quality of my work. Then he tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Well, then, come on in." We entered the *salon* together and he opened the *Second Symphony*. "Yes, yes," he remarked, glancing through it hastily, and I could see that it seemed too tame to him (for they had at first succeeded in intimidating me at Vienna.) Then he began to look at the *Third* (in D Minor) and at once exclaimed, "Look! Look! Now, this is surprising!" and so he went carefully through the whole opening passage (he particularly remarked the trumpeter theme). Then he said, "Leave this score here; I want to look through it more thoroughly after dinner." (It was twelve o'clock.) "Shall I tell him now?" thought I and Wagner, sensing my hesitation, gazed inquiringly at me. Then with pounding heart, and trembling voice I said, "Master, there is something on my heart which I hardly dare to tell!" and he said quickly, "Out with it! Don't be afraid! You know how much I think of you." Thereupon I revealed my longing, adding that I wished permission for the dedication only if the master was really willing to grant it, for I feared above all to cast any unworthy reflection upon his sacred name. He replied, "Come and see me at Wahnfried at five this evening. Meanwhile I shall have examined your *D Minor Symphony* carefully and we shall then be able to decide this matter." At five sharp I entered Wahnfried and the master of all masters hurried forward to greet me, embracing me, while he exclaimed, "Dear friend, the dedication is truly appropriate; you have given me great joy with this symphony." For two and a half hours thereafter I had the happiness of sitting beside him while he spoke of the musical conditions in Vienna and continuously

served me with beer.\* Then he led me into the garden and showed me his grave!—I left Bayreuth the next day, and he wished me a pleasant journey, reminding me, "Remember, where the trumpet sounds the theme!"\*\*

During the years that followed, in Vienna and in Bayreuth, he would often ask me, "Has the symphony been performed? It must be performed. It must be performed."

In 1882, when he was already suffering from severe illness, he once took my hand, saying, "Don't worry. I myself will perform the symphony and all your works." Moved, I could only exclaim, "O master!" Then he asked, "Have you heard *Parsifal*? How do you like it?" And then, while he still held my hand, I knelt before him and pressing it to my lips, said, "O master, I worship you!" Then he said, "Be calm, Bruckner," and a moment later, "Good-night," and he left me. On the following day he sat behind me during the *Parsifal* performance and scolded me for applauding too loud.

The touching incident and the little humorous one that formed the latter part of this letter take us far ahead of our main story; yet they are of importance because they describe the last occasion upon which these two great figures ever met on earth. Wagner died shortly after, leaving to his zealous disciples the fulfilment of his promise to secure universal recognition for Bruckner's art.

In the meanwhile Bruckner, wildly happy because of Wagner's acceptance of the dedication, turned his gaze homeward toward beautiful Vienna, where he fully believed his star to be in the ascendant. He little dreamed that this moment of happiness was the prelude to thirteen years of a martyrdom of scorn and neglect such as have rarely if ever embittered the lives of any other great men in the history of art; and the grand dark climax of this ordeal was to be the premiere of this very *Wagner Symphony*, the saddest and most amazing first performance of a great work on record. But that is also some years ahead of our story.

Only a month after Bruckner's return from Bayreuth occurred one of the happiest events of his life, the initial performance of his *Second Symphony*. The executant orchestra was the mighty Viennese Philharmonic, perhaps the best instrumental organization in the world at that time. Bruckner conducted in person. Once more the critic Hanslick sang his praises of the rising Austrian composer, though he did not forget to inject a reminder of his previous warning against the evil Wagnerian influence perceptible in the work. Bruckner's own impression of the reception given the *Second Symphony* may be gathered from a letter he wrote to his old comrades of the "Froshinn" a few days afterwards in answer to the proud congratulations they had sent him upon his great success.

I am very grateful for your loyal interest in my progress. It makes me all the happier to feel, as one of you, that I have not disgraced the name of the Society. The highest tribute of all, completely unknown to the audience, was paid me after the concert, in the great reception-hall where the members of the Philharmonic Orchestra, who had played like gods, waited to give me an ovation which mere words cannot describe. It will remain the most memorable day of my life as an artist!

Shortly after this concert Hanslick must have heard about the new symphony Bruckner had dedicated to Wagner. In the next months Bruckner was given ample opportunity to know that any further progress for him in Vienna must be made against the hopeless odds of the same avalanche of opposition that the heroic Wagner was facing. The Vien-

\*For a detailed account of this humorous episode see *The Life of Anton Bruckner*, by Gabriel Engel, pp. 22-23.

\*\*Engel's *Wagner Kalendar* (the page devoted to Aug. 20) is a facsimile of Bruckner's question in his own handwriting, *Wo die Trompete das Thema beginnt?* and Wagner's signed answer, also in his own handwriting, *Ja, Ja! Herzlichste Gruesse*. This card is one of the most highly treasured possessions of the Wagner Verein in Vienna.

nese press, the Philharmonic, the Conservatory, these were obstacles such as seemed to lend only greater glory and invincibility to the supreme music-dramatist's conquering advance, but to the shy, helpless Bruckner they meant heart-breaking oblivion for many a year.

Bruckner, unaware of the new dark undercurrent that was forming, now reviewed his professional career and, modestly enough, concluded that he would be justified in seeking material promotion. In addition to the miserably paid professorship at the Conservatory which had lured him to Vienna six years previously, he had attained two subordinate positions the significance of which was practically limited to their mere titles. One was the post of Associate Organist of the Court Chapel, the other, that of Assistant Teacher of Piano and Organ at the St. Anna Training School for Female Teachers. "Why not a chair for Harmony and Counterpoint at the University?" thought he, and sat down to write his application therefor to no other than—Prof. Hanslick. Sorry, old man, answered the academician, but we have no such post. Bruckner, undaunted, wrote another application, proving that in such times and in such a city, when and where music was of vital consequence, there should be such a chair. No, answered Hanslick, coldly, the language and grammar of music are the business, not of a university but a conservatory. Still failing to understand, Bruckner wrote again, eliciting the same curt reply. Then he began to "smell a rat." He made a fourth application through another channel, but eventually this also arrived at the arch-critic's desk for final judgment. Prof. Hanslick's impatient cocidal to this document clearly transcends the impersonal dignity which alone befits an official comment:

I find in this application no facts that call for a revision of my previous views respecting this matter. *There is, furthermore, no evidence present that Mr. Bruckner has ever produced striking results as a teacher of composition.* (May 15, 1874)

Nevertheless, Bruckner persisted and made three further attempts, at length securing the desired appointment over Hanslick's head, thereby adding to the critic's store of anti-Wagnerian wrath against him an element of purely Bruckneresque texture. This long series of applications stretched over a period of almost two years, beginning early in 1874 and continuing until Bruckner's appointment as Lecturer on Harmony and Counterpoint at the University of Vienna on Nov. 18, 1875. He delivered his first lecture there on Nov. 25.

A view of the bare facts presented above might well lead those unacquainted with the more private details of Bruckner's life during this period to conclude that he was, after all, only a stubborn meddler, a nuisance. It is perhaps just, therefore, in this connection, to cite an illuminating letter written by Bruckner to his friend Moritz von Mayfeld on Jan. 12, 1875. Ever since his return from Bayreuth over a year before this Bruckner has been "turning heaven and earth" to bring about a performance of the new *Wagner Symphony*.

He seems, in this letter, to feel that the whole world is against him and does not even hesitate to name Brahms as a personal enemy.

My *Fourth Symphony* is finished. I have thoroughly revised my *Wagner Symphony*. Wagner's conductor, Hans Richter, was recently in Vienna and related in several circles how enthusiastically Wagner speaks of the work. But they will not perform it. Dessoff rehearsed it during the vacation, and even sent for me (for the sake of appearances). Later, breaking the promise he had made early in October, he told me that he was sorry, but the program was full. Some of the musicians of the Philharmonic, unsuspecting, still believe that my symphony is to be given. It seems that Brahms has banned my *Second Symphony*

in Leipzig. Richter, it is said, would like to perform the *Wagner Symphony* in Budapest. The injury that Hanslick has done me may be seen in the old "Press" of Dec. 25.

Even Herbeck says that I should try to get some help from Wagner in person. I have only my position at the Conservatory, on which it is impossible to live. I had to draw an advance of 700 florins in September or starve. No one wants to help me. Stremayr makes promises—but does nothing. Fortunately, a few foreigners have come to study with me—otherwise I should be compelled to turn beggar.

Just a little more patience, please: I have implored all the leading piano-teachers to recommend lessons to me, but beyond a lesson or two in theory I have received nothing. You will now realize how serious my plight has become. I would gladly settle abroad if I were only assured an existence. Whither shall I turn? Nothing could have induced me to come to Vienna if I had only had a hint of what was to come. It would be easy for my enemies to force me out of the Conservatory. I am really surprised that they have not yet done so. Students of the University and Conservatory, and even the menials are highly indignant over the treatment I am receiving. My life has been robbed of every joy—through pure malice. How gladly would I return to my old place as organist at Linz! If I had only gone to England then!

Filled with despair, and meeting with scorn or indifference wherever he turns, Bruckner nevertheless submits his *Wagner Symphony* to the Philharmonic again, for he cannot believe that the organization which was formerly so friendly towards him has abandoned him completely. The note accompanying the score is dated Aug. 1, 1875:

Although I finished my *Fourth Symphony* some months ago, I have not yet experienced the happiness (with the exception of my *C minor Symphony*, so kindly performed by the Philharmonic) of having any of my works produced in Vienna. Therefore I take the liberty of submitting to the honorable Committee of the Philharmonic one of these, a symphony dedicated to the great tone-poet Richard Wagner in 1873 and highly praised by him. I beg that this work, surely not the most insignificant of present-day compositions, a fact perhaps best attested by the judgments of Liszt and Wagner, be included in the list of symphonies to be performed by the Philharmonic during the coming winter season, 1875-6. Should the Committee so desire, I am willing to have the symphony divided into two sections, to be given on two separate occasions.

Had not Bruckner already made bitter personal enemies of most of the musical powers in Vienna his naive emphasis of the praise of Liszt and Wagner would have sufficed to destroy any chance he might have had to secure the cooperation of the Philharmonic. Two more seasons passed during which his sole consolation was in a handful of brilliant students and young adherents, among whom was the sixteen-year old Gustav Mahler. This young genius revealed his homage towards Bruckner's art by making a piano arrangement of the *Wagner Symphony*, the first ever to be published. (A copy of this arrangement is to-day a genuine musical rarity.)

In 1876 Bruckner attended the premiere of the *Ring* at Bayreuth, but in the tremendous excitement of the Festival there was no moment left for the consideration of so humble a matter as a Bruckner symphony. The following year Conductor Herbeck, who had always cherished a high regard for Bruckner's talents, determined to do his utmost to bring to an end the malicious neglect of so fine an artist by his own countrymen. He suddenly announced, to the amazement of all, that he himself would produce the *Wagner Symphony*. Bruckner now took heart once more, even looking about for added performances that might follow this promised one. To a Berlin critic, Wilhelm Tappert, who had expressed an encouraging interest in his work, he wrote:

My *Wagner Symphony* (second revision) is complete, and Herbeck will perform it on Dec. 16, at the Musikverein Concert. If I can attract the interest of Director Bilsse, I should, with your permission, like to send this symphony to you. There would still be time for you to use it, if you should care to do so. Our Philharmonic is absolutely antagonistic to the "New Order" in music. I shall never again submit any of my works to them, for they have repeatedly rejected my offerings.

How Hans Richter can remain on the best terms with Wagner's bitterest opponents is truly a wonder to me. Alas, I have also come to know him as the arch-liar he is. Only recently have many of Wagner's statements become clear to me. I implore you not to be turned against me by the many malicious statements being made about me.

Two weeks after this letter was written, when Bruckner was just beginning to taste the joys of promised victory, the newly rising sun of his career was cruelly blotted out by a momentary whim of Fate. Herbeck died suddenly on Oct. 28, leaving to the unhappy composer the bitter choice of once more shelving the *Wagner Symphony* or conducting it himself, for no conductor in Vienna would have dared to step into the perilous breach left by the brave Herbeck.

In sheer desperation Bruckner refused to abandon this last opportunity of performing the work, although success was now hopeless. The concert took place on Dec. 16 before a fashionable Viennese audience of gay music-lovers. The symphony, allotted the last place on a long program, began so late that many listeners were already thinking of leaving the concert-hall.

The details of the fiasco that ensued were so unforgettably tragic that the laurel wreath which a few of his faithful students pressed into his hands as he fled from the hall may have well seemed to Bruckner the "crown of thorns" an Austrian poet has called it in a fine, recently published novelette.\* This little book of scarcely thirty pages presents a realistic and sympathetic conception of the aged symphonist's last day on earth. The dying master has just managed to totter back into his room from the garden whither he has stolen from his bed while his faithful old servant Kathi was not watching. A confusion of fantastic shapes dances before his feverish gaze. He grasps convulsively at them and seizes one, when his vision clears suddenly, revealing clutched in his hand the laurel wreath of the *Wagner Symphony* premiere. He recognizes it at once. His thoughts fly swiftly back to the distant past. He experiences all over again the vivid spiritual adventures of that torturing hour almost twenty years before.

### III. SCHERZO: BRUCKNER PREMIERE!

—RUDOLF LIST

A great hall illuminated by brilliant chandeliers. In the loges the glitter of countless jewels; the air is heavy with the mingled scent of rich perfumes. Anton Bruckner is about to grasp the baton. He meets the eye of one of the violinists, leering diabolically at him. From the direction of the flutists malicious chuckles grate upon his ear.

A lady in the first loge stares at him with contempt. What on earth can a creature like this Bruckner possibly know? Once a rustic tutor. To-day, by the grace of Herbeck and the churchlings, professor at the Conservatory. Thank heavens, we shall have to stand for no more from Herbeck. That "progressive" spirit actually thought he had unearthed a new Schubert. "Look, Egon," inclining coquettishly toward her neighbor, "This Bruckner, with his funny frock-coat, looks like a misplaced village waiter! How clumsily he holds the stick! He's simply awful! An ordinary peasant lout! Smoked ham, with dumplings and

\*Rudolf List: *Kleine Brucknernovelle*; Buchhandlung Ludwig Auer, Wien, 1933. Price, 1 Mark. Section III of the present article is a translation of pp. 11-19 of this novelette, published in *Chord and Discord* by kind permission of the copyright owners. The translation is by the Editor.

cabbage, personified! Gehring certainly hit the nail on the head when he called Bruckner a super-ass."

These remarks rise to Anton Bruckner's ear above the murmur of the audience, as though coming through a thin wall. It seems to him as though all the voices behind him are echoing the insults; some in the suave tones of polished elegance.

He struggles to collect himself, leaning heavily against the conductor's desk, like a drunkard at bay against the creatures of his delirium. If only Herbeck were still alive! Then he, Anton Bruckner, composer, would have been spared the ordeal of this evening. "Harmonizing", as Kathi always called it, yes, that was his sphere, but to stand and conduct before such an audience. . .

Or if only Richard Wagner were present, so that he might hear the "Third", the dedication of which he had accepted in so friendly a manner! Then those jealous defamers, those Hanslickians, would have to be mighty careful.

But he stands here now alone among hundreds, utterly alone, like a helpless organist at a gigantic organ, all the stops of which rebel against his touch. Well, there is no help for it; it is not God's will that Anton Bruckner be spared even this hour of bitter trial.

During the opening bars, with their buzzing figures in the violas, he is still filled with the despair of the moment. But as the solo trumpet, a voice from heaven, sounds the revelation of the first theme in sustained, soft tones, he once more feels firm ground beneath his feet and the breath of God enveloping him. He remembers that his faith in his mission must not be shaken; despite all pain, he must continue to serve, dispelling sorrows and timid repressions. A mysterious smile plays upon his lips.

Will Hanslick and the other gentlemen of the press write again to-morrow about his "insatiable rhetoric" and his "total wreck of a form"? Now, would it not be a fine thing if Anton Bruckner cared an iota what the critics said?

The master forces his thoughts downward towards reality. His whole attention is on the music. Upon its aspiration to pierce the veil of Eternal Splendor. How inevitably some obstacle, mundane and bitter, keeps hindering the ascent to the stars! Counter-theme in unison; earthly oppressiveness and pain, torturing doubts, treacherous seductions. Sin in ambush everywhere. Even in his own turbulent blood. Often he has felt it, boiling and pounding furiously. Again and again. . . .

Then one must be strong and pray. *Sursum corda!* To lose heart means defeat. The fanfares of faith must overwhelm the voice of every weakness. Always think of the cathedrals where the lamps of God are alight and mighty columns stretch toward heaven. They blossom aloft on the chiseled chorus of the brass-choir ascending in *bG* major. Day and night glow the lamps of the Lord, shedding their eternal, divine illumination. Life is a battle, not a dream. And you must often go weary to sleep before you have gained the ultimate victory. Deem it enough, if you may take the least touch of the divine essence with you into your night, that you may not have to wake on the morrow to the unmitigated solitude of mortal loneliness.

The master pauses. The first movement is over. In the foremost seats of the parquet and in the loges the listeners have risen. They rush from the hall, gesticulating vehemently.

Anton Bruckner follows them with his eyes as though his most loyal and last friends are now deserting him. The first three rows and

almost all the loges are empty. Slowly he attains full realization of the truth he had at first only vaguely suspected. People have made a scene of their departure. They want to show the management of the *Friends of Music* concerts that such a thing as a Bruckner symphony desecrates the program.

He asks himself in torment which part of the first movement they may be regarded as a violation of traditional form. Then he again sees malicious grins on the faces of the violinists; he hears a discontented murmuring in the audience. He must not pause any longer. He gives the signal for the *Andante*.

♩E major. Remembering Wagner's wish Bruckner conducts the main theme with great breadth of feeling. The orchestra obeys him against its will. The strings, spiteful, commence to hurry.

Not until the sweet *pianissimo* resignation of the ensuing triplet-figure whispers its secret credo into his ear do his silent anger and the utter forlornness of his troubled heart melt away. What does it matter, even though all conspire against him? That one, who understands him completely, means more than all the others together. In the moment of deepest resignation this thought uplifts him to a new triumph: the master has approved the symphony; the unapproachably great and exalted master! If such a man is scorned, Bruckner, too, is content to be reviled. As the master, so his vassal.

The violas sing a blessed consolation. Anton Bruckner bids the string-melodies blissfully fold their hands in devout harmony before a holy *mysterioso*. Out of mighty fanfares of jubilation issues the breath of humanity falling asleep in God.

The hall becomes a yawning emptiness. Even before the close of the second movement many of the people have risen and stolen quietly forth. In the standing-room parquet an excited argument is taking place. It must be young Mahler again, scolding one of the Brahmsians.

At Windhaag the people had run out of the little church just as they fled the concert to-day. Too free a fantasy! Yes, that had always been his trouble. Once it was the master-wagoner Krempelmeier (God forgive him!), to-day it is the high and mighty Hanslick, who condemns him for it.

In the depth of his moody meditations he has almost forgotten about the *Scherzo*. The people—if there are still any left in the hall; he is really afraid to turn and see—must begin to believe that Anton Bruckner has succumbed to his own monotony and tiresomeness.

In the *Scherzo* all his troubles are forgotten. Now he is once more back in Windhaag. It was such a fine little village! After all, what difference does all this chatter about his music make to him? Anton Bruckner makes music entirely for himself.

Heigh-ho, now the village-girls are dancing. His yellow-haired Theresa is there, too. A mighty pretty girl, far prettier than any of these rouged ladies who have come to the concert out of sheer curiosity.

Look out there! Theresa is again dancing with Bertl Gueltbauer. But Toni Bruckner must fiddle away for all he's worth when things are as jolly as this; no time for him to join in. How he would love to have a dance now! Especially with Theresa Bergner; as pretty as a picture, she is; just made for kissing. Careful there, Toni; yielding to temptation is always a sin. The deed is easy, atonement hard.

Stop! the first violin is playing much too fast. Franz, you—Bruckner, where do you think you are? This is not a village-dance at Windhaag. . . .

The first violins are forging perilously ahead. Now they are all together again. So, it seems, the feet of the "gentlemen musicians" are not entirely immune to the rhythm of the country *Laendler*. Just now, for instance, that went pretty well, the peasant's joyous yell. But O, those birds—it's too bad—I fear they don't dare sing out; I guess, they are only sparrows from the Viennese City Park, after all. A little more freshness wouldn't do their voices any harm.

And now comes the *Trio*: not much can be expected from that. A flirtation as conducted by the "gentlemen musicians" can hardly be in the same dialect in which "one of us" makes love to Theresa by the little brook... Oh yes, Theresa was really in love with him. But Bertl was always more masterful and won her consent. Those were unforgettable days in Windhaag: Dirt-shoveling, fiddling, organ-playing; but there's an end to everything.

At the last bar of the *Trio* a shameful tear glistens in Anton Bruckner's eye. What a disgrace it will be if anyone notices it and the papers tomorrow write: Anton Bruckner felt humiliated and broke down when he perceived that his symphony is worthless. Swiftly, then, he raises the baton and gives a hurried signal to begin the *Finale*.

The musicians gaze at him with frank astonishment, but follow his impatient bidding. Let him, since he asks for it, have that great joy: when he turns around at the end what a sight he will see! There are scarcely ten people left in the hall.

During a swift *pianissimo* passage in the violins Anton Bruckner furtively wipes a tear out of the corner of his eye with a knuckle of his left hand. Only not to despair! Even though the calamity of total misunderstanding burst in upon him on a rising *crescendo* with the force of a tempest, it cannot crush him who stands resigned before his God. He can, with complete confidence, defy all opposition, hidden or open, with a *fortissimo* of trumpets and trombones.

Yet life will always be a paradox: wedding-dance and funeral, cradle-song and burial wreath are like hands inextricably intertwined. Of one flesh, one blood, one heart-beat, and yet not similar. And while the violins play a polka at a dance, there across the road in the graveyard the musicians blow a solemn parting chorale. Both must hurry. Pleasure is impatient and sorrow cannot wait. And many a time it has happened that in the same hour an infant draws its first breath of air upon arriving at this pleasure garden of a world, its mother sighs her last and closes her eyes forever upon a dark, earthly journey.

It would all be a strangely childish and meaningless game if there were not spread above it the canopy of heaven, the cathedral of faith and trust, the mighty arch of which, curving downward in simultaneous splendor and humility, sheds over mortals an infinite compassion.

Anton Bruckner fights the battle to an end. He holds in his hand the sword of a soldier of God: a St. Michael clad in the bronze of austere chords and rhythms; in the invincible steel-like advance of the first theme, Victory, in the D-major miracle of divine salvation.

Anton Bruckner, beneath the spell of heavenly bliss, stands listening to voices issuing out of Eternity. When he awakes to reality, the musicians have gone. The hall yawns cruelly at him, one vast mocking grin. The master takes up his score and stumbles out.

Outside in the dimness of a passage his "gentlemen pupils" are waiting to give him the laurel wreath of thorns.

## IV. FINALE: AD ASTRA

For seven years after this premiere the composer Bruckner remained practically hidden from a world convinced by the unanimous voice of a critical cabal that his work was an insignificant, plagiaristic echo of the mighty revolutionary music-dramatist. The merciless Hanslick's review of the *Wagner Symphony* sounded the dictatorial keynote for the other Viennese critics:

I could not make head or tail of the "gigantic" symphony. While listening I had a vision in which the *Ninth* of Beethoven became too friendly with Wagner's Valkyr maidens only to be trampled under the hoofs of their horses. I do not wish by this opinion of mine to hurt the feelings of the composer, for whom I really have the greatest regard.

The cup of misery he was thus compelled to accept could not poison a spirit so strong in faith as Bruckner's. Regardless of all scorn and neglect he went on composing and revising. He reshaped his *Fourth* and *Fifth*, finished his *Sixth* and *Seventh*, each work riper and grander than the preceding one. He was well advanced in the composition of his *Eighth*, the "Crown of Nineteenth Century Music" (as the great conductor Hermann Levi called it) when, like an angel, world-fame suddenly made its radiant appearance before his aging, humble eyes.

With a baton flaming with zeal and enthusiasm his young disciple Arthur Nikisch, in a single hour of inspiration, blazed the way for Bruckner into the hearts of European music-lovers forever. It was the memorable premiere of the *Seventh Symphony*, with its irresistibly appealing *Adagio* of premonition, begun in the mournful moment when the composer realized that he might never again see his great friend Wagner alive. The death of Wagner shortly afterwards had stamped this music as real prophecy, and all who heard it could feel that into the melancholy revelation Bruckner had poured the spiritual beauty of the deep, true friendship he had cherished through all the years for the departed "master of all masters."

Concerning this unforgettable premiere in the famous Gewandhaus at Leipzig on Dec. 30, 1884, I quote a paragraph from my own "Life of Anton Bruckner":

As the last note died away there was enacted a scene of unparalleled enthusiasm, the applause lasting fully fifteen minutes. Then Bruckner appeared on the stage dressed in his simple manner and bowed repeatedly in answer to the unexpected ovation. The following day one of the Leipzig critics said: "One could see from the trembling of his lips and the sparkling moisture in his eyes how difficult it was for the old gentleman to suppress the deep emotion he felt. His homely, honest countenance beamed with a warm inner happiness such as can appear only on the face of one who is too goodhearted to give way to bitterness even under the pressure of most crushing circumstances. Having heard his music and now seeing him in person we asked ourselves in amazement, 'How is it possible that he could remain so long unknown to us?'"

Shortly after this the symphony achieved a still greater triumph in Munich under the baton of that great Wagnerian, Hermann Levi. And still the childlike Bruckner was afraid of Vienna. When the Philharmonic Committee seemed inclined to perform the famous symphony he actually prepared an injunction to prevent such a performance, for he believed that Hanslick could, with a mere stroke of his pen, nullify the recognition that had come to him from Germany. Reassured by the suave Hans Richter, who wished to join the long list of conductors who had scored successes with the work, he finally agreed to risk a Viennese premiere. The concert took place in March, 1886, and proved very painful to Bruckner's enemies, giving them a powerful hint of the complete surrender in which they would soon be compelled to join. Hanslick, quite pettishly, wrote of the performance:

Certainly, it is without precedent that a composer should be called to the stage four or five times after each section of a symphony. Personally, I must confess myself incapable of an unbiased judgment of Bruckner's symphony, for it is so thoroughly unpleasant to me that it strikes me as being merely bombastic, sickly, and destructive.

Bruckner continued to harbor misgivings as to the relentless opposition of the anti-Wagnerites. On June 16, 1886, he wrote to his friend W. Zinne of Hamburg:

Such aggravating statements have come to my ears concerning Hanslick and Brahms, that I would rather be silent about the whole matter, but my heart is full of worry. Hanslick influences two other critics to slander me. They try every possible means of cooling Hans Richter's enthusiasm for me, for they know only too well Richter's fear of the press.

On Feb. 13, 1887, Baron v. Wolzogen received the following plaintive note from Bruckner:

Buclow is saying terrible things about me, just as he does about Berlioz, Liszt, and still more about Wagner himself. He says that Brahms alone has brought him the true musical revelation!!! etc. In company with Hanslick he will do me great harm. Hans Richter has surrendered to Hanslick's influence and once more everything is as dark as it used to be in Vienna.

And later, also to Wolzogen:

What a puzzling stand for Hans Richter to take! Only two weeks ago he declared before witnesses that I am a crazy musician without any sense of form and called the Brahms *Third* the new *Eroica* (of course, to curry favor with Hanslick.)

By 1890 Bruckner's suspicion and fear seem to have grown into an obsession. To Wolzogen again:

The Brahms cult here has taken an incredible turn—and with Hans Richter in the front rank!! He declares that the "new music" has no justification in the concert-hall and fears (because of Hanslick) to program any of my works.

His fears proved unfounded, for on Dec. 21, 1890 the Philharmonic under Richter gave both the original and the second versions of the *Wagner Symphony* on a single program! Next day, the Philharmonic received the following note from Bruckner:

Kindly permit me to convey to you my heartfelt gratitude and deep admiration for your highly poetic and extremely artistic performance of my *Third Symphony*. I wish particularly to thank Dr. Hans Richter and all the distinguished artists who assisted him with such sincere enthusiasm.

Long live the honorable gentlemen of the Philharmonic!

And to Wolzogen he wrote:

On the twenty-first of this month my *Third Symphony* met with a success such as is without precedent in the concerts of the Philharmonic. I was called to the stage twelve times. I was so moved that after the concert I wept, along with Wolf and Schalk. Only one was missing to complete my happiness—the indescribably great One who so generously conferred upon me the distinction of accepting the dedication of the symphony. Could this great One have been there to say to me, "Now, Bruckner, I am satisfied"—ah, what happiness would have been mine! Then I would have wept, indeed!

—GABRIEL ENGEL

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For the original Bruckner material quoted in this article, *Chord and Discord* is indebted to Gustav Bosse Verlag, Regensburg, publishers of the following works in which the master's letters first appeared in print:

- (1) Anton Bruckner, *Gesammelte Briefe*.
- (2) Anton Bruckner, *Gesammelte Briefe, Neue Folge*.
- (3) Goellerich-Auer: *Anton Bruckner*.

The English translations were made by the editor.

## MAHLER'S ART: A NEW SURVEY

The esthetic history of no generation is without its record of the failure of some great creative artist to attain general recognition. It would be consoling, indeed, to believe that this melancholy phenomenon has invariably been due to honest popular misunderstanding. Time, relentless exhumers of suppressed, sordid facts, eventually reveals the far darker cause that has often brought about the tragic neglect of true greatness by its contemporaries. Although too varied and subtle for any sweeping definition applicable to the whole range of art, this cause, in the realm of music, at least, seems almost always to have worn the face of organized hostile critical propaganda sprung from the personal antipathy of some arch-critic toward an isolated composer. A host of American music-lovers still remembers clearly the virulent campaign of the New York critic Krehbiel against Gustav Mahler; and the poisonous Krehbiel episode was but the American version of numerous sworn critical enmities the unpopular fanatic Mahler had attracted in the musical capitals of Europe before setting out to seek a more sympathetic and just hearing in the New World.

Throughout his life beyond the pale of the "accepted", Mahler's artwork persists to-day, twenty-three years after his death, a matter of heated controversy. In many ways it seems strange that his achievement should still be problematical. There is about his music nothing of a forbidding austerity or baffling crypticism. In fact, to the utterly modern-minded Mahler appears too obvious, for the idiom of his music is almost totally free from such startling tonal deviations as lend a sensational character to the contributions of most of our own day's "modernists", the so-called *atonalists* or the exponents of the quarter-tone dialect. Even a generation ago his music, though somewhat off the beaten track, was by no means the strangest of the age, for those ultra-exotics, Debussy and Skriabin, were among his contemporaries.

To many musicians, particularly those of a passing order, Mahler is still the insignificant author of extremely long, tedious, complicated, bombastic, over-scored works. Daniel Gregory Mason makes the following nonchalant remark in his little book on appreciation, *From Song to Symphony* (p. 227):

It (Strauss' *Alpine Symphony*) and all the heavy music of Mahler, Reger, and others of which it is typical, in which the overfed body has suffocated the soul, reminds us of the ironical advice of Flaubert to a young architect: "If you do not know how to build the Parthenon, pile up the Pyramids."

Yet it is said that Bruno Walter (who studied with Mahler) and Mengelberg consider him one of the greatest composers who have ever lived. Such extreme verdicts, of course, prove nothing, but the mere fact that men of Walter's and Mengelberg's eminence should sponsor so high an estimate is at least a just cause for investigating the case of Mahler with care.

Perhaps the paramount hindrance to the universal recognition of Mahler is his almost constant use of an augmented orchestra. A single performance of his supreme masterpiece, *The Symphony of a Thousand*, is so expensive a project that it is regarded, at least during this box-office-controlled regime, impossible except as the crowning attraction of a grand music festival. It is largely because of this financial consideration

that the musical "powers-that-be" regard a composer's demand for an unusually large number of performers as the unpardonable sin. Influenced by those opposed to gigantic symphonies for economic reasons, the average music-lover believes that the composers of such works labor under an exaggerated conception of their own importance. Although the universal trend of our impoverished day is towards the small chamber symphony, it seems necessary to brand such a superficial view of the augmented orchestra as detrimental to the free progress of musical art. Numerous "accepted" tall-scored works by Strauss, Stravinsky, and others serve as eloquent warning in this matter. At any rate the notion is wholly unfounded in the case of Mahler's prodigal orchestral technique. Any analysis of his great scores with a view to adequate simplification for the traditional orchestral group would at once reveal that excessive tonal volume, i.e., noisy impressiveness, is never one of his aims and that deeper motives calling for unusual instrumental combinations indispensable to his message underlie every instance of his alleged transgressions beyond the normal orchestral confines. If a symphony is scored for an augmented body of performers it does not necessarily follow that the entire group will always, or even often be used simultaneously; nor does it necessarily follow that such a work will contain a larger percentage of fortissimo passages than a Mozart symphony.

Another charge, that of "excessive length", has also prejudiced many against Mahler. His shortest symphony, the *Fourth*, is forty-five minutes long. The longer ones are twice that length, or more. Some music-lovers, without having heard a single one of these symphonies, nevertheless do not hesitate to pass "blanket" judgment upon all of them, saying, "They are too long." Yet the same people will sit through an opera or oratorio of twice that length without flinching. They forget that symphonies also have their individual content and that in a true artwork this content is the chief determinant of the form. Symphonic messages vary tremendously in depth, in intensity, in scope, etc., and cannot be subjected to arbitrary chronometric limitation. Beethoven himself, when he made the *Eroica* twice as long as his *First Symphony*, became the prophet of this truth.

When Bruno Walter gave Mahler's *Fifth* in New York in 1932, although some of the audience left before it was completed, others remained after the conclusion cheering and applauding loudly. Mahler's works usually make a deep impression on audiences. Leopold Stokowski relates the following about the *Eighth Symphony*, which he produced in 1916 for a run of nine performances in Philadelphia and New York:

When we played Mahler's Eighth Symphony it made an impression on the public, unlike anything else I have ever experienced. There seems to be a human quality about this work which so deeply moved the public that the greater part of the listeners were in tears at the end of the performance. This happened at all nine performances we gave; so it was not due to an accidental condition on one particular date.

The Philadelphia "Public Ledger" for March 3, 1916, (the day after the American premiere) read:

Every one of the thousands in the great building was standing, whistling, cheering, and applauding, when Leopold Stokowski, his collar wilted, his right arm weary, but smiling his boyish smile, finally turned to the audience in the Academy of Music last night.

Accounts further relate that the applause was so tremendous that it could be heard inside buildings across the street. Then we also read of the tremendous success of this work at its world premiere in Munich on September 12, 1910 and that of *Das Lied von der Erde* under

Bruno Walter a few months after Mahler's death, in 1911. It hardly seems likely that such approving public reactions should be inspired by music "in which the overfed body has suffocated the soul."\*

With the exception of some immature student works, Mahler's creative work falls within two forms, the symphony and the song, excepting that much-revised cantata, originally conceived as an opera, *Das Klagende Lied*. He wrote eleven symphonies, including the unfinished *Tenth Symphony* and *Das Lied von der Erde*, which many might consider a song-cycle, although the composer subtitled it "A Symphony". The songs may be conveniently catalogued in groups, of which *Lieder und Gesaenge aus der Jugendzeit* are with piano, while the others are with orchestra, namely *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, *Songs from Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, *Kindertotenlieder*, *Seven Last Songs* (including the *Five Songs after Rueckert*), and, if we are so to consider it, *Das Lied von der Erde*.

Mahler regarded these songs as the keynote to his symphonies. He frequently quotes themes from his songs in the symphonies or uses them as the bases of symphonic movements. In this respect he reveals some kinship with Schubert, who used *The Trout* and *Death and the Maiden* as the bases of movements of chamber-music compositions, while *The Wanderer* found its way into a long *Fantasia* for piano.

The charges advanced against Mahler, as deduced from his symphonies, fall to pieces at once, if applied to his songs. Those who decry against his large orchestras should examine *Ich atmet' einen Linden Duft*, one of the Rueckert songs, a mere wisp of a song, containing but 36 measures and scored only for one flute, one oboe, one clarinet, two bassoons, three horns, harp, celesta, first violins, and violas, in addition to the voice. Those who fear his long fortissimos will search this song in vain for a dynamic indication greater than piano. They will also find the long pianissimo passage which closes *Das Lied von der Erde* very interesting. Those who find Mahler soulless should hear the anguished beauty of the *Kindertotenlieder* and those who find him dry should hear *Rheinlegendchen*, one of the *Wunderhorn* songs—if it is "music in which the overfed body has suffocated the soul," then a Strauss waltz must be the very essence of pedantry! There is an individual quality about the music of Mahler, an individuality not of conscious eccentricity, but of sincerity and genuineness. It is free from all that is stilted or done merely to conform with set standards. There is a quality in his musical texture which is alive and a clearness of outline and keenness in his instrumentation which appeal instantly.

His music, essentially built on the tradition of Beethoven and Wagner, announces not the beginning of a new school but the conclusion of an old one in its fullest richness and maturity. It is the music of unashamed Romanticism—Romanticism of the philosophical, introspective type that is not too blase to be concerned with the great problems of life and of the soul.

\*In a recent interview with William Engle, feature-writer of the *N. Y. World-Telegram*, our business-czar of serious music, Arthur Judson, described his series of performances of the *Symphony of a Thousand* as the most memorable mile-stone of his managerial career. Only two performances had been scheduled. Quoting the *World-Telegram* of Dec. 19, 1933:

"Philadelphia, the first night, was dumfounded. Then it was jubilant. Instead of two performances, ten were given, and the town celebrated as though the Athletics had won the pennant. In New York the Friends of Music heeded. They engaged Mr. Judson to bring the production here, and in a special train the huge cast came, to storm and conquer the Metropolitan."

A person hearing a Mahler composition for the first time might describe it as sounding like the music of Richard Strauss with the mood of Cesar Franck. Its melody, harmony, and counterpoint might remind one of Strauss in numerous respects—the frequency with which both alternate very involved passages with those of folk-song simplicity is especially outstanding—yet Mahler reaches a height of spiritual exaltation which the ultra-worldly Strauss never even hints at attaining, not even in *Death and Transfiguration*. The comparison with Franck is only one of mood, the pouring forth of the inmost thoughts of a lonely soul, for the extreme chromaticism of the great Belgian's expression is not present.

Mahler's music is religious in the broadest and best sense—religious rather than merely churchly, pious, or ecclesiastical; it is the music of the sincere philosophical meditator rather than that of the professional clergyman.

One feels that Mahler has opened up his soul completely in his music. Where Bach is austere, where Beethoven makes us feel inferior to him, where Brahms, despite his more intimate moments, remains sternly aloof from us, where Franck is too far gone in his own meditations to be aware of us, where Debussy merely suggests and hints at what he means, Mahler takes us completely into his confidence, he speaks directly to our hearts and pours forth his inmost thoughts, but without indulging in the hysterical emotional instability of a Tschaikowsky. There is something extremely human about Mahler's music. We realize he is no super-man, no saint, but merely an ordinary person just like ourselves, and with all our own weaknesses and our own problems. He is one of the most human of all composers; yet for all his openness, he cannot be accused of a lack of restraint.

The most powerful influence in Mahler's music is probably that of the German folk-song. One feels, even in his most complicated passages, that the folk-song is immediately behind him, and frequently it comes forth boldly into the light. Although a complicated loftiness continuously alternates with the extreme simplicity emanating from this, it is, very likely, this folk-song quality which imbues Mahler's music with a home-like, natural feeling. Many of the songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (not to mention numerous other instances), might as well be folk-songs, yet apparently Mahler uses a real folk-song but once—the old French tune *Frere Jaques*, which, somewhat altered and transposed to minor, is the opening theme of the slow movement in the *First Symphony*.

Mahler was a passionate lover of nature and he has not hesitated to incorporate this love into his compositions. The beginning of the *First Symphony* bears the direction: "Like the voice of Nature" (*Wie Ein Naturlaut*). Woodwind figures are often labelled: "Like bird-voices". (*Wie Vogelstimmen*). These are not merely clever imitations; they are essentially musical, not illustrative, though their resemblance to the songs of birds is unmistakable. A very fascinating passage occurs in the finale of his *Second Symphony*, just before the chorus enters. Here the flute and piccolo, twittering like birds, alternate with fanfarelike passages of distant trumpets, the whole accompanied only by the soft roar of the bass drum or timpani. Surely, if nature had a voice and could speak, it would sound like this!

Mahler clearly traces his ancestry from Beethoven. Like Beethoven, he is essentially an optimist, in spite of the tragic interruptions which

continually steal into his music. Like the Beethoven of the last quartets and of the *Ninth Symphony*, he is concerned with the trials and ultimate triumphs of the soul.

The German chorale has an important influence on Mahler. Its sturdy simplicity and dignity appeal to him. He uses it in a mood of triumph or of hopeful faith, as at the end of the *First Symphony*, or the *Second Symphony*, beginning of the fourth movement (marked "Choralmaessig") and the fifth movement after 10, or the *Sixth Symphony*, finale, at 106. (These numbers refer to the small "student" scores.)

Schubert seems to have exerted a strong influence over him. Mahler's straightforwardness often reminds one of Schubert's boyish simplicity. Certain curves in his melodies and the way he combines two melodies simultaneously in such a natural manner immediately suggest Schubert.

Since he was a post-Wagnerian and a great Wagner enthusiast, it is not surprising that Mahler should feel the influence of the great music-dramatist. His music is built on the epic scale on which Wagner built. There is also a certain similarity in the way in which the two composers produce great climaxes and cause them to subside. Besides, like Wagner, Mahler does not surprise us with sudden crashes of the full orchestra such as characterize Beethoven. Yet he cannot be accused of imitating Wagner; he shows a thorough comprehension of Wagner's technical contribution, but does not resemble him spiritually. The deciding point of contrast between the two is the marked folk-song influence in Mahler, an influence toward which Wagner was very indifferent, the oboe theme in the *Siegfried Idyll* notwithstanding.

With Brahms, on the other hand, Mahler shares this love of the folk-song, and reveals, besides, a general nobility and elevation of style not unlike those underlying the greatest works of the North-German genius.

Some mention of the kinship between Mahler and Richard Strauss has already been made. Although the latter was really the younger, born in 1864, while Mahler was born in 1860, Strauss, successful from the start, early attained classic status in the world of music. Mahler resembles him in his orchestral technique, and, as pointed out before, in some ways in his music. Yet Strauss is essentially a composer of "program" music, a realist, while Mahler is essentially a composer of "absolute" music, a dreamer, and an idealist. They differ chiefly in mood.

Whether Mahler "programmed" his symphonies or not has been the source of some disagreement. We have it upon the final authority of the composer himself that he did not desire any "program" other than the phrase *Wie Ein Naturlaut* which he said was the secret of his composition. It is said that he even disapproved of thematic analyses and program-notes, saying one should listen only for the general effect of a composition at a first hearing and, should he find it sufficiently arresting, then study it intensively. Richard Specht, in his thematic analysis of the *Ninth Symphony*, says it was written at Mahler's request, in order to have an authorized version, but adds that Mahler disapproved of the practice in general. It is quite clear that Mahler is trying to impart some message in all his symphonies, but it is done in a manner essentially musical, not illustrative. He clearly expresses the longings and conflicts that trouble the human soul. He inherits his method from the Beethoven of the *Eroica*, the *Fifth*, the *Ninth*, and the final quartets and piano sonatas. Much as a Haydn symphony voices cheerfulness, a Mahler symphony

expresses contemplation or triumph. As for a detailed story, with definite action in the manner of Strauss or Berlioz, it has none. The sung texts which Mahler introduces at times furnish the sole "program" clues of an extra-musical character to be found in his symphonies.

We read comments such as the following about Mahler's symphonies:

His symphonies all aim to express some definite thought, such as pessimism finding its cure in simple faith, love of nature leading to a high idea of Pantheism, or doubt clearing in the joys of immortality. (H. J. Baltzell: *History of Music*, pp. 469-70).

His *Second Symphony* is entitled *Ein Sommertorgens-Traum* (A Summer-Morning's Dream) and expresses a pessimism that finds its cure in simple faith. The first movement depicts despair that is hardly consoled by the beauties of nature, rejects all dreams of future glory and is untouched as yet by the religious contemplation hinted at in the closing choral. Then comes an idyllic movement ending with the same unsatisfied struggles. The third movement shows the hero seeking the haunts of men, and becoming disgusted with their eternal, restless bickering. (Elson: *Modern Composers of Europe*, pp. 35-36)

Much of this seems like sheer nonsense. It would be difficult to fit the above description of the first three movements into the music. To begin with, the *Second Symphony* is practically officially nicknamed the *Resurrection Symphony*, this title being derived from the text of the choral finale. Mahler himself called the first movement *Totenfeier* (Death-celebration) but even this is not particularly illustrative. One might as well try to attach colorful names to the movements of the symphonies of Mozart, Haydn (except such as the *Clock*) Beethoven (except the *Pastorale*), Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Franck, Elgar, or Sibelius.

Mr. Elson analyzes the *Third Symphony*, which he calls *Naturleben* (*Nature-life*) on pp. 36-37 of the same book as follows:

This time the work portrays a pantheistic idea of the exaltation of nature and life. The first movement, wholly separate in idea from the others, again represents the search for a satisfactory solution of this world's life. Then follows a delightful minuet and a charming scherzando, bubbling over with the joy of nature.

It is doubtful whether the composer would have approved of Mr. Elson's analyses. Mahler's "program" is impersonal, a succession of emotional moods, not a succession of dramatic events; he uses moods as the dramatist uses characters.

It is not untrue that Mahler originally sponsored "programs" for some of his symphonies, but he later rejected them unconditionally. He invented some hastily in response to public demand, for it must be remembered the symphonic "poem" was the rage in those days. He had his *First Symphony* played at its premiere under the name *Titan: Symphonic Poem in Two Parts*. This much, at least, can be said with certainty: even if Mahler did "program" his symphonies, we can get complete enjoyment from them without knowing a single thing about the "programs".

—WILLIAM PARKS GRANT

## MAHLER IN ENGLAND

The distinguishing feature of the recent music festival at Sheffield was the performance of Mahler's *Eighth*, the *Symphony of a Thousand*, by the London Philharmonic, under the direction of Sir Henry Wood. Basil Maine, reporting the event for *Musical America* (Dec. 10) wrote in part:

This boy's choir, collected from the city schools, sang, not with the timid tone of Elijah's youth looking for a sign of rain, but as if this were the opportunity of a lifetime. As Sir Henry had told the boys at the rehearsals, they will probably never have the chance to repeat their experience, even if they grow to be solo singers or choristers. In England, for several reasons, we have heard very little of Mahler. . . . Yet I, for one, would not have missed the Sheffield Choir's performance of Mahler's *Eighth*.

The eminent English music-critic, Ernest Newman, reporting a radio performance of Mahler's *Fourth* in Liverpool under the direction of Robert Heger, finally subscribes to the claim, persistently advanced for many years by continental musical authorities, that the music of Berlioz, or Brahms, or Sibelius, each calls for an individual type of listening independent of the traditional attitude universally assumed towards the older classics. His reaction to Mahler's art, summarized in the *London Times*, Dec. 17, 1933, is as follows:

Orthodox criticism can easily make deadly play with his faults; but when the debit side has thus been set forth, there surely remains, on the other side, much that is worthy not only of our disinterested study but of our profound admiration. . . . Place yourself at Mahler's point-of-view in the No. 4, instead of at the point of Beethoven, Brahms, or Wagner, and you see the work for what it is—the accurate and fascinating record of purely personal experiences in a purely personal idiom.

### IMPROMPTU ON A PAPER TRUMPET

Where was Mr. Julian Seaman on the evening of Jan. 27, or (for that matter) on the afternoon of Jan. 28? Mr. and Mrs. Music-Lover, who attended the Philharmonic concerts on those dates, would give a lot to know. And why was Mr. Seaman's face so red on Jan. 29? Because of Mr. Toscanini's overwhelming Bruckner interpretation the day before? Mr. Seaman must be convinced by now that the music he mistook for Bruckner's *Romantic Symphony* was Mirrorly a Seamanphony Erroroica.

*Moral*.—A slight "crack" in the *Mirror* may prove a "bad break," indeed.

### TOSCANINI OVERTAKES SEAMAN

The performance of Bruckner's *Fourth (Romantic) Symphony*, which Mr. Seaman so amazingly anticipated in the enigmatic review referred to above, actually took place a week later, on Feb. 3, 1934. Concerning this hearing of the work Mr. Pitts Sanborn wrote as follows in the *World-Telegram*, Feb. 5, 1934.

Local Brucknerites will be sadly put out if Mr. Toscanini should fail to repeat later on Bruckner's *Romantic Symphony*, which he led with such excellent effect at the Students' Concert of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society Saturday night in Carnegie Hall. Perhaps he will see fit to include it in one of his Thursday-Friday programs after the Beethoven symphonies have all been disposed of.

### BRUCKNER IN ENGLAND

*British Broadcasting Corporation Orchestra, London, England; Conductor, Dr. Adrian Boult; December, 1933.*

"Bruckner has never found a stronger response here than he has in America but it must be said that the public has had precious little opportunity of taking him to its heart. The few sporadic performances we have had have been so promptly 'written down' by the critics that any budding enthusiasm has been promptly nipped. All the more merit is due to Dr. Adrian Boult and the B. B. C. Orchestra for a truly beautiful performance of the unfinished *Ninth* symphony. And if applause is any indication at all this performance ought to go a long way toward breaking down the barriers."

—CESAR SAERCHINGER, *Musical Courier*.

## MUSICAL VIENNA TO-DAY

For several generations there has dwelt such magic in the word "Vienna" that the mere sound of it has been sufficient to awaken in most minds delightful reveries and associations, emotional reactions sprung from the deep grandeur of the classics of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, which originated there, or from the pure, soothing romance of Schubert's melodies, or, perhaps, from the light, rhythmic enchantment of the waltz-world of Johann Strauss. These colorful spells have held uninterrupted sway over the vast multitude of general music-lovers to whom the superearthly legendary atmosphere that works of genius acquire only long after their creators have passed away seems absolutely prerequisite to an unconditional surrender to their wizardry.

There are, however, many lovers of the art who, either having personally visited Vienna in recent years or having, by means of current published reports, carefully followed the course of musical progress in the Danube city, will have supplemented these more mellow, universal associations with a fresh conception sprung from modern tonal influences more or less grippingly experienced. To such music-lovers an accurate "bird's-eye" view of the rather confused artistic pageant representing Vienna as a musical city of to-day will, no doubt, be quite welcome. To these in particular the following remarks are dedicated.

Before the actual musical panorama of present-day Vienna may be unrolled it is necessary to contemplate the career of a distinguished artistic personality, one (alas!) long departed from us, but one, who wielded so powerful an influence over the musical development of the city a generation ago, that his ideals and accomplishments alone can provide us with the proper point-of-view for a clear understanding and estimate of Vienna's unaltered position as the leading musical city of continental Europe. I refer, of course, to Gustav Mahler.

Mahler, who was the first composer since Bruckner and Brahms to devote himself to the great classic instrumental form, the symphony, came to Vienna not in a creative but in an executive musical capacity. He was appointed Director of the Imperial Opera House in 1897 and, during the ten years of his tenure at that institution, brought about epoch-making operatic reforms. He was the first to imbue the policy of a regular repertoire opera company with the artistic ideals which Richard Wagner had realized in his perfect music-drama performances at the Bayreuth Festival Theatre. Together with Alfred Roller, who remains to this very day scenic director at the Viennese Opera, Gustav Mahler strove to attain a perfect union of the essential elements of the musical score and its stage-setting and demonstrated the practicability of this ideal by amazing reincarnations of chosen German music-dramatic masterpieces from Gluck to Wagner. Although circumstances made it impossible for him to carry out his entire gigantic plan the series of model performances he brought about at the Viennese Opera proved a permanent contribution, the artistic brilliancy of which continues to radiate from the lofty offerings of that stage to this day.

Parallel with his executive activity at the Opera went Mahler's private achievements as a creative musician. During the years between 1897 and 1907 he composed five of his colossal symphonies, from the *Fourth* to the *Eighth*, inclusive. To shape these monumental works the scant vacation days from the Opera had, naturally, to suffice. The inner conflict between the tremendous urge in him for this subjective expression and that other responsibility which he held sacred, the perfect performance of the works of others, grew constantly more intense, finally culminating in the real cause of his withdrawal from the Opera, an event which he survived by only three years. His farewell message, addressed to the artists of the Opera in Dec. 1907, is a significant spiritual document, the following excerpt from which will be found especially pertinent to the present topic.

"Instead of the complete fulfilment, of which I had dreamed, I leave behind me the mere fragment of achievement which is man's fated limitation. It is not for me to say what my efforts have come to mean to those for whom they were intended. Yet at such a moment as this I feel that I may say: My purpose was sincere; my aim was high, though not invariably crowned with success, for no one is so hopelessly handicapped by material obstacles as the executant artist. But I have always offered up my entire being to the cause, never placing personal comfort and inclination before duty. Therefore, I felt I could honestly demand of you the same complete self-surrender. During heated moments of busy striving none of us could escape entirely aggravations and personal wounds. But whenever real success attended our labors we forgot all pain and fatigue, feeling ourselves sufficiently repaid by the solution of a difficult problem, even though we received no special material reward therefor. Thus we have all truly gone forward and, with us, the standards of the institution to which our efforts were dedicated."

The deep artistic sincerity behind these words furnishes a hint of the thoroughly human quality that was a fundamental trait of Mahler's being. Such was the personality which the artists of the following generation adopted as their guiding spirit, as the ethical foundation of their creative work.

A few years after Mahler's death came the Great War. While it raged the most sanguine artistic hope of Vienna was to maintain and bequeath unimpaired to the coming age the high standards of the Mahler period. The Opera persisted as the musical focal point of the city. When, in November 1918, Richard Strauss and Franz Schalk took charge of the institution, its artistic condition was of the utmost brilliancy. Then there came into existence the first series of those model performances of the Strauss operas in the quality of which Vienna leads the world to this very day. Even Clemens Krauss, present director of the Opera, seems veritably predestined to the interpretation of Strauss' works and was therefore recently entrusted with the world premiere of the master's latest opera, *Arabella*.

Not only has Vienna maintained and repeatedly proven to the world of to-day its right to the title, *The Opera City*, but it has attained a still wider artistic significance through the tremendous impetus it has recently given to creative music. That world-wide revolt against the traditional ties of tonality, a movement the origin of which is inseparably associated

with the name of the Viennese Arnold Schoenberg, has continued since its birth, about 1908, to draw its nourishment from Vienna. So overwhelming, so convincing have the tenets of this musical creed proven that no serious composer of to-day is completely free from Schoenberg's influence, although the most important creative musicians have always succeeded in subordinating this influence to their own individuality. Schoenberg himself has long since left Vienna, but his outstanding pupils, Anton Webern and Alban Berg, live and work here, passing the master's message on to the younger generation. Although the appreciation of the esoteric compositions of Webern is still restricted to a small circle of friends, this artist's position as radio-conductor and choir-master gives his talents an opportunity for wider expression. His model performances of classical and modern choral and orchestral works tend to reveal him as the legitimate heir to Mahler's art of conducting.—Alban Berg devotes himself exclusively to composition and teaching. Of the Schoenberg circle he is the one who clings most closely to the canons of tradition, consciously accepting them and clothing them in modern garb. Many features of his orchestral language are clearly anticipated in the last works of Gustav Mahler, particularly in the *Ninth Symphony*. In 1930 Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* achieved the greatest triumph any radically modern work for the musical stage has ever attained at the Vienna Opera. Besides, Berg's music has been signally honored abroad time and time again, and therefore he may well be considered the most representative artistic personality of Vienna to-day.

Of particularly eminent gifts among the younger Viennese composers is Ernst Krenek, whose musical and literary versatility has aroused favorable notice far beyond the Austrian confines. Since the popular success of his opera, *Jonny Spielt Auf*, his creative work has been marked by constantly increasing depth and spiritual power. His latest music-drama, *Karl V*, which will have its premiere at the Viennese Opera next winter, closes with an apotheosis of the cultural mission of Austria, an especially timely bit of symbolism. Although actuated by a strong sense of national consciousness, Krenek has always subordinated his Austrianism to the broader human quality which dominates his life as an artist.

While the above-named musicians represent the newer, more striking phase of the art's progress in Vienna, the city has long been the chosen residence of many less radical composers, who abide devotedly by the traditional canons of the art, striving in their own conservative way to increase the musical treasury of mankind. Preeminent among these are Franz Schmidt and Julius Bittner. The work of Schmidt is distinguished by great technical mastery and deep earnestness, while Bittner has earned for himself the title "creator of the folk-opera." Joseph Marx and Erich Wolfgang Korngold have given us music of subtle harmonic richness. The latter has, unfortunately, fallen short of the supreme promise of his "wonder-child" days, having apparently descended almost exclusively to the composition of operettas.

On the subject of "Operetta" a single remark should suffice, for this form has come to be universally regarded as a kind of Viennese export. Since it has of late lost much of its original spontaneity, its exponents have striven desperately (but in vain) to cover up this fatal defect by over-generous applications of "tricks of the trade," thereby

achieving only a sham pompousness. The leaders among the operetta-composers living in Vienna are Franz Lehar, Oskar Strauss, and Emmerich Kalman. Ralph Benatzky, engaged in this field of composition abroad, is also a Viennese.

The high-lights of Vienna's concert life are the instrumental performances given by the Philharmonic (an orchestra consisting of musicians of the Opera) and the choral concerts of the perennially famous *Society of the Friends of Music*. The male choruses (the *Schubertbund*, the *Maennergesangverein*, and the *Saengerknaben*) have often borne to foreign countries eloquent testimony of Vienna's musical quality. Many eminent singers and virtuosi, and a host of instrumental and choral organizations of more or less local fame lend such a vivid and abundant variety to the city's musical life that it seems in this respect wholly unique among the world's capitals. On many winter evenings important concerts are given simultaneously in from six to eight different halls. Numerous conservatories of high standing attend to the shaping of Vienna's young musical talents, who are spurred on to their utmost efforts by the lure and the excitement of the many international competitions for rich prizes still held annually in the city.

Serious musical research is also being constantly encouraged and conducted at Vienna. The faculty of musical science at the university has appointed Prof. Heinrich Lachs to succeed the world-famous scholar, Guido Adler. Prof. Eugen Wellesz, a composer of great prominence, is an international authority on Byzantine music, as well.

Another striking feature of Viennese musical life is the tremendous activity of its musical commentators in print. The abundance of this journalistic expression reflects the importance which the people of the city attach to their histrionic and musical events. Unhappily, most of the generous space allotted the music-reviewers by the newspapers is devoted to glittering witticisms rather than to serious, enlightening music-criticism, thus often resulting in fierce ink-duels that fill the air with bitter personalities. Yet even this evil has its illuminating significance, for does it not help to prove how important to the Viennese soul are all discussions of art—and, particularly, of music?

—WILLI REICH

*A radio address delivered at Strassburg, October 30, 1933; English translation by Gabriel Engel.*

### BRUCKNER'S FIRST IN JAPAN

Bruckner's *First*, a work for which leading European Bruckner authorities make the lofty claim that it rivals the master's greatest symphonies as a powerful expression of his individuality, still remains unperformed in this country, though seventy years have elapsed since its composition. Music-lovers and symphonic conductors of America may be interested to know that this work was recently given its Japanese premiere by the Takaradzuka Symphony Society of Kobe, under the direction of Josef Laska, Nov. 22, 1933. To which of our own conductors will fall the honor of giving the American premiere of this important symphony, and how soon?

## MOZART AS A MUSIC DRAMATIST

About twenty-five years ago Gustav Mahler, fresh from an epoch-making decade as absolute artistic director at the Viennese Imperial Opera, cast an omniscient eye upon the troubled affairs of the Metropolitan Opera House and said, "There is needed here, above all, a central authority, with unconditional powers to shape each presentation, for without such a master the perfect union of text, music, and their stage-setting is out of the question." The man he recommended for this post (which by the way, has never existed in New York) was Alfred Roller, his own Viennese artistic director, a man whose continued association with the Vienna opera to this very day goes a long way to explain the uninterrupted operatic supremacy of the Danube city.

Last April, "Mephisto" of *Musical America*, remonstrating with a disgruntled correspondent who complained bitterly of the inadequate stage-management perennially at work at the Metropolitan, mentioned one or two men who had made notable contributions towards the improvement of that institution's discredited "stage" reputation. The first name he advanced was that of Ernst Lert, a stage-director unforgettably associated, in the minds of opera-goers of recent years, with exquisite performances of such works as *Sadko* and *Le Prezioso Ridicole*. Why, in the course of two seasons, an artist clearly capable of consummate achievements in his field, should have staged so few works in a manner worthy of his quality, is a mystery which will be cleared up only when someone completely "in the know" back-stage at the Metropolitan will have the courage to reveal the details of a system which the smoky rumors of many a year have branded as a "factory."

With the echoes of the enthusiasm recently aroused by a broadcast performance of *Don Giovanni* still ringing in the ear, one begins to wonder whether fine Mozart opera would not prove a greater esthetic satisfaction than shabby versions of Richard Strauss. This country has never experienced the true greatness of Mozart as a music dramatist. Those who have seen Mozart operas at Vienna will need no proof of this statement. They may ask, however, whether a Mozart series could be given here without artistic standards similar to those by means of which Gustav Mahler awakened apathetic Viennese opera-goers to esthetic delights beyond their dreams. To one familiar with the details of Mahler's career it seems that a very pertinent parallel might be drawn between the operatic conditions of New York to-day and the Vienna which Gustav Mahler found in 1897. Should the violent methods which he used during his early campaign of rehabilitating the Imperial Opera become effective here there might be seen an amazing eruption of executives, directors, and "stars" out of the Metropolitan. But all that is only imagination. It is Mozart about whom we set out to talk.

The dramatic revitalization of Mozart for the sophisticated world of our day is a mighty difficult problem involving a thousand and one psychological subtleties beyond the ken of most operatic stage-managers. Perhaps the supreme authority on the subject "Mozart as a Music Dramatist" is Ernst Lert, whose monumental book "Mozart in the Theatre" (German) is still generally considered the last word on the topic. Had this man been given free rein to do so, he surely could have made a permanent contribution to the American opera-lover's appreciation of Mozart.

Salzburg, beautiful shrine of the world's Mozart cult, strives to maintain for posterity every ideal necessary to the consummate performance of the master's works, both for the operatic and the concert stage. More than ever before, the art of Mozart is to-day the guiding principle of outstanding composers for the stage. Therefore, no serious young composer, conductor, or singer with operatic aspirations should leave any stone unturned in an effort to attend the entire Salzburg Summer Festival Series. Particularly for lovers of Mozart it is the world's supreme master school.

We note with pleasure that among the huge galaxy of authorities on every phase of Mozart's art summoned to Salzburg to take charge of the coming series of summer courses there are:

—Bruno Walter, greatest of all Mozart interpreters, who will conduct a series of Mozart operas;

—Dr. Ernst Lert, of La Scala Milano, who will lecture on "Mozart as a Music-Dramatist";

—Marie Gutheil Schoder, of the Vienna State Opera, who will give a general course in "Opera Dramatics".

The complete, definitive prospectus of the courses to be given at Salzburg in the summer of 1934 is now ready for distribution and may be obtained from any of the following sources:

The Theatrical Seminary: N. Y. School of the Theatre, 139 W. 56th St., N. Y. C.

The Institute of International Education, 2 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.  
Salzburg Mozarteum Academy, Mozarteum, Salzburg, Austria.

### FRANK THIESS ON BRUCKNER AND MAHLER

The internationally famous German novelist Frank Thiess, in a letter accepting with thanks his election to Honorary Membership in the Bruckner Society of America, makes the following interesting summary of his views concerning the significance of Bruckner and Mahler. These illuminating views, published some years ago in great detail in the brilliant chapter of Mr. Thiess' *Gesicht des Jahrhundert*s devoted to music, will be translated in full in the next issue of *Chord and Discord*.

No composer since Bach has penetrated as deeply as Bruckner that zone of the human soul which is the dwelling-place of man's religious feeling, the feeling that he is dependent upon lofty forces beyond the control of mortal reason and will-power. Thus the message of Bruckner's music may be grasped not through a mere comprehension of his artistic capabilities but only through a realization of the depth to which he was moved by the elemental forces of life. In his own day, when religion had suddenly taken on an extremely problematical character and rational influences were universally arrayed against it to attain, if possible, an unconditional negation of faith, the work of Bruckner represents a complete philosophy of the inner life, of a loftiness far beyond the range of words, a spiritual revelation impossible to any language but that of music.

Mahler seems to me a true spokesman of the passing age, our own epoch of hopeless unrest and spiritual disintegration. His contrast to Bruckner lies in his choice of text, the problem-wracked soul of modern humanity, its countless contradictions, its tragic solitude and terror. He offers us no consolation; he does not uplift us, as Bruckner does, with revelations of Eternity, but he shows us with unparalleled clarity and relentlessness the true features of our own earth-bound faces.

### JAKOB WASSERMANN ON BRUCKNER AND MAHLER

The following brief letter addressed to the Bruckner Society of America by the late German novelist Jakob Wassermann not long before his decease must take its place as a significant human document of a generation in which the disrupting influence of chaotic economic and racial elements has invaded even the absolute domain of musical art.

In these few simple words of the great artist who in the *Goose-man* gave the world one of its rarest treasures of musical fiction the age-old artistic honesty of the whole race of which Wassermann was throughout his fruitful career a fervent spiritual leader seems to find eloquent expression.

Because of the complete solitude in which I have been living for many years I am too far removed from musical happenings to be able to send you an extended article on the subject of the present significance of Bruckner and Mahler. Besides, as I am myself only in a very limited sense an excruciating musician, I do not feel that I am the one who should write such an article. I should, however, like to say that Bruckner's music makes a deeper impression upon me than Mahler's, and naturally so, for Bruckner's was the more original and universal genius. His true importance is still far from having attained the recognition that is its just due. His individuality is still obscured by the shadow of Wagner, just as Mahler's by the shadow of Bruckner. Perhaps several decades must go by before it will be possible definitely to classify two such great artists.

I accept with gratitude the offer of Honorary Membership in your society.

### THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDS

On the evening of Dec. 4, 1933, at the Harvard Club, New York City, Bruno Walter was the guest of honor of the famous Musicians' Club, *The Bohemians*, at their regular monthly gathering. Rising in response to the ovation tendered him by these foremost representatives of the American world of music, he exhorted all true artists to strive as they had never before to combat the darkness that seems to be settling down upon every cultural phase of life by steeping their souls completely in the light of their artistic ideals.

Under the irresistible spell of his fervent, simple appeal one forgot for the moment the purely social nature of the occasion, almost believing oneself listening to the high-priest of some sacred cult voicing the formula of its ritual.

To one familiar with the details of Anton Bruckner's struggle with adversity, the doctrine of spiritual salvation through whole-souled devotion to the eternal beauty of art seemed particularly appropriate, for one of the outstanding events on the evening's program was the official presentation to Bruno Walter of the exclusive Bruckner Medal of Honor recently designed by the noted sculptor, Julio Kilenyi, for the Bruckner Society of America. The warmly appreciative attitude towards the great Austrian symphonist given unmistakable expression by the President of the *Bohemians*, Rubin Goldmark, in the course of his presentation address did honor not only to Anton Bruckner and Bruno Walter, but also to the progressive spirit of our dean of American composers, revealing him as desirous of communicating to this large body of his distinguished colleagues (among whom there must have been more than one anti-Bruckner irreconcilable of the "old order") that the art of Bruckner, so far from being a thing of the past, is still very much alive, promising to become a significant addition to the spiritual treasury of the generations to come in America.

The Kilenyi Bruckner medal (reproduced on the front cover of *Chord and Discord*) has also been awarded to one American and two Austrian musicians, whose course in life, though not illuminated by the world-wide brilliancy attending the career of an idolized symphony conductor, is, because of its quality of deep, unswerving devotion to the Bruckner cause, deserving of signal notice. These musicians are:

DR. MARTIN G. DUMLER, of Cincinnati, noted American composer of sacred music; Honorary Chariman of the Bruckner Society of America; Vice President of the College of Music, Cincinnati.

PROF. MAX AUER, of Voecklabruck, Austria: co-author of the monumental Goellerich-Auer biography of Bruckner; author of *The Life and Work of Anton Bruckner*, Vienna, 1933, the sole detailed book on Bruckner for the layman; (this book exists only in German); founder and Honorary President of the Internationale Bruckner Gesellschaft.

PROF. FRANZ MOISSL, of Klosterneuburg (near Vienna); organist; editor of the *Bruckner Blaetter* and *Musica Divina*; Bruckner conductor of widespread European reputation; a founder of the Internationale Bruckner Gesellschaft.

## SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

### *A Record of Critical and Popular Reaction.*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER— SECOND SYMPHONY

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor—Assisting Artists: Jeanette Vreeland, Sigrid Onegin and the Chorus of the Schola Cantorum of New York (Hugh Ross, Conductor); February 23, 24, 1933.*

Last evening's performance was one of uncommon authority and eloquence. Mr. Walter stood in a peculiarly close relation to Mahler. He was his friend, his confidant; and he has been, since the composer's death, one of his most convinced, attached, and persuasive apostles. Like his colleague, Mr. Mengelberg, Mr. Walter reveres this music. For him it is compact of greatness and revelation; and this unquestioning, unflinching devotion imparted extraordinary fervor and a touching quality of almost priestly exaltation to Mr. Walter's disclosure of the work.

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *New York Herald Tribune*

Reverting to Mr. Walter's communication, we learn how the symphony develops itself. "The first movement," explains the conductor, "is a funeral march for the death of a hero; the second, an idyll from the life of the man. The third movement is uncanny, partly humorous, partly diabolical. It is a symphonic evolution of the song from the medieval source-book, 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn,' of St. Anthony of Padua's sermon to the fishes. The worse types of man, allegorically revealed in fish, are musically portrayed."

Mahler was always struggling upward toward the stars. He sought to pierce the heavens and read the secrets of eternity. . . . There are pages of extraordinary beauty in this score, pages which no music lover would wish to neglect. . . .

The audience last night was most attentive and applauded long and vigorously when the symphony was finished.

—W. J. HENDERSON, *New York Sun*

For this program one listener at least was profoundly grateful. Mr. Walter was a disciple and associate of Mahler, and, as in the case of Willem Mengelberg, when we learn about Mahler from him we receive authoritative information.

Of the Mahler symphonies, the second (in C minor) certainly has not been overworked here. . . .

Performed as it was last night, under the commanding leadership of a man who comprehends it and believes in it, the score arrests and holds your attention.

—PITTS SANBORN, *N. Y. World Telegram*

For the reviewer the third movement, considered alone, may well rank with the "Queen Mab" Scherzo of Berlioz and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Scherzo of Mendelssohn.

The performance was one of unusual excellence. . . . The orchestra played with beautiful tone and a rare measure of refinement. Miss Vreeland and Mme. Onegin achieved their solos commendably and the chorus met the exactions of music full of dynamic contrasts richly and well.

—OSCAR THOMPSON, *N. Y. Evening Post*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER— SEVENTH SYMPHONY

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick A. Stock, Conductor; March 2, 3, 1933.*

Those intervals of pure joy come to us with the hearing of the exquisite second serenade—a creation that is absolutely a masterpiece. Here, there, and everywhere there are pages and pages of delicately wrought beauty, of charm and sensitive feeling for grace and harmony.

The orchestra played magnificently, and Mr. Stock conducted with the reverential care of the devotee.

—HERMAN DEVRIES, *Chicago American*

Mahler's genius was revolutionary. He struck out in a new artistic direction, despite a lingering, backward glance toward the "Meistersinger" of Richard Wagner. But there are no Wagnerian reminiscences in the first movement of the seventh symphony. Rather there is a harsh, aggressive, irrepressible individuality that challenges the world with a new, a different message.

The themes, with their angular progressions, are like no other melodies. The harmonies, though conforming, fundamentally, to the established idiom of the nineteenth century, so torture the incidental and passing dis-

sonance that the effect often approximates the polytonality of the present. . . .

One ends by being charmed, delighted, and stimulated by this work, though America has been slow to accept it. I hope Doctor Stock repeats it.

—GLENN DILLARD GUNN, *Chicago Herald & Examiner*

Mr. Stock went back a decade for the principal orchestral number by reviving Gustav Mahler's Seventh Symphony, a spacious, skillful work, written in so leisurely a manner that the composer was able to put five movements into it, instead of the conventional four. It has its reminiscent moments, but it works out well, and the audience liked it.

—EDWARD MOORE, *Chicago Tribune*

### ARNOLD SCHOENBERG —PIERROT LUNAIRE

*Under the auspices of the League of Composers; Phila. Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, Conductor; Assisting Artist, Mina Hager; N. Y., Apr. 16, 1933.*

The listener found both the work and its presentation tremendously impressive. The way in which the expressionist Schoenberg succeeds in shaping and painting a series of mood-pictures with an almost incredible economy of means cannot fail to arouse and hold our admiration and respect for that art of his which will yield to no compromise. "Pierrot Lunaire" is a magnificent example of polyphonic construction, a masterwork of contrapuntal skill, in which all standards of value must be made to conform to its micro-cosmic scale. The melodic lines of the music are extremely free, the coloring strikingly vivid, the rhythms tense and vital, the entire harmonic picture being dominated by an extraordinary spell which renders direct esthetic participation impossible. Consequently, we must enjoy this unusual work about the moon-struck "Pierrot" who sees phantoms under the night-sky, has delusions, and becomes the voluntary prey to waking-dreams, at a certain distance, without the sympathy that comes only from personal participation, and yet with a suspense which strives to span the chasm between our power of comprehension and the extraordinary phenomena of strange worlds.

Mina Hager fulfilled splendidly the lofty demands Schoenberg makes upon the soloist with the *Sprechstimme* and Mr. Stokowski muted the instrumental background down to that chamber-musical level at which, despite all the softening of shades, every detail of the structure was revealed with chiseled clarity.

—JOACHIM H. MEYER, *N. Y. Staats-Zeitung*.

### GUSTAV MAHLER— FIRST SYMPHONY

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor; October 12, 13, 14, 15, 1933. (The last of these performances was broadcast over the Columbia chain).*

Mr. Walter's performance was a triumph of the conductor's art, ability to penetrate

to the deepest and subtlest thought of the composer, to transmit his own comprehension and enthusiasm to the men and to inspire an audience. It is seldom that Mahler has had such justice done him here, and a large gathering showed its pleasure.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*

As a texture of sound, the score is often delightful. Its great quality is its sincerity. In the first movement, especially, there is much that beguiles by reason of its naivete and freshness and simplicity, its candor and sweetness that suggest at times the thought of Schubert, yet are indisputably Mahler's own, original and self-sprung, stamped with his signature and image. The childlike and ingenuous directness, the lyric charm of many pages, are irresistible. The homely tenderness, the folk-like humor, the long, nostalgic reveries, the poignant brooding of the music at its best—these qualities are not easily to be forgotten.

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *New York Herald Tribune*

The Mahler detractors are unceasingly busy. . . .

At one time I, too, in less mature judgment, denied Mahler any outstanding worth at all, except that he had mastered a method of clever and colorful orchestration. I feel that I have come to see more than that in Mahler.

—LEONARD LIEBLING, *Musical Courier*

Individual champions, as well as Mahler Societies, made the ideals and purposes of Mahler clear to those objectors who had looked upon him as being devoid of originality, and something of a deliberate sensationalist. Many eloquent and even poignant pages came to be recognized justly in his symphonic output. His strong subjectivity is now correctly admitted to be the logical expression of a mentality so independent and intellectually imaginative.

—LEONARD LIEBLING, *New York American*

The first movement . . . is certainly the most concise and solid in structure. It also reveals most clearly the dual nature of the composer Mahler; for where could one find (without engaging in futile arguments) so compelling an instance of a wintry gray mood into which the occasional entrance of a few elemental harmonies, dictated by a romantic nature, appears almost discordant? The second movement is possessed of a splendid Laendler-like character. Here the great gifts of Mahler, who so loved to draw from the wells of folk-like sentiment, find their most felicitous expression. The third movement is truly a masterpiece—once entitled "A Funeral March after the Manner of Callot." It is based on a well-known picture in an old south-German book of children's fairy tales, *The Hunter's Burial*. Mr. Walter, with the utmost concentration upon the exactness of every dynamic detail, clothed this movement with such intensity and so much tonal expressiveness that it alone made certain the success

of his reading of the D Major Symphony. The orchestra was in the best of form and received its just share of the evening's honors.

—JOACHIM H. MEYER, *N. Y. Staats-Zeitung*.

The performance suggested that this symphony, given a fair chance, might vie in popularity with the later symphonies of Tchaikowsky. In the first two movements there is, besides expert orchestration, page after page of a melodious and lucent naturalness.

The "solemn and measured" third movement, despite its funereal character and its touch of irony, likewise makes a compelling appeal to the ears. And in the stormy finale there is real splendor. Admirably performed, it stirred the audience to an enthusiasm easy to understand.

—PITTS SANBORN, *N. Y. World-Telegram*

### ANTON BRUCKNER— EIGHTH SYMPHONY

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor; October 26, 27, 29, 1933. (The last of these performances was broadcast over the Columbia chain.)*

To the many to whom Bruckner is still a problematic composer, whose symphonies are barren tonal deserts with but sparsely sowed oases, this symphony should provide material for a conclusive proof of the Austrian's right to be classed with the immortals of music. Notwithstanding its length, it is so closely knit that no a measure can be eliminated reparably, even as the music dramas of Richard Wagner are mutilated by excisions.

Most critical encomiums have expended themselves on the adagio movement and certainly its pages seek their peer in symphonic literature. But the challenging and haunting first movement, the highly original scherzo with its poetic trio and broadly conceived, grandiose finale, are master creations.

Mr. Walter is to be felicitated on presenting this symphony in its entirety.

—J. D. BORN, *New York Herald Tribune*

In spite of its external difficulties the *C Minor Symphony* should be played more often. And not only because of its celebrated *Adagio*, justly regarded as the summit of achievement in the realm of symphonic slow movements.

If any one of the nine Bruckner symphonies is destined to silence the stupid chatter of certain would-be authorities concerning "the naivete and crudity of the man and composer Anton Bruckner," it is this gigantic *C Minor Symphony*. Here there speaks to us not the unreflective, hyper-spontaneous musician of other works, the fanatic of childish faith, who gives free rein to a fantasy of epic range, sacrificing therefor the firm framework of his symphonic structure. Here are none of those passages of inadequate consistency to support the sweeping allegation that forms the major premise of the Anti-Brucknerite's well-worn syllogism. In the *C Minor Symphony* a master of symphonic form has reared a sublime

temple of classic beauty, at the altars of which a poet, a mortal purified by sufferings, offers up his gratitude to the Almighty in a rhapsody of supreme jubilation.

—JOACHIM H. MEYER, *N. Y. Staats-Zeitung*.

The adagio, as Lawrence Gilman remarks in his illuminating program note, "some would put at the head of all adagios 'by reason of its solemnity, nobility and elevated thought,'" to which one might add "sheer musical beauty."

An early commentator on this movement declared that it was meant to suggest "the all-loving Father of Mankind in His measureless wealth of mercy." Be that as it may, the adagio is one of the most exalted and majestically beautiful of symphonic movements.

This implies no undervaluation of the opening allegro or of the scherzo, supposed to depict the "German Michel," the "plain, honest, much-enduring (but slow) German"—a scherzo that is interrupted by a trio of singular loveliness.

—PITTS SANBORN, *New York World-Telegram*

### ARNOLD SCHOENBERG CONCERT

*Assisting Artists—Nadia Reisenberg, Ruth Rodgers, Rita Sebastian, Edna Sheppard, and the Pro Arte Quartet (A. Onnow, G. Prevost, L. Halleux, R. Maas) N. Y., Nov. 11, 1933.*

*Program: Third String Quartet, Opus 30; Four Songs, Opus 6; Three Piano pieces, opus 11; Klaviersuecke, Opus 33; Second String Quartet, Opus 10*

Arnold Schoenberg, for a quarter of a century a storm centre in Austria, Germany and other portions of Europe, had the probably unique experience, last night in the Town Hall, of being present at performances of his music when it was not hissed. In fact, he faced a friendly, attentive and extremely appreciative audience.

Mr. Schoenberg had reason to thank the League. The League of Modern Composers, and Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, were responsible for the very appreciative reception last night of the Third String Quartet, which opened the program.

So presented, before an audience especially prepared for the hearing, the work has a remarkable success. The logic of the musical thought and its closely knit development were never more strongly felt. The listener followed intently and curiously the unfoldments of the ideas. Richly or acridly dissonant as the case might be, the music was obviously possessed of an inner pressure of logic and life. Yes: there were even seconds when the uninitiate might take pleasure in melodic moods and harmonic color. This applied particularly to the *Intermezzo* and the *Finale*. The compactness of this writing does not limit the free play of the ideas. Whether this will be great music for a later day who shall say?

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*

Rita Sebastian, contralto, sang them (four songs from Op. 6) with straightforward delivery, with beauty of voice and artistic taste and made a definite success of all four. They were Traumbleben, Verlassen, Ghase! and Der Wanderer. Edna Sheppard played the difficult piano parts, a task masterfully executed.

The Second String Quartet, Op. 10, in which the composer calls for a soprano voice in the third and fourth sections, was another magnificent achievement by the Pro Arte players. Here the idiom is more apparent for the hearer and there was a fine response on the audience's part. . . .

The poems Litanei and Entrueckung which Schoenberg has set for his quartet are by Stefan George, a contemporary German poet of no mean gifts. Schoenberg has found music of superb expression for their mood, lifting them to an enduring place. . . .

The occasion was one which will go down in musical history as one of vital importance, the public recognition by our city's musicians and music lovers of him, whom we must call the greatest modernist of them all.

—A. WALTER KRAMER, *Musical America*

Extended discussion of this music must await an occasion more leisurely than this; in general, it may be said that the program presented an interesting juxtaposition of various aspects of Schoenberg's music—neo-romanticism in the second quartet, whose last two movements Mr. Gilman described as "of haunting beauty, in the acidulated 'Tristan' manner of the younger Schoenberg," when the "League" first gave this work here in 1924; the sharply contrasted piano pieces of Op. 33 in which the later Schoenbergian treatment of short and varying interested themes characteristic of the third quartet makes its appearance; romanticism in the songs, these mainly dark in color, with moments of ingratiating beauty.

—FRANCIS D. PERKINS, *New York Herald Tribune*

### ANTON BRUCKNER— NINTH SYMPHONY

*Performed by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Frederick A. Stock, November 16 and 17, 1933.*

Everything that Bruckner wrote is animated by a friendly and modest spirit, and at times the ninth symphony has moments of genuine beauty and inspiration.

—HERMAN DEVRIES, *Chicago American*

Yet this, too (the Adagio) is noble music and it may be that its creator will eventually win a place with Brahms and Franck. Or it may be that he came too late upon the field and that his music will be forgotten before it has been truly known. This were a pity, or so it seems to me, for I find the music attractive in a fantastic way, and the figure of the composer both wistful and tragic, qualities that are reflected in his song.

—GLENN DILLARD GUNN,  
*Chicago Herald and Examiner*

The Bruckner symphony brought great satisfaction to Mr. Stock's audience, though considering the enormous amount of applause that was heedlessly misspent during the day I am not sure the satisfaction was well earned.

—EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago Daily News*

### HUGO WOLF— DER CORREGIDOR (EXCERPTS)

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Assisting Artists: Grete Strueckgold and Gustav Schuetzendorf. Nov. 26, 1933.*

One has heard it said that "Der Corregidor," as a stage-piece, is not always theatrically effective. That may be so. But it does not seem an adequate reason for excluding the work from the repertoire of our principal lyric theatre, the Metropolitan, in view of the extraordinary musical quality of Wolf's opera, the sheer loveliness and poetry and humor and tenderness that well from almost every page of this enamoring score.

We are perhaps inclined to forget that a considerable number of operas that are exceedingly lively members of the standard repertoire maintain their hold upon the affection of their audiences almost wholly by reason of their musical appeal, and with little regard for their dramatic effectiveness. If an opera were always to be kept from the stage because there are parts of it which are not "good theater," the slaughter of masterpieces would be appalling. Among the casualties would be, for example, no less a composition than "Tristan and Isolde": for how often have we heard it said that the second act of that rather popular work is "poor theater?" I do not happen to share this view.

But even if this score were less genuinely dramatic in the pulse and contour of the music than it is, "Der Corregidor" would still clamor for production on the stage of the Metropolitan by reason of the beauty and power and fascination of the music. Here, again and again, is Hugo Wolf at his most moving and memorable. This is for the most part, music of rare imaginative vividness, of a beauty that takes one by the throat, a charm and grace and poetry that enchant the ear and the mind. It is the score of an artist to whom intellectual and spiritual distinction and expressiveness and truth of style were second nature—the score of a master.

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *New York Herald Tribune*

Both during and after his lifetime, Wolf suffered from grievous public neglect of his music. His colleagues and the critics also were divided in their estimates of his worth, although some of the opposition was due to the fact that he allied himself with the Wagner-Bruckner faction and thereby drew upon himself the wrath of the powerful penwielder, Hanslick, and his vengeful adherents.

Lovely music, melodious, graceful, characteristic, and witty, is dressed by Wolf in

orchestration of rich and resourceful kind. In "Der Corregidor" he shows himself to be as original and masterful as he is in his songs.

—LEONARD LIEBLING, *New York American*

For this music, judging by the pages heard yesterday, deserves a better fate than neglect; it is music of great tenderness, humor and passion. It is a work of indubitable creative power.

The remaining four excerpts, two of which were entirely orchestral, bring the Corregidor more actively into the proceedings. The music by turns is maliciously humorous, stormy, mocking and violent. The orchestra speaks with fullness and rich variety, maintaining always clarity of presentation. The audience responded to the performance with the warmth it merited. If the Metropolitan Opera is in search of a novelty for next season, it could not do any better than mount this long-neglected opera of an authentic genius.

—H.T., *The New York Times*

### GUSTAV MAHLER— FIRST SYMPHONY

*The Civic Symphony Orchestra, Denver, Colorado; Conductor, Horace E. Tureman; December 5, 1933.*

Mahler's First Symphony was a feature of the second concert given by the Civic Symphony, Horace E. Tureman conducting. An element of uncertainty in the first movement was redeemed by the good work done in the last two movements, the orchestra giving a telling performance of the closing portion.

—JOHN C. KENDEL, *Musical America*

### GUSTAV MAHLER— NINTH SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra; Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor; Boston, December 8th and 9th, 1933.*

The weariness of a man longing for peace can be felt throughout the first movement and the concluding adagio. Indeed, the muted brasses sigh out under the strings, shortly after the beginning of the andante, a motive that strikingly recalls the composer's musings at the end of "The Song of the Earth," upon a pleasant land beyond death where "the distant skies are shining blue, eternally." Even the obstreperous rollicking of the scherzo, upon a country dance tune is soon interrupted by black melancholy. . . .

Yet like Wagner when he wrote "Tristan," Mahler the artist was able to preserve sufficient balance to express himself clearly.

—C.W.D., *The Boston Globe*

But in "The Song of the Earth" and this Ninth Symphony, as Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra have played them to us, Mahler wears another and less debatable aspect. In

these later pieces he is concerned with the expression of more personal and intimate feeling, of the obsessions that pursued his final years. Then were the coming of death, our mortal end in oblivion, ever upon him. They might soothe his imagination; yet did they fester upon it. In those last days he would scorn life and the ways of men; mock janglingly at them. Yet never could he put them altogether by for more mystical or cosmic visions.

Judge as the hearer may of his expression of these broodings that consumed him, compared with many a composer of our day, sterile, routined, dryly cerebrating, Mahler at least had something to express and more or less potently expressed it.

—H.T.P., *Boston Evening Transcript*

A fourth hearing of Mahler's Symphony naturally made for clearer appraisal of this remarkable work. The most moving and impressive portion of the symphony seemed yesterday to be, not the final Adagio that would wrest from the grave its secrets, but the opening Andante, which even more in its resignations than in its protests is music of a heart-shaking, heart-breaking sadness. The Scherzo, with its rustic gaiety and vigor, pleased as before.

Again it was easy to be stirred by the ironical third movement that is said to have expressed Mahler's aversion to the futile hurly-burly of New York City, where the Symphony was sketched, . . .

While thanking Dr. Koussevitzky for the opportunity once more to hear this Ninth Symphony, is it out of place to suggest that there are five completed symphonies of Mahler that Boston does not know, and others that it has not heard in years?

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

### ANTON BRUCKNER QUINTET (ADAGIO)

*New York Philharmonic, Hans Lange, Conductor; Feb. 8, 9, 11, 1934 (broadcast over Columbia Chain.)*

Another instance of Hans Lange's ability to dig up new and unfamiliar works was last evening's program of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society at Carnegie Hall. . . .

The unfamiliar was represented by the Adagio from Bruckner's Quintet in F Major, played augmentatively by the string section. . .

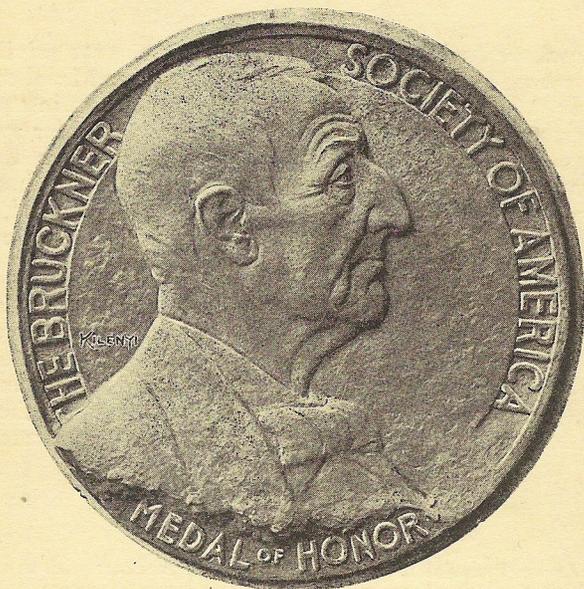
A surprising tonal balance that brought out in marked relief the melodic voices against passing note progressions, featured the Bruckner piece. Its mood is intensely emotional, and approaches a religious fervor. The audience found it particularly to its liking.

—R. C. B., *N. Y. World-Telegram*

### In Memoriam

HARRIET B. LANIER	1931	MAX LOEWENTHAL	1933
MRS. JOSEPH LEIDY	1933	EGON POLLAK	1933
JAKOB WASSERMANN		1933	

# Chord and Discord



THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

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SYMPHONIC NEW DEAL

BRUCKNER'S *NINTH* (THE ORIGINAL VERSION)

MAHLER'S *LIED VON DER ERDE*

SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

BRUCKNER APPRECIATION—VIA RADIO!

INTERNATIONAL BRUCKNERIANA

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October 1934

9#1

# CHORD AND DISCORD

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## SYMPHONIC NEW DEAL

Lest Symphonies be never more  
Than Nine—  
And Four.

On August 1, 1934, the well-known musical commentator, Samuel Chotzinoff, having attended a performance of Brahms' *Fourth Symphony* the previous evening, said in the *New York Post*:

I must be getting old and cynical, for this symphony of Brahms no longer thrills me as completely as it used to do in those faraway days when the "exit in case of Brahms" joke went the rounds. I wonder if one outgrows Brahms as one outgrows Whitman and Stravinsky! Or is it that one can feel impatience with masterpieces just as one can be impatient with people one loves.

That the self-searching reaction of this critic is not a solitary spiritual deviation of the day is amply attested by a frank, sweeping statement recently issued by the Directors of that most liberal-minded of American artistic organizations, the Philadelphia Orchestra Association:

Musical works which drew large audiences in past years no longer seem to interest the public.

Thus with a single sentence of startling implications the problem of symphonic program regeneration, so long ignored by our major musical committees, at last gained official recognition. Unfortunately, the Philadelphians proposed no solution. That they could see only an impasse directly ahead on a straight symphonic path was revealed by their next sentence:

Modern works of real merit have not been produced in sufficient numbers to make an interesting and adequate repertoire.

For many a year outstanding American musical organizations, regarding symphonic program reform commercially no less perilous than artistically necessary, have resorted to "passing the buck" in this dilemma by nursing the bogey of popular superstition long hovering over the dark epithet "modern". The relentless exploitation of this weakness of the average American music-lover has been marked by an array of bitter innuendo, the melancholy victims of which have been not so much the staunch band of so-called "modernists" as the laymen desirous of becoming acquainted with the great symphonic works that have been given to the world during the past half-century.

The term "modern" in a musical connection has ever raised a sinister chimera. It must be definitely unmasked and discredited, once for all. Ernst Krenek, one of the most brilliant minds among the younger creative musicians, sweeps it aside with impatient contempt. "There is no such thing as modern music," says he. "There is only good or bad music."

Despite his long years of thoughtful activity, W. J. Henderson, one of the few real sages of American music-criticism, does not seem to have arrived at a lucid conception of the puzzling word. Yet, whatever unpleasant note it may strike in the ear of a musicologist so out of sympathy with artistic iconoclasts, one amazing thing seems sure—that Mr. Henderson no longer regards Arnold Schoenberg as a "modernist", a destroyer of traditions. In the course of an eloquent, though perhaps premature, dirge over musical "modernism", which he seriously believes to have "come and gone" in utter futility, he says:

There is considerable propaganda in explanation and aid of the new school. This is particularly true of New York, and also in a smaller degree of Boston. Many persons believe that the latter city must be now the home of the cultivation of the new thought because Arnold Schoenberg is teaching there. But it should never be forgotten that Mr. Schoenberg requires of his pupils a solid grounding in the principles of music as formulated in the works of the fathers. He does not permit them to make attempts to build without foundations.

Thus the time has arrived for loyal Schoenberg adherents to enter his name for recognition as a classicist. They should seize the rare opportunity with joy, reserving for their intimate circle a hearty chuckle over the following anecdote so well known to them. Immediately upon the master's arrival in this country one of his favorite pupils, the young American composer Weiss, showed him examples of the work of our serious younger creative musicians. Glancing over the scores with an omniscient eye Schoenberg suddenly exclaimed with paternal pride, "But, child," (this is only a translation, of course) "This is wonderful! They are all writing atonally here!"

Just what did the Philadelphia Orchestra Association mean when it used the word "modern" in the announcement previously quoted? Probably, we shall never know, for it chose in the face of the "Big Bad Wolf" to give its undivided attention to box-office troubles. To stem any further ebb in the tide of its alarmingly diminishing patronage this enterprising group decided to venture boldly into a field of music whose appeal to the senses of Tom, Dick, and Harry is not restricted to the ear.

Instead of its traditional thirty-week season of symphony concerts it announced a plan embracing twenty weeks of concerts and ten weeks of opera. It is to be sincerely hoped that so progressive an organization will find in this drastic change of policy a solution of, at least, its financial worries. If its sacrifice of that measure of artistic sincerity inevitably imperilled in the presentation of the standard operatic repertoire should prove to have been in vain it will become a source of deep regret to many a serious music lover that the Philadelphia band did not resort to the S.O.S. expedient lately adopted by the New York Philharmonic Society, for the services of Mr. Stokowski's orchestra in behalf of artistic progress in this country during the past decade have been second to those of no other.\*

## II

At the same time the directors of the *New York Philharmonic*, although no longer able to ignore completely the handwriting on the wall so clearly read, if not fearlessly interpreted, by Mr. Chotzinoff and the Philadelphians, made public their dogged determination to continue along the old

\*When this article was already in the press the Philadelphia Orchestra Association announced definitely the operas and dates for thirty of their projected series of stage performances. The list, gratifyingly free from all that might be considered cheap, embraces three performances of each of the following: *Tristan*, *Carmen*, *Rosenkavalier*, *Hansel and Gretel*, *Boris Godunoff*, *Iphigenia in Aulis*, *Falstaff*, *Pelleas et Melisande*, *Meistersinger*.

beaten path. The essentially unaltered nature of their future program policy may be readily foreseen from their latest findings, announced as follows in their prospectus for the 93d season:

—That the largest portion of the public is in favor of having little but the classic masterpieces, that a considerable body of subscribers, particularly of the younger generation, wished to hear the most important works of contemporary composers; and that a small but growing group demanded the opportunity to know what America is producing musically.

Obviously these findings do not tell the whole truth. If the directors of the *Philharmonic* believe that the generous fund they recently acquired through their humble appeal to the public-at-large is a token of the enthusiastic general approval of their traditional program policy, they may, at the expiration of the period of grace now granted them, come to the painful realization that a 75% (or larger) repayment in the worn currency of the traditional three B's was inadequate to effect the renewal of a similar credit.

Among the vast radio audience that has gratefully absorbed the past season's *Philharmonic* broadcasts the "younger generation" (so mentioned by the directors) is already complaining bitterly that, instead of the most significant serious works of recent symphonic literature, it is being given practically nothing but ornate, clever novelties of an essentially salon-nature. Something must be done about this lest the voice of so considerable a dissatisfied group become loud enough to threaten the very life of the orchestra generally believed to be the finest in the country.\*

Passing time has made the successful obviation of this impending danger comparatively easy for the *Philharmonic*. It need not plunge into an orgy of either the most recent European or American compositions in order to appease the rising hunger of this insistent minority group. It is now possible to effect a compromise satisfactory to all groups, an agreement centering about a revised and more accurate definition of the term "classic".

Since Toscanini and Walter are again to bear the brunt of presenting the "classics", they must be heartily encouraged in pursuing more freely the inclination they have more recently shown to interpret the term "classic" in its broader rather than its traditional, narrower sense. Now that the days of "exit in case of Bruckner or Mahler" are safely past, a fact revealed by *Chord and Discord* during the past three years, through the wholesale citation of favorable critical and public reaction to these masters, it seems no longer presumptuous to remind our two greatest conductors of the days, not so long ago, when the grim joke was "exit in case of Brahms."

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\*From Columbus, Ohio, one of the "younger generation" appeals to us as follows:

"If you have any influence with Bruno Walter, and he performs "Das Lied von der Erde" with the Philharmonic this winter, PLEASE ask him to play it on one of the Sunday radio concerts. You can't imagine what the radio and phonograph mean to us out here in the "sticks". There have been but three symphony concerts per season in Columbus for the past two seasons, and next season will be no better. Except for Scriabine's "Poem of Ecstasy", everything played was well out of the "debatable" category. The London String Quartet will be here this winter for the first chamber-music concert since early in 1930. Opera, except a local amateur company, is the same. Bruckner, Mahler, Reger, Hindemith, Pfitzner, Berg, Krenek, Toch, Schoenberg, Miaskovsky, Medtner, Markevitch, Shostakovich, Honegger, Milhaud, Holst, Vaughan Williams, Bax, Elgar, Delius, de Falla, Casella, Malipiero, Sibelius, and of course all the radical Americans are only names (or almost such) here in Columbus. New Yorkers sometimes complain about the slimness of their fare there, but it is a feast compared with what we have."

Only a paragraph is necessary to outline the new situation. Last season Mr. Liebling of *Musical Courier*, having heard Walter's reading of Mahler's *First*, confessed that he could see a great deal more in that music than ever before. Mr. Sanborn of the *World-Telegram* predicted for it a popularity as great as Tschaiakowsky's. After Walter's performance of Bruckner's *Fifth*, Mr. Downes of the *Times* said over the radio: "It is high time for us to own up that we have, perhaps, not been sufficiently impartial in our judgment of Bruckner and that he was undoubtedly one of the greatest composers of the post-Wagnerian era." About Mahler's *Ninth*, technically the most revolutionary of all his symphonies, Mr. Gilman of the *Tribune* wrote: "It should be added to the repertoire of other symphonic bodies, and it should be heard again, for it is a remarkable score." And after hearing Bruckner's *Fifth* he said: "Bruckner—the complete symphonic Bruckner—deserves to be better known. One of the most remarkable composers of the nineteenth century, he has never in this country received his due." To review similarly in these pages the new, more friendly attitude of practically every American critic of importance toward Bruckner and Mahler would be purely repetitious, but the significance of this changed attitude cannot be overestimated by the leading symphonic conductors in an effort to give renewed vitality to their programs. Bruckner wrote eleven symphonies, nine of them (I-IX) among the greatest in the whole range of music. In Europe outstanding conductors like Nikisch and Loewe have (in less troubled days) even made it a practice to produce them in complete cycles, showing how one vast symphonic conception developed through nine colossal statements, soaring ever higher on increasingly broader wing, until its flight embraced a veritable tonal cosmos.

On the other hand, Mahler completed nine symphonies and two movements of a tenth, in addition to the immortal *Song of the Earth*. Thus these two masters alone have left twenty-two important symphonic works, scarcely half of which have been granted even an occasional hearing during the past decade, and some of which have yet to be given even a premiere in this country. Not only would serious attention to these two neglected symphonic giants conform to a broader interpretation of the term "classic" (for they are undeniably regarded as classic in Europe) but the Philharmonic's two distinguished exponents of the "classics" would thereby be given the opportunity to repair the huge breach that narrow, tradition-bound programming through a whole generation has effected between the average American music-lover's sadly isolated concepts of "classic" and "modern" music.

The recent American triumphs of *Elektra* and *Wozzeck* reveal clearly how much greater progress our music-dramatic appreciation has made than our symphonic in the past generation. The reason, of course, is Wagner. The step from *Goetterdaemmerung* to *Elektra* was not too wide; nor was the one from *Rosenkavalier* to the not extremely radical *Wozzeck*.

Yet the American concert-goer seems totally ignorant of the fact that the field of the symphony after Beethoven shows a progress in scope and language in no way inferior to that of its more lurid neighbor, the music-drama. Lacking a thorough acquaintance with these contributions he cannot listen intelligently to a later Bruckner symphony, to any Mahler symphony, to say nothing of the music of a Von Webern, issuing as it does, out of the very essence of Mahler's most mature art, the language of his *Ninth Symphony*.

Mr. Toscanini, Mr. Walter, and Directors of the Philharmonic, there is no time like the present. Yours is the grand opportunity for a vast, ideal accomplishment. Begin at the beginning. Let American music-lovers hear the *First* of Bruckner (composed in 1864 and still unperformed in our country) for the prophetic trumpets of this symphony sound an unforgettable forecast of the approach of that bogus bogey of "modernism", Schoenberg's maligned twelve-toned scale, but here an utterance of a contextual pertinence and naturalness that will set many a serious music-lover to wondering whether he has not been too hasty in joining the chorus condemning "modern" composers *en masse*. Then give them the *Second*, the *Third*, and then once more that incomparable Toscanini reading of the *Fourth*, which will take on added lustre from the clarifying influence of its younger symphonic sisters previously presented in order for the first time. And so on, including the dreaded *Sixth* and shedding new light upon the already popular *Seventh*, at the American premiere of which the eminent critic Krehbiel said fifty years ago, "next to this symphony *Tristan* sounds as simple as a Haydn symphony." Then, having heard Toscanini's sublime readings of this very work, our concertgoer will have a hint of the pall of musical ignorance that has lain over America for half a century, for Krehbiel, far from being unlearned or prejudiced, was the only critic (Europeans included) of the Eighties to sense the vast world separating the musical language of Wagner and Bruckner. Moreover, the sincerity of his judgment is beyond reproach, for unable to grasp fully the beauties beneath the (then still) complex externals, he nevertheless admitted that the work might be considered beautiful twenty-five years later.

### III

So great has been the rift between German music and that of all other countries since Wagner that any number of performances of Debussy, or Skriabin, or Stravinsky (to name only those three) will not help in the slightest to bring a Von Webern's individual message any closer to us.

It was a comparatively easy matter to popularize the symphonies of Brahms in this country, for the technical material with which that master worked was practically identical with that used by Beethoven a half-century before. No one knows better than Schoenberg himself how far beyond the grasp of the common ear of the 1930's is his present musical language. Though for him it is the only possible means of expression, he urges it upon none of his disciples. Thus there is a world of difference in the degree of the so-styled "modernism" of his two most prominent disciples, Berg and Von Webern. Measured by present Schoenbergian standards Berg is distinctly conservative, a fact requiring no further proof than the tremendous triumphs of his masterpiece *Wozzeck* within a decade of its composition. Von Webern, on the other hand, has as yet only a handful of followers even in his own country because his epigrammatic style of expression represents perhaps the utmost economy of means and the most intense concentration of emotion as yet achieved in music.

It must be kept in mind that the course of musical development is ever immutable, a progress from master to master. Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*, performed here for the first time thirty years after its composition, achieved a facile triumph, for the art of Wagner and Strauss, its direct

technical forbears, had become the property of every American music-lover in the interim. Yet an earlier Schoenberg masterpiece, the *Tristan*-saturated *Verklärte Nacht*, performed before the listeners had been sufficiently prepared to grasp it, was "hissed and booed" as though it had been merely so much noise. In the light of this, with Schoenberg's later works rarely performed and then only in a humble obscurity reminiscent of the catacomb-services of the early Christians, one need hardly hesitate to declare that Mr. Henderson's compassionate phrase, "the almost legendary Schoenberg", implies too hasty a judgment.

Just what is the significance of all this to America? The answer requires only a casual backward glance along our symphonic programs of the past forty years. Of the giant symphonists since Beethoven only Brahms seems to have achieved "classic" status with us. In short, we have been led to believe that only four truly great symphonies were written in over a hundred years. For the rest we have been fed an endless array of "symphonic poems" with alluring titles and colorful romances and told to see how well the music fitted them. How great a hoax was thus perpetrated upon us who were thereby robbed of almost all desire to listen to any new larger symphonic work without a story may be now gathered for the first time from an astonishing, supremely authoritative document most recently penned.

This is a Strauss letter, soon to be published, in which the composer at last places himself squarely in the ranks of the creators of absolute music. Through its clear statement the acknowledged Grand Master of program music removes the mask of his dazzling, early years and smilingly introduces himself in the incredible role in which he wishes to be remembered. "But what of those colorful tales of Don Juan, Don Quixote, Till Eulenspiegel, etc?" the befuddled music-lover will naturally inquire. Strauss only shrugs his shoulders and answers, "You made me do it. My music would not have sounded intelligible to you without those stories. But now they are unnecessary." What will be the place of Strauss as a composer of absolute music? Will his fame persist and belie the old adage, "Easy come, easy go?"

To return for a moment to the Nineties, we have seen how the neglect of more recent gigantic symphonies may be in a large measure attributed to the overwhelming success of the program "fad" in all its pretty, extra-musical ramifications. When this Straussism (if we may still mention his name in such a connection) took the world of music by storm the Bruckner symphonies (though for the most part composed many years before) were just beginning to gain a real foothold in Europe. Brahms' symphonies, written in the dialect of an earlier generation, were almost instant "classics" and hence safe from obstruction by a "fad" diametrically opposed to the traditional symphonic form. How desperate a struggle was subsequently waged by not only the Bruckner adherents, but (naturally, more so) by those of Mahler, who was actually modeling his mighty artwork on the allegedly outmoded framework of Beethoven in the very teeth of the all-conquering programmatic fad, will make a fascinating tale for American music-lovers. Nor will their desire to hear it be long in finding voice, for these two mightiest of latter-day symphonists seem at last to be coming into their own in this land of ours, which has until now, like no other country on earth, been the constant and abject prey of artistic fadism.

## IV

The history of music presents at least one outstandingly pertinent analogy to the case of Bruckner and Mahler and their espousal of an "old fashioned" form. It is none other than the case of Bach, whose undaunted loyalty to the allegedly outmoded "polyphonic school" in the face of the new homophonic cult universally adopted in his day resulted in delaying for a whole century the world's recognition of his greatness.

Just before Bach died the symphony was born. The following generation revealed no polyphonic master. It is easy to trace the growing urge of Mozart and Beethoven towards a more liberal use of polyphony in their symphonies. The finale of Mozart's last symphony is a giant fugue. Beethoven's *Ode to Joy* is anything but homophonic. It is common knowledge that Schubert had just begun to study polyphony with Sechter when Fate rudely cut the precious thread of his tender years. The culmination of this polyphonic urge of the great symphonists was in Bruckner, whose pre-symphonic studies, from his first *Preludes* to his *First Symphony*, lasted almost thirty years. His environment, Austrian like Schubert's, found simple and beautiful melodic expression in the *Laendler*, so rich in *Sehnsucht*, that mixed wine of laughter and tears. His worship of Beethoven led him to carry on in the cosmic style first sounded in the former's *Ninth*. His worship of Wagner purely as a musician guided him to an orchestral language of tremendous dramatic power and yet one totally free from merely theatrical characteristics. Last (but not least) the giant naive soul within him caused him to build huge structures on simple foundations out of the most elemental materials imaginable, structures which he often delighted in crowning with towers of polyphony, not mere Babels (as even Brahms is said to have considered them) but towers which, shaped by his tireless, unerring skill, ascend ever higher until they seem to pierce the very heavens.

The passing of the Nineteenth Century revealed that the grand symphonic tradition was to be carried on into the Twentieth. Gustav Mahler, at first almost lured from his idealism by the applause so generously bestowed by the world upon artists who catered to it, soon became a fanatic devotee of the pure symphonic cult and, taking his cue from Beethoven's last *Finale*, fashioned the most gigantic symphony of all, *The Symphony of a Thousand*.

It is impossible, even for the best critic, to be a prophet of infallible judgment. Yet he should intuitively know that it is wrong to condemn, purely on the ground of its unfamiliar dialect, a new serious artwork, the human and poetic qualities of which have made an overwhelming impression upon an audience of laymen. The titanic blunders of this type made by the arch-critic Hanslick during the Nineteenth Century, his sweeping damnation of the art of Wagner, Bruckner, and Strauss, should serve as eternal warnings to all musical commentators who lean too hard upon the inevitably unstable canons of artistic beauty codified by a previous generation. When Mr. Henderson proudly quotes his eminent English colleague Mr. Newman to show at the expense of *Wozzeck* that they are in perfect accord in rejecting the formal contributions of the so-called modernists, he forgets that Englishmen have been granted, if possible, even less opportunity than Americans to keep pace with the main stream of musical progress. It is far too soon for any one to pass judgment on *Wozzeck*, to say nothing of the abused modernism

of which it is only a conservative expression. We do know, however, that it is one of the most powerful and successful music-dramatic works of the day. If American and English critics must hold court over unfamiliar music, the time has come for them to call for a thorough and impartial hearing on the case of Bruckner and Mahler, whose contributions, now grown formally conservative, can no longer suffer under the handicaps that beset serious music written in a still strange dialect.

Instead of speculating upon such hopeless futilities as "Why No Great American Composers?" let our leading critics lift their voices in unison to tell this country's music-lovers that they are lagging full fifty years behind the vital stream of music, a half-century unprecedentedly rich in symphonic masters, to mention only Bruckner, Mahler, and Schoenberg. When they have helped to guide them along this path of still strange wonders, they will have accomplished the first real step towards producing a truly great musical contribution by a native-born American.

—GABRIEL ENGEL.

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### AMERICA GAINS FAMOUS FOREIGN MUSIC-CRITIC

Serious music-lovers of this country will greet with enthusiasm the recent announcement made by the *New York Staats-Zeitung*, that it has secured for its chief music-critic the celebrated Paul Bekker, author of world-famous German books on Beethoven, Wagner, Mahler, and the modern symphony. This progressive and energetic German-American newspaper is to be heartily congratulated upon having thus added to its able rostrum one of the most powerful and original minds in the entire realm of musical esthetics. How comprehensive and authoritative a voice America will gain by this happy transaction may be readily gathered from the additional facts that Mr. Bekker has not been merely a writer of books on musical subjects, but has also had wide experience in the more practical fields of the art, having been General Manager of the State Opera House in Kassel and Wiesbaden and music-critic of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.

*Chord and Discord* will endeavor to obtain permission to reprint in English some of the most important utterances to be made by Mr. Bekker concerning music in America.



FROM THE PAINTING BY DR. M. G. DUMLER, MUS.D.

" . . . how one vast symphonic conception developed through nine colossal statements soaring ever higher on increasingly broader wing, until its flight embraced a veritable tonal cosmos" (*See page 4*).

## MAHLER'S *LIED VON DER ERDE*

### I.

Gustav Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* is one of the really unique pieces in the literature of music. "Unique" refers not only to the actual music itself, but also to the composition's classification as to type. Written as it is for two solo voices and orchestra and set to texts from Hans Bethge's *Die Chinesische Floete*, it could well be called a song-cycle. Yet its symphonic length and breadth and the ever-present importance of the orchestra tend to lead one, on second thought, to consider it a symphony—a symphony with vocal solos. This classification is strengthened by the facts that Mahler had already used soloists (without chorus) in previous symphonic movements and that he himself subtitled the work *Eine Symphonie*. On the other hand, he assigned it no number in the ranks of his other symphonies. Furthermore, no previous symphony of his uses soloists entirely without chorus in all movements, nor are any set exclusively to texts by one poet. Those who study Mahler's music closely will come to realize that there is an appreciable difference between his symphony style and his song style; yet both characteristics can be found inseparably united in *Das Lied von der Erde*.

This discovered, we probably have the clue to its real classification, which is that it cannot be put into any of the conventional categories, that it is a hybrid—a cross between a symphony and a song-cycle. There are a few pieces of music which cannot be classified, labeled, and pigeon-holed; Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* is one of them.

All of Mahler's mature works except the early *Das Klagende Lied* fall under the heading of either the symphony or the song (or both). In contrapuntal wealth, in breadth, depth, and power, and in variety in handling the orchestra, the symphonies are superior, while the songs have the advantage in refinement, clarity of form, conciseness, economy of means, and delicate workmanship. Therefore, if *Das Lied von der Erde* is a hybrid of both these forms, is it not natural to deduce that it should contain the best work of its composer? The greatest authorities usually regard either it or the *Eighth Symphony* as the composer's masterpiece. Even some of those who criticize Mahler most harshly will speak well of *Das Lied von der Erde*, just as even the severest critics of Debussy and Elgar will sometimes make an exception in the case of *Pelleas and Melisande* and of *The Dream of Gerontius*.

If we go to that old reliable musical reference work, Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, we find *Das Lied* evaluated thus:

The change from the blustering of the 8th symphony to the fine perceptions of this set of songs is noteworthy. The scoring has often an almost Latin delicacy. Mahler's position as a composer will rest more certainly on these songs and on the 9th symphony than on all the remainder of his work, even including the 8th symphony.

Scott Goddard, who contributed the article on Mahler for Grove's, makes clear in another passage his high regard for *Das Lied von der Erde* (and incidentally, also for the *Ninth Symphony*.)

### II.

Mahler wrote *Das Lied von der Erde* when he was at the height of his powers. It represents the beginning of the third and greatest period of his writing, the second period having culminated in the great *Eighth Symphony* (called *The Symphony of a Thousand*). After *Das Lied*, Mahler wrote only one more complete work, the *Ninth Symphony*.

"At the height of his power"; yes, but emotionally thoroughly

disillusioned—such also was Mahler when he wrote *Das Lied von der Erde*. Severely buffeted about by life and convinced of the futility of his hope of becoming sufficiently independent financially to lay aside the baton and devote all his time to composition, Mahler had by now become thoroughly passive and resigned. Realizing he was "lost to the world", as the text of one of his previous songs expressed it\*, he found consoling escape from reality in his musical creations alone. In *Das Lied von der Erde*, especially in the second and last movements, he gave full expression to this utter spiritual solitude.

The text Mahler used, as has already been said, is taken from *The Chinese Flute*, by Hans Bethge. These poems are re-creations in German (rather than German translations) of Chinese poems written by Li-Tai-Po and other eighth century Chinese poets.

*Das Lied von der Erde* contains six movements (or songs, if you prefer), entitled *Drinking-Song of the Earth's Sorrow*, *The Lonely One in Autumn*, *Of Youth*, *Of Beauty*, *The Drunkard in the Spring*, and *The Farewell*. Of these, the first, the third, and fifth employ a tenor soloist, while the second, fourth, and sixth use a contralto, though a foot-note permits the optional substitution of a baritone for the contralto.

### III.

The opening movement, *Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde*, is pessimistic, its philosophy being "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die". Three times appears the line: *Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod*, (Dark is life, dark is death), and it dispels all gaiety at each repetition. These words, with the opening theme for four horns, seem to be the *idée fixe* of the whole song. Pessimistic though this song may be, there is no sorrow or grief in it; rather it is heroic and ironic, at times almost defiant.

When one studies the orchestral score of *Das Lied von der Erde*, probably the first thing he notices in *Der Einsame im Herbst* is the wandering figure in eighth-notes carried by the muted first violins through such a large portion of the song. This continually moving figure suggests a longing which, though not intense, is none the less deep and never attains satisfaction. Promise of fulfilment is given in the beautiful passage:

Ich komm' zu dir, traute Ruhestaette!  
Ja, gib mir Ruh, ich hab' Erquickung not!

but it does not reach actual fulfilment, the movement ending in the lonely sorrow in which it began. That peculiar nostalgic sensation of the approaching end of something beautiful, over which we would linger much longer if we could, the feeling we associate with autumn, is one which we have experienced before in music, as well as in life, in such things as the second movement of Franck's *D-minor Symphony*, the third movement of Brahms' *Third Symphony*, in the Rhine-Maidens' Scene in *Goetterdaemmerung*, in certain moments in Chopin, in Schubert, and in Schumann, but in *Der Einsame im Herbst* Mahler has given us the most heart-felt picture of them all.

The next three movements present the other side of life's picture, though only the temporary, unusual, and deceptive side. All are short, lively, jolly, and sometimes rather saucy. The music of *Von der Jugend* skips about gaily in its youthful, carefree manner, but it lacks the genuine ring of true joy—it is only a false joy, a mirage destined to dissolve,

\**Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*, one of Mahler's five masterly songs to texts by Rueckert.

leaving only disillusionment.

*Von der Schoenheit* also contains some of the naive, folk-like quality which marks so much of Mahler's work, but which becomes less and less frequent as his work advances. Beginning and ending daintily, almost ethereally, this song nevertheless reaches a stirring climax, in which the plucking of a mandolin rings forth cheerily.

That artificial joy which comes from the flowing bowl is depicted in *Der Trunkene im Fruehling*. Though outwardly cheerful there runs beneath this song a current of irony which emphasizes the futility of artificially-stimulated gaiety.

The final movement, *Der Abschied*, is closely akin to the second. It is much longer than any of the three preceding songs and sounds the final and predominant note of the whole work. Like *Der Einsame im Herbst*, its mood is that of weariness, loneliness, and resignation, but it ends with a note of hope—joy in the eternal Spring of the earth—the only true consolation possible. Some of the most notable features of this song are its ominous, cheerless opening, the passages in which the time-signature is temporarily abandoned while the voice continues in free time—Mahler's nearest approach to the stilted recitative—the striking descending eighth-note motive in thirds (usually appearing in horns or wood-winds) which is repeated over and over in many forms during a long section of the song, and last, the ethereal long *pianissimo* at the end, which seems to soar away from all earthly care, its long, broad phrases giving final relief from trouble. The very end is lingering and long-drawn-out and seems to go on and on forever in the mind, even after the music has died away into silence. Those critics who take Mahler to task in accusations of over-scoring and too-prolonged *fortissimos* should not overlook this unforgettable ending.

#### IV.

Technically, *Das Lied von der Erde* reveals on every page that masterly writing which is stamped on all of Mahler's work. The essence of his method lies in the individual manner of movement he gives each voice of the texture. Consequently, the effect of his music lies in the combination of all the simultaneously-sounding voices, rather than in the beauty of a prominent melody in its relation to a purely subsidiary accompaniment, as is true of the average composer. Mahler's music cannot be analyzed as melody, countermelody, harmonic accompaniment, and bass; it is something finer than such an obvious device, for with Mahler, all voices are important and indispensable to the effect of the whole.

The logical way in which his individual voices proceed, with apparently very little regard for the equally logical movement of other voices is truly fascinating. The learned eye may detect occasional clashes and peculiar interrelations, but so naturally do they occur that they do not strike the ear as clashes, in fact, do not even appear dissonant. This type of voice-movement, most idiomatically representative of Mahler, finds no more typical and interesting expression in all his music than it does in the opening of *Der Einsame im Herbst*. To give a single instance, at one point we find the voice ascending the melodic minor scale, with the sixth and seventh degrees raised, while the oboe descends the melodic minor scale, in which the sixth and seventh degrees are natural. The two voices cross on the sixth degree of the scale, the singer having the raised sixth degree (B-natural—the key is D-minor) against the natural sixth degree (B-flat) in the oboe. Yet if we follow the music horizontally,

rather than vertically, the ear does not notice or take offense at this sharp dissonance, which would be very stinging if introduced suddenly, or isolated from a natural melodic progression.

*Das Lied von der Erde* is also in no way deficient in representing its composer's mastery of the orchestra. Mahler never conventionalized his scoring or resorted to stock formulas or constant repetition of "sure-fire recipes" for effectiveness. One can never accuse him of using orchestration as a means for the display of virtuosity on the part of the performers, of effects calculated to surprise, dazzle, or shock the hearers, or of striving for the merely brilliant, eccentric, or sensational. What a contrast he thus presents to the Rimsky-Korsakoff-Strauss-Ravel-Respighi-Stravinsky methods of orchestration!

An excellent discussion of Mahler's handling of the orchestra may be found in an article by Winthrop Sargeant in *Musical America* for March 25, 1934. In it Mr. Sargeant says:

It is, indeed, difficult to think of Mahler's orchestration as a separately definable aspect of his technique of composition. He thought so completely in terms of the orchestra that, for him, to orchestrate was to compose, and to compose was to orchestrate. . . . He is one of the few composers of the last hundred years in whose orchestral work the influence of the piano keyboard is not felt. When he writes for strings, he writes parts that are conceived for strings alone—not parts that are merely possible on stringed instruments. When he writes an oboe or a clarinet passage it is the very spirit of the oboe or clarinet that he invokes, not its potentialities for showy technical passages.

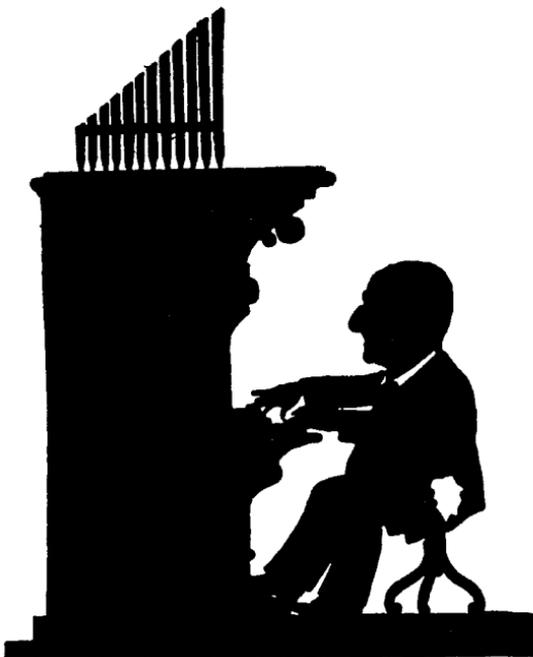
Mr. Sargeant emphasizes that Mahler's most distinguishing trait in handling the orchestra is that of setting off instruments against each other, rather than combining them. And herein lies the secret of the complete individuality and the fresh originality of the very *sound* of Mahler's orchestra. Mr. Sargeant also makes a feature of the use of dynamic contrasts between various voices, such as the appearing into prominence and receding into the background of first one instrument and then another and the employment of a *diminuendo* in one voice occurring simultaneously with a *crescendo* in another voice. We might add that Mahler also frequently has similar dynamic contrasts between two instruments playing in unison on the same voice. To this contrast of dynamics Mr. Sargeant gives the appropriate name of *contrapuntal dynamics*, and remarks:

The iridescent interplay of tone-color thus achieved permits of an infinite gradation of subtle nuances.

When Mr. Sargeant wants to give an example of the maximum of effect achieved with the minimum of means, it is the opening of *Der Abschied* that he most appropriately quotes. But that is only one instance. Many others can be found in *Das Lied von der Erde*, which would have supplied an equally good example, and a host of others from other works of the composer. However, if one wanted to study as good an example of Mahler's use of the orchestra as is possible to find within the covers of only one of his works, it is *Das Lied von der Erde* which could probably be most highly recommended.

In any aspect from which one studies it, *Das Lied von der Erde* remains one of the high-lights, perhaps the masterpiece, of Mahler's career. As said at the beginning, it is one of the unique works of musical literature. A weak, slavish imitation of it is conceivable, but a genuine, vital second *Das Lied von der Erde* is an unimaginable thing. Nothing really like it has ever appeared before or since. It belongs to that precious group of musical creations of which each is a law unto itself and entirely different from any other piece of music.

—WILLIAM PARKS GRANT.



### THE AMERICAN PREMIERE OF BRUCKNER'S *NINTH* {Original Version}

Otto Klemperer, the distinguished conductor whose unswerving artistic idealism metropolitan music-lovers remember as the source of fine, courageous pioneer performances of Bruckner's *Seventh* and *Eighth* during seasons immediately preceding the American Bruckner Renaissance, will renew his efforts in behalf of the Austrian master's music when he directs the N. Y. Philharmonic in the first New World presentation of the original version of Bruckner's *Ninth*. This premiere offering is to feature his programs of the week beginning Oct. 11.

European Brucknerites, having already had the opportunity of hearing this recently published original version of the *Ninth* performed by some of the most authoritative of the world's Bruckner interpreters, among them Klemperer and Walter, seem to be of the general opinion that it is, in effect, a "new" symphony, in many of its essential features an expression the very opposite of the now almost maligned "Loewe" version. Whether or not this view is the result of exaggerated enthusiasm, perhaps pardonable in the light of the artistic importance of the score's belated publication, is a matter for those thoroughly familiar with the long accepted "Loewe" version to determine for themselves. This "Farewell" Symphony of Bruckner, though never as popular here as the *Fourth* or *Seventh*, has not suffered the almost total neglect that has been the sad lot of Bruckner's other symphonies in America. There will be some here capable of judging to what extent Bruckner's foremost disciple, Loewe, was misled by his zeal in behalf of the master and, far more important, capable of deciding whether or not this is, in effect, a Bruckner symphony which American music-lovers have not yet heard.

Mr. Klemperer's earnest devotion to the art of Bruckner needs no other proof than the record of his past year's activities, which include performances of the *Fifth* at Leipzig, the *Ninth* (original version) in Vienna, and two performances of the *Fourth* at Los Angeles. In the light of his world-wide fame as a symphonic conductor serious music-lovers may well anticipate a thrilling revelation from Mr. Klemperer's approaching readings of Bruckner's *Ninth*.

## BRUCKNER'S NINTH (THE ORIGINAL VERSION)

It is not altogether an idle play of fancy to imagine what Bruckner might have said could the splendid first volume of his *Complete Works*\* have been placed into his own hands. His instant reaction would surely have been bewildered amazement. "How on earth did you come to single *me* out for so great an honor?" he would have exclaimed. "Why, don't you know, not even Master von Mozart, nor Master von Beethoven, to say nothing of Master von Haydn, was so honored in his own life-time!"

And yet there lies a deep significance in the circumstance that the modest master of Ansfelden has been honored so soon after his death with a "critical complete edition", for the adjective "critical" signifies, not fault-finding pedantry, but that deeper sympathetic scholarship inseparable from fidelity to the real truth.

The especial importance of the volume just published (the Ninth Volume of the *Complete Works*) in which Prof. Alfred Orel presents the *Ninth Symphony* together with all of Bruckner's sketches for it, supplemented by an exhaustive introductory treatise on the entire subject, seems to me twofold. First, through it the technical details governing public performances of the work are, once for all, definitely established. Second, through its linking of all of Bruckner's plans and sketches for the symphony it affords a view of a great composer's workshop such as has been hitherto presented but once in musical history (in the sketch-books of Beethoven) and, even in that case, in a less comprehensive manner.

The first task of the editor was necessarily to fix definitely the dates of the composition of the various sections of the symphony. To the accomplishment of this aim Orel has applied himself with a truly uncanny devotion to accuracy, using a penetrative method involving the very analysis of the different kinds of paper Bruckner used in preparing the original manuscript, and making it possible to trace clearly the development of the *Ninth Symphony* through its six separate versions! Thus we see how naturally, how organically Bruckner's creative work attained completion, resembling in its course of evolution the growth of a tree, marked by a fresh ring each year.

Correcting all the Bruckner biographers Orel succeeds in setting the date of the beginning of the master's work on the *Ninth* as far back as Sept. 21, 1887. Then he also establishes the fact that Bruckner was engaged upon the *Finale* until his death. He concludes, therefore, that the spiritual world revealed in this symphony is identical with Bruckner's own during his last ten years of life.

His discussion of the sketches and plans is characterized by the same accuracy. Every single phrase, whether adopted or rejected by Bruckner in preparing the final version, is carefully analyzed and given its logical place in the whole scheme of the work. Of extraordinary value is Orel's presentation of a sketch of the unfinished *Finale* in a skeletal four-staved score, which, reaching to the beginning of the *coda*, affords a view of the total structure as planned by the composer. Unfortunately, the actual close, that portion always treated by Bruckner as a grand summation and, hence, probably the most important passage in the symphony, must remain an eternal mystery.

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\*See Page 23.

One glance at this mighty torso of a *Finale* is enough to convince us that the practice (alas, so frequently carried out by conductors) of using the *Te Deum* in place of a *Finale* corresponds in no respect to the composer's true intention, for this fine choral work shows no relationship to the thematic world unforgettably established in the three completed movements of the symphony. Concerning this fact Orel remarks most strikingly: "Bruckner's clear intent to conclude the *Ninth Symphony* with a gigantic instrumental *Finale* proves the utter futility of any attempt to establish a spiritual connection between it and the *Te Deum*, an attempt so frequently made by conductors, despite the insuperable period of a decade separating the conception of the two works in the mind of the composer. Furthermore, the *Adagio* of the symphony, the involuntary conclusion left the world by Bruckner, attains symbolic significance through the realization that the inexorable grip of Fate wrested the pen from the aged master's hand almost at the very moment in which he would have sealed the work with a completed, formal *Allegro-Finale*."

Finally, in justice to the original version of the *Ninth*, here published for the first time, we feel compelled to comment briefly upon the so-called "Loewe Version", the only shape in which the work was known to the world during the thirty-five years following Bruckner's death. Loewe's changes apply, for the most part, to the instrumentation, his version differing in this respect from the original in almost every bar. As Orel pointed out in a recent lecture at the University of Vienna, Loewe, actuated solely by devoted zeal, sought to render more acceptable to the ears of his contemporaries the general tonal ruggedness of the symphony as left by the master. To accomplish this end he boldly translated into the luxurious massed orchestral language of Wagner the economical group-instrumental effects clearly intended by Bruckner, who seems in this symphony to have anticipated the most modern attitude towards the problem of instrumental expression. For example, Loewe changed a passage, the effect of which in the original, was based upon the contrast of alternating string and woodwind, in such a manner that the thematic material involved would be sounded simultaneously by both these groups, with the result that the tonal color-contrast intended by Bruckner disappeared completely.

In view of these facts, proving absolutely the right of the original version to public performance, not out of sentimental piety, but rather, out of artistic necessity, it seems amazing that a master conductor such as Volkmer Andreas of Zuerich could recently have said that the "Loewe Version" was infinitely superior to the original and that the work would be better served as heretofore, by presentation in Loewe's revision rather than in its original shape. It may be taken for granted that at the time he made such a remark Mr. Andreas had not yet seen Prof. Orel's analysis and that he would now no longer deny the preeminent rights of the original version.

Thus the very first of the symphonic volumes published as part of the *Complete Works* has already exerted in many respects a clarifying and disentangling influence. Further important revelations pertaining to the life and work of Anton Bruckner may well be expected from the remaining volumes of this monumental publication, the speedy appearance of which should be fervently hoped for by all serious music-lovers.

## SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

### *A Record of Critical and Popular Reaction*

#### ARNOLD SCHOENBERG—

##### PELLEAS AND MELISANDE

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Arnold Schoenberg, Conductor; March 16, 1934. (The performance was broadcast).*

All this, the strong form, the association of themes with characters, the fitting of programmatic scenes into the formal scheme, is a leaf out of the Straussian book. Unlike Strauss is the absence of realistic or descriptive treatment. Even Debussy has his glistening harp glissando, where the ring drops into the well. Not a hint of such realism creeps into Schoenberg's score. Like Schoenberg and none other, the composer would have this a psychological study. Thoughts and inward feelings furnish the background for the different points of action rather than naturalistic settings. The work begins with *Fate*, not with husband or wife or lover. A tragic mood envelopes all three. No other tone poem is so introspective, would equally render the inwardness of its program.

—A. H. M., *Boston Evening Transcript*

Nothing more radically different from Debussy's musical thought processes could easily be imagined than the Schoenbergian idiom.

The representation of even some of the salient points in Maeterlinck's drama has in this case resulted in a work that is, for most people, too long. However, some one once wisely remarked that "terse and aphoristic methods are for older men". One can readily understand the affection that Mr. Schoenberg has for this piece and his desire to play it. It speaks so thoroughly to him of that period in life when one's destiny is still unrealized. It expresses richly the impressions of a sensitive and searching mind; and it reflects the musical language and environment in which Schoenberg found himself at that time...

Schoenberg is an unaffected, direct and sincere artist. He received an ovation from audience and orchestra yesterday, and he received it almost impersonally. When will Boston hear his *Gurrelieder*, or works of more recent date?

—George S. McManus, *Boston Herald*

To call so masterly a score as that of this tone-poem after Maeterlinck's play a work of apprenticeship suggests a misuse of that term, but surely there is little of what we have come to consider the essential Schoenberg in this rich-sounding, mellifluous, over-long and over-elaborate score. There is, of course, a prodigious display of contrapuntal skill but the polyphonic complexities of the later Schoenberg are of a different order, quite without the fatness and turgidity that marks this *Pelleas and Melisande*...

But that the tone-poem gave pleasure

yesterday was indicated by the applause that returned the distinguished guest several times to the platform.

—Warren Storey Smith, *Boston Post*

In spite of its derivative qualities, *Pelleas* is an imaginative music, a gorgeous contrapuntal fabric, glowing with a multitude of orchestral colors. Where Debussy was content with nebulous suggestion of the fascinating tale of *Pelleas*, Golaud, and the pathetic *Melisande* in dim, gray *Allemonde*, Schoenberg told his version in detail. Graphic even naive, depiction—such as the trombone glissando and descending chromatic scales tremolo, for the violins—prevails throughout. The better parts are of course those where the beginnings of an individual style are perceived. Yet, curiously, Schoenberg employed the Wagnerian and Straussian styles as if they were natural to him! *Pelleas* is not merely a dilute compound of those masters of 19th Century Romanticism.

—*Boston Globe*

#### ANTON BRUCKNER—

##### SEVENTH SYMPHONY

*Anton Bruckner—Seventh Symphony, Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Minneapolis, April 6, 1934.*

*Mr. Ormandy's message to the Bruckner Society (March 12, 1934):*

I have finally decided to play the Bruckner *Seventh* at our concert of April 6th, presenting it without cuts. Before the performance, I plan to speak to the audience of Bruckner's life, mentioning the influence of Wagner and other composers on one of the greatest geniuses of all times.

Friday's concert by the Symphony Orchestra at Northrop auditorium brought, as its main feature, the *Seventh Symphony* by Bruckner, which has not been played by the organization since its performance 25 years ago under Emil Oberhoffer...

It is interesting to see this composer is coming more and more into the light of public survey, nearly 40 years after his death...

The climax of importance in the *Seventh Symphony*, generally conceded to be the peak of his effort, occurs in the transcendently beautiful slow movement, which was conceived in a prophetic apprehension of Wagner's death (which occurred a year later), and dedicated to him. It rises to sublime heights, to veritably apocalyptic splendors, and then subsides into a mood of lamentation that is consistently moving...

It was altogether a concert to absorb with all the powers of the head and the heart.

—Frances Boardman,  
*The Saint Paul Pioneer Press*

One unprogrammed feature of the program was Ormandy's plea for a better understanding and appreciation of and for Bruckner. This was made immediately before the interpretation of the symphony and doubtless had considerable effect in moulding opinion, or of persuading opinion to be tolerant.

It is many years since I heard a Bruckner symphony and it is my opinion that we might with advantage have enjoyed, or otherwise, more of these great masterpieces. It is also my opinion that Bruckner needs no apologist; his works speak for themselves, as Ormandy said, and they speak a language easily understood, and that should mean something in these days of aimless philandering with strange musical gods.

He may have been uncouth and uneducated, he was nevertheless a poet, very much of a philosopher, a master who handled his orchestral tools with powerful effect.

This ought not to be a passing fancy, a spasmodic effort to make Bruckner better known to us. I hope Ormandy will bring more of his symphonies for our delectation.

—James Davis,  
*The Minneapolis Tribune*

It was a most wonderful performance, which aroused much enthusiasm for the work, its composer, the orchestra and its splendid conductor.

In Mr. Ormandy's excellent remarks there was but one little fault to find and that was he, like all Bruckner commentators, stressed too much his peasant origin. There was no trace of the peasant in this superb work of marvelous imaginativeness and exquisite nobility of art.

Bruckner is famous for his beautiful slow movements, and slow music naturally abounds even outside of the adagio of his Seventh because the whole work is a monument to the genius of Richard Wagner, whom Bruckner had correctly realized as on the brink of the grave when he saw him for the last time in Bayreuth. It is chiefly held in a reminiscing spirit and key. The initial allegro is "moderate" to a very great extent and even the wonderfully swaying and cheerful trio of the scherzo is slow in an otherwise very fast movement.

—Victor Nilsson,  
*The Minneapolis Journal*

## GUSTAV MAHLER— SECOND SYMPHONY {Excerpt}

*Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, Conductor; Robin Hood Dell (open air) Philadelphia, August 11, 1934 (Broadcast)*

There could be no more convincing evidence of the growing popularity and universal appeal of Mahler's music than the choice of this charming musico-autobiographical *idyll* for a summer evening's open-air program. This melodious movement is without a doubt the most popular portion of all Mahler's

symphonies and, with the possible exception of the colorful nocturnes in the *Seventh*, Mr. Reiner could have selected no music by this great too long neglected composer equally suited to the character of such a concert.

The sustained applause that followed the performance was the final proof of the practicability, even for popular purposes, of this composer's music, for a whole generation shunned with dread by the average American music-lover under the spell of a hostile, relentless critical propaganda.

Over the radio the performance was preceded by a brief explanatory announcement, the speaker quoting from the book on Mahler recently published by the Bruckner Society.

—Gabriel Engel

## HUGO WOLF— PROMETHEUS

## MARTIN LOEFFLER— EVOCATION

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor; Assisting Artists: David Blair McClosky and the Cecelia Society Chorus; Boston, February 23, 24, 1934. (The second performance was broadcast).*

...Another hearing brought forth new evidence of the grace and loveliness, the exquisite taste and subtle instrumentation of this work, composed for the dedication of Severance Hall, home of the Cleveland Symphony orchestra . . .

It might indeed be well for some of the so-called modernists to take time off from their labors and spend a few moments in consideration of the Loeffler composition. In it there is beauty and the expression of clear musical thought. In it also a full modern orchestra is used. Yet originality is obtained without the use of fantastic instrumentation, polyphony, or atonality. To not a few of the "advanced" schools that would be considered nearly an impossibility.

—W. T. C. Jr., *Boston Traveler*

Hugo Wolf wrote this setting of Prometheus in 1889, barely two months before he passed his 29th birthday. A year later he transcribed this setting for the orchestra. Above a tumultuous orchestra the solo voice lifts Prometheus' fearless reproach to Zeus and the gods. Wolf mirrored in his music the febrile emotion revealed in Goethe's poetic account of Prometheus' defiance which led to the Titan's bondage upon the mountain. The style is not only reminiscent but strongly suggestive of Richard Wagner. Yet not a superfluous measure is present; at the very beginning Wolf, with his genius for succinct expression, set the general mood, and following Prometheus' final words of scorn, concluded the work simply with but two marvelously apt staccato chords . . .

Mr. Loeffler appeared on the stage and received what amounted to phenomenal ap-

plause for a Friday afternoon audience, at the conclusion of his exquisitely scored *Evocation*. This composer of an elder generation has long been justly admired for the aristocratic dignity and taste of his music, and for his polished craftsmanship.

—C. W. D., *The Boston Globe*

Few pieces, newly come from the composer's hand, better deserved the speedy repetition that *Evocation* now enjoyed. Mr. Loeffler has reached the age at which men who have given their life to an art or a profession cast about to see what creditable baggage they may leave behind them. When his eye lights upon *Pagan Poem*, *St. Francis's Canticle of the Sun* and this *Evocation*, he need have no repinings. . .

As it was, there was only to renew admiration for the range of Mr. Loeffler's expressive means; for the sensibility with which he chooses them; for the fine hand and the distinctive imagination with which he adapts them to his ends. This *Evocation* is a music in which to the listening ear there is neither technical shortcoming nor technical flaw; to which the veriest pedant for structure and progress may not raise valid objection. For the form, the subject-matter and the course, the invention and the emotion, are of one body and one impression. From them,

once the ferment of the beginning is stilled and the dark has brightened, emerges the antique beauty clear and serene, measured and chiselled, unalloyed, unlabored, touching every receiving sense, flowing deep into mind and spirit. And at the end there are calm and illumination and the passing of a vision. The whole is work of rarified imagination through a controlling mind. For the while such purpose and such accomplishment come seldom into music or any other of the expressive arts. It lays spell upon us who are privileged to know it. So far the end has crowned Mr. Loeffler's work.

—H. T. P., *Boston Evening Transcript*

Also was this *Evocation* good to hear again on its own account. This music has both warmth and serenity; its melodies have a gracious contour. The instrumentation, with its striking use of vibraphone and saxophones, is uncommonly rich and lustrous. As are the pigments on his palette to a painter, so are the timbres of the orchestra to Mr. Loeffler, who assort and blends them with an exceeding fastidiousness. And Dr. Koussevitzky's orchestra yesterday yielded him each last refinement of tone.

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

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## MAHLER'S FIRST IN ENGLAND

*The London Philharmonic; Conductor, Dr. Heinz Unger; Queen's Hall, London, April 16, 1934.*

Mahler's No. 1 Symphony is an attractive work, quite the most popular of Mahler's "little lot," and its attractiveness was considerably enhanced by Dr. Unger's treatment. As the work is everything in turn, so Dr. Unger was in his turn everything to its many facts. The result was a brilliant performance, which may result in more curiosity in Mahler and his symphonics than has so far been shown in England.—*Star*, 17th April, 1934.

Dr. Unger opened his programme with Mahler's Symphony in D which he conducted from memory. Mahler's music is still *sub judice* in this country, but his music only needs interpretations such as that given last night for it to be as popular here as it is in Austria and Holland. How superlatively skilful he was!

—*Sheffield Telegraph*.

He chose the First Symphony of Mahler of which he gave a performance which made one oblivious of its length, which, with an audience only half converted to Mahler, is a feat. The elasticity of his tempo made the folk-song element peculiarly vital. The much discussed and sometimes abused third movement was vividly mysterious and the rustic Landler very effective. Above all the Pastoral effect of the opening was convincingly rendered.

*Eastern Daily Press*, Norwich, 18th April, 1934.

He boldly elected to begin with Mahler, who is not by any means a popular composer in this country, but he secured so vivid and animated a performance of his First Symphony that our audience was won.

—EDWIN EVANS in *The Daily Mail*, 17th April, 1934.

## BRUCKNER APPRECIATION—VIA RADIO!

During the past ten years there has been no one more prominent among Brucknerites in Germany than Felix Maria Gatz. It was he who founded that largest of all Bruckner groups, the *Berliner Bruckner Bund*, an organization so influential in the world of German music that it could command a generous annual subsidy from the government. Thus it was possible for this group even to launch a *Bruckner Symphony Orchestra* and a large *Bruckner Choir* of its own, dedicated chiefly to the performance of the Austrian master's works. In the course of almost a decade it succeeded in presenting before the music-lovers of Berlin many complete cycles of Bruckner's symphonies, masses, and most important minor orchestral and choral compositions. But the artistic ideals of Prof. Gatz, music director of the *Bund*, were too progressive to be confined to the propagation of a single composer's works, so that the programs of his performances included a liberal number of major compositions by more modern masters such as Mahler and Schoenberg.

Consequently, the advent of the new regime, universally styled the Third Reich, left the organization without the official financial support that had become necessary for its continuation, with the result that Prof. Gatz began to seek a new, more promising field in which to carry the Bruckner banner on to a complete and permanent triumph. Naturally he turned his attention to the New World where he knew that a Bruckner Renaissance was in process and happily accepted the post of Professor of Musical Esthetics at Duquesne University, Pittsburgh.

The enthusiasm and energy with which he set to work immediately upon his arrival in Pittsburgh this fall may be readily gathered from the following astonishing facts.:

(1) He has been engaged for a series of twenty weekly radio talks on Bruckner, which he is illustrating not only by playing musical excerpts on the piano, but by performing whole sections of the Bruckner symphonies with the assistance of a chamber-symphony group.

(2) He has persuaded the Pittsburgh Board of Education to institute among the public schools a prize essay contest the subject matter for which is to be drawn from his radio talks on Bruckner.

Prof. Gatz is to be heartily congratulated upon having so quickly paved a way for the difficult and (in this country, at least) unprecedented appeal of the Bruckner cause directly to the hearts of the younger generation. Lovers of the art of Bruckner throughout the world should watch with great interest the progress of the Bruckner movement in Pittsburgh, for one might almost say that a paramount artistic ideal is on trial there, the successful introduction of which would silence forever the tongue of many a skeptical scoffer. The sincerest thanks and best wishes of all serious American music-lovers to you, Prof. Gatz. *Chord and Discord* will gladly communicate to the world of music the details of the glorious adventure in musical ideals into which you have so courageously and whole-heartedly hurled yourself.

## INTERNATIONAL BRUCKNERIANA

Sept. 4, 1934, the 110th anniversary of Bruckner's birth, found Central Europe still tortured with the grim, unstable political and economic conditions that have played particularly sad havoc with the universal ideals underlying the realm of art. Nevertheless, the staunch band of Austrians that has triumphantly carried the Bruckner banner far beyond its own border, into Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, even furnishing the original impetus to the foundation of the Bruckner Society of America in 1931, undauntedly prepared special concerts and Bruckner Festivals in many European cities to mark the important day.

### AACHEN {Rhineland}

Perhaps most memorable of these was the *Fourth International Bruckner Festival* held at Aachen, famous old imperial city of the Rhineland. The symphonic programs of the festival, conducted by Dr. Peter Raabe and Prof. Franz Moissl (guest-conductor) included the canceled *Symphony No. 0* (the *Nullte*) the *First* (the world premiere of the original version,) and the *Ninth*, a first hearing of the original version at Aachen. An appropriate festive note was struck when a brass choir ushered in the opening program with fanfares on Bruckner themes, arranged by Vinzenz Goller. One of the morning programs included a liturgical presentation of the *E-Minor Mass* in the famous cathedral of Charlemagne, followed by a performance of the *String Quintet*. Sept. 4, Bruckner's birthday, was devoted to a general meeting of the *Internationale Bruckner Gesellschaft*, the speakers being Prof. Max Auer, president, and Prof. Fritz Grueninger.

### FREIBURG {Breisgau}

A great Bruckner Festival took place also in Freiburg (Breisgau) and was introduced by fanfares sounded from the church-tower on the evening preceding the first day. Five Bruckner symphonies and several of the master's less known minor orchestral compositions were performed in the course of this festival. In the mighty Cathedral the *Mass in D Minor* was given a liturgical presentation. The conductors for the Festival were Franz Kowitschny and Prof. Franz Moissl (guest-conductor.)

### LINZ {Upper Austria}

The city of Linz in Upper Austria, in which Bruckner lived and worked for many years, is planning a Bruckner Festival for the summer of 1935. Sankt Florian, the neighboring monastery, beneath the great organ of which the master's sarcophagus rests at his own request, is to be the scene of part of the festival. Although a tremendous sum was expended by the I.B.G. upon the thorough restoration of the famous old organ at Sankt Florian, the completion of the work revealed a considerable deficit, the heavy burden of which falls upon the *Bruckner Bund* of Upper Austria. The proceeds of the projected Linz Festival will be used towards the liquidation of this debt.

### HOLLAND

Under the able and energetic leadership of Jan Coverts, noted Dutch music-critic and author of the first book on Bruckner in the Dutch language, the Bruckner Society of Holland has succeeded in arousing lively interest in the master's works among the music-lovers of that

country. Especially prominent among the Dutch Bruckner enthusiasts are Dr. Rudolf Mengelberg, manager of the Concertgebouw, Eduard van Beynum and Anthon van der Horst (conductors), Eduard and Jan Coverts, in all, a group of writers whose influence is much enhanced by regular critical activity. There have been about 200 performances of Bruckner symphonies in Holland during the last twenty years. Willem Mengelberg, though primarily a Mahler devotee, has already performed Bruckner 35 times in Holland. Eduard van Beynum, second conductor of the Concertgebouw, has made one of his principal aims the general recognition of Bruckner's genius by the Dutch people.

—FRANZ MOISSL

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### A KILENYI MAHLER EXCLUSIVE MEDAL OF HONOR!

Julio Kilenyi, noted creator of the universally admired Exclusive Medal of Honor which the Bruckner Society of America awards annually as its highest mark of recognition to those great leaders in the world of music who accomplish the most toward spreading the general knowledge and esteem of Bruckner's art among Americans, has announced his intention to produce a similar Mahler insignia in the near future.

The problem with which this inspired sculptor is now faced is, if possible, even more difficult than that which he so successfully solved in his conception of Bruckner.

Although the portraiture of old age with its dangerous tendency to emphasize physical and spiritual decay, had invariably cast the shadow of failure over the conceptions of Bruckner by foreign sculptors, Mr. Kilenyi unhesitatingly chose to use the same baffling theme as the only logical one for his medal. During two years he strove repeatedly, but in vain, to reveal the giant soul beneath the disfiguring wrinkles. Often he felt tempted to abandon once for all the disappointing venture. And then, suddenly, came the revelation—Bruckner and Dante! Twin souls, if there ever were such! Quickly he set to work and now it required only moments to reveal what two years of sporadic groping had failed to achieve—the spiritual deathlessness transfiguring the moribund body.

## THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ANTON BRUCKNER

To fix a musical masterwork permanently in the mind of posterity frequent representative performances alone will not suffice. The publication of a faultlessly printed edition from which conductors and music-students may gather the one authentic text is also indispensable. All the great composers since Palestrina have been honored with reverently prepared comprehensive editions of their works. The demand for such an edition of Bruckner, constantly growing during the years since his death, has become so insistent of late as to sweep aside all further doubt as to the timeliness of such a publication.

Rarely, if ever, has the demand for an authoritative edition had as much foundation as in the case of Bruckner. The musical scholar, when occupying himself with the master's work, whether for the purpose of pure research or for the preparation of a public performance, has hitherto always been faced by many perplexing problems arising out of the countless errors and ambiguities of the existing printed editions, problems that could be solved only by a process almost impossible to everyone, actual reference to the original manuscripts. The bitter criticism that has resulted is readily imaginable. This unsatisfactory condition can be corrected only by a new, truly critical edition of all of Bruckner's works.

The Viennese National Library, to which Bruckner willed the original manuscripts of all his major compositions, regards as its sacred duty not only the care of this precious legacy as such, but also the responsibility for the perfect accuracy of the printed editions of all these works. Therefore this famous institution has eagerly joined hands with the *Internationale Bruckner Gesellschaft*, the chief aim of which has, from the outset, been the sponsorship of an authoritative edition of the compositions of Bruckner. As practical expression of this ideal partnership, the present publishing firm (*Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag*) has been formed.

Not only will this critical edition of the complete works of Bruckner present the authentic texts, based upon a most accurate comparison with the original manuscripts, but it will even go beyond the scope hitherto considered sufficient for the complete edition of any master's works by making public all the composer's various versions and revisions of each work, omitting not even the sketches for these works, which constitute a veritable treasury of new information indispensable to the thorough understanding of the master's art. The complete project will be supplemented by two volumes embracing miscellaneous important sketches and all the extant documents of biographical significance, such as letters, diaries, etc.

The world of music eagerly awaits this great publication. It will be the supreme Bruckner monument, but far more, a permanent artistic heritage for posterity, a mighty artwork in an authoritative and dignified form.

### NEW BRUCKNER SCORES

The original version of Bruckner's *First*, given its world premiere at the Aachen Festival, Sept. 4, will soon be published by the *Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag* of the I.B.G. (Wien I, Teinfaltstrasse 7). The preparation of this score was the work of Dr. Robert Haas, Professor of Music at the University of Vienna.

In Memoriam

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OTTO H. KAHN, 1934  
HARRIET B. LANIER, 1931  
MRS. JOSEPH LEIDY, 1933  
MAX LOEWENTHAL, 1933  
H. T. PARKER, 1934  
EGON POLLAK, 1933  
LUDWIG VOGELSTEIN, 1934  
JAKOB WASSERMANN, 1933

# Chord and Discord



THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

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THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL

MET-EMPSYCHOSIS

BRUCKNER STUDY: *DAS KECKE-BESERL*

THE GRAND *TE DEUM*

BRUCKNER'S *SIXTH*

MAHLER'S *SECOND*

PROPHETS, SCRIBES, AND PHARISEES

DUMLER'S *STABAT MATER*

SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

FRIEND OF TOSCANINI

---

December 1935

**"MY TIME WILL YET COME"**



**THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL**

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This year marks the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of Gustav Mahler. Next year will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death.

This splendid Exclusive Medal of Honor by the internationally famous American sculptor, Julio Kilenyi, is the Bruckner Society's proud contribution to American recognition of the Mahler significance of the years 1935 and 1936.

The new Mahler Medal of Honor will be awarded annually to the conductor who accomplished most during the preceding musical season towards furthering the general appreciation of Mahler's art in the United States.

# CHORD AND DISCORD

A Journal of Modern Musical Progress

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## MET-EMPSYCHOSIS FROM IMPRESARIO TO DIRECTOR

Nobody will deny that Mr. Gatti-Casazza's twenty-seven years' general-management of the Metropolitan raised American opera production to a high level.

Permit me: I am this nobody.

The crisis which has so long gripped the American singing-stage is being discussed with ever growing intensity in our newspapers and musical journals. The example set by the Met, where the most experienced impresario, the most lavishly paid conductor, the most highly publicized star, the most bombastic scenic artist, the most stylistically affected choir-master, and the most saccharine-sweet ballet-mistress have each performed his or her part with such outstanding excellence that the opera house has literally rung with the claque's salvos of applause, richly confirmed by subsequent showers of press clippings singing their praises of the prowess of individual participants—all this shows conclusively that just because of these many uncoordinated virtues, an evening of opera may make upon an audience the impression of a variety show rather than of a thoroughly unified dramatic experience. Both press and public feel ever more clearly the need of an authoritative influence capable of exerting the inexorable "high pressure" that will weld all these separate factors into that ideal unity of music, action, staging, and scenic decoration, which has been the universal aim of the singing-stage ever since the production of the first Florentine operas more than three hundred years ago.

The critic, failing to find upon the large advance poster any name, the bearer of which may be held responsible for the absence of that desired unity, timidly asks the press-agent of the Met about this mysterious personage. The press-agent meets his question with an evasive smile. Of course, there is a man present at the opera-house who is intended to answer the critic's description, but he has been placed in an impossible position. Mr. Gatti had bought the name of this man in Europe because it was one of the "proprieties" for a great opera-house also to boast a famous dramatic director. He had entered the name of this man in an obscure corner of each opera program as responsible for the production, even though he had not granted him a single rehearsal for nineteen out of twenty such performances.

The man (and his colleagues) whose authority in leading European opera-houses was at least on a par with that of Mr. Gatti and his favorite conductors (yes, usually beyond it) was here permitted no say in the

choice of singers, dancers, conductors, or scenic artists for "his" production. Yet he was required to render the most complicated opera fit for public performance within ten or twelve hours (three or four rehearsals) while his colleagues of the speaking-stage were being granted at least seventy rehearsal-hours for the preparation of the simplest play. Thus came about that incredible phenomenon: the most celebrated pioneers of operatic production in Europe "broke down" at the Met.

Some of these agreed to the prostitution of their names with a smile, content to draw their munificent weekly check. Others rebelled and were peremptorily dismissed. How could the press-agent tell the critic that the man, whose duty it was to make each performance a unified artwork, stood powerless before the anti-artistic excesses of conductors, prima-donnas, choir-directors, ballet-mistresses, and decorators, because the impresario was assiduously busy preventing men, who had themselves been general-managers of opera-houses, from attaining any real authority at the Met? The press-agent knew too well that neither the impresario nor the conductors, nor the stars, to say nothing of the others, would countenance the transfer of any of their precious lines of praise to the credit of the "stage-manager." (What a stupid title, after all, that is!) Yet whenever the critic was displeased with something, whether it had to do with the orchestra, or the chorus, or the ballet, or the so-called "stage-business" of the stars, then, yes, only then, because someone had to be the scape-goat, the unfortunate "stage-director" was brought into the lime-light.

It is merely a new application of the old Agrippa-fable: the limbs, the visible, tangible parts of the body, still feel they can get along without the invisible mind, the spirit (which controls the body). They are not aware that, bereft of the domination of the mind, they cannot achieve coordination; that they must appear idiotic, even functioning in a self-destructive manner.

Such is the condition to which the operatic theatre of America has sunk.

The audience and critic of the legitimate theatre know better that a theatrical production requires a brain both to inspire and control the stars and other artists participating in the play. They call this dominating mind the Director. Even the movie fans have learned to discriminate clearly between the productions of a King Vidor and an Ernst Lubitsch. This is because the general-managers of the legitimate theatres and the movies give their directors not only full authority over all the phases of drama and picture production but also full credit in the eyes of public and press. The symbol of this recognition is the appearance of the director's name conspicuously printed on all the programs. His authority is also emphasized in the contracts of the stars, and this feature of the agreement is strictly adhered to.

In short, *the director is the dictator of the production.*

In the field of opera, with the exception of a single feature, the capabilities of a director parallel exactly those of the director of a play or a movie. The sole difference springs from one added qualification he must possess in order to fulfill the far more complex and difficult demands of his work. He must also be a thorough musician. Thus the operatic director must be a potential conductor, scene-painter, singer, ballet-master, and choir-master, all rolled into one. Yet he must not only represent a successful blend of these several faculties, but he must also be able to place this harmonious complex of talent

completely at the service of its sovereign, the dramatic requirements of the opera. To most people such a storehouse of innate abilities and acquired culture in the person of a single human being may seem next to impossible. Beyond a doubt, it is very rare. Yet the evolution of the opera in Germany and Russia has shown that it is not only possible, but perfectly natural and felicitous.

Just what are the duties and powers of such a director?

A young Ph.D., I found myself at 24 operatic and dramatic director at the newly-erected 2,000,000 Mark municipal theatre of Freiburg in Germany. This little city of less than 100,000 inhabitants voted its theatre (this was before the Great War!) an annual subsidy of M600,000. (To give Americans a clear idea of what this meant: if New York had a municipal opera-house it would, proportionately, have to subsidize it to the extent of \$15,000,000 per annum.)

"Article Four" of my contract with the city of Freiburg was brief and unequivocal, reading: "The said official is to be in sole charge of the repertoire, the stage-direction, the engagement and casting of players and singers; he is also to be in charge of all the various activities involved in the preparation and performance of each work."

Although this contract conferred a jurisdiction of unusual scope even for a German artistic institution, it was representative in its main feature, the revelation of the director's position as one of unquestionable authority. It was the unifying influence of this supreme office that raised the German opera-house to the highest place in the realm of the singing-stage. (Moscow merely followed the example set by Vienna and Munich.)

Since opera, according to the early Florentines, and Gluck, Mozart, Verdi, Wagner, etc., is primarily a dramatic artwork rendered more intensely expressive by the emotional power of appropriate music, it is wholly logical, and in agreement with the conception of those masters that the one responsible for the entire production should be the dramatic director. Until Wagner's time the conductor was scarcely more than the leading fiddler. The librettist, the author of the histrionic share of the opera, was the real master and creator of the production.

Thus it is a foregone conclusion that the director should have the right, as a creative artist, to select in person the material from which he must shape his artwork. He chooses the operas he will produce, not from a merely musical viewpoint, but also with an eye to their dramatic effectiveness. He alone solves the "fate-problem" of each production: *the casting*. This means only the right to engage for each opera the conductor with the best equipment for realizing musically the director's *vision* of the work, the scenic artist with the temperament corresponding to its style, and the actor-singers with the individuality closest to the drama's various roles. Responsible for the composite success of the production, the director will naturally "cast" his artists in such a manner as to produce the best possible united result. His success is the success of the production as a whole. His duty, in a word, is to secure the logical integrity of the performance. Therefore he (and not the conductor) must have charge of the whole work of dramaturgical organization. If "cuts" are to be made, they must be made, above all, with an eye to dramatic integrity, a point-of-view totally foreign to conductors. (Proof: the traditional "cuts," made by conductors, transformed music-dramatic masterpieces such as *Così Fan Tutte* and *Rigoletto* into stupid freaks of opera. Even Mahler, when he arranged Weber's

*Three Pintos*, was as helpless as an amateur in his treatment of **the** libretto.)

With the actors he has himself chosen and trained, the **director** may hold as many rehearsals as necessary to render an opera ready for public presentation. In consultation with the conductor, he may **also** share in shaping the music-dramatic interpretation. It is for the **director** to determine the size, distribution, and application of the chorus. It is for him to breathe dramatic life into the chorus. Since the **dance** is also an integral part of the drama, the ballet-master must be **guided** by the director's sovereign dramatic conception. The **director alone** must decide upon the scenery, for he is supreme over the little world in which the entire dramatic action is to take place. He **sketches the** plans for the scenery and selects the painter or architect best **fitted to** realize these sketches in stage pictures, costumes, and props, just **as a** conscientious master-builder executes faithfully the ideas of **the one** for whom he is to erect a particular building. Since the **lighting effects** constitute an inseparable feature of the action, bringing certain **groups** out into bold relief, while obscuring others, these also must be **dictated** by the director alone.

(Quite a job, eh?)

Thus it is easy to understand why most conductors and impresarios resist as long as they can the engagement by their opera-house of a **man** possessing such wide dramatic jurisdiction. If forced to endure **his** presence, they do their utmost to curb his powers at every opportunity. Perhaps it is only human for them to treat him in this manner. **Yet** to the truly great conductor artistic integrity is more important **than** personal ambition and popular applause. As a matter of fact **such** conductors have always demanded a competent dramatic director to give visual life to the drama they themselves experience so **overwhelmingly** in tone alone. Mahler engaged Roller. When Toscanini **undertook** the artistic direction of La Scala in 1921, he immediately **summoned** the most able directors he knew, giving them the widest powers in their sphere of action.

In 1907, when Gatti-Casazza entered upon his office of **General-Manager** of the Metropolitan Opera Company, his very first move **was** a colossal programmatic gesture. He engaged the two truly **greatest** operatic conductors of the age, Gustav Mahler and Arturo Toscanini.

In those days Toscanini was just attaining his full artistic **stature**. Italian by birth, cosmopolitan by genius, an artist fanatically **faithful** to the composer and his score, he is today, as ever, a thorough **classicist** of music-dramatic interpretation. With uncanny clarity of vision **he** presents an opera just as the author conceived it, inexorably **subordinating**, first himself, and then all the participants to that prime conception. To him the entire artwork is the complete, totalitarian, **objective** realization of the author's vision.

When he arrived in New York, Gustav Mahler was at the **height** of his career. He had just resigned the general-management of **the** Viennese Imperial Opera, which he had raised in ten years from **an** institution of petty pomp to the most revolutionary artistic theatre of Europe. For him also, as for Toscanini, the integral artwork **was the** goal of operatic production. Yet in the attainment of this aim, **felt** Mahler, the work of the author was not to be the sole guide. In **contrast** to Toscanini he was subjective, an interpretive artist of his **time**, a romanticist. He expounded an artwork with the heart, brain, and

nervous system of the twentieth century, in short, out of the time-bound environment into which Providence had cast him.

When Mahler and Toscanini began their engagement in New York, there were still no professional, creative operatic-directors. The conductor and the stage-manager performed the little work of that genre that was then considered necessary. Toscanini, a veritable torrent of music, struggled with bitter despair to achieve the true visual realization. Though he instinctively knew the truth when presented before him, he himself could not create it upon the stage. He was too much a musician for such an achievement.

Not even the mighty Wagner had been able to realize his scenic visions at Bayreuth, where the works to be produced were in every detail his own. He fell prey to uncertainty, changing the "stage-business" from one day to the next, until his own confusion led to confusion among the actors. Finally, in desperation, he called upon an obscure ballet-master from Dessau to help him out of his trouble. Nature itself seems to have decreed that the more powerfully a human is gripped by the musical vision of a dramatic master-work, the weaker grows his grasp upon the many links constituting the logical chain of its dramatic action.

Toscanini experienced this and became nervous, violent, and tyrannical. In vain the diplomatic Mr. Gatti sought to lure his friend to some artistic compromise. It came to pass very suddenly at a rehearsal of *Boris Godunow*; Toscanini, with a last backward glance of utter despair, fled the Metropolitan forever.

Mahler, continually on the alert analyzing, understood this artistic problem better than the impulsive Toscanini. He had even stated in writing, "that the musician lives only inwardly and therefore possesses but little capability of grasping the outer world." For this reason, while director of the Vienna Opera he had relied upon the painter, Alfred Roller, for the visual realization of the integral artwork. Arriving at the Met he immediately felt the need of once more having Roller as collaborator. Mahler to Roller:

Owing to the absolute incompetence and dishonesty of those who have for many years past had full control of its artistic and financial destinies (I refer to the directors, stage-managers, decorators, etc., a group consisting almost entirely of Europeans) the Metropolitan is in an extremely sad state.

The audience and all those whose will the operatic artist must take into account (not least among these factors being the Board of Directors, mostly multi-millionaires) are somewhat spoiled through having been hoodwinked; yet in contrast to our own audience and Board at Vienna, they are still unspoiled, hungry for new expression, and to the highest degree, anxious to learn. . . .

But now for the crux of the matter!

I have convinced the gentlemen of the Board (particularly the one with most authority among them) that the stage here needs, above all, a new master, and that I know of only one who, both as artist and man, has the qualifications necessary to pull the Metropolitan wagon out of the ditch. At the same time necessity demands (and I am still busy convincing them from this angle) that the stage and everything connected with it should be unconditionally subjected to the authority of this man. In short, they are to create here a position just like the one I have always felt you occupied in Vienna. I could write much more in this vein, but believe the following hints will suffice.

You will find here abundant wealth and the best society—no intrigue—no red-tape—in a word, the finest field of activity that I could wish for you. Could I personally take over the direction of the Metropolitan I would not waste a moment writing this; but since you will have to deal with a total stranger (the Italian from the Scala or someone else) I must warn you to be on your guard. Above all should the interview between you and Mr. Cortenet reach the actual discussion of an official contract be sure to insist upon authority that will leave you complete freedom of action in all matters pertaining to the stage—at least, a position equal to the one you have in Vienna.

When Mahler engaged this painter as his "chief-stage-manager" his mind was functioning much as had Wagner's before him. In reality, the painter as stage-manager is equivalent to the ballet-master as stage manager. Both feel music as "sounding form" (a literal translation of Hanslick's famous phrase "toenende Form") just as a musician would feel it. Both translate it, to the best of their ability, into "visual form," i.e., rhythmically motivated gestures. The productions of the Mahler-Roller collaboration at the Viennese Opera far excelled all previous operatic productions. Those two succeeded in blending sound and scene into a striking semblance of unity. Yet it remained at its best a twin-conception, lacking the deciding, unifying influence: one controlling mind that could have united the flowing music and motionless scenery by means of that main-artery of dramatic life, *action*. That for which Toscanini had instinctively called, though in vain; that which Mahler mistakenly thought he had found in Roller, was this mind, known here as the Dramatic Director, in Europe as the *Oberregisseur*.

The influence of Mahler's operatic reforms upon Germany was evidenced by the rise of the Dramatic Director in Central Europe. Occasionally, this man was the general-manager of the stage. The outstanding directors of the German singing-stage were not impresarios but artists. They were directors of experience, particularly in the legitimate theatre, their work in staging the plays of Shakespeare and Ibsen proving an ideal preparation for producing the music-dramas of Wagner and Verdi, if (if!) they happened also to be good musicians. They represented that controlling mind, that harmonious complex of talents that could successfully cope with the problem of music-dramatic unification.

In 1907, had Mr. Gatti been such a director he would have engaged Alfred Roller or some other capable artist to execute his conceptions of scenic decoration. Then, just as the German operatic directors did, he would have placed himself at the head of his "company" and undertaken to shape each artwork in his repertoire according to his own visual conception. In such a case both Mahler and Toscanini would have served him gladly and faithfully.

Mr. Gatti, however, was an impresario.

The managerial "Board" of the Met suddenly experienced an attack of "cold feet" when the question of Roller's engagement once more became a topic of serious discussion. Mahler to Roller:

Things here have suddenly taken a turn which I cannot as yet fully grasp. Only this much is clear to me: somebody seems to have upset all my plans. The hostility towards my proposition has become particularly noticeable ever since Cottenet's visit to Vienna. What happened there? Has he seen you? To whom else has he spoken? I have not been able thus far to find out anything about the whole matter, which in itself seems good cause for suspicion. I now feel a marked coolness in the attitude of the Board towards me.

Mahler was disappointed. He lost faith in his American mission. He resigned.

The futile experiment with Toscanini and Mahler over, Mr. Gatti turned back with extreme relief to the "good old" operatic routine. The heavens beamed once more, full of "stars," who could now not only give full vent here to the artistic vices for which Europe, thanks to the revelations of Toscanini and Mahler, had sharply disciplined them, but could even win through these very excesses high press-praise and a plethora of dollars. Mr. Gatti now engaged as his orchestral leaders those typical "second conductors" who kiss the prima donna's hand and, smiling sweetly, help sustain the famous tenor's most ab-

struse florid displays until they "ring the bell," to the boisterous applause of the topmost gallery. To such mediocre talents he even sacrificed the only real conductor still at the Met: the Mahler-pupil, Artur Bodanzky.

Meanwhile the Met watched with jealous eye that no opposition arise to contest its sovereign monopoly. When Arthur Hammerstein suddenly began to produce operas at the "Manhattan" in so arresting a manner as to "show up" the truly sad artistic conditions at the Met as compared with his more vital productions, adapted to American needs, the Met, strangely enough, felt no urge to profit by his splendid example. It is rumored that Hammerstein, for a monetary consideration of not less than seven figures, agreed to desist from opera entirely, thus rescuing the Met from dangerous competition. Again the Met sighed with relief, turned over on its other side, and yawned, "Here I lie midst all that's mine; let—me—sleep!"

Lofty skyscrapers, emblems of a new order, sprang up all about the Met and far beyond it. Nearly thirty years of the greatest world-wide, moral, artistic, political, economic, and spiritual upheavals passed it by. The Met slumbered on. A new generation, hungry for new life, beat at its gates, crying for the artistic expression of its own mighty impulses and ideas. The Met, fast asleep, heard it not. The new generation turned to Ziegfeld. Today the Met still lies sleeping, just as it did when Toscanini and Mahler left it. At that time some of its features bore at least the semblance of life. The De Reszkes were, somehow, representative of that time, the expression of a country completely dependent upon operatic importations from Europe. Today, however, that age and its manner are dead and buried. Even our most sentimental old "uncles and aunts" would be extremely disappointed if Emma Calve and Enrico Caruso returned just as they were. Victoriana have only museum-interest for today. Thanks to the Metropolitan Opera Company and its General Manager, present-day American operatic production, "from coast to coast," is just a museum of operatic art that has-been—a museum of operatic masks and shades.

Quod Erat Demonstrandum . . .

Will things be different, now that Mr. Gatti has left the sinking ship? Will the Board prove that Mr. Gatti was in reality solely responsible for the sere artistic standards of the Met, or that, after all, he merely carried out the wishes of the Board, even though they were contrary to his personal convictions? Mr. Johnson has already been obliged to promise that he, as General Manager, will continue along the lines so long and so unwaveringly pursued by his predecessor, Mr. Gatti. Alas, Mr. Johnson is saddled with a still narrower Board of vigilants to watch every step he takes. He will have to reckon with many a thick strand of Met polity which will resist to the last hair's breadth any attempt to effect their attenuation. He will find that by the mere engagement of young American singers nothing more decisive will be accomplished than by the importation of a revolving stage to mimic the superficially clever tricks of Berlin snob-directors. The logic and psychology of the American, qualified by his individual temperament and his unique spiritual and economic background, are fundamentally different from those of the European. This is a paramount truth, which only the "guest" virtuoso, who brings with him his foreign bag of tricks, and the chronic snob, who talks of transplanting Bayreuth, Salzburg, and La Scala on American soil, fail to grasp. For the man who

can feel the living pulse of his surroundings because he instinctively understands them, neither spaghetti nor Salzburger Nockerl taste genuine on Broadway. Let the American singer study his art according to the Italian method, if he will. Still he cannot study *Carmen* in Paris, the *Ring* in Berlin, *Aida* in Milan, and *Rosenkavalier* in Vienna without producing a hopelessly amateurish hash of styles in New York. Broadway adapts to the atmosphere of Broadway every play that hails from overseas. Even Shakespeare is subjected to adaptation nowadays, because the inviolate originals are no longer suited to the living stage. Verdi's operas, "germanized" by Franz Werfel, experienced a new renaissance in Germany through that dramatic transformation. New Yorkers remember how the Russians "russified" *Carmen* to suit their own needs. For my part, I can imagine a production of Wagner's *Ring* so burningly vital to the American spirit as to offer successful competition in this respect even to the Odets and O'Neills. Yes, a *Ring* completely in the American spirit. I can also imagine (nay, I feel sure) that a production of "Figaro's Wedding," adapted to and inspired by the American spirit, would finally furnish American composers with that elusive inspiration which they have never been able to get from the falsified operatic imports of the Met.

Robust American common sense can do nothing with the weary romanticism of the Old World. If Dame Opera is ever to play a vital part in the development of American culture, she must, like every immigrant, be cast into the melting-pot to suffer a complete alchemical re-birth. Any other process, the attempt to cover her wrinkles with the mask of false youth included, is just as hopeless as the attempt to cure a deadly cancer by the application of cosmetics.

—ERNST LERT

(Tr. by Gabriel Engel)

### ANTONIA BRICO PERFORMS BRUCKNER'S ROMANTIC

Hats off, Brucknerites, to Antonia Brico, gallant conductress of the New York Women's Symphony Orchestra! Of the summer echoes of last season's Bruckner activity those that emanated from the enchanting sway of her baton were not only the most amazing but also the most joyful. Twice in rapid succession, despite the most trying handicaps a conductor ever had to face, Miss Brico "did and dared" for an ideal cause in which she believed implicitly. Concerning the first of her two performances of the *Romantic* with the New York Civic Orchestra at the Museum of Natural History and City College, Mr. Charles C. Fite, who was present, has kindly written us the following report:

I have just heard a performance of the Bruckner Symphony No. 4, given by the New York Civic Orchestra, Antonia Brico conducting. It received at her hands an eloquent and dramatic reading, and the audience was quick to recognize and respond to the sincere enthusiasm of the conductor for this magnificent work. Having attended the rehearsals I can attest to the many difficulties she encountered in bringing the symphony before the audience of the New York Civic Orchestra.

For over a year now she has been endeavoring to overcome this many-sided opposition to the works of Bruckner, for whom she has an especial sympathy and understanding, as she studied conducting for many years in Bayreuth, with Dr. Karl Muck, whose authority on the works of Bruckner need scarcely be mentioned.

To achieve, in the face of persistent opposition, such a signal success with this work of genius deserves, I think, recognition from those who have at heart the interest of spreading the gospel of Bruckner. Many musicians of taste and discrimination who heard the performance this afternoon share my opinion with me.

## THE GRAND *TE DEUM*\*

After composing his F-minor Mass in 1867, Bruckner could no longer resist the beckoning allurements of the larger purely instrumental forms and devoted himself almost exclusively to the creation of gigantic symphonies. Many years passed, years so full of bitter disappointment, that only the firm faith so convincingly voiced in the "Credo" of that mass sustained him from an abject surrender to the trials heaped upon him by inscrutable Circumstance.

Symphony after symphony issued from his inspired pen, mighty works of apostolic fervor, that brought him not a single farthing of material reward but a superabundance of scorn, works which no one cared to play and, with but one exception, the Third (*Wagner*) Symphony, no one even dared to publish.

In 1884, sixty years old, still obscure, and hardly even dreaming that world-wide recognition was already hovering over his humble threshold, he wrote with characteristic brevity, "My *Seventh Symphony* is finished, and also a grand *Te Deum*." The whole musical cosmos now knows how he was whirled to the dizzy heights of fame on the wings of that same *Seventh Symphony* ere the year was out. The *Te Deum* that lay finished beside that score bore the significant inscription, O.A.M.D.G., *omnia ad majorem Dei gloriam*. Bruckner, the veritable Job of music, ecstatic in his praise of God! And then, like a miracle from Above, the boon of sudden fame!

Another ten years passed. The *Eighth Symphony*, hailed as the "crown of nineteenth century music," had been given to the world. Finally, the Ninth, unfinished and yet strangely complete, a Farewell symphony dedicated in advance, as the evening prayer of a trusting child, to "Dear God." Here was the ultimate proof that Anton Bruckner's unswerving faith had been to his art all that the most dauntless courage could ever be to a valiant fighter.

As though it were truly blessed and inviolate, Bruckner's great song of gratitude, often called the world's finest *Te Deum*, was his only work destined to triumph without critical hostility. When one considers the endless procession of performances given it in the musical centres of German Europe one stands aghast at the intensity of the Viennese prejudice that compelled Bruckner to confine its initial Austrian hearing to a small group of friends. So marked, indeed, was this prejudice that the composer could see only enemies in the personnel of the Viennese orchestras and consequently had the accompaniment played not by an orchestra, but by two of his devoted pupils who had arranged the score for piano, four hands. Yet developments soon showed that for once Bruckner need not have feared animosity. Before so overwhelmingly sincere a message as this even the habitually caustic tongue of that most rabid anti-Brucknerite, the conductor von Bülow, could utter no bitter criticism. Von Bülow actually praised the *Te Deum* highly and urged prominent conductors to include it in their repertoire.

The fine tribute paid it by Gustav Mahler upon the occasion of its premiere at Hamburg on April 15th, 1892, must have been typical of the welcome given this sacred classic throughout Europe. We quote it in part

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\*Marking the Japanese premiere performance of Bruckner's *Te Deum* in Osaka, Jan. 26, 1935, by the Takarazuka Symphony Society, Jos. Laska conducting.

because Mahler understood the artist in Bruckner perhaps better than anyone else, and because he was, in addition, himself a great composer and one of the world's most eminent conductors:

Revered Master!

I am happy that I may at last tell you this: I have performed one of your works. Yesterday (Good Friday) I conducted your splendid and mighty *Te Deum*. Singers, orchestra, and audience alike were overwhelmed by the nobility and perfection of your conceptions. The performance itself closed with that phenomenon which I regard as the highest tribute that can be paid a work of musical art. The audience remained seated, silent and motionless, and not until the conductor and participants rose to leave their places did the storm of applause break loose.

The most memorable performance of the *Te Deum* took place on January 12th, 1896, at Vienna. A few moments before the first note sounded a wheel-chair was rolled into the concert hall. In it reclined an old, broken man, his emaciated countenance already touched by the sombre fingers of imminent dissolution. It was the aged Bruckner. Then as the glorious strains of his score rose towards Heaven his lips, framed in a transfigured smile, tremblingly followed each sacred syllable. Yes, this music was his own contribution to the greater glory of God! This and that other, his Ninth Symphony, almost finished, the whole essence of his life as a mortal.

—GABRIEL ENGEL.

## Friend of Toscanini

Most of those who had the good fortune to encounter the irresistible sincerity and personal charm of the late Max Smith were not surprised to know that a deep friendship had sprung up between him and Toscanini. They recognized that the striking modesty characterizing all his expressions of opinion on matters of art was but the index of a true knowledge, tempered by the consciousness that human wisdom is inevitably limited.

Yet, to Toscanini, Max Smith must have meant far more than the sum of such qualities. Completely understood by none, the thirst of genius for sympathetic companionship is as difficult to appease as it is insatiable. There have always been mortals for whom this yearning never found fulfilment. Those (and alas! they are almost all of us) for whom devotion to greatness is too closely akin to an alienating sense of awe, can never comprehend that phase of Anton Bruckner's communion with God that found in the Eternal Father alone the possibility of a supreme companionship midst utter human solitude. To them is only granted the beautiful result of this amazing companionship of the spirit, those warm, lofty strains of the Bruckner adagios that recount so eloquently the miraculous moments during which the naive symphonist traversed super-earthly highways hand in hand with his Friend, "der liebe Gott."

Max Smith experienced fully this transcendental quality in Bruckner's art. It was in great measure through him that his friend Toscanini was won to that effort to transmit the Bruckner revelation which led to the most soul-stirring readings of Bruckner's *Seventh* and *Romantic* symphonies music-lovers have ever heard.

Whenever Toscanini plays Bruckner he will remember his departed American friend to whom Bruckner meant so much—and each such performance will become a towering monument to the memory of Max Smith.

## BRUCKNER'S *SIXTH*\*

The amazing neglect of Bruckner's First and Sixth Symphonies by the music world of the last half-century clearly proves the accuracy of the composer's own estimate of these two works. The first, which he described as "daring," has been very rarely performed in Europe and never in America; the sixth, which he called "the most daring," has suffered a neglect almost as complete.

Although there was a solitary performance of the two short and simple middle movements of the sixth during Bruckner's lifetime the event was anything but a tribute to a gigantic creative artist. The flat rejection of the stupendous first and last movements by the friendly conductor, Jahn, only served to emphasize the fact that the composer's descriptive phrase, "most daring," actually meant "reserved for the future."

Three years after Bruckner's death occurred the pioneer unveiling of the work as an integral symphony. Gustav Mahler performed it in Vienna, only to discover that the time had not yet come for the world to grasp its still strange beauties. When Josef Strakosky gave the symphony its American premiere in 1912 the result was even more discouraging.

Since then Bruckner's greatest symphonies, the seventh, eighth and ninth, have won magnificent triumphs in this country and opened a gateway to the proper appreciation of the sixth which, in many respects, is an indispensable prelude to its mighty followers.

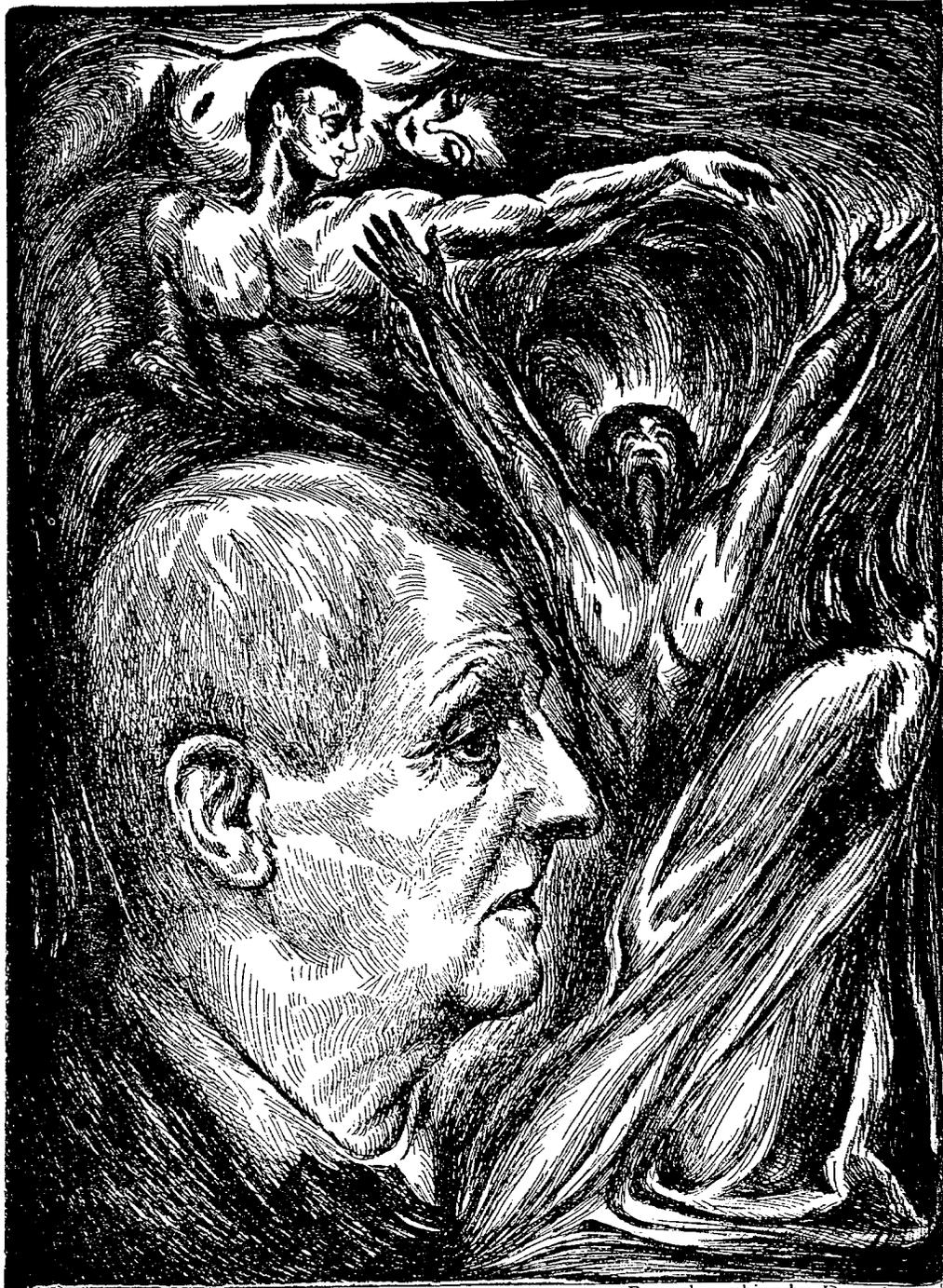
In this symphony, for the first time since Beethoven, the themes and motives of each movement are evolved out of one central idea, probably inspired by an Austrian military signal (the Retreat), and every theme and motive that succeeds it is logically derived from it.

Hitherto all symphonies had conformed to a striking artistic hindrance, inherent in that tradition-bound conception of symphonic structure which demanded a recapitulation of the themes introduced in the opening section of the first movement. As early as his Fourth Symphony (the Romantic) Bruckner showed a desire to cast aside these traditional chains. A mere repetition of previously stated ideas after their possibilities had already been thoroughly developed struck him as absurd and contrary to the highest ideals of art. Axiomatic though it may seem today, it required the supreme courage and conviction of a great reformer to bring to a successful issue the introduction of a principle so revolutionary at the time of its inception. In acclaiming his eighth and ninth symphonies the world has by now unquestionably indorsed this Bruckner contribution to musical culture, but it still seems necessary for lovers of the art to realize that the original manifesto of the new symphonic principle is to be found in the almost totally unknown sixth symphony.

The usual detailed program analysis as a preface to a first hearing of this symphony would only handicap the mind of the listener. He should surrender his emotions freely and entirely to the music, for it requires not explanation but sincere spiritual communion. As Donald Francis Tovey urges in his recently published analysis of this symphony, "Listen to it with reverence; for the composer meant what he said, and he is speaking of sacred things."

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\*Marking the first performances of Bruckner's *Sixth* in Cincinnati, Jan. 11, 12, 1935 (See *Symphonic Chronicle*).



From the etching by Francis Coradai

### BRUCKNER STUDY: *DAS KECKE BESERL*

The American artist, Francis Coradai, is a great music-lover, whose excellent portraits of noted living musicians have earned him wide-spread recognition as "the artist of the musicians." The present *Bruckner Study* is one of a comprehensive series, "Great Composers and Their Work". Mr. Coradai is a symbolist. He has made the symbolism of his Bruckner etching particularly pertinent to *Das kecke Beserl* (the First Symphony) the detailed explanation of which is the task of the following article.

## BRUCKNER STUDY: *DAS KECKE BESERL*

When fame suddenly came to brighten Bruckner's last years celebrated conductors began clamoring for his still unknown earliest works. Bruckner then took down from its dusty shelf the score of his *First Symphony* and showed it to that popular orchestral leader, Hans Richter. The latter, expecting to see a fresh sample of typical Bruckner tonal magnificence, scanned it with growing wonder, casting incredulous glances back and forth from the great composer to this music he had once composed. At length unable to contain his surprise and delight Richter exclaimed, "Professor, you must have been madly in love when you wrote this symphony!"

"Yes, I was always madly in love in those days," sighed Bruckner, swayed by an irresistible tide of bitter-sweet memories.

Love and Bruckner! How incompatible the combination must seem to those who know him only through the soaring splendor of his later symphonies! They may, in too hasty judgment, brand the *First* as immature, basing their verdict on the very qualities which lend the work marked individuality. Yet immaturity is the one criticism that can be confidently dismissed in the estimate of any of Bruckner's nine numbered symphonies. He wrote no symphonies before he had completely mastered all the technical and formal requirements of symphonic expression. When he suppressed his two earliest attempts in the grand orchestral form, he did so only because he considered them spiritually unworthy of rank among his nine mature symphonies. Bruckner's own attitude towards the *First* as an authentic personal expression is beyond doubt, for the dedication of this work to the University of Vienna was his proud, grateful reply upon being awarded the honorary doctor's degree, a distinction which he (naively enough) deemed the crowning honor of his career.

The *First* will present no mystifying features to those thoroughly familiar with the incidents of Bruckner's life immediately surrounding the origin of that symphony. When Richter characterized it in effect as a love-symphony, he at once saw revealed a totally new vista of Bruckner's spiritual life. Eager to be the first to present this to the world he hurriedly thrust the score under his arm and was making off with it, when Bruckner exclaimed in alarm, "But, Mr. Conductor, *the fresh young girlie* has to be polished first!" (No English translation can hope to do justice to the original homely Upper-Austrian slang, *Das kecke Beserl*, which became henceforth the universally accepted nickname of the *First Symphony*).

Did Bruckner in uttering this curious phrase (with his characteristically whimsical humor) refer only to the fact that this work was his youngest legitimate symphonic offspring? All the experts concede the nickname an apt description of the opening theme, claiming that circumstance as the origin of the phrase itself in Bruckner's mind. Having gone so far, is it necessary to stop, for fear lest the sacred principles of absolute music be violated? In accordance with the tenets of post-classical symphonic analysis this portrait of an exasperating, yet charming, young female, may logically be regarded as the principal text or topic of the whole work. It is not improbable that the habitually laconic composer compressed within these five homely syllables the emotional essence of a fascinating chapter of autobiography, a series of incidents, which he might well

have wished hidden from the world, and yet which, as romantic memories, he had been unable to keep from welling up out of the depths of his soul in the shape of tone. Thus it came about that the *First Symphony* sang the saga of Anton Bruckner, the frustrated lover, and yet, through renunciation, the great hero. The acceptance of this explanation of the symphony's meaning is advisable not only because of the ample corroboration it finds in Bruckner's experiences, but also because it will accomplish much towards allaying the wonder how so uniquely daring and human a work could spring from the soul of a man still thought to be a species of musical ostrich, his head deep in the dust of contrapuntal analysis.

## II

At least five of the purely occasional Bruckner compositions preceding *Das kecke Besehl* were dedicated to women. Nevertheless the man who practiced the organ and piano thirteen hours a day and submitted seventeen bookfuls of exercises for a single lesson in theory had had no time for an all-absorbing affair of the heart. His long years of study over Bruckner suddenly saw himself with terror as a man well on towards middle age and utterly alone in an unfriendly world. Faced with such a realization so shy a creature must have cast many a longing glance back towards the humble security he had enjoyed during the ten preceding years at the monastery of St. Florian.

As he now worked upon his *Mass in D Minor*, his first serious attempt at independent expression, he felt that retreat was impossible. He had, after many bitter years of inner conflict, become convinced that music was the calling for which Providence had intended him. The thought that he had done all that was humanly possible to prepare himself for that service was comforting. Even in his earliest years as organist at the monastery he had had a premonition that his musical mission was not to find fulfilment in the creation of sacred works. With irrepressible longing he dreamed of the greater world without. Deep beneath the monk-like exterior of the man there slumbered an adventurous soul. Now and then it would awake at the touch of some tale of daring and he would furtively plan to seek his fortune in far-off countries. Sometimes even America seemed to beckon to him, saying, "Come. The road to success is not as difficult here as in your beloved native Austria."

Harassed by petty worries he saw in his loneliness the worst enemy to his peace of mind. The man who had fancied himself in love with almost every pretty face he had gazed upon now began earnestly looking about him for the ideal help-mate to share his troubles. Everyone knew that Bruckner was contemplating marriage when he suddenly transformed the bachelor disorder of his humble rooms to the tell-tale neatness of a snug little home with complete kitchen equipment. Had they known that he had been compelled to borrow on his modest insurance policy the sum required for this transformation, they would have been doubly sure.

Love of woman in the devastatingly passionate sense characteristic of a Wagner was an emotional upheaval totally beyond the pale of Bruckner's comprehension. To him the bond of matrimony was holy in the deepest sense. The sympathetic smiles of the fair sex had always seemed intensely pleasant to him, but had hitherto elicited no more serious response from him than the devotional gift of a prayer-book or the fluttering dedication of a *Staendchen*.

When he left St. Florian to take up his abode in the neighboring

provincial city of Linz, his position as organist (*cantor*) made him the logical substitute in the parish school whenever the ailing principal was too sick to attend. Thus the shy church-musician came face to face with the rising belles of the town, to find the charm of their blue eyes and blond hair highly disturbing from an every-day ex-cathedral viewpoint.

As these girls blossomed into the courtship stage a year or two later the lonely Bruckner's increasingly frequent presence at social gatherings and dances would call forth an exchange of knowing smiles and pointed glances among the townsfolk. He was well beyond the age deemed suitable for a proper match; he was strikingly eccentric in dress and manner; yet out of a natural mischievousness (or was it only good-natured courtesy?) some of the prettiest maidens encouraged him by repeatedly accepting him as dancing partner. One of these, a certain Rosa von Dierger, led him on mercilessly, until she knew he was just about to propose. Then she cruelly informed him that her hand had already been promised to a likely young druggist. Bitterly the disappointed Bruckner wrote to his dearest friend *Weinwurm*, a musician in Vienna:

I am terribly discouraged and sad. False world! Worthless baggage! But you too must have come to know it as such.

Much to the amusement of his acquaintances in Linz he was unable to hide his indignation at having been "cast aside for a mere salve-smearer," as he contemptuously expressed it.

His heart was not broken, however, for he at once succumbed to the siren voice of his comely alto soloist, Marie Gaertner. For weeks he pursued her, blushing at every turn like a youth in the throes of calf-love. At length unable longer to guard his "secret" (of course, it was the talk of the town) he determined to confide in her. He would woo her as a great musician, a heroic figure; then the success of his suit would be certain. Accordingly, he invited Marie and some of her girl friends to a special recital at the cathedral during which he would reveal his marvellous gift of improvisation. Sensing a lark they tripped tittering into church. Bruckner had already begun playing and was completely absorbed in the vast world of his musical fantasy. Bach and Beethoven alone before him had possessed such powers of improvisation. Theme after theme emerged and grew to tremendous stature beneath his inspired touch. Now it was a song which, beginning as a mere breath of ethereal sweetness, flowered into the warm melancholy of a song of unutterable yearning; and now it was a triumphant blare of trumpets such as might accompany the storming of a citadel, rather than the capture of a maiden's heart. Finally came the last cadence and, as it died away, the organist, exhausted, groped forth into stark wakefulness, like a somnambulist shaking off the weird, subconscious spell which had gripped him. But where now were the cries of enthusiasm and admiration for which he had so earnestly striven? Not a sound greeted his ear. The girls, frightened or bored (he never knew which) had fled quietly, leaving him alone with his fantasy.

No doubt Marie was sufficiently musical to appreciate and admire Bruckner's superb accomplishments as an organist. Already at this time, according to subsequent reports of concert appearances he made in England and France, he was probably without a peer among the church-musicians of Europe. Yet in the eyes of this young girl no artistic virtues could erase the hopeless stigma of Bruckner's personal eccentricity. Refusing him as gently as she could she must have thought, "How can a girl marry a man whose very genius seems to betray him to the ridicule of his acquaintances?"

The laughter he aroused was not always confined to his abnormal conduct in moments of complete absorption. Had he been wise enough to maintain a more dignified air in his every-day associations with the fair sex he might have attained the complacency of a comfortable marriage in Linz. It is fortunate for art that he unwittingly acted the clown in the company of girls, for those supreme last symphonic adagios, very apothecoses of human loneliness would have been impossible of realization for any save a soul transfigured by a lifetime of combined social and sexual frustration.

Misled, perhaps, by the well-meant advice of boastful younger acquaintances he came to sound the depths of futility in his desperate efforts to win the esteem of almost any young girl. Most of his piano pupils were about sixteen. One of these, Emma Thaner, years after Bruckner had passed away, was asked by his biographer Goellerich to relate some outstanding impressions she still retained of him. She said:

Love played many a prank upon him. I believe he was in love with every one of his girl pupils who had passed her sixteenth year, though it was the dark-eyed, black-haired ones whom he preferred above the others. . . .

I can still see him before me, telling about his experiences and enlivening his stories with expressive gestures, while he would cast frequent side-long glances towards a large mirror. He loved to talk about his "conquests" (as he called them) which were in reality only his pursuit of this or that girl (she might have been a servant-girl for all he cared, so long as she was pretty). How happy he was when at a turning of the way, his "victim" would finally bend her head nervously in answer to his effusively "polite" greeting, giving him (as he called it) "a smile full of meaning." Invariably he would end these stories in a voice raised to an exultant pitch, exclaiming triumphantly, "I'm a regular devil, I am! A regular devil!" Then he would gaze at himself in the mirror with frank admiration.\*

The pathos of this childlike, Platonic soul feverishly masquerading as a Casanova is beyond words. Clearly, at this stage of his life Bruckner was not only helpless in his interpretation of the values of every-day life (particularly those connected with the fair sex) but exhibited even less sense of balance, if possible, in evaluating his own inner self. Thus he represented the human embodiment of complete spiritual bewilderment.

Years later, when he would purposely choose for his symphonic workshop a household in which there dwelt at least one attractive young female, he had once more regained the comparative composure of his pre-Linzian years. Then he understood that woman for him was merely that subtle influence which could shed fresh light and warmth over his symphonic labors in moments when his unalterable solitude became too cold and lonely to bear. Before the peace of such self-understanding came to him he had experienced fully the tragedy of unrequited love and enforced renunciation. The long, rapidly changing line of his imagined sweethearts reveals him, much as Beethoven had been before him, a man of inextinguishable longing for love, of no charm for woman, of insufficient wile to offset this handicap, and hence a man fated to a life-long, tortured celibacy.

At the time he was contemplating the composition of his *First Symphony* Bruckner was psychologically ready for the one outstanding amorous experience of his life. The coincidence that this came to him during the colorful days surrounding the world-premiere of *Tristan* only brings out in stronger relief the chasm that separated his soul from that of Wagner. He experienced nothing that can even remotely be compared to a love like *Tristan's* for *Isolde* or, for that matter, Richard's for Mathilde. Instead of the concentrated intensity of one tragic affair

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\*Goellerich—Auer: *Anton Bruckner*, Part III, Vol. 1; Gustav Bosse Verlag, Regensburg, Germany.

Bruckner had a dozen or more of successive minor disappointments culminating in one last unforgettable seizure of unrequited love. Though he buried forever beneath the laconic record of this affair all serious hope of the ideal union of his longing, he drew from it an inspiration no less important for his future work than Mathilde had proven for Wagner's. After the finale, opening movement, and scherzo of his *First* lay completed, a vivid record of his desperate effort to achieve a spiritual triumph over a thousand and one petty outward frustrations, he wrote his first great *Adagio* under the spell of the deepest love for woman of which he was capable, the love he felt for the pretty seventeen-year-old Josefine Lang.

Since no Bruckner biographer has hitherto seen fit to stress the possible influence this series of amorous adventures exerted upon his *First Symphony* and, perhaps his whole symphonic stature, it will be for the reader to judge, after having followed the few incidents described above, whether they may not be logically linked with the *First* and that curious nickname, *das kecke Beserl*, which Bruckner involuntarily allowed to escape his lips at the moment the impetuous Hans Richter put the score of the symphony under his arm.

### III

It was a genius, embittered and yet strangely impregnated by what he considered the deceitfulness of "that baggage", the world, who turned again to his art for consolation. In the grip of the most turbulently conflicting emotions he sensed that the austerity of a religious work would be an impossible achievement. Why not try a symphony again? Swiftly, as though evoked by the very thought, theme after theme sprang into being in his fantasy; themes of tremendously contrasted character, ranging from the most hateful anger to the most tender affection, from the most rugged heroic power to the most delicately lilting charm; themes which so clearly mirrored incidents deeply engraved upon his consciousness that he knew they had literally sprung, not from his mind, but from those experiences themselves. One by one (he seemed to himself only the passive medium of the whole phenomenon) he set them down on paper, while an inner voice said to him, "This is the essence of your own symphony, drawn from the deepest recesses of your soul. It is already finished and you need only write it down."

As he studied the themes a fresh revelation of the utmost significance dawned upon him. He saw that each one was not only a concise song in itself, but that it bristled with an irresistible urge towards increased fulfilment. Its constituting motives, its dominating rhythm, its individual harmonic characteristics, all demanded free progress along a great symphonic line. This line he knew was the spine of the whole symphony to be. Now he could clearly hear the opening theme sounding its onward path straight to the point of departure, at which a fresh theme sprang up, ready to carry the growing message forward with renewed vitality. This, then, was the true symphonic revelation: no mere statement of themes, but an actual gathering of the symphonic forces. How inevitable seemed now to him the grim conflict joined by a host of hurtling thematic fragments in the process of development! Even the moment of silence marking the end of a movement was to be a climax rich in suspense! What if a movement was finished? The themes must go on and on, radiating the increased power of the original message, producing in their career a thousand and one generations of melody all born of that single initial melody, just as the universe was born of the thought "In the

beginning". Yes, the themes must go ever onward, to be united again only in that ultimate melodic fulfilment attained at the triumphant close of the whole symphony.

Ernest Newman, in that remarkable little book, *The Unconscious Beethoven*, has shown how that first rough, one-staved sketch of the *Eroica* places beyond controversy the conclusion that Beethoven's symphonic inspiration was not a composite of ideas which occurred to him piece-meal, to be eventually welded together by mere skill. The amazing truth is that the whole structure of the composition (Mr. Newman used only the "exposition section" of the opening movement for his illustration) embracing the various themes, their junction through motivated particles, their contrasts of every nature, in short, the whole work practically down to its minutest details, was an integral inspiration. Only such a comprehensive inspiration could have ensured the symphony that unfalteringly poetic quality that sets it high above all questioning from a formal viewpoint. The content, the original inspiration, determined the form in every respect. Comparison with other symphonies revealed it as revolutionary. Hence appreciation was long withheld from it.

Richter was not the only conductor who immediately recognized the fascinatingly individual quality of *Das kecke Besehl*. Levi, of *Parsifal* renown, also was enchanted by it and wished to perform it at once. Knowing Bruckner's penchant for revision before permitting a public performance of any of his works, Levi feared for the integrity of this earliest, almost un-Bruckner-like symphony. He entreated Bruckner "not to change a note, for it is all good just as it stands." He need not have feared, however. The different versions of many of his works that Bruckner left the world reveal that he made no changes affecting the initial conception of any of them, for a symphony was to him truly an integral artwork.

—GABRIEL ENGEL

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### Our Younger Musicians to Study Bruckner and Mahler

One of the most convincing signs of the steady growth of American Bruckner and Mahler appreciation is the surprising announcement recently made by Leon Barzin, the enterprising conductor of the National Orchestral Association, that he will include two Bruckner and three Mahler symphonies in his rehearsal repertoire this season. The fact that this fine organization of the most serious and talented younger musicians of our country is regarded much as a preparatory school for the leading American symphony orchestras tends to stress the important role Bruckner and Mahler are to play on the programs of the major musical organizations in the United States.

## MAHLER'S SECOND

### I. AN INTERPRETIVE NOTE

Much, perhaps too much, commentary has been published concerning Mahler's *Second Symphony*, three movements of which, because of the poetic texts with which they are intimately associated, need no spiritual analysis whatsoever. One of these, the *Scherzo*, that electrifying tonal embodiment of the most bitter cynicism, that veritable orgy of ugly grimaces at the apparent spiritual worthlessness of mankind, is fortunately permitted to unfold the terrible scroll of its sermon unaided by an actual verbal accompaniment. Hence, for a full appreciation of the significance of this movement, a previous acquaintance with one of Mahler's songs, *The Fish-Sermon of St. Anthony*, is necessary. The music of this song is literally transplanted into the wonderfully diabolical *Scherzo* of the *Resurrection Symphony*. No analysis of the whole work can claim validity without citing at least some portions of the text of that song in connection with this purely instrumental *Scherzo*. The stupendous choral *Finale* and the naive song of prophecy which precedes it require no explanation beyond the texts to which they are set.

Upon the first two movements alone need additional light from without be cast. The second, simple in structure and of the purest melodic character from beginning to end, is amazing only because of the undeniable individuality it maintains midst an unwavering sweetness utterly opposed to all that the world of music has come to regard as of authentically Mahler-quality. To find the explanation of this phenomenon one need only follow the composer's own comprehensive hint, "I have lived my works. Those who know me will understand them."

Vienna, the wonder-city that had been the center of his boyhood dreams, to become in his subsequent student years at the conservatory and university the blissful realization of those dreams, represented the one great happy adventure young Mahler had had with the outer world. Hence, this *Idyll*, which is the tonal expression of that experience, is marked by none of that pain-wracked loneliness which characterizes the bulk of Mahler's music. It exhales that cheerful, life-loving atmosphere which found infinitely charming expression at the hands of all the great masters of music whom good fortune had cast under the magic spell of Vienna. What could Vienna of the Eighties have meant to a young and unsophisticated creative musical genius? The naive contentment of Haydn, the tender, ethereal grace of Mozart, the unquenchable goblin laughter of Beethoven, the nostalgic yearning of Schubert, the vivid, healthy pulse of Johann Strauss, the soaring optimistic song of Bruckner, the deep, restrained pathos of Brahms. Young Mahler's soul thrilled to all these musical wonders, absorbing them as the very essence of Vienna. They were inseparably part of him when he merged them all into a new, integral creation. Such is the subtle alchemy of this perfect *Idyll*.

Few are aware that Mahler ever tried his hand at poetry. The handful of verses of his that survive indicate a technical proficiency that could have come only from considerable practice. Perhaps, on the whole, literature has lost nothing by the shyness which caused Mahler to suppress practically all of his efforts at literary expression. Yet for a closer understanding of his music, still so enigmatical to many, his ventures into verse might have proven highly illuminating. Fortunately,

one short extant poem, composed during the period when he was planning his *Resurrection Symphony*, seems to throw some light upon the colossal first movement, the only direct clue to the dark, ominous character of which is the one phrase, "*Death-Celebration*." The poem speaks for itself, as well as for the frame of mind in which the symphony was conceived.

The night looks softly down from distances  
 Eternal with her thousand golden eyes,  
 And weary mortals shut their eyes in sleep  
 To know once more some happiness forgotten.  
 See you the silent, gloomy wanderer?  
 Abandoned is the path he takes and lonely,  
 Unmarked for distance or direction;  
 And oh! no star illuminates his way,  
 A way so long, so far from guardian spirits,  
 And voices versed in soft deceit sound, luring,  
 'When will this long and futile journey end?  
 Will not the wanderer rest from all his suffering?'  
 The Sphinx stares grimly, ominous with question,  
 Her stony, blank gray eyes tell nothing,—nothing.  
 No single, saving sign, no ray of light—  
 And if I solve it not—my life must pay.

## II. "MY TIME WILL YET COME"

When Mahler finished his *First Symphony* he wrote to his dearest friend:

You alone will understand it, because you know me. To others it will sound strange.  
 That was half a century ago.

After a recent performance of the work by the N. Y. Philharmonic under Bruno Walter one of the foremost American critics said:

At one time I, too, in less mature judgment, denied Mahler any outstanding worth at all, except that he had mastered a method of colorful orchestration. I feel that I have come to see more than that in Mahler.

Upon the same occasion another critic predicted for the *First Symphony* a popularity rivalling that of Tschaikowsky's *Pathétique*.

Mahler went on to compose symphony after symphony, and as his individuality attained more and more vivid expression the misunderstanding of his listeners increased. Twenty years after his *First* he completed his *Sixth Symphony*, that gloomy composition generally known as the *Tragic*. One of his friends, shocked by the extreme bitterness which swayed this work to its ultimate echo, asked him reproachfully, "How could a man as kind-hearted as you have written a symphony so full of bitterness?"

Mahler replied, "It is the sum of all the suffering I have had to endure at the hands of life."

Yet, of all his symphonies, this is the only one that ends on a note of pessimism. Even that tempest of spiritual pain, *Das Lied von der Erde*, subsides midst a rainbow of hope, the promise of eternal rebirth.

The *Ninth*, the last completed symphony Mahler left the world, is a deep, soul-stirring paean of faith, such as most would associate only with that great symphonic voice of unshakable affirmation, Anton Bruckner.

Because Mahler was one of the world's foremost conductors hosts of music-lovers admired him, but, almost without exception, these greeted his creative efforts with pitying bewilderment. Mahler, understanding their failure to understand him, smiled wistfully and said, "My time will yet come."

He did not live to share the instant triumph of *Das Lied von der Erde*, a victory confirmed by every subsequent performance given the work down to this very day. Since his death the progress of most of his music in the public esteem has been slow but sure, bearing out his own patient prophecy in that famous laconic utterance of confidence, "My time will yet come."

Yet in the case of one of his symphonies, the *Second*, that prophecy was never pertinent. From the very first hearing given this stupendous choral work (Richard Strauss himself conducted the premiere at Hamburg in 1895) each performance has lent it added lustre until its unfailing human appeal has stamped it as an undeniable classic of the symphonic repertoire. Curiously enough, this *Second* is spiritually Mahler's first symphony, conceived and planned several years before he began to write his real *First Symphony*. Thus it is in every way the true "open sesame" to the understanding of all his works.

July 7, 1935, marked the seventy-fifth anniversary of Mahler's birth. Serious American music-lovers of the future will be proud to know that the highest tribute paid this great, still neglected Austrian composer upon the occasion of this anniversary must be credited to the American business organization which ventured to make and publish at considerable expense a magnificent recording of this entire colossal symphony.

In the name of the present generation of American music-lovers, The Bruckner Society of America wishes herewith to confess a mighty debt of gratitude to the Victor Company for this first infallible opportunity to obtain at private leisure a thorough introduction to the symphonic achievement of Gustav Mahler, certainly one of the richest artistic legacies of all time.

—GABRIEL ENGEL

## THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDS

In recognition of their distinguished services in furthering the general appreciation of Mahler's art in the United States, Artur Bodanzky, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Otto Klemperer, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, William Mengelberg, and Bruno Walter will be awarded the new Exclusive Mahler Medal of Honor.

## PERFORMANCES ANNOUNCED FOR SEASON 1935-1936

- Bruckner's *Eighth*: N. Y. Philharmonic, Otto Klemperer, Nov. 14, 15.  
 Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky (no date set as yet).
- Mahler's *Second*: N. Y. Philharmonic, Klemperer, Dec. 12, 13, 15  
 Cleveland Symphony, Rodzinski, (No date).
- Mahler's *Fourth*: Cleveland Symphony, Rodzinski, (No date)
- Mahler's *Fifth* or *Ninth*: Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky, (No date)

## PROPHETS, SCRIBES, AND PHARISEES

The sad lapses abounding in practically every new, "popular" book about music still go unchallenged in most of the magazine and newspaper columns devoted to the review of such publications. Therefore even so cautious a rebuke as that of Peter Bowdoin in the *Herald-Tribune* book-section (Sept. 22, 1935) seems a welcome forecast of more honest days to come. Weighing the relative virtues and shortcomings of Theodore M. Finney's recent *History of Music*, Mr. Bowdoin remarks:

There are, however, errors in the matter of emphasis. For instance, neither Rossini, nor Bruckner is accorded anything like adequate treatment, and the paragraph devoted to Gustav Mahler is somewhat misleading.

The frequent practice of coupling famous names in the history of musical art has produced results ranging from the highly felicitous to the painfully ridiculous. To illustrate the first type, Lawrence Gilman, in a nation-wide broadcast last season, linked the names of Bach, Beethoven, and Bruckner as those of the three who had attained the most universal musical expression of human faith. As for the second type, Mr. Bowdoin is doubtless familiar with that incredible marriage of names that occurred somewhat over a century ago at the world premiere of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, when some of the most popular arias of Rossini were sandwiched in between sections of the *Missa* to circumvent the impatience of the musical public.

There is little doubt as to how the serious music-lover of to-day will receive Mr. Bowdoin's impulsive concatenation of names cited above. The sudden appearance of Rossini's name much as that of a new "senior member" in an already well-known symphonic "partnership" is, perhaps, purely accidental. Yet were it not so it would mark the reviewer as a friend of Bruckner and Mahler anxious to deliver a careful thrust in behalf of their art. Had he omitted the name of Rossini (or any similarly towering genius neglected by Mr. Finney) he might have been compelled to face the jibes of those of his colleagues who still regard the mere united mention of Bruckner and Mahler in a spirit of homage as the flaunting of a despicable musical banner. Certainly, Mr. Bowdoin's arraignment of the "single paragraph" devoted to Gustav Mahler as "misleading" is a miracle of drollery, impossible of any other interpretation.

"But why pick on Mr. Finney? Who is *he*, anyhow?" some may ask. To them we make reply, "Big or small, Peter Bowdoin tackles them, one and all." In proof of which the following:

John Erskine, one of the greatest American music educators since Helen of Troy, has just put his stamp of approval upon a species of imported *Musical Companion*, after diplomatically editing it into a condition of at least no mean proportions. Abbreviated by Prof. Erskine to a mere 548 pages, this *Musical Companion* devotes only a single sentence to Bruckner's art, blotting it out, so to speak, with one contemptuous flourish of the pen. What has Mr. Bowdoin to say of this sweeping *Musical Companion*? Well, here is the keynote of his review. (*Herald Tribune*, Books, Oct. 20).

This work presents in an engaging manner a great deal of information usually to be had from text books. Unfortunately, a generous share of misinformation is also offered.

Then follows an arraignment of various phases of narrowness and ignorance exhibited by some of the *Companion's* contributors, in the course of which the well-known Edward J. Dent, author of a section

devoted to the opera is subjected to an unfavorable comparison with Donald Francis Tovey. In this manner, the name of a truly illustrious British musical authority, conspicuous because of his complete absence from Prof. Erskine's symphony in high tea, is injected into the discussion. Irresistibly there looms up the thought that, with the exception of Olga Samaroff Stokowski's chapter on music in the United States, Mr. Tovey could have undertaken single-handed a far more authoritative treatment of every topic presented in the *Companion*. Then, however, we would have been deprived of Prof. Erskine's painstaking and "engaging" work of edition, ("a deed of mercy", Mr. Bowdoin calls it.)

Mr. Harrison's (one of the seven British contributors) contempt for Liszt as a symphonist, his sweeping dismissal of Bruckner's symphonies, his unwise remarks about the symphonies of Chausson and d'Indy are other examples of an unfortunate insularity.

And that is not all, but enough to cause us to wonder whether, this being, after all, a bitterly serious discussion, we are not attaching too much importance to so amusing *A Musical Companion*.

Fortunately all the neglect and opprobrium of present-day text-book musical historians writing in English is amply compensated by the rich recognition accorded Bruckner's art in the recently published *Essays in Musical Analysis* by Donald Francis Tovey.† Every word concerning music uttered by this man, accepted by such authorities as Lawrence Gilman and Ernest Newman as the supreme music-critical English voice, must carry tremendous weight. For this reason the fifteen pages of almost unqualified praise which he devotes to Bruckner's art represent the highest literary recognition the master has as yet gained outside of Austria and Germany.

Alas, America can boast no Donald Francis Tovey. The comparatively uncultivated soil of the New World can hardly be expected to produce such a phenomenon of encyclopedic musical attainments as is this remarkable man, equally pre-eminent as conductor, theorist, esthetician, and educator. Our professional musical educators thus far can lay but little claim to having advanced the art materially among us. Fascinating volumes of psychology might be written to explain their failure in this regard, but nothing, we fear, that would adequately exonerate them. That the art has not stagnated altogether in America is because there have always been among our men of affairs progressive music-lovers prepared to serve the cause of artistic progress even to the point of self-sacrifice. Men and women, of deeds rather than words, these have nevertheless undertaken now and then to transmit their fervor to others by means of the printed word. It is the few books by such pioneers of art (and not the futile texts penned or edited by our learned fossils) that have proven our only truthful literary contributions to musical progress. The martyred Harriet Lanier's *Musical Verities* is a heart-rending record of a true artistic pioneer's career of self-sacrifice in the cause of musical progress. Every serious music-lover of America should read this book with reverence.

Harriet Lanier is no longer among us; but the pioneer soul is eternal. Such a soul is Charles O'Connell, whose recent *Book of the Symphony*\* is the open sesame to a world of good music long hampered on its way to American hearts by sniping professors, whose notion of true homage

†Donald Francis Tovey: *Essays in Musical Analysis* (2 vols.) Oxford University Press, London, 1935.

\*Charles O'Connell: *The Victor Book of the Symphony* [with a foreword by Leopold Stokowski] Simon and Schuster, New York, 1935.

to Beethoven is to turn his art into bullets for use against the artistic progress of his successors.

Before discussing his significant *Book of the Symphony*, just a word about Charles O'Connell, the man of deeds. Serious music-lovers of this country owe him a debt of eternal gratitude because he was mainly instrumental in bringing about the long awaited publication of complete phonographic recordings of the symphonies of Bruckner and Mahler. The praise due him in this connection is all the greater, since his efforts in behalf of these neglected symphonic giants have been so magnificently successful in a decade still resounding with heated propaganda for and against their compositions.

It is a great joy at last to be able to report complete recordings of Bruckner's *Seventh* and Mahler's *Second*, both by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy. (See *Symphonic Chronicle*.)

Although only the Mahler work has been released as yet, we may confidently anticipate from its unsurpassed brilliancy that the Bruckner recording will prove not only a real joy to those relatively few Americans, who have long known and loved Bruckner's music, but also a decisive revelation to those, less adequately acquainted, who still hesitate in granting the master a triumphal entry into musical Valhalla.

In Mr. O'Connell's *Book of the Symphony* Bruckner has been honored with a biography, a full-page portrait, and a sympathetic, though necessarily brief analysis of the *Romantic Symphony*. Yet to the serious music-lover this book is far more than a witness of the final lifting of "recording" barriers against Bruckner and Mahler. It embraces lucid, concise analyses not only of the older symphonic classics, but also of the most important contributions to the orchestral repertoire since Beethoven. These analyses include Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantastique*, Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*, Bruckner's *Romantic Symphony*, Brahms' *First Symphony*, Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*, Strauss' *Heldenleben*, Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*, Debussy's *Afternoon of a Faun*, Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*, and Holst's *Planets*, all of them contributions of the utmost importance to the development of the modern symphonic language. No masterpiece, even though less epoch-making, has been forgotten by Mr. O'Connell.

Therefore this book seems to us the true "musical companion." Leopold Stokowski, one of America's foremost champions of musical progress, in describing Mr. O'Connell's *Book of the Symphony*, has, perhaps unintentionally, revealed just what a "musical companion", worthy of such a title, should be.

In simple language it gives the technical background of symphonic music so that even an inexperienced music lover can understand and enjoy it. In reading it his mind and emotions will be stimulated so that his pleasure in listening to the music afterwards will be greater.

The parts of this book which tell of the imaginative and poetic side of music are in themselves a kind of music expressed through words.

One has the impression that the author feels that music is chiefly a thing of sensuous pleasure and that no matter how great or small may be the technical knowledge of the hearer music should be enjoyed through the senses and the imagination.

Except in purely program music the book does not paint pictures or tell stories about music but aims to suggest images and lines of thought that will give the music lover a point of departure for his own imaginative flight.

This book is equally interesting and illuminating to the professional musician and to the music lover who has not yet had the opportunity of studying the nature of music technically but whose pleasure in listening to music will be increased if his imagination and emotions are prepared and stimulated by someone who approaches music as directly and yet as profoundly as Charles O'Connell.

Mr. O'Connell's brief presentation of Bruckner begins confidently,

"Anton Bruckner, one of the most important composers of the last hundred years." His estimate of Mahler, colored by the "Mahler debatability" prevailing to-day, ends honestly with the following statement: "In spite of public receptivity, conductors as a rule have neglected Mahler's works until comparatively recent months; and we must half-sadly, half-hopefully join in his own frequent and confident declaration: *Meine Zeit wird noch kommen* (My time will yet come.) There are indications that his time is imminent." Musical historians, who can devote only a page or two to these symphonic giants, should profit by this fair and dignified attitude of Mr. O'Connell. Recognition such as he gives Bruckner and Mahler is the least that is compatible with the esteem their works are steadily gaining among most serious music-lovers.

Historians, the scope of whose work permits more detailed attention to Bruckner, may well take their key-note from the fifteen pages of appreciation devoted by that great musical authority, Donald Francis Tovey, to a discussion of Bruckner's most and least known works, the *Fourth* and *Sixth* symphonies. Mr. Tovey continually emphasizes the element of critical prejudice that has hindered the general understanding of Bruckner's art. To those who object to the composer's manner of orchestration he says: "The scores bristle (as Weingartner says) with abnormalities, but the quintessence of orchestral quality is manifest in every line. Nothing is more astonishing than the way in which *naïvetés* that look on paper (and sound on the pianoforte) as if they really 'will never do', become augustly romantic in the orchestra if their execution is not hurried. We must clear our minds of other wrong points of view than mere prejudices if we are to understand Bruckner." Concerning Bruckner's dreaded, yet almost totally unknown *Sixth* he says, after reiterating the warning relative to prejudice and wrong point of view, "If we treat this symphony as a kind of music we have never heard before, I have no doubt that its high quality will strike us at every moment."

—GABRIEL ENGEL

## A MESSAGE FROM BRUNO WALTER

How much the absence of Bruno Walter from the rostrum of Philharmonic conductors this season has probably cost lovers of the art of Bruckner and Mahler in America is vividly suggested beneath the lines of the following message to the Bruckner Society from that great disciple of those two symphonic masters.

First of all there was a Bruckner Festival in Linz on July 27, at which I performed the *Fourth* and *Ninth*. On Aug. 18, during the *Salzburger Festspiele* I performed the *Fourth* of Bruckner. Further, I began my concerts in Amsterdam on Oct. 3 with Bruckner's *Fourth* and repeated it at Haarlem, Oct. 8, The Hague, Oct. 12, Amsterdam (*Volkskonzert*) Oct. 13. On Oct. 20 I conducted Mahler's *First* at Amsterdam. I shall also perform it at Winterthur (Switzerland) on Jan. 29. In February, date still open, I shall perform Mahler's *Ninth* at Amsterdam. I shall do Bruckner's *Ninth* and the *Te Deum* in Vienna (Philharmonic Concert). There I shall also conduct a Mahler Festival in recognition of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death, doing the *Second* on April 26, the *Egbert* on May 15 and 16, and *Das Lied von der Erde* on May 24.

These are the dates fixed until now; maybe, there will be more.

Dear Mr. Walter, we hope there will be more, yes, many, many more. Yet had we only as much as you have recounted, we should consider ourselves lucky indeed. A happy sojourn to you in the Old World—and may we have you with us again next season!



MARTIN G. DUMLER

Long respected as that of one of America's foremost composers of sacred music, the name of Martin G. Dumler has suddenly attained world fame through the triumphant headlines and reviews devoted to the premiere of his *Stabat Mater* at the recent historic May Music Festival in Cincinnati (May 25, 1935). The unqualified success of this extended sacred composition at an important concert performance stamps it as a work of universal art, a significant contribution of our own day to that proud, slender array of thoroughly human, super-ritual scores that have found but few worthy companions since the great religious compositions of Bruckner.

## DUMLER'S STABAT MATER

The "Stabat Mater" is perhaps the most human as well as one of the most famous of medieval sacred poems. The poet, Jacopone da Todi (-1306), compressed within its few brief stanzas the very essence of the universal Christian creed of his age. It is not the grim tragedy of the Crucifixion nor the awesome vision of Judgment Day that dominates the emotional quality of the text. These, presented in a single phrase, become in reality mere details of religious symbolism. The poet's central theme is the Mother and her sorrows. The pathos of her plight is the inspiration of the tender lyricism with which he has filled most of the stanzas.

Eloquent witnesses of the permanence and inexhaustibility of the poem's human message are the elaborate musical settings of the Stabat Mater by outstanding composers of every generation. The composer of the present setting, actuated by the directness characteristic of our own day, has purposely chosen for each stanza the simplest and most concise musical form suited to the unhampered expression of the poet's words. He has avoided any attempt to enhance by undue expansion or realistic exaggeration tremendous dramatic features latent in the text and has assured a predominantly lyric quality to his composition by allotting four of its ten sections to each of the four solo singers, respectively. His instrumental introductions and interludes never exceed the few measures absolutely necessary to a satisfactory knitting of the swiftly changing imagery of the text.

The first four stanzas may be regarded as a unit. They contain all of the poem that is narrative. The third stanza, purely lyric, is a skilful interpolation by the poet.

The interruption by this inner note softens the cruel pain of the incident being described and dictates to the composer the only logical setting for the entire narrative section of the poem, a mystic one.

Thus a mere whisper in the deepest strings announces the beginning of the story. Seven times in succession (religious tradition speaks of the Seven Sorrows of the Mother) with increasing intensity, sounds the insistently gloomy theme:

Adagio lamentoso

Bass Clar  
Violas

The half of Vc & Basses

ppp

Above its first repetition, softly lamenting, rise the mingled voices of the violas and bass clarinet. A chorale of dark timbre emerging from this culminates in an impressive climax at the sixth recurrence of the *ostinato*, the sombre tones of the horns and trombones dominating. As the scene of infinite sorrow sinks into the background the chorus, unaccompanied, very softly begins the opening stanza.

Occasional dramatic outbursts in the orchestra show that the deep emotionalism of the tale is beyond the power of human restraint, but these are always brief, being almost immediately stilled to preserve intact the general mystic spell. Thus, for a moment only, the following sharp motive in the horns suggests realistically in the first stanza the pain caused by the piercing sword:

The second stanza (chorus) is a benediction of the sorrowing Mother. The agitated pulsation which the music gradually attains reflects the effect of her inconsolable sadness upon humanity. Thus the way is prepared for the poet's fervent, lyric apostrophe to the Mother (third stanza, Soprano Solo). The word "tanto" marks a moment of great dramatic intensity. The horns in unison burst forth from the harmonic grandeur of the full orchestra to intone a motive so prophetic and austere as almost completely to shatter the lyric mood;

yet before another word has been sung the ominous cloud begins to pass. A single sustained tone (violins, trumpets and horns) suffices to restore an atmosphere of tender melancholy.

The grim details of her Son's sufferings fill the fourth stanza. Above an orchestral background rich in dark motives, the chorus sings a sturdy melody in clear canon style. So natural and appropriate is the device in this case, however, that the technical skill involved in no wise distracts the listener's attention from the poetic message underlying the music. When the last lingering word "spiritum" dies away, the orchestral background has once more become veiled and mystic. A long sustained tone in the low woodwind, motivated fragments in the horns, whispered mutterings in the timpani, suddenly silenced strings, such are the composer's means of restoring mysticism at the close of this extremely agitated stanza.

Stanzas 5, 6, and 7 form the second unit. The dominating characteristic of this group is lyric. The music of stanza 5 is so steeped in the transfigured quality of the text that only the characteristic orchestral background identifies it as an inseparable portion of the *Stabat Mater*. There is a striking contrast between the simple, tuneful melody sung by the solo tenor voice and the subtle, ceaselessly undulating melodic line used in the orchestral accompaniment.

The sixth stanza (chorus) knits closely the three cardinal elements of the poem, the Mother's sorrow, the Son's suffering, and humanity's boundless sympathy. The music is at first in the major mode, radiant and calm; then after a skillful interlude consisting of an insistent, brief motive (horn) it becomes rhythmically agitated and darker (minor). The rising tide of agitation culminates in a sorrowful, sustained burst of tone in the full orchestra. Sudden silence follows. Then, as though from an infinite distance, the chorus, unaccompanied, whisperingly re-echoes the last line of the text.



Thus, masterfully, without superficial artifice, is restored the initial radiant atmosphere of the music.

The brief melody of yearning sadness, with which the horns introduce the seventh stanza (Bass Solo) serves as principal motive for the orchestral accompaniment.

Alternating between horn and trombone, it is heard again and again, surrounded each time by new, subordinate ideas and instrumental colors. Increasingly impressive with each recurrence, it attains particularly deep significance at the very end, sounded by muted trombones above a subdued roll of the timpani. Meanwhile a softly wailing motive, already established, continues in the strings, lending a touch of realism to an otherwise mystic scene of restrained melancholy.

Stanzas 8, 9, and 10 form the third and last main section of the composition. They are dominated by a great religious ecstasy, the faith in immortality and the vision of Paradise. In the eighth stanza (Solo Quartette) like irresistible rays of light suddenly penetrating the heavy gloom that can no longer imprison them, an upward-leaping motive of two tones is sharply uttered in rapid succession by horns, bassoons, clarinets, and oboes, over a sustained bass in the organ. Then follows a simple chorale, ideally suited to the ecstatic text, foretelling the ultimate glory of the soul.

The harp, the light, liquid tone of which dominates the instrumental background of the ninth stanza (Alto Solo) strengthens the new note of spiritual elevation sounded in the preceding chorale. Characteristic phrases, which were expressions of sadness in previous stanzas, become transformed, in the course of this song, to gracious heralds of the miracle of salvation.

The tenth stanza (Soli and Chorus) is the poem's sublime final revelation. Here, perhaps more than in any other stanza, the composer has shown his consummate grasp of the spiritual dimensions of the Stabat

Mater. He has refrained from the traditional "art" method of matching the text, image for image, or color for color. He has chosen instead an unassuming setting, steadily increasing in mystic intensity as it rises, from a stately and solemn introduction in the low brass,

Maestoso

Trb's & Tuba *f*

over skillfully merged fugues and chorales, to an ecstatic song of Paradise.

The work closes with the distant, veiled jubilations of cherubim voices re-echoing mankind's fervent "Amen" unto all Eternity.

*mp* A - men, A - men. — *pp*

*mp* A - men, A - men. — *pp*

*mp* A - men, A - men. — *pp*

*mp* A - men, A - men. — *pp*

*piu p* A - men, A - men. — *ppp*

*piu p* A - men, A - men. — *ppp*

*piu p* A - men, A - men. — *ppp*

*piu p* A - men, A - men. — *ppp*

49 *p* *pp*

Timp *pp*

Basses arco

## Stabat Mater

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Stabat Mater dolorosa<br/>Juxta Crucem lacrymosa,<br/>Dum pendebat Filius<br/>Cujus animam gementem,<br/>Contristatam et dolentem,<br/>Pertransiuit gladius.</p>                | <p>At the Cross her station keeping,<br/>Stood the mournful Mother weeping,<br/>Close to Jesus to the last:<br/>Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,<br/>All His bitter anguish bearing,<br/>Now at length the sword had passed.</p> |
| <p>2. O quam tristis et afflicta<br/>Fuit illa benedicta<br/>Mater Unigeniti!<br/>Quae moerebat, et dolebat,<br/>Pia Mater, dum videbat<br/>Nati poenas inclyti.</p>                  | <p>Oh, how sad and sore distressed<br/>Was that Mother highly blest<br/>Of the sole-begotten One!<br/>Christ above in torment hangs;<br/>She beneath beholds the pangs<br/>Of her dying glorious Son.</p>                              |
| <p>3. Quis est homo qui non fletet,<br/>Matrem Christi si videret<br/>In tanto supplicio?<br/>Quis non posset contristari,<br/>Christi Matrem contemplari<br/>Dolentem cum Filio?</p> | <p>Is there one who would not weep,<br/>Whelmed in miseries so deep,<br/>Christ's dear Mother to behold?<br/>Can the human heart refrain<br/>From partaking in her pain,<br/>In that Mother's pain untold?</p>                         |
| <p>4. Pro peccatis suae gentis<br/>Vidit Jesum in tormentis,<br/>Et flagellis subditum;<br/>Vidit suum dulcem Natum<br/>Moriendo desolatum,<br/>Dum emisit spiritum.</p>              | <p>Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,<br/>She beheld her tender Child.<br/>All with bloody scourges rent;<br/>For the sins of His own nation,<br/>Saw Him hang in desolation,<br/>Till His Spirit forth He sent.</p>                   |
| <p>5. Eja Mater, fons amoris,<br/>Me sentire vim doloris<br/>Fac, ut tecum legeam:<br/>Fac, ut ardeat cor meum<br/>In amando Christum Deum<br/>Ut sibi complaceam.</p>                | <p>O thou Mother! fount of love!<br/>Touch my spirit from above,<br/>Make my heart with thine accord:<br/>Make me feel as thou hast felt;<br/>Make my soul to glow and melt<br/>With the love of Christ my Lord.</p>                   |
| <p>6. Sancta Mater, istud agas,<br/>Crucifixi fige plagas<br/>Cordi meo valide;<br/>Tui Nati vulnerati,<br/>Tam dignati pro me pati,<br/>Poenas mecum divide.</p>                     | <p>Holy Mother! pierce me through;<br/>In my heart each wound renew<br/>Of my Savior crucified:<br/>Let me share with thee His pain,<br/>Who for all my sins was slain,<br/>Who for me in torments died.</p>                           |
| <p>7. Fac me tecum pie flere,<br/>Crucifixo condolere,<br/>Donec ego vixero,<br/>Juxta Crucem tecum stare,<br/>Et me tibi sociare<br/>In planctu desidero.</p>                        | <p>Let me mingle tears with thee,<br/>Mourning Him who mourned for me,<br/>All the days that I may live:<br/>By the Cross with thee to stay;<br/>There with thee to weep and pray;<br/>Is all I ask of thee to give.</p>               |
| <p>8. Virgo virginum praeclara,<br/>Mihi jam non sis amara,<br/>Fac me tecum plangere:<br/>Fac ut portem Christi mortem,<br/>Passionis fac consortem,<br/>At plagas recolere.</p>     | <p>Virgin of all virgins blest!<br/>Listen to my fond request:<br/>Let me share thy grief divine:<br/>Let me, to my latest breath,<br/>In my body bear the death<br/>Of that dying Son of thine.</p>                                   |
| <p>9. Fac me plagis vulnerari,<br/>Fac me Cruce inebriari,<br/>Et cruore Filii.<br/>Flammis ne urar succensus,<br/>Per te, Virgo, sim defensus<br/>In die judicii.</p>                | <p>Wounded with His every wound,<br/>Steep my soul till it hath swooned<br/>In His very Blood away:<br/>Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,<br/>Lest in flames I burn and die,<br/>In that awful Judgment Day.</p>                               |
| <p>10. Christe, cum sit hinc exire,<br/>Da per Matrem me venire<br/>Ad palmam victoriae.<br/>Quando corpus morietur<br/>Fac ut animae donetur<br/>Paradis gloria. Amen.</p>           | <p>Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,<br/>Be Thy Mother my defence,<br/>Be Thy Cross my victory:<br/>While my body here decays,<br/>May my soul Thy goodness praise,<br/>Safe in Paradise with Thee. Amen.</p>                     |

## SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

### *A Record of Critical and Popular Reaction*

ANTON BRUCKNER—

#### NINTH SYMPHONY

{Original Version, Amer. Premiere}

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Otto Klemperer, Conductor; New York, October 11, 12, 13, 14, 1934. The last performance was broadcast over the entire Columbia network.*

Mr. Klemperer presented only two symphonies last night. The first was the Ninth of Bruckner in its original version; the second was the Fifth of Beethoven. With both of these works he made a powerful impression.

Whatever Loewe's alterations may have been, it cannot be said that the effect of the *Ninth Symphony*, as a symphony, is so very different from what we know. The principal revelations were Mr. Klemperer's. The slow movement, as it now stands, is the climax of the unfinished work and must surely rank as one of the greatest of all Bruckner adagios. There are only two that approach it in greatness. They are the slow movements of the *Seventh* and *Eighth* symphonies.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*

Mr. Klemperer should receive the gratitude of all music-lovers for his devoted and eloquent performance at last night's Philharmonic-Symphony concert of Bruckner's seldom heard Symphony No. 9, that symphony which is sometimes known as the 'Unfinished.'

...Hearing Bruckner's symphonies we realize how deep his feeling can be, how lofty a beauty he could summon to his measures, how blazing a splendor touches the pinnacles of certain towering movements in his symphonies. He holds and stirs us in a way peculiar to himself when we listen to such things as the *Dirge* in the *Seventh Symphony*, the slow movement of the *Eighth*, the closing pages of the *Adagio* of the *Ninth*, which we heard last evening—music of a valedictory tenderness, full of the sense of reconciliation and appeasement, tranquil, not of this world; music that searches the very heart of beauty.

This is not the place to go into technical detail concerning Loewe's unauthorized, injudicious, and impertinent editing of Bruckner's score—an exposition which may better await the space and leisure of next Sunday's column. But those who best know the symphony must have been struck last night by an added intensification, an uncompromising forthrightness of musical speech, a power and abrupt directness which they had not observed in it before—with good reason, for the well meaning Loewe had not seen fit to let us hear them.

Thus restored and justified, the Symphony seems more than ever to be, at its best, one of the noblest musical legacies of the nineteenth century. The heroic and passionate first move-

ment with its tremendous chief theme; the irresistible Scherzo; the haunting, subliminal *Adagio*—these are such pages as only Bruckner could have imagined and set down.

Especially in the mythical close of the great *Adagio*, with its musing, consolatory tenderness, one felt again that Bruckner had come close to entering the inner chamber of that "Palace of Wisdom" known to William Blake, or at least that he had beheld the distant turrets shining in the evening light.

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

...The scherzo, freed from Berlioz decoration, has a rugged strength and moments of genuine beauty. The *adagio*, with which the work was left uncompleted, is a movement of worth and it brings the symphony to a lingering and memorable close. One wonders what could have followed fittingly, albeit Bruckner himself wrote at least one much more beautiful slow movement.

Mr. Klemperer did the composer valuable service in producing his music as he wrote it. We have a deeper respect for Bruckner after hearing the magnificent performance of last night. The orchestra covered itself with glory. Its tone was gorgeous and in balance and clarity it left nothing to be desired. All the Bruckner symphonies should be heard. Repetition is the best test of their worth.

—W. J. HENDERSON, *The New York Sun*

Thanks to Mr. Klemperer, we have had Bruckner's ninth symphony in its original edition. There used to be a legend that Bruckner was a stodgy composer, and it requires a convincing musician like Mr. Klemperer to illuminate the streaks of genius in Bruckner's music. Who started the local propaganda against Bruckner—or why—I don't know. But some of the most effective pamphleteering ever done hereabouts has been issued by the Bruckner Society of America, whose journal, *Chord and Discord*, will interest you in Bruckner and persuade you to hear his works, free from bias of every kind.

Cleared of misguided revisions by enthusiastic but apparently dumb apostles, Bruckner's ninth symphony proved its claim to a place in the live repertoire. I don't think that Bruckner is an acquired taste, because the great passages are eloquent and the draggy episodes are obvious. His music isn't a mathematical enigma, and even at a first hearing, it's not difficult to decide whether you wish to take it or leave it. When it's projected as brilliantly as it was by Mr. Klemperer and The Philharmonic-Symphony, it's easier to take than to leave.

—ROBERT A. SIMON, *The New Yorker*

We Brucknerites were treated to high festivities in Carnegie Hall last evening. That pro-

phet and apostle of the Viennese symphonist, Otto Klemperer, directed the Philharmonic-Symphony orchestra in a performance of Bruckner's unfinished symphony, No. 9, which will not be forgotten by any sensitive listener.

It seems, however, that more ado than necessary has been made over Loewe's emendations; that far from overlaying with plush Bruckner's austere measures his actual changes were relatively few and unimportant.

Be that as it may, the three complete movements in whatever version constitute an eminently impressive work. The scherzo is one of the most individual of symphonic movements, as the adagio is one of the most exalted. —PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*

The Philharmonic played the extremely difficult music superbly, dividing the honors equally with Mr. Klemperer, who is demonstrating with every occasion of closer acquaintance that he is a distinguished baton leader.

The Bruckner was received last night by a large audience with hearty approval. It is sonorous and impressive.

—HENRIETTE WEBER, *Evening Journal*

## ANTON BRUCKNER— SEVENTH SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; Boston, October 26th and 27th, 1934.*

Dr. Koussevitzky's performance breathed an almost apostolic fervor, but that after all is a characteristic of every interpretation of a strongly willed conductor, and one of Dr. Koussevitzky's foremost traits. He is eminently to be commended for presenting this symphony, and all others of Bruckner that he may choose. It is especially desirable to hear occasionally the music of composers whose rank is contended. And that of Bruckner is debated even 40 years after his death.

—C. W. D., *The Boston Globe*

Since Dr. Serge Koussevitzky became conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra he has placed on its programs the Fourth and the Eighth Symphonies of Bruckner. He once proposed the Ninth, but withdrew it. At the head of the list of compositions for the third pair of Symphony Hall concerts of the season (Oct. 26-27) stood Bruckner's Seventh, in E major, unheard in Boston since the legendary days of Dr. Muck.

At all events, the performance of Bruckner's Symphony in E major brought the first really spontaneous applause of the season from the Friday afternoon audience at Symphony Hall. And not solely, let us believe, because of the sonorous peroration. For there was much to give pleasure in the performance of the first two movements, which contain the finest pages of the score. They are marked by worthy material, imaginative development, a firm construction, rich and colorful harmonies and a superb sonority.

The Scherzo and the Finale are less impressive. But you can't always have the pure metal, as we had been reminded a week before, by the latter part of the "Eroica". And if Wagner could write the Ride of the Valkyries, why should not Bruckner be permitted the Scherzo and the Finale of this symphony, with their heavy-footed gayety?

It should be recognized, though, that the Friends of Bruckner owe a heavy debt of thanks to conductor and orchestra for their presentation, which was remarkable for its beauty of tone and for its exquisitely subtle expressiveness. —S. L. SLOPER, *Christian Science Monitor*

At yesterday's matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the same audience which, on two previous occasions, had "sat on its hands" (in the pungent backstage expression), now applauded Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra with the greatest enthusiasm.

According to these signs, which will certainly be repeated with greater vividness tonight, Dr. Koussevitzky now need have no further hesitation about presenting more Bruckner. . . The worst of the struggle is over. For now the audience is, as the advertisements would say, Bruckner-conscious. What is more, the audience likes the feeling!

By general agreement, and by the evidence of one's ears, the best of the symphony is the slow movement. Here is music of such tremendous spiritual and emotional power that it may be compared not only with the "Ring" of Wagner, Bruckner's idol, but also with the greatest slow movements of Beethoven. Throughout the slow movement of the Bruckner symphony, indeed, one's thoughts recurred to the slow movement of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony as the only suitable comparison. The themes have nobility and dignity as well as beauty. They are heartfelt; but the composer does not slop over. The movement has astonishing breadth, which a slow pace should accentuate in performance.

. . . The total net impression of the symphony was one of spiritual and emotional uplift.

The performance as has been suggested, was usually true to Bruckner's intention. It was one of the greater and more noble achievements of Dr. Koussevitzky and his magnificent orchestra.

—MOSES SMITH, *Boston Evening Transcript*

Forty-eight years ago the Seventh Symphony of Anton Bruckner virtually emptied the old Music Hall. Yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall it provoked the heartiest applause of the current season of the Symphony concerts.

. . . As a melodist Bruckner ranks high. In the first subject of the first movement he is heir to Schubert. In the great themes of the solemn Adagio, one of the topmost summits of symphonic music, he recalls the profundities and the spiritual calms of Beethoven (as well as certain harmonic and orchestral idioms of his idol Wagner), and in the Scherzo, one of the few that have carried on the tradition estab-

lished by the master of Bonn, we think again of all three composers. Yet through it all Bruckner is himself. The music is his. None of it is actually reminiscent.

...Not even Wagner himself contrived more beautiful sonorities for the multiplied brass than did Bruckner in his Adagio; and yesterday Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra evoked in this movement sounds of surpassing beauty.

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

## GUSTAV MAHLER—

### DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Maria Olszewska and Frederick Jagel, soloists. New York, December 20, 21, 1934.*

The world has not yet arrived at a clear understanding of Mahler's works, let alone a just verdict of their worth. Therefore we should be thankful to be reminded by even an occasional performance that Mahler lived, still persists, and will survive beyond the present artistic confusion.

*Das Lied von der Erde* is especially valid as such a reminder. It is a work of masterly caliber, from the point-of-view of structure as well as content, not wavering even in its minutest detail. Its consummate union of text and score renders it particularly accessible even to the listener to whom Mahler's tone-world is still strange. Thus it assumes an unusual place in the literature of music, its message and effect transcending the boundaries of the merely musical.

Just as the essence of Beethoven's *Ninth*, aside from all purely musical values, is highest enthusiasm, so that of *Das Lied von der Erde* is most intense spiritual pain—pain caused not by sorrow or disillusion, but by a boundless human sympathy, by an excessive love of the world, by an overwhelming realization that all life is moribund! Transfigured by this quality of compassion, the work scales the barriers of the mundane, becoming a veritable greeting to the Hereafter, a mystic paean to the glory of eternal rebirth.

It is a work which moves us more deeply at each new hearing. Bruno Walter knows well how to reveal it in all its unique beauty. He has grasped that tenderness, that air of doleful meditation, that transcendental grace, and that impetuous passion, which are the peculiar qualities of this soul-piercing score—a score, one might say, written in blood. He has made himself in this instance so wholly one with the composer that his reading inevitably evokes the conviction of authenticity.

—PAUL BEKKER, *N. Y. Staats-Zeitung*  
(Translated by Gabriel Engel)

<sup>1</sup> It was the orchestra, last evening, that spoke the bitter and poignant and renunciatory thoughts of Mahler; and it was Bruno Walter who shaped and colored and released their utterance. Thus heard, the passion and the beauty of the music, its delicate fantasy, its

secret ecstasies and insuperable grief, and, at the last, its mystical, assuaging peace, were often overmastering.

It is odd to find adult human beings still refusing contact with imaginative expressions of intellectual and spiritual traits which they cannot, as good citizens and conscientious taxpayers, indorse or enjoy. Yet such music as this of Mahler's brings us inescapably face to face with the conclusion that there is no profit in bothering with works of art at all unless you are able and willing to project yourself into another mental world than your own: to see life and destiny from the standpoint of a temperament that may be fundamentally alien to everything that you believe in and esteem; to lend and steep yourself until you understand and know and feel.

This music of Mahler's poses such a problem. It gives us the quintessence of a difficult and baffling nature. For Mahler was one of those introvert and solitary dreamers whose voice comes to us today from what we take to be a vanished world, irrecoverable, increasingly remote, steeped in the pathos of distance. And yet, inexplicably enough, that world is not really either lost or irrecoverable; it is all about us still, in many spirits and imaginations. Our problem—when those who are native to that world are rare and sensitive artists—is to know and understand them as they try with desperation, and often with resulting beauty and rarest genius, to find their peace among the mysteries of existence.

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

Mahler's "Lied von der Erde" is a setting for tenor, contralto and orchestra of six texts which he took from Hans Bethge's "Chinesische Floete," a collection of adaptations of old Chinese poems. Mahler further altered them to "express one predominating idea—withdrawal from the world." "Dark is life, is death" is the refrain of the first poem; "I seek rest for my lonely heart," one reads in the last; and the work is an embodiment in tone of this sickness at heart which was Mahler's—an embodiment in music of poignant beauty and, withal, of great continence and distinction.

Mr. Walter, who conducted the premiere in 1911, achieved a superb performance from the orchestra.

—B. H. HAGGIN, *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*

Such a program was ideal for the broodingly imaginative Mahler. . . . The "Lied" has charming pastoral moods, lyrical ecstasy, moments of deep richness, of tender pity and resignation. The orchestration is of rare appeal and richness. This music cannot fail to move the sensitive listener.

—LEONARD LIEBLING, *N. Y. American*

There is in his music a vividness of almost morbid imagery, written in an unforced modern vein, and, as Mahler himself summed it up, it expresses one distinct thought—that of withdrawal from the world. Visions of an end of mortal life stalk ineluctably through the pages of the score, which is divided into six

sections, each being musical portraits of old Chinese poems selected by Mahler . . .

Maria Olszewska sang her three poems in a clear, expressive voice and Frederick Jaegel's sound dramatic tones fitted well into the text. The audience received all artists, not excluding pianist-conductor Bruno Walter, with deep enthusiasm.  
—*New York Post*

In the song "Of Beauty" and still more in the "Farewell", Mahler surpassed himself and made music of compelling power and eloquence. . . . That the composition would be well performed last evening was a foregone conclusion. It has long been dear to Mr. Walter's heart. He had at his command an admirable orchestra and two good solo singers in Mme. Olszewska, contralto, and Frederick Jaegel, a tenor who has of late shown growth in artistic stature.

Yet, last evening's performance of the "Lied", which, in spite of its dimensions, often has the intimate quality of chamber music, even surpassed the earlier ones in its sensitive and searching beauty.

Mr. Walter, a disciple of Mahler, conducted the "world premiere" at Munich on November 10, 1911 and he conducted it again last evening with, so to say, the intelligence of love. The orchestra, for its part, played with an excellence that included a rare finesse.  
—PITTS SANBORN, N. Y. *World-Telegram*

## GUSTAV MAHLER— SECOND SYMPHONY

*Minneapolis Symphony, Eugene Ormandy, conductor, assisted by Symphony Chorus, Rupert Sircam, director. Soloists: Ann O'Malley Gallogly, contralto; Corinne Frank Bowen, soprano. Minneapolis, December 7, 1934, Jan. 2 and 13, 1935. (The last of the performances was broadcast over the Columbia network.)*

A magnificent performance of the *Second Symphony* by Gustav Mahler aroused an unusually large Friday night audience at Northrop auditorium to delighted enthusiasm.

As he did on one previous occasion—the performance last spring of Bruckner's *Seventh Symphony*—Mr. Ormandy prefaced Friday's presentation with a brief, eloquent and distinctly helpful commentary on the composer and his work. He threw real light on Mahler's extraordinary sensitiveness, and on his passionate musical honesty, relating these characteristics to the nature of his composition.

The unfolding of this work is strangely eloquent as a historical document. How amazingly the world of music changed between the advent of Beethoven's great choral symphony, and the making of this one by Mahler—and largely because of the single fact that Richard Wagner had lived! But viewed with insight, it discloses far more than musical evolution: it is a panorama of Vienna in the Nineteenth century, that alembic in which all the arts, and all the facts of a complex social scene, achieved distillation into an indescribable but unmistakable blend.

In the music you hear not only the sumptuous measures written by a man used to the sophistications of great opera houses and concert stages; you hear, too, the poignant simplicity of folk-singing, and the endearing strains of the Laendler, those deliberate triple-time dances of rural Austria which were sublimated, in urban surroundings, into the inimitable Viennese waltz.—FRANCES BOARDMAN  
*The Saint Paul Pioneer Press*

The most stately and convincing section of the whole symphony is the opening of the fourth movement with the contralto solo, superbly sung by Mrs. Ann O'Malley Gallogly, establishing a mood that, quiet as it happens to be, contains a splendor reaching up into ethereal heights. The choral effects were achieved beautifully, the cohesion of thought is noteworthy, the whole expounded with a richness of harmonic beauty that gave it both dignity and nobility.

There was everything in the last movement that touches the heart or head of man. We heard the trampling of warring legions, sections that recalled the call of the hunter; pastoral scenes intermingled with a quiet religious ecstacy.

—JAMES DAVIES, *The Minneapolis Tribune*

The first "pop" of the year brought a repetition of Mahler's *Second Symphony* . . . A novel experience for the audience was that of suppressing its usual coughs and sneezes so that the work could be recorded from actual performance, which was successfully done.

—JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Musical America*

## ANTON BRUCKNER— SIXTH SYMPHONY

*Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Goossens, Conductor—Cincinnati, Jan. 11, 12, 1935.*

The opening number was the Bruckner symphony No. 6, in A major, exquisitely interpreted and played, and said to be the first complete performance in Cincinnati.

—M. D., *Musical Courier*

How much the Bruckner A-Major symphony affected the receipts cannot be estimated, but the writer feels sure it was materially responsible for the presence of many . . .

The work was played extremely well and owes much of the interest it evoked to the spirited, scholarly, and polished interpretation given it by Eugene Goossens.

—GEORGE A. LEIGHTON, *The Enquirer*

Perhaps the most noteworthy achievement of the day was Mr. Goossens' reading of the Bruckner Symphony which has not been presented here before. Certain judicious cuts reduced the playing time of the work without destroying any of its merit and its enthusiastic reception by its audiences owed much to the spirited, sensitive and warmly understanding and colorful interpretation which Mr. Goossens accorded it.—S.T. WILSON, *Musical America*

The stubborn history of Bruckner's cheerful Sixth Symphony, played in Cincinnati yesterday for the first time over fifty years after its completion, merely accords with the treatment given to all of that master's works, not only during his lifetime but since his death. A typical Austrian, he could not help feeling that conditions, so far as they affected the performance of his symphonies, were hopeless, but not serious.

Unlike a number of Bruckner's symphonies, the Sixth, owing to its moderate length, does not tend to tire the average listener by its diffuseness and abundance of material. This symphony, called by Bruckner his most daring, exhibits his tendency to create a co-ordination between the several movements and to throw back the center of interest to the later ones. In doing so he produces a cumulative effect extending to the closing measures of the finale. To Mr. Goossens belongs high praise for his reading, which brought out all of the color and simplicity of this expanse of tone. Upon hearing a symphony by a neglected composer of the stature of Bruckner, one is tempted to wonder whether he would receive public acceptance if he were played as often as his contemporary, Brahms, for example.

—FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Times Star*

#### ANTON BRUCKNER— SEVENTH SYMPHONY

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Arturo Toscanini, Conductor; New York, January 24, 25, 26, 27, 1935. (Last performance broadcast over Columbia Network).*

This symphony, previously performed here by Toscanini in recent years, is the work that paved the way for Bruckner's world-fame. It is, of all his symphonies, the richest in tonal beauty; the spell of its sensuous magic is the most overwhelming. All that is peculiarly Bruckner-like is here revealed in perfectly disciplined balance. The *adagio*, associated with the death of Richard Wagner, will continue to sound as long as mankind has ears with which to hear.

Toscanini's love for this particular Bruckner symphony is not hard to understand in the light of the inspiring response its wondrous Austrian melody evoked in the soul of the Italian genius of musical interpretation.

Time did not permit the critic to hear *Salome's Dance* and the Respighi transcription. Yet he must confess; even granted sufficient time he would not have stayed to listen. There are impressions which one should not permit to be disturbed. To such impressions belongs the splendor of this Bruckner performance by Toscanini.

PAUL BEKKER, *N. Y. Staats-Zeitung*  
(Translated by Gabriel Engel)

If anyone doubted the growing ability of the American musical public to take punishment in the form of the heaviest symphonic stuff, he might consider with awe the increasing ap-

petite for Bruckner. They take it, they like it. When Otto Klemperer played Bruckner with the Philharmonic in the fall, it was liked; when he played it with the Philadelphia last week, it was liked; and when Maestro Toscanini opened his first concert of the season with Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, that was not only liked, but loved. The performance, of course, was nerve-tingling. All the variations of color and quality and volume without which Bruckner (or anything else) is soporific came out in the minuteness of perfection that Maestro lavishes on everything. Under this magic, the Bruckner took on power and expressiveness; its big crescendos were glorious. But it was in the long, usually insufferable passages of vague discursiveness in woodwinds that the symphony came alive. Here the instruments were utterly conversational in quality, and one followed them, accordingly, with closest attention.

—MARCIA DAVENPORT, *The Stage, Mar. 1935*

The effect of last night's performance was not confined to the peaks of the symphony. Mr. Toscanini made it extraordinarily cohesive and gave it an almost unbroken arch, even in the finale.

. . . Grandeur, an indescribable, flooding beauty characterized the performance as a whole. In moments, when the brass nearly blew through the velvet of the tone, it was expressive of a prophetic force if not frenzy.

The net result of the performance was one that brought the most indifferent or even antagonistic strangely near to Bruckner . . .

Mr. Toscanini has repeatedly played Bruckner's Seventh here, but where sheer feeling and revelations are concerned, he does not seem before to have equaled the mood and power of this reading.

—OLIN DOWNES, *The New York Times*

The unapproachable Toscanini has returned and last night he conducted the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in one of those extraordinary performances which will never be forgotten by music-lovers of this fortunate generation so long as they have life and memory. Hale and vigorous and poised, the great musician achieved again that incredible completeness of realization to which he has accustomed us.

And there was the subtler and profounder miracle that was wrought in the great Dirge of Bruckner's symphony, wherein the composer paid his tribute to the memory of Wagner. As Mr. Toscanini played last night this valedictory *Adagio*, one could not doubt that both the elegy and the elegist wore for him the spiritual image of that grief and tenderness and exaltation which this music speaks.

Sitting before such miracles, one thought of Goethe's profound and searching words, that "everything perfect of its kind must go beyond its kind—it must be something else, incomparable".

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

There ensued a revelation of such impelling genius that even I, who confess a dissension in the opinion that Bruckner's music is immortal, was persuaded to an irresistible acclaim of its immensity. The Seventh symphony (E major) which had always seemed so repetitious and verbose, save in the majestic and poignant Adagio attained such ennobling and heroic proportions under Mr. Toscanini as to confound the most analytical of commentators.

—JULIAN SEAMAN, *Daily Mirror*

It is a monumental symphony, a little large in its architectural spans for an audience that lives in skyscrapers and prefers cocktails to the more philosophical beverages of the Teutons, a symphony that requires its listeners to follow its leisurely, profound and unaffected utterances with attention and imagination. It is not music for the "tired business man," or his carefully marcelled wife, and that may explain some of the coldness, in spite of the glamor of a Toscanini interpretation, with which the fashionable Thursday-nighters received it.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT, *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*

Those of us who are always eager for a broadening of the local symphonic repertory and who, in particular, would like to see Bruckner's music established beyond ill-considered question and cavil, owe a big debt of gratitude this season to Otto Klemperer and Arturo Toscanini—to Mr. Klemperer for giving us the Bruckner ninth in October, and to Mr. Toscanini for giving us the Bruckner seventh at the four concerts he has conducted so far this season for the Philharmonic-Symphony.

To dwell at this late date on all that Mr. Toscanini brings to the interpretation of a symphony by Bruckner or all that the orchestra gives him in response would be an impertinence even if it were a possibility. Suffice it that his most essential qualification is his acute and unflinching sense of design.

Bruckner does possess structure, though he is no obvious and tight constructionist of the Brahms type. That, however, is a fact which eludes inferior conductors, though luckily it does not elude men of the musical imagination and keen discernment of a Toscanini or a Klemperer.

When Mr. Toscanini discovers for us the splendors of the Seventh Symphony, we learn how far afield, for instance, has strayed that gentle Brahmin of London, Mr. H. C. Colles, who likens Bruckner's music to "an organist's improvisation".

—PITTS SANBORN, *World Telegram*

## ANTON BRUCKNER— FIFTH SYMPHONY

## GUSTAV MAHLER— KINDERTOTENLIEDER

*Philadelphia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, Conductor; Karin Branzell, Soloist; New York, January 29, 1935.*

An unforgettable experience: fully a quarter of a century ago; the intimate, smaller hall of the Berlin Kuenstlerhaus; Mahler himself at the piano; Johannes Meschaert singing; nothing but compositions of Mahler, among them the *Kindertotenlieder*. There has never been a greater master of the art of song than Meschaert. None of his successors is even even nearly comparable to him. And yet his voice was the least significant thing about his artistry, or perhaps, it had become so merged with the spiritual that the listener completely forgot its corporeal origin.

Yesterday Karin Branzell sang the *Kindertotenlieder*. She sang; that was the first mistake. To sing songs does not mean to produce rich tones. It means to declaim texts; to declaim them with so insatiable, so fanatic an intensity that the words assume tone-wings and begin to sway in musical sound.

Second mistake: the *Kindertotenlieder* must be sung by a deep male voice. It is not alone the context of these songs that makes their performance by the voice of a woman irritating. Their very instrumentation calls for a man's voice—the sound of a female voice is unavoidably obscured by the orchestral background, if the conductor is faithful to the dynamics of the score . . . That Klemperer would handle its wealth of instrumental subtlety with the keenest and most sympathetic understanding, was a foregone conclusion. His reading was exemplary in the shaping not only of each phrase, but also of the broad melodic lines so characteristic of Mahler's music.

Klemperer deserves signal praise for braving the peril to his American popularity by his performances of Bruckner and Mahler. Both these masters are still (more or less) step-children of our audiences. It is not easy to understand why this should be so, for they are in reality the least difficult of composers to grasp, being free from all artificiality and intricacy.

It merely signifies that the enigmatic phenomenon characterizing progress of the art in Europe is being re-enacted here. Sincerity and simplicity have always been the last to win recognition. Therefore it is all the more necessary to keep spreading their precious gospel tirelessly and unceasingly, in eloquent and accurate revelations.

—PAUL BEKKER, *N. Y. Staats-Zeitung*  
(Translated by Gabriel Engel)

The subject of the tonal discourse was the Bruckner Fifth Symphony, which contains many of the greatest of this composer's pages. The symphony was given a performance probably unsurpassable by Mr. Klemperer, who previously, with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, had given a memorable reading of Bruckner's Ninth.

Mr. Klemperer showed that he had in his soul the unworldliness which is so rare and essential for Bruckner's interpretation. He thought aloud with the composer, spoke with Bruckner's voice as though this were his own

native speech, conducted the orchestra, from memory, with an authority so complete and an understanding so vivid and profound that against all odds, and for long movements, he carried his audience with him.

—OLIN DOWNES, *N. Y. Times*

Mahler himself conducted their ("Kindertotenlieder") first performance here a quarter century ago when he was leader of the Philharmonic, and the singular Ludwig Wullner sang the voice parts. On that occasion the program carried, as it did last night, this note copied from the flyleaf of the score: "These five songs are conceived as a unit, an indivisible whole, and their continuity at a performance should be preserved by the prohibition of interruptions of any kind—applause, for instance—at the end of a number."

The composer's wishes were observed last night. But it is not easy to imagine that any concertgoer could hear unmoved these songs of elegiac and sad sincerity—music torn from the depths of a dread and sorrow that were not less grievous for being felt through the imagination.

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

Mahler set Ruckert's verses while in fear of the death of a little daughter.

Mme. Branzell sang the songs with persuasive sincerity and with much vocal art. She put so much of herself into her singing that she moved the audience to long continued applause. Mr. Klemperer conducted the cycle with all the enthusiasm of an ardent Mahlerite and generally with good effect.

—W. J. HENDERSON, *New York Sun*

A finer delivery of Mahler's touching song cycle than that given by Miss Branzell we have never heard. To those beautiful settings of Ruckert's poems she brought not only beauty of voice and style, but a true penetration of their spiritual nature. Her great art won her repeated recalls at the conclusion of the cycle. Mr. Klemperer's exposition of the orchestral part was as perfect in its way as was Miss Branzell's singing.

—A., *Musical America*

An unofficial Bruckner festival got under way when Mr. Toscanini returned to us, for following his four performances of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, we had the Fifth Symphony directed by Mr. Klemperer in his newest guise—that of visiting conductor with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Undoubtedly there'll be more Bruckner as the winter proceeds, and it looks like a big year for the Brucknerians.

In spite of Mr. Toscanini's miracles with the seventh symphony and the cheers which rewarded Mr. Klemperer's peroration of the fifth, Bruckner still has to be sold to many auditors. I used to listen to the warnings of people who told me that Bruckner was dull as ditch-water and approximately as deep. Then I read the scholarly and intelligent (the adjectives are not necessarily synonymous)

screeds of the Bruckner Society and became convinced that if I didn't care for Bruckner's music, the fault wasn't Bruckner's.

Mahler, who seems to be a sort of vice-president on the Bruckner ticket, also appeared on Mr. Klemperer's program when Mme. Branzell sang the "Kindertotenlieder." The eminent contralto was in fine voice and has become fashionably slim. She sang her texts with charming restraint, and Mr. Klemperer contributed his astonishing gifts to the orchestral music.

—ROBERT A. SIMON, *The New Yorker*

It was remarked that two composers who are still looked at somewhat askance in this country, despite the support of specially organized societies, Mahler and Bruckner, actually figured in the same program, taking up the greater part of it.

Mr. Klemperer, with his devotion to Bruckner's music, his sympathetic insight into its peculiarities, and his sovereign sense of style, read the symphony with authority, obtaining from the orchestra a masterly execution.

The great audience, irresistibly stirred by the blare of the auxiliary brasses of the concluding pages, applauded the performance heartily.

The *Kindertotenlieder* represent Mahler at his tenderest and most appealing.

—P.S., *N. Y. World-Telegram*

Performances of "Kindertotenlieder" and Bruckner's Fifth were given in Philadelphia. The Philadelphia Bulletin wrote, January 26, 1935, as follows:

The Bruckner symphony, given an analytical and illuminative reading by the German conductor and splendidly played under his direction, provided thrills in the working out of its intricate and complicated construction, with profuse instrumentation which most of the time is on a large and imposing scale. There are many tonal contrasts with much use of the pizzicato in various instruments and choirs. . . . The finale, with horns, trumpets and trombones lined up on an elevation at the back, was vociferous and thrilling and roused yesterday's audience to enthusiastic applause at the tumultuous conclusion of the performance.

## ANTON BRUCKNER— FOURTH SYMPHONY

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick A. Stock, conductor; Chicago, March 7, 8, 1935.*

The highlight of the evening was the Bruckner Romantic Symphony, not often heard in Orchestra Hall and yet very much worth while, for we found a great deal in it to admire. There are very few dull moments and upon repetition we are sure we shall find even more beauties to extol.

Last night's performance reacquainted us with the art of Bruckner—the much-discussed

—for his partisans believe in him so strongly; yet every one is not wedded to his music. We enjoyed hearing his symphony and since it met much favor with the public it is safe to predict that it will be heard again on the programs at some future time.

—HERMAN DEVRIBS, *Chicago American*

The conductor had earlier achieved a success with Bruckner's Fourth Symphony, and the long drawn melodies and colorful Wagnerian orchestration were found to have a direct popular appeal. The orchestra arose to acknowledge the continued applause.

—M. M., *Musical America*

It was Anton Bruckner's Fourth Symphony, otherwise known as the "Romantic", revived after a silence of nineteen years. In fact this was only the third time that it had ever appeared on these programs.

Bruckner's was a manner of composition that would seem almost to have disappeared from the earth, leisurely, calm, spacious, taking little thought to dramatic climax and much to what the composer considered musical fitness. That there were a few instances with reminders of Wagner's music in them showed his artistic sympathies, though his personal tendencies ran in another direction. It, too, was another interesting performance.

—EDWARD MOORE, *Chicago Tribune*

I realize that for the present, at least, I am a person to whom Bruckner's idiom is a foreign one. It is not that his music is difficult to follow, but that it is difficult to penetrate. I can enjoy his panoramic view and I can be stirred by the colossal passages of the first movement, or by the beautifully made theme that opens the andante. The ingeniousness of the trio in the scherzo is agreeable, and other signs of Bruckner's highly complicated naivete are enjoyable, just as his honesty is admirable and just as the spaciousness of his thought must be respected . . .

Nevertheless I should not like to miss hearing it whenever Mr. Stock plays it, and especially whenever he plays it so magnificently as he did last night.

—EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago News*

## GUSTAV MAHLER— SECOND SYMPHONY

*Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Assisting Artists: Agnes Davis, Kathryn Meisle, Strawbridge and Clothier Chorus. Philadelphia, March 8 and 9, 1935.*

Written elaborately, as it is, with many profuse and powerful effects, the symphony is noticeable for the prevalence of melody, the dissonance that might have been expected from its composer being seldom conspicuous. Intended to picture the death of a hero, the opening denotes his struggle, with some impressive (funeral) march passages and a chorale that is greatly emphasized in the last movement, and throughout there is contrast of the

melodic and the dramatic, often with impressively telling effect.

A real "tune" introduces the second part, or movement—*andante moderato*—with some charming measures for 'cellos and pizzicati strings. The third, the scherzo of the work, is followed without interruption by "Primal Light", in which the contralto has the first solo passage, an alluring melody to a text from old German folk-poetry. This was very expressively sung by Miss Meisle, in warm and beautifully rich, smoothly-flowing tones.

Mr. Ormandy was called out several times, to enthusiastic rounds of applause, and while he sought, by means of gesture and arm-extending, to include musicians, soloists and chorus in reception of the ovation, quite evident was the fact that he was being personally congratulated for his most comprehensive, illuminating and notably effective conducting of the performance.

—*The Evening Bulletin*, Philadelphia

The gigantic finale, the longest movement of the work and the one in which the resurrection and final triumph are portrayed, opens with a wildly surging section in scherzo form in the full orchestra, which is followed by the chorale from the first movement, but much clearer here than at the beginning. Trumpets and horns off stage sound the Great Summons, and the chorus enters almost unaccompanied, one of the most beautiful effects of the entire work. There are soprano and contralto solos with chorus and a fine duet between the solo voices, all of which were splendidly done by Miss Davis and Miss Meisle. The close is a song of triumph by the chorus, and the work ends with pealing of bells and jubilant music in the orchestra.

Mr. Ormandy conducted the work without score, a huge task in itself, and had evidently made a very careful study of all the details of the symphony, as every cue was given to orchestra and singers and the dynamics carefully indicated. The Strawbridge and Clothier Chorus sang very well, showing a good quality of tone and admirable balance, especially in the softer passages. The audience was enthusiastic and recalled conductor and soloists many times at the close of the concert.

—SAMUEL L. LACIAR, *Evening Ledger*

## GUSTAV MAHLER— SECOND SYMPHONY

*Los Angeles Philharmonic, Otto Klemperer, Conductor; Los Angeles, May 24, 25, 1935. Chorus, Los Angeles Oratorio Society; Soloists, Blythe Taylor Burns, Soprano; Clemence Gifford, Contralto.*

The Philharmonic brought its sixteenth season to a close in Shrine Auditorium on May 24 and 25 amid applause for Otto Klemperer and the orchestra.

The last pair of concerts was eventful in that Mahler's] much-praised and much-maligned *Second Symphony* was given its first Los Angeles performance. The performance had many

points of high merit. Of the five movements far the best result was achieved in the slow and unsophisticated second.

The Saturday night series ended the week previously, when Schoenberg's *Suite in Old Style* for string orchestra was given its first local performance. The composer was present and bowed his acknowledgment from the stage.

—HAL D. CRAIN, *Musical America*

### MARTIN G. DUMLER—

#### STABAT MATER {Premiere}

*Cincinnati Symphony, May Festival Chorus, Eugene Goossens, Conductor; Assisting Artists: Helen Jepson, Kathryn Meisle, Richard Crooks, Keith Falkner; Cincinnati, May 25, 1935.*

Earlier in the evening the chorus presented him (Goossens) a wreath along with many floral tributes for Martin G. Dumler, who was called to the stage after the world premiere of his arresting and memorable "Stabat Mater".

The Dumler work served to present for the first time during this Festival the gorgeous voice of Kathryn Meisle. Exceptionally fine were the other soloists, Helen Jepson, Richard Crooks, and Keith Falkner, while chorus and orchestra were quick to respond to Mr. Goossens' baton during the performance of this work of a native Cincinnati.

—VALERIA ADLER, *Cincinnati Post*

It was gratifying to hear this work and to be sincerely justified in pronouncing it worthy in every way of the acclaim it received.

It is reverential, sympathetic and thoroughly musical throughout, with attractive orchestration, and is so arranged in sections as to admit the performance of separate units at different occasions.

Although essentially Church music, Dr. Dumler's work expresses the human side of this great historical picture with a vividness that is readily to be understood. It is inspirational and thoughtful, at the same time affording pleasure in hearing.

—*Cincinnati Fine Arts Journal*

The management of the Festival Association has much to be proud of, but of nothing more so than having programmed Martin G. Dumler's *Stabat Mater*, one of the two works presented at the evening concert.

As heard last evening and under the inspiration of a superb performance, few will deny its sincerity, scholarly background, adherence to the drama of the text, and the telling power of its final climax. Last evening's presentation resulted in a veritable ovation for the composer. He was recalled to the stage; the audience rose in recognition of both the composition and its creator; there were presentations of flowers and wreaths, and a prolonged ovation.

—GEORGE A. LEIGHTON, *The Enquirer*

Dr. Martin G. Dumler, a composer of decided originality and distinguished musical understanding, chooses the field of ecclesiastical music for his compositions. His "Stabat Mater" is very reverent, very sympathetic and finely musical. It follows closely the vibrant words of the ancient hymn furnishing the text, combining with the serious, sacred character of the music an inspired manner of treating the subject.—The orchestration, amply sustaining and not too florid, is admirable. Dr. Dumler received an enthusiastic ovation which brought him to the platform.

—NINA PUGH SMITH, *Times Star*

Dr. Dumler writes with remarkable naturalness, with a sure hand in his choral parts, contrapuntal dexterity and a really admirable feeling for orchestral investiture. . . . The finale, *Christe cum sis hinc exire*, for solo voices and chorus, with its well managed fugal writing, the composer builds to a stupendous climax on a series of *Amens* in the solo parts, against sustained chords in chorus, orchestra and organ, concluding on a fortissimo F Sharp Major chord.

—A. WALTER KRAMER, *Musical America*

In all probability, Music Hall has never been the scene of a similar triumph for a Cincinnati composer. The applause was deafening, and audience, orchestra and chorus all rose to do honor to a man to whom music is life and who was reaping the fruits of his years of labor.

This "Stabat Mater" is built more on the order of the Gregorian chant—a touch of the medieval—from which it glides to the percussion and amplitude of the modern orchestra and vocal consonance. Melodic and majestic in its unfolding, it leads to climactic effects that show a masterly musical mind. The work was given a splendid performance.

—*Musical Leader*

## In Memoriam

EMANUEL DE M. BARUCH	1935	H. T. PARKER	1934
OTTO H. KAHN	1934	EGON POLLAK	1933
HARRIET B. LANIER	1931	MAX SMITH	1935
MRS. JOSEPH LEIDY	1933	LUDWIG VOGELSTEIN	1934
MAX LOEWENTHAL	1933	JAKOB WASSERMANN	1933



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By GABRIEL ENGEL

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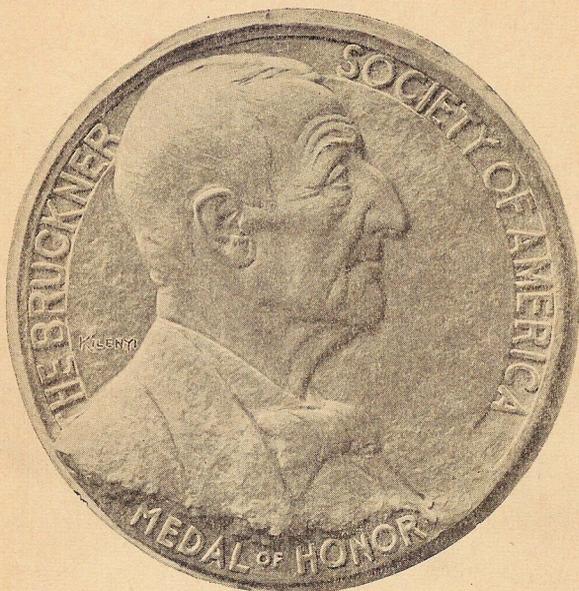
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# Chord and Discord



THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

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PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

MUSIC, MAHLER, AND MYSTICISM

BRUCKNER'S MUSICAL WORLD

THE MESSAGE OF BRUCKNER'S SYMPHONIES

THE CASE FOR BRUCKNER AND MAHLER

SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

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December 1936

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## PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

### I. THE LIBERATION OF ANTON BRUCKNER

On March 1, 1936, a distinguished audience, the elite of German and Austrian music-lovers, sat in the historic concert-hall of the Gewandhaus at Leipzig eagerly awaiting the world premiere of Bruckner's *Fourth (Romantic) Symphony* in the original version. That they were thoroughly familiar with the symphony in a form which Europe's tonal experts had long hailed as faultless may be taken for granted. It was one of the two major works of the master which, by virtue of frequency and regularity of performance through the years, have come closest to achieving a permanent place in the world's standard symphonic repertoire. Naturally, therefore, many in the audience questioned the wisdom of burdening the rising, but still struggling cause of Bruckner's art with a fresh basis for controversy, particularly over a work which had already attained universal esteem.

Nevertheless Hans Weisbach, the conductor of this advertised "first performance anywhere", confidently launched into a series of prefatory remarks, explaining the cause and aim of the performance about to be given. Knowing he was addressing a multitude of musical scholars he did not hesitate to engage in a technical discussion, the detailed citation of which, however, would be out-of-place in this brief report. The gist of his remarks was: "I assure you you are about to experience an amazing revelation. To prepare you for it I shall first have the orchestra play for you alternately three representative excerpts as they appear in each of the versions. I need hardly call your attention to such matters as deliberate omissions in the current version (one of them 48 measures long) which impair the formal coherence of the symphony as originally conceived by Bruckner; nor innumerable changes in dynamics which lessen its elemental power; nor mincing, asthmatic phrasing-marks which rob it of much melodic breadth; nor false tempo and metronomic indications which further distort its general character; nor even the suppression of many subordinate thematic particles which the misguided, though well-intentioned "editors" of Bruckner's day deemed contrapuntally too rugged and disturbing for the public's ear. A greater injustice than any of these has been done Bruckner's art by the Wagnerian veil which was cast over his original musical idiom half a century ago. As you listen to Bruckner's own version of the *Romantic Symphony* you will mark the complete absence of those Wagnerian characteristics or mannerisms so noticeable in the adulterated version the world has long accepted as Bruckner's own."

Then turning to the orchestra this conductor began the strange, fragmentary prelude he had proposed. His listeners followed every note with rapt attention, carefully comparing the new with the old. Thus even before the performance of the symphony as a whole they gathered from the numerous, fresh, vital beauties of these fragments that they were about to experience the first true revelation of a great masterpiece which they had hitherto known only in a skillfully garbled version. In that audience there were Bruckner enthusiasts who had devoted many years of their lives to the construction and publication of careful analyses of the master's music. To them this restored *Fourth Symphony* meant that all prevailing judgments based on the old version would have to be reweighed and often replaced with new ones. Clearly, two generations of Bruckner disciples had connived to suppress a host of facts indispensable to a truthful estimate of the work. The disconcerting result was that every commentary upon it already published would have to be stamped with a confession of futility: "This analysis is not based upon Bruckner's own version of the symphony."

To bring home to American music-lovers the full significance of this amazing, new development a single instance will suffice. No less an authority than Donald Francis Tovey, brilliant author of the recently published *Essays in Musical Analysis*, was victimized by the traditional, accepted version of Bruckner's *Fourth*. His sympathetic analysis of the symphony in its garbled form reveals him as an enthusiastic admirer of Bruckner's noble musical conceptions and of the grandeur of his symphonic architecture. Yet the marked Wagnerian orchestral idiom of that version prompted Mr. Tovey to recommend Bruckner's symphonies to those who, bored by an eternally fixed Wagnerian concert-fare consisting of a few "bleeding chunks" torn from the body of the music-dramas, would welcome a whole symphony so consummately conceived in the Wagnerian idiom that the mighty man of Bayreuth might credibly and creditably have signed his name to it. The knowledge that so eminent a musical authority as Mr. Tovey qualifies his praise of Bruckner only because of this disturbing presence of the Wagnerian orchestral manner, should gladden the heart of every Bruckner devotee, for that sole adverse criticism may now be dismissed once for all with the falsified, Wagnerized musical text upon which it is based.

The titanic musical spirit of Bruckner, a veritable "Prometheus Bound," tortured by the chains which have so long imprisoned it, is free at last. There is some comfort in the thought that its sufferings have not been in vain, for they have furnished the world of music with facts that prove beyond further argument that the composer's orchestral technique is not a mere supplementary factor coloring his symphonic creation, but an integral portion of the very conception of the symphony itself.

## II. BRUCKNER'S ORCHESTRAL LANGUAGE

Music-lovers have been led to believe that Bruckner knew practically nothing about instrumentation before he entered upon his study of musical theory under the young Wagnerian enthusiast, Otto Kitzler. The fact that Bruckner, then almost forty years old, had been assiduously engaged upon various forms of composition for not less than twenty-five years should have long ere this aroused lively doubt as to

the validity of such a conclusion. A glance at the list of his creative efforts previous to his studies with Kitzler reveals no less than fifteen compositions in which various combinations of instruments are employed. It is to be expected that this music, chronologically considered, should show a steady growth in the composer's mastery of instrumental technique. The surprising thing about it is the strangeness of its idiom for the day in which it was written. Its precocious roughnesses, (grammatical defects, when viewed in the light of the meticulous, rather stereotyped orchestral art of the early post-Beethovenian period) could not have struck Kitzler, the passionate admirer of the stupendous Tannhaeuser and Lohengrin scores, as pitifully helpless. We know from Kitzler's own report that he had initiated Bruckner into these earlier Wagnerian orchestral mysteries and then persuaded him to apply his new knowledge to the composition of a symphony, only to find the result puzzlingly disappointing. It did not occur to Kitzler that the failure of the Wagnerian idiom to inspire Bruckner may have been due to a fundamental trait in the Austrian's genius diametrically opposed to the prodigious heaping up of rich instrumental colors that characterized the productions of the great music-dramatist. Kitzler was not only German-born; his musical education was wholly German. His career, swiftly carrying him from city to city in the most impressionable years of his life, converted him into a thorough cosmopolitan. How could such a mentor have understood the inclinations or possibilities of Bruckner, the unsophisticated, rugged, pious Upper Austrian provincial, whose genius hailed from a totally different world of the spirit?

Had Kitzler understood Schubert as well as he did Wagner he might have had some clue to Bruckner's soul. Yet even that knowledge would have helped him to but a partial realization of the deep, tranquil splendors of tonal affirmation which were the roots of Bruckner's still unsuspected symphonic power. Bruckner's musical heritage coincided with Schubert's in every respect universally regarded as native to the soil of upper Austria. An inexhaustible fund of spontaneous melody and a predilection for colorful, elusive harmony mark the musical expression of both these Austrian masters. Schubert, however, truly Viennese, always remained predominantly lyric. The literary background was the constant source and motive power of Schubert's inspiration, proving him the complete romanticist. The poetic text, which lent Schubert's genius wings, was the very influence which kept Bruckner's absolute-musical genius chained to earth until his fortieth year. The paramount determinant of Bruckner's expression is something even more elemental, more primitive than the well of pure emotion from which Schubert drew his countless measures of unprecedented charm. Homophony, which attained its first spring through Haydn, its early summer blossom through Mozart, and its full bloom through Beethoven, still filled the garden of music tended by the early romanticists who followed, conjuring it to fresh, luxurious hues, by a thousand and one subtleties of formal trimming and cross-plantation.

Sechter, the contrapuntal master to whom Schubert turned in the last weeks of his short life, has told us how that young genius, already the creator of great symphonies, hoped to achieve deeper, loftier expression through an intensive study of the polyphonic art almost scornfully neglected by the classic masters before him. A mastery of the externals of polyphony is possible in early years. Bach and Wagner both

knew their counterpoint thoroughly at eighteen, but a *Kunst der Fuge* or a *Meistersinger Prelude*, creations that rose not out of the grammar but rather out of the poetry of polyphony, is a fruition that can attend maturity alone. Bach's genius, absolute-musical, attained its perfect flower in the concentrated poetry of a fugue-sequence; the mastersinger Wagner's music-dramatic genius is crystallized in the many-voiced, yet wordless ballad narrative eloquently related in his romantic *Prelude*.

When Bruckner wrote his inane trial symphony at Kitzler's request he was already a master of the poetry of polyphony in the field of devotional music. An examination of the score of his *Mass in Bb Minor*, composed ten years earlier, proves this. The peculiarly unbalanced orchestra he employed for this work was contrary to the ideal which the instrumentation of his day had set itself. The luxuriously blended orchestral tone, evoked by the homophonic heritage which was still the melodic ideal, never had a place in Bruckner's musical visions. A combination of instruments which included 2 trumpets and 3 trombones, and yet lacked clarinets and horns, seemed to him natural and desirable for that first of his major works. Only a careful study of the use to which he put this extraordinary group will reveal that it was not a helpless tyro but an artist with definite purpose who penned this unusual score. Bruckner was all the more the true artist because he did not lean on tradition for even this initial "detail" of the work. The score is virtually bare of *tutti* passages, for the massed application of so motley an orchestral gathering would obviously have proved disastrous. This alone shows that the composer was aware of the unprecedented nature of his own musical idiom. Many of his early church compositions (*Mass*, 1846; *Aequale*, 1847; *Requiem*, 1848; *114th Psalm*, 1852; *Vor Arnet's Grab*, 1854; *Libera*, 1854; *Cantata, Auf Brueder*, 1854) employ groups of three trombones or horns in brief, antiphonal outbursts, the like of which is not to be found in the instrumentation of the masters since Bach's time. Something of this technique of sounding instruments alternately in contrasted family units rather than in sonorously massed harmony, survived in the pre-classical suites of the 17th century Italian masters, to sound a last, brilliant echo in the alternate *tutti* and concertant passages of the orchestral concertos of Bach and Handel. To grasp this style in its full flourish, however, it is necessary to go back to the prodigally varied choral accomplishments of the age of Giovanni Gabrieli, great Venetian contemporary of Palestrina. Of Gabrieli's art Ambros speaks as follows in his monumental *History of Music*, "His fascination consists in the magic play of contrasted, opposing choral groups which he assembles alternately from the high and low voices. He differed from Palestrina as the consummate draughtsman differs from the enchanting colorist."

That is also the fundamental difference between Wagner's and Bruckner's orchestral languages. The former heaps up almost stupefying effects of instrumental color, the latter applies his orchestral resources with a rigid, almost austere economy, foreshadowing the twentieth century ideal of instrumentation which despises as "bad art" a mere doubling of instruments detrimental to the straightforward clarity of a melodic line. In this one great variance between the technical methods of the two masters lies the key to the mystery of the garbling of Bruckner's original versions by his Wagnerian-minded disciples. Their motives cannot be questioned. They loved Bruckner, "not wisely, but too well." Although they realized the beauty and grandeur of his musical

ideas, they failed completely to grasp the prophetic, inviolable truth of his method of expression. It remains only for the musical historian to discover whether Bruckner, a very sick, old man, with no thought left for anything but his God and his unfinished *Ninth Symphony*, was completely unaware of the rather furtive activities of Loewe and Schalk "in his behalf", or whether knowing just what was going on, the master decided it would be best to let the matter rest and trust to the future to set it right. Certainly, it was not out of vanity that he willed his original manuscripts to the Viennese National Library. Was it not his unspoken wish that that great institution should at the proper time publish all his work as he had actually conceived it? Can anyone at this date question the value of such publication to the cause of art?

—GABRIEL ENGEL

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### BRUCKNER'S *MASS IN E MINOR* (AMERICAN PREMIERE)

Several prominent church musicians in this country had been planning during the past few seasons to perform Bruckner's great *Mass in E Minor*. Seventy years had passed since its composition. Yet America had never heard it. Its performance was one of the dearest wishes of the late James P. Dunn, brilliant American composer and musical director.

The unusual difficulties of this *Mass* demanded long and careful preparation. They required not only a fine choir and soloists, but above all a leader who was both a thorough musician and a firm believer in the greatness of Bruckner's sacred music. Such a leader was James P. Dunn, whose dream of producing the *Mass in E Minor* untimely death rendered forever impossible of realization.

Such a leader, too, is Raymond Nold, musical director of the musically famous Church of Saint Mary the Virgin in New York City. To the first-rate singers of his church the difficulties of Bruckner's score were comparatively simple to master. Thus it came about, as a joyful surprise, that the *Mass in E Minor* was given at the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin, Jan. 12, 1936. It was a historic occasion, the significance of which was re-echoed when the work was sung again at the same church on April 26.

Meanwhile Bruckner's *First Mass* (in D Minor) in some respects the most impressive of all his sacred compositions, still awaits its first hearing in America. Will Mr. Nold, whose interest in Bruckner's church music finally brought about the performance of the *Mass in E Minor*, soon also add this most neglected of the world's great masses to the distinguished repertoire of the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin?

## MUSIC, MAHLER, AND MYSTICISM

### I. THE BASIC NATURE OF MUSIC

Before I begin to speak of Gustav Mahler and his work I shall have to dispel several prevailing illusions which education and environment have rendered an almost integral part of our general mental make-up.

First: the illusion that music is an art, if art is, as Webster's Standard Dictionary will have it, "the power or quality of perceiving and transcribing the beautiful or esthetic in nature".

The nightingale makes music, beautiful music; yet we can hardly imagine it as "perceiving and transcribing" anything, for it will sing in a covered cage—yes, it will go on singing even though blinded.

Primitive Australian negroes make music, singing with abandon and playing their crude instruments. Ask these uncultivated musicians whether they are "transcribing the beautiful or esthetic" by means of melodic or rhythmic sounds; they will not even know what you mean. Ask them why they sing and play at all; they will answer (as the Hopi Indians actually did) "We don't know".

Indeed, do we, intellectual products of an enlightened civilization, really know why we make music? Can we explain exactly why we sing in church, why we intone the national anthem when the flag goes by, why we feel the urge to dance when the jazzband strikes up? No, we can no more fathom the mysterious prime source of music than the nightingale, for music-making is with us no less the expression of an unknown urge than it is with the feathered warbler.

Therefore music, its very origin beyond our knowledge, cannot be an art at all. The expert, however, insists that it is an art, because it obeys the "eternal and universal laws of beauty and esthetics." Answering him I say, "The laws to which you refer are anything but eternal and universal. To the Chinese, who were already saturated with a highly developed and complicated system of civilization when the forefathers of Richard Wagner were still cavemen, the music of that great composer sounds barbarous. On the other hand, to us, comparatively immature offspring of the younger Western civilization, the music of the Chinese sounds undeveloped and dull. These so-called laws of yours, then, are not really universal. —Are they eternal? The laws of harmony, counterpoint, the eight-measure period, sonata-form, etc., were evolved artificially not more than a mere two or three hundred years ago and have been subject to continuous change during every generation since. —Now what of esthetics? This 'science or theory of the beautiful in taste and art' (as Webster's puts it) is no science at all. It is a round-game, like bridge. Laws? Why, the real musician creates his work as spontaneously as the nightingale sings its songs, or as the Australian Negro creates his song-and-dance symphony of drums and shouts. The process involves no rules, neither eternal nor universal".

Another illusion that cramps our musical outlook is the notion that the nightingale or the Australian Negro or (to approach our own state) an Irish or Czechoslovakian peasant has a simple, uncomplicated mind, while a great scientist or a big-business "dictator" has a manifold, complicated brain. If anything, just the contrary is true. We, highly civilized folk, brought up in and limited by that drab gaoler of the imagin-

ation known as "common sense" and "pure reason"—we are growing ever more simple and uncomplicated mentally. Modern ethnology has proved that primitive man, like the animal, is very complicated—in fact, complex. Actual experience, the memory of the past, dreams and illusions, are an ever present, tangible vivid reality to the primitive. We representatives of a single-tracked rationalism are virtually incapable of realizing so rich a complex of mental imagery as the "savage" possesses.

Therefore it is difficult for us to appreciate the presence of such a complex in the musical expression of the primitives. Textbooks on musical history teach us that the music of the primitives is strictly homophonous, presenting only a single melody at a time, without any harmonic accompaniment. This view is, to say the least, inaccurate. Some of you will perhaps remember the record of the Javanese Gamelang-Orchestra which I played for you during a former lecture to illustrate a phase of the psychology of polyphony. The so-called "melody" was the smallest item in that symphony of bells; yet what a tempest of varied rhythms raged about the "melody!" Its intricacies seemed to us the frenzied expression of madness.

Yes, madness—that is just what the primitive complexity of mind appears to us. The madman's mind does not distinguish between dream reality, between memory and present experience. These are one indivisible unit to him—and so they are to the creative artist, too, particularly to the musician. Thus our convenient concept of the "simple savage" is only another mistaken illusion.

Still another illusion under which we labor is: that songs, especially folk-songs, were engendered by words or poems. "Hurrah!" is a primitive song. Do you know what "Hurrah" means? If you think so, try to explain it by exact definition; you will see how helpless our language is when it attempts to clarify the confusion of urges that produce the outburst "Hurrah!" Nevertheless you are sure that you can realize the complex of feelings, thoughts, and urges that find such expression. The two meaningless syllables "Hur-rah" represent the whole complex. This definition, advanced by the noted psychologist Jung, may help us to understand it: "A symbol is the best possible expression or formula of a relatively unknown fact, which however is perceived as existent. The cross is a symbol if it is the evident expression of an unknown and inexplicable, mystical or transcendental, i.e., psychological, fact."

The *symbol* stands for a complex, which cannot be explained but which can be expressed, either visibly, by an image, or audibly, by sounds. Cross and churchbells are related symbols.

"Hurrah", the symbol, is "Hurrah", the music.

The song of the nightingale is the symbolic expression of the complex of its feelings. The calls, shouts, and even the wordless songs of the primitives have such significance. These symbols existed as sounds before words or word-producing thoughts were born.

The first words ever pronounced still denoted vague complexes: hurrah, alas, God, love, kill, etc. Later words of symbolic import became current (sweetheart, flower, moon, sun, sea, earth) preserving their symbolic character to this very day.

The primitives would mingle such words with the meaningless syllables, such as *lalala* or *hurrah*, which they shouted in the course of their singing.

As time went on other words related to the same complex became associated with the original word, but incoherent words with symbolic meaning have never ceased to characterize these complexes. Thus the folksongs of the whole world are pregnant with meaning, even though they are deficient in logic and grammar. They are not the product of concentrated thoughts, but rather the expression of expansive feelings.

If you will grant that the complex of mind, emotion, and urge may be identified by the term "soul", you will find Schiller's poetic definition highly illuminating and precise:

"*Spricht die Seele, so spricht, ach, schon die Seele nicht mehr*". (If the soul speaks, then it is—alas—no longer the soul that speaks)—only mere intellect.

If music speaks, i.e., if it tries to communicate ideas, descriptions, or anything of extra-musical nature, then it can no longer be pure music.

To sum up, then: music is basically not an art, but an expression of a primeval urge. There are no general rules for making music. Basically, it is not linear melody, expressive of linear thought, but rather (as the expression of a multifarious complex) an apparently lawless compact of rhythms and melodies. If it evokes verbal interpolations, these are incoherent words, having no intellectual, but merely a symbolic, meaning.

## II. RATIONALISM vs. MYSTICISM

Now you may ask: "How and why did our Western music attain its linearity, as revealed in the work of Gluck, Mozart, and Beethoven, and—what has all this chatter of yours to do with Gustav Mahler, anyhow?"

First, to explain those phenomena, Gluck and Mozart.

Our European forefathers had minds as complex as those of the primitives. In fact, during the Middle Ages this complex mind constructed the tremendously complex Gothic cathedrals; it experienced the complex vision of eternity in Dante's *Divine Comedy*; it created the irrefutable philosophy of omnipresence as expounded by Meister Eckhardt. The man of the Middle Ages felt that he was an integral part of nature, of the universe, and of eternity, centered in God, the Omnipresent, of Whom man is an essential expression (*unio mystica*). To him, too, as to God Himself, the past and the present, dreams and ideas, were an actual, living experience, tangible and evident by itself.

This multifarious composition of mind expressed itself in a multifarious music. The polyphonic organ and the many-voiced sacred choruses were the final product of this music based on the folksongs, which also were originally polyphonic.

Yet again we must correct a prevalent misconception: that of the simplicity of the original European folk-songs. Our knowledge of the European continent in the early Middle Ages comes to us through Roman descriptions alone. In their colonies the Romans educated the population

in the essentials of Roman mentality. That was the cultural aim of the ancient, traditional Greco-Roman mental training, as it had been summed up in that terribly mechanistic system of behaviorism by Aristotle. Yes, Aristotle, the "father of logic", was the school-tyrant who disrupted our coherence with the universe and eternity; who cramped our transcendental powers, our breadth of vision, our emotions and our faith. For almost two thousand years the civilized world submitted to his tyranny. Our music was only an incidental victim in the holocaust of cultural reconstruction. In Greek the word "monotonous" means single-tuned, and that is exactly the way Greek music sounds. Just as Aristotle sought to train the civilized mind to think only a single thought at a time, so Greco-Roman music sought to express only a single feeling, using but one tune at a time. This is called "homophony", single-tuned music, the contrary of polyphony, many-tuned music.

The European continent surrendered to that utterly simple, logical system. Only the Britons (though they were also Roman provincials) and the Scandinavian tribes did not. Among them, during the Middle Ages, the original polyphonic folksong survived. Their singers kept improvising counter-tunes to the standard melodies. Later the Italians, very significantly, called this process counterpoint: *contra punto alla mente*, counterpoint according to the mind. To Victor Lederer and Guido Adler, both contemporaries, compatriots, and friends of Mahler, must go the credit for the discovery of these important facts. They proved that this folksong-polyphony was brought over to the continent by the bards, minstrels, and trouveres, making it possible for the European to give vent to his inborn feeling in the manner of his original, i.e., aboriginal, polyphonic mind.

Dunstable, Ockenheim, Josquin de Pres, Adrian Willaert are the expression of that Gothic mind. They pave the way for the great Orlando Lasso and Palestrina. These in turn press onward and upward toward that gigantic mystic, J. S. Bach.

A hundred years before Bach was born, European music had come to a fresh crisis. As early as the 14th century there spread from Italy a new wave of rational liberalism. Again the profound *unio mystica* of man, nature, and God succumbed to a sober, dreary matter-of-factness tantamount to a rebirth of the Greek mentality. The mystics were supplanted by the Protestants—Dante by Macchiavelli, Palestrina by Monteverdi. Aristotle became the fad more than he had ever been before. Rationalism prepared the scientific age. Common-sense was once more the reigning tyrant. The decline of the Western world began.

The European mind, confined now to thinking and feeling in terms of logic, of matter-of-factness, became single-tracked. As it might think of only one thing and feel but one thing at a time, insubordinate feelings and thoughts, which threatened to interfere with the one painstakingly isolated, legitimate thought, were inexorably subordinated, becoming a mere psychological accompaniment.

This reborn single-tracked mentality had to be expressed by a correspondingly single-tracked music. Thus a new species of homophony, an offspring of polyphony, arose in Florence. One melody only was permitted to sing. The other melodies were turned into tonal freaks, called chords and harmonies.

Monsieur Jean Philippe Rameau reduced these freaks to a system "according to their natural principles."

That happened in 1722.

Thus our "eternal" and "natural" musical system (staunchly defended by the rationalists today) is hardly more than 200 years old.

Progress marched on with seven-league boots. By mistake Grand Opera was invented (it is still a mistake in this Year of Grace, 1936.) It was Grand Opera that established the sovereignty of homophony in music.

There were no complex characters then, either in life or on the stage. A human being was good or bad, haughty or humble, strong or weak, harsh or soft, but nothing more. Naturally, the music composed to fit such characters was linear, i.e., one-tracked.

But, Nature, driven out with a pitchfork, will return again.

The French Revolution, which marked the climax of rationalism, proclaimed Reason as the world's sole ruling divinity. Yet before that arrogant proclamation was made, Hume in England and Herder in Germany had already undermined the fundamentals of rationalism and paved the way for modern psychology. Even some of the Encyclopedists, bulwarks of orthodox rationalism, honestly admitted that the human soul was not as simple as reason would have it. Courageous poets began to bask in the light of Shakespeare, that portrayer *par excellence* of complex humanity.

In music Gluck and Mozart ventured to penetrate unprobed regions of the human soul. Thus the subconscious, officially "discovered" (so to speak) about a hundred and thirty years later, already attained musical expression when the world was still gripped by the most sturdy rationalism.

Nature continued to battle the drab pitchforks of the rationalists. The light of science grew ever brighter. Science was, as it is today, and will be tomorrow, the broadening influence that restores to man's mind its mystic union with God and Nature.

Our own age (I mean the period after the World War) is anti-rationalistic. If my interpretation is correct, we have grown mystic-minded again. Communism, Fascism, Nazism, and Zionism are transcendental tendencies, like occultism, theosophy, astrology, parapsychology, and other complex superstitions. It is very significant, for instance, that medicine today uses methods (exercises, breathing, massage, diets, vitamins, hormones, etc.) which the witchdoctors of the aborigines have been using instinctively for centuries. The miracles of higher mathematics, the x-ray, radio, radium, electricity, the theory of relativity—all these are as many proofs of the teachings of the wise men of the Middle Ages as they are refutations of the humdrum platitudes of the outspoken rationalists. Enlightened by the modern research of Frazer, Levy-Bruehl, Boas, Frobenius, etc., into the occult powers of the so-called primitive mind, we envy the "savages" their rich complex of mental power. We are even proud if that clown of modern science, the psychoanalyst, reveals the presence of some funny complex in our mental make-up.

The truth is, we have become complex again! ! !

Julius Caesar and Napoleon (two arch-rationalists) won worldwide admiration because they were able to dictate five or six letters at once. Our respect for this attainment of the two great leaders vanishes im-

mediately when we consider how many thoughts and feelings go whirling through the brain and heart of a New York girl as she drives her car down Sixth Avenue.

Gears, gas, steering-wheel, cars right, cars left, cars in front, cars behind (seen through the mirror) pillars, traffic lights, traffic police signalling, pedestrians everywhere; vanity-mirror, lipstick, conversation with the boy friend, consulting the watch, fear of being late—and as though that were not enough, she turns on the radio, loosing a fresh host of concepts; jazzband, tango, chorus-melody, symbolic words with double-meanings in connection with the boy friend and herself; vision of another boy friend; of dancing to the same song, of petting with a stranger; vision of the lighted dance-floor and the dinner table, smell of cocktail and chicken liver; the rhythmic urge of the tango against the rhythm of the motor, counterpoint of rhythms on the street, etc., etc.

After all, Julius Caesar and Napoleon dictated their letters in the safety of their offices, while the girl, if she loses control for one second only, may crash to death—and she knows that, also—subconsciously.

### III. MAHLER THE MYSTIC

Now we come to Gustav Mahler.

The development of our music from Gluck and Mozart to Richard Wagner and Debussy paralleled the scientific enrichment of our mind during the Nineteenth Century. The difference between "*Ob vieni, non tardar* in *Figaro* and *Isoldes Liebestod* is only a difference of degree and not of pedigree. The basis of Wagner's and Debussy's music is still linear. It is still the rationalistic stylization of the dominant thought and feeling, subordinating side-thoughts and secondary feelings.

But the rebirth of the mentality of the Middle Ages was already imminent. The German Romanticists, Schopenhauer and Hartmann, reopened the way for it through their philosophy. Dostojewsky painstakingly portrayed the complex and the complexity of the eternally primitive Russian. The growing interest in the exploration of national and racial folklore did the rest. A new world outlook, a new view of nature had come to mankind. He had experienced a new expansion of the soul into the omnipresence of God.

It happened at that time, that a boy of six, living in the small town of Kalischt in Moravia, was asked, "What would you like to be when you grow up?" The boy did not answer, "A soldier", or "A trolley car conductor", or "A physician," or even "A musician". He bluntly said, "A martyr".

This unusual boy was Gustav Mahler. Though a Jew by birth, the child was clearly Catholic-minded, because to be a martyr means to die for mankind and attain the complete mystic union with God. It means the absorption of the limited individual into the infinite universe.

Strange desire for a little Jewish boy, was it not? Yet not so strange in Moravia. There the soil is saturated with mysticism. To you in America, Moravians mean merely the sect of the United Brethren, those descendants of Protestant pilgrims who left their native country as martyrs to their religious conviction—but I know their inmost nature.

I led a company of them during the war. They were outwardly just simple people, but in reality their mental background was tremendously broad. Their folksongs and their folk tales are no less great than the more widely known songs and tales of Russia. Their thoughts and their deeds embrace the universe. To them even the petty military service in the Austrian army had the meaning of a great human communion. My boys, Czechoslovakians as well as Germans, were martyrs. They knew they were and they were glad of it.

Like New York, Vienna is a melting pot of races and nations. In Vienna the restlessness of Western civilization blends with the fatalistic quietism of the Near East.

It was in Vienna that Mahler's personality developed. He was, to be sure, a director and conductor of Grand Opera. His destiny, however, was not the singing stage, but pure, *absolute* music. Thus he felt compelled to convert his very first opera, *Das klagende Lied*, into a symphony. Its universal meaning swept aside the narrow limits and conventions of the stage.

The stage wants matter-of-factness, a story, clearly developed according to the rules patterning the material conflicts of individual life. *The Barber of Seville* has such a story (no less than *Parsifal*.) If operas have some general or universal revelation to make they do so by showing an individual as the representative of the general. Tristan and Isolde are individual representatives of sensuous love in general. Figaro (in *Marriage of Figaro*) is the representative of the witty proletarian fighting serfdom. To Mahler, the mystic, the individual meant little. He longed to express humanity itself directly.

To him music was not the expression of an individual, but the general expression of omnipresent humanity, incorporeal, yet charged with primeval dynamics. His transcendental dreams were not suited to the stage at all. How, for instance, could a solitary trumpeter or a French-horn player, in theatrical costume and make-up, midst some poorly individualized theatrical scenery, sound the *grosse Appell*, the fanfare of Supreme Judgment, without appearing ridiculous? How could an operatic chorus in costume and make-up represent, with its clumsy antics, all humanity arising from the tomb? The mere thought of such a caricature makes one shiver.

Where the whole universe is the stage, no painted background can replace the infinity of our imagination.

Yet a theatrical producer, whom Reinhardt's glory deprives of sleep, may object to Mahler's use of military signals, implying that Mahler thought in terms of individualized symbols, "soldiers of life", in short, outspoken dramatic characters.

Go slowly, Mr. Producer.

Mahler used military signals to express the universal roll-call of humanity. He did more. Like Beethoven he used the martial march rhythm as the symbol of ever progressing humanity. Mahler's military signals and marches are of anything but an individualizing nature.

That brings us to the core of our problem.

The painter of the Middle Ages (and even of the Renaissance) portrayed the characters of the Bible in the costumes and features of his own

times. His complex mind experienced both past and dreams as real and ever present. The "Green Pastures", a modern product of a similar mentality, portrays the characters of the Bible (even "the Lawd") as modern American Negroes of Harlem.

Mahler did exactly the same thing when portraying mankind itself. He was a mystic. As a mystic he felt past and present, illusions and facts, this world and the next world, as a present unity. He, like the mediaeval painters and sculptors, could express this unity only by using his own personal experience.

"The real mystic is a *real* realist," remarked a highly cultured lady of New York recently, in speaking of Meister Eckhardt and Jacob Boehme.

Mahler photographed life, or the essence of life, as it really is, bare and crude, just as he experienced it. At the same time he enlarged that photograph to its utmost transcendental complexity.

He grew up near the military barracks. Consequently the whole world became a kind of military barracks to him, with all humanity as its infinite army. It is this army that marches so realistically to battle in the mighty Finale of the Resurrection Symphony. Beneath this complexity of battle is felt the mystic urge towards universal martyrdom. In Bruckner's symphonies the military march may even have a chorale background. It is logical that after the battle God should sound His roll-call in military style. It is logical that the busy life of mankind should be expressed in the rustic waltz (*Laendler*) of the Moravian peasants, with a background suggestive of the great Pan, to symbolize all nature. The music achieves increased grandeur through its gigantic orchestral demands, especially through its consummately varied and powerful use of the percussion, most primitive of instrumental families.

Mahler is in no respect a beautifier. He takes his photographs, but will not retouch them. Thus in his work vulgar prototypes are expressed by vulgar music. That these vulgar bits are sometimes exaggerated through orchestral magnification is not his fault. He is no artist; he is a savage giving expression to his complex experience. Sincere music is not a beauty parlor for ugly experiences. Furthermore, the bitter sarcasm with which Mahler reveals all mankind as marching along in military rank and file or merrily tripping about a dance-floor as broad as the universe does not render his photographic enlargements more palatable to squeamish estheticians. Such courageous expression of actual life may be the result of Mahler's intense study of Dostojewsky, the comprehensive analyst of the mystic depths in human life. From him also comes that amazing technical daring reborn in Mahler's reckless treatment of the prevailing laws of harmony and counterpoint. Today Mahler's musical idiom sounds quite tame and conservative to some of us, but I remember, as a boy, having been thrilled by his harmonic daring. To describe this freedom as the first manifestation of our new, modern mentality seems entirely just to me. The sincere, though cruel, confession that the essence of our Austrian life is in reality not the much heralded *Gemuetlichkeit*, as embodied in elegant, light-hearted musical comedy, but rather the tragic struggle of an ingenuous nation against the hardships of mental serfdom—this confession set our minds free. There is an interesting little story which circulates among our young musicians. During a "social" at Schoenberg's Mahler, in the course of a conversation with young Anton Webern, alluded to Dostojewsky. Webern, beyond

his depth, frankly confessed, "I fear, I'm not up to that as yet". Mahler turned to Schoenberg harshly: "Schoenberg, what's the matter with you, teaching these boys harmony and counterpoint, instead of giving them Dostojewsky and more Dostojewsky". Apparently Schoenberg has not read Dostojewsky to this very day—but the younger musicians of Vienna have. Karl Kraus, the philosopher, has done much for them, also. Yet sarcasm and irony and their transcendental projection, so prevalent in Dostojewsky, were not exclusively Mahler's personal hobby. They are a feature and experience all Austrians have in common.

Where else in the world can you find a popular song such as this? "Sell my clothes, I'm riding up to heaven", or "I'll tear a chunk out of the world and throw it in her face," or "There will always be wine, but I'll be no more; there will always be pretty girls, but we'll be here no more, hollohero". Where else can one imagine a drunken night-club singer, having fallen into a pit, in which there are heaped up corpses, victims of the plague, and having slept quietly all night, waking up in the morning, crawling out of the pest-hole, and composing the immortal folksong: "O du lieber Augustin"? Where else could that have happened but in Vienna? Mahler's life in his symphonies is a genuine product of that selfsame temperament.

Yet Mahler, a product rather of the intellectual metropolis Vienna than of the country Austria, was very intellectual too.

Bruckner, a veritable reincarnation of medieval monkhood, was an Upper Austrian peasant in both his life and his music. His mystical faith was the naive faith and the ingenuous transcendentalism that had passed down to him through innumerable generations. The Catholicism of Mahler, the Jewish convert, was more militant, alert, enthusiastic, and fanatical. Bruckner never could have conceived humanity as an ever marching army and the Last Judgment as God's own court-martial, concepts which Mahler embodied in his *Second Symphony*. Bruckner could never have combined God's own anthem, *Veni creator spiritus*, with a rather theatrical, though profound, apotheosis of Goethe's *Faust*, as Mahler did in his *Eighth Symphony*.

Bruckner would have shrunk from the reckless buoyancy which makes the Transfiguration in Mahler's mystic experience so extremely human and realistic. Mahler's affinity with Dostojewsky, who transposed the divine character of Jesus Christ into the petty frame of semi-modern society in his *Idiot*, is striking.

Hear how realistically he portrays the human soul, dreaming, like a child, of Eternity! *Roeschen* as soul is a perfect nature-symbol. The faith that sways the soul is almost a childish stubbornness. In the infinite distance beams the "little lamp" of eternal life. We glimpse God the Father and His Judgment Angel. The song is a vision of the Milky Way.

Here is music not as art but as nature in its role as the mystic background of life. The so-called laws of esthetics are invalid here. The words are disconnected utterances, mere symbols, not a means toward intellectual understanding. Here the polyphony of the primeval folksong becomes the polyphony of our technical age, which is mentally primitive, like the Middle Ages.

## IV. MAHLER'S SIGNIFICANCE TO AMERICAN MUSIC

I am not sure whether Mahler as a composer will ever be popular with the matinee-audiences of Carnegie Hall, but of this, I am sure.

If young American composers must study some foreign composer in order to create American music, then that European should be Gustav Mahler.

I have already hinted at the resemblance of the melting-pot, Vienna, to the melting-pot, New York. Despite our Protestant majority and the strong Jewish element in our American musical life, the Mystic mind is a predominant feature of "God's own country", as America is significantly called. I, at least, have found in no other country of the world so many who were inclined to mysticism, often without even being aware of it. I have found many here, who know Meister Eckhardt and Jacob Boehme better than Europeans, even Germans, usually do. In no other country is the word "background", a keyword of transcendentalism, as prevalent as here. Nevertheless, the American is a scion of extreme realism and common sense. He has even the courage to disregard esthetics and to be as vulgar and as sentimental as he pleases. Inspired by the immensity of his country he creates immense cathedrals of science, skyscrapers, and Boulder Dams, the Gothic art of today. Here again he touches the transcendental, as Mahler does in his gigantic symphonies.

The only music America has created thus far is her dance-music and her folksongs. The fact that both are polyphonic in nature is highly pertinent to this discussion of Mahler. Dance-music and polyphonic folk-songs constitute the thematic fundamentals of Mahler's music.

Why toy with analogies when we have facts to present? When WABC asked the radio-audience to vote for the symphonic composer they liked best, Anton Bruckner was well up among the favorites. Beethoven and Wagner are nationally advertised, like Sunkist Oranges or General Motors, but the humble Bruckner—exclude the few who read the publications of the Bruckner Society, and almost nobody knows of him. Compared with the performances given Beethoven and Brahms those granted Bruckner are very, very few in number—far fewer in fact, than the number to which he seems entitled by public vote. Yes, Bruckner already has his following in this country, a following of staunch conviction.

As to Mahler, most scorned and neglected of our step-children, how would the American audience vote, were he performed even as often as Bruckner? Mahler, mystic and realist, friend and disciple of Bruckner, had much in common with the genius of his spiritual teacher. Yet Mahler is easier to understand. He is closer than Bruckner to the American spirit, with its complex of crowded life, skyscrapers, motoring, and Nature-worship.

To young American composers for whom the study of Brahms, Debussy, Casella, and Strawinsky has failed to prove the touchstone of individual creative inspiration, I would say:

"Study Mahler. You will be amazed by his affinity with your own ideas and your own mentality. Study his principles and his methods. Study him carefully and critically. Then put his scores aside. Forget him—and be YOURSELF."

—ERNST LERT

## BRUCKNER'S MUSICAL WORLD

I was singularly privileged ten years ago with an opportunity to voice my faith in Bruckner before a distinguished assemblage of Austrian and German music-lovers gathered about the master's reopened tomb at St. Florian. The faith I then professed has grown deeper, if possible, during the intervening years, which I have spent in the constant study of Bruckner's mighty symphonies—faith in their unrivalled musical splendor.

We, who revere the art of Bruckner, also believe implicitly in the genius and significance of Wagner and Brahms, his two great contemporaries. We believe that to each of the three belongs a place of immeasurable historic and esthetic importance in the musical development of the nineteenth century. Yet Bruckner means something more to us than either Wagner or Brahms. For us his music is something entirely apart, a purer music than that of those two masters, who so overshadowed his art during the years in which he produced his greatest symphonies. We believe that Bruckner's music represents not only the culmination of all musical expression in the latter half of the nineteenth century, but also the purest embodiment of the very spirit of music, a tonal incarnation of a loftiness matched by the last quartets of Beethoven and Bach's noblest works alone. We believe that his symphonies are of millennial, not to say eternal, scope; that they will never age with the flight of years, but (like Plato's Dialogues) retain their freshness as long as mankind survives.

"The nature of a man's philosophy depends upon his own nature", said Fichte. The nature of a composer's works also depends upon his own nature. What then was the nature of this man Bruckner?

Much that smacks of the grotesque has been said about him. Some ask us to believe that he was indeed a great composer, but at the same time just a simple creature like the peasant or the typical village school-master of his native upper Austria; that Bruckner the man was like the countless thousands of his rustic compatriots; that, in short, every provincial Upper Austrian was essentially a "Bruckner", the master himself differing from the country school-master not in quality, but rather in the quantitative degree to which he possessed the outstanding traits of this widespread "Bruckner" type. To this very day one may hear the people of the Linz-St. Florian district talk of "our Toni". The familiarity certainly proves their affection, but it reveals no less surely a complete ignorance of Bruckner's artistic caliber.

It is inconceivable that anyone may be a great composer and yet, in all other respects, just an every-day, average human. Surely, artist and man are not to be differentiated nor separated from each other in so nonchalant a manner. Particularly false, when applied to Bruckner, is this legend of the great musician, who was just an ordinary sort of man—that is, unless by "man" we refer to the way he acted in company, or the clothes he wore, rather than to his attitude to the world in which he lived, to the cosmos surrounding it, and to the metaphysical or eternal lying beyond.

What sort of man, then, was Bruckner? All who knew him were impressed with his deep piety. Piety, in its deepest sense, is the conviction that there exists a super-earthly Power in the face of which all that

is merely earthly becomes as naught, and yet that there is some mystic link between this spiritual Power and what is merely of the earth. The ability to envision and realize this Power from the Beyond in the Here is the kernel of piety. Let it not be thought that this piety, this gift of super-earthly vision, is an everyday occurrence. It is far more than a theory-propped affirmation of some creed-bound phenomenon. It predicates that the soul of the truly pious being must burn inextinguishably with faith in a reality beyond that of the senses. It demands soul, phantasy, the ability to universalize, a boundless sense of coherence, an unerring gift for discerning essentials. This piety requires, above all, greatness of soul. Perhaps spiritual greatness may also arise from other sources, but there can be no doubt that that soul is truly great which can trace step for step the path from reality to super-reality. This piety alone suffices to prove its possessor a being far above the ordinary. Bruckner's was such piety; he was a great being, even outside his music.

A philosopher is one who can formulate his relationship to the world in systematic thought, one who can translate his world-feeling into world-concepts. The philosopher, however, does not stand alone in his possession of a world-outlook. Bruckner was no philosopher. Yet he had an outlook upon the world so consummate that philosophers might well have envied him for it. Perhaps I should not say that Bruckner *had* such an outlook, but rather, that he personified it, for what is a man if he is not his outlook upon things? Bruckner's view was that of the mystic, for whom the earthly world is a mere shadow.

A man's attitude towards music and the world are inseparable. What he demands of music depends upon how he regards the cosmos and God. Much like the mystic's view of the world, there is a view of music which will not permit intrusion upon the art by the realm of things, of happenings, or of experiences of the ego. Such was Bruckner's outlook upon music. He had no so-called philosophy or esthetics of music, a dialectical presentation of the essence of the art. Nevertheless the basic secret of music was known to him—the secret that the tonal realm is one apart from all that which is describable as nature or soul, matters that may be, more or less adequately, clarified by verbal concepts. Bruckner knew the secret of the basic autonomy of music without having been able to formulate it in the manner of an esthetician. Yet since he never expressed this knowledge in so many words, how may we affirm with certainty that he possessed it? Should we deduce his musical views from his tonal creations, we would only be going about in a *circulus vitiosus*. There is, happily, a better means of ascertaining what he understood by music and what he expected of it—his decades of unceasing musical study. No one to-day will dare to say that such study was necessary for him because he was insufficiently gifted musically. If music had meant for him merely the art of representing nature or personal experiences in tone, he would have dispensed with the bulk of that long period of "preparatory" study (it lasted more than thirty years) which, naturally, struck misunderstanding observers as grotesque, if not actually pathological in character. He need only have studied nature and the soul before venturing upon symphonic composition. It was not nature in tone, but rather the very nature of music that he sought to fathom, as he analyzed again and again, with infinite care and patience, every known principle of harmony and counterpoint. However superfluous these protracted studies may seem to have been, Bruckner's zeal in their pursuit,

once stupidly attributed to the "village organist's" feeling of inferiority, reveals one thing: his belief in the impersonality, autonomy, and complete self-sufficiency of music.

Just as the composer's attitude towards music is closely akin to his view of the world, so the nature of his musical creation depends upon his musical outlook. Of course, the prime prerequisite for musical creation is the possession of a musical creative gift, without which even the soundest outlook upon the art will avail one but little in the actual creation of valid tonal works. On the other hand it is possible for the gifted composer to create good music, even though his musical outlook be false and unsound. Many a composer, who has given expression to a faulty musical esthetics, has nevertheless instinctively taken the correct road in his musical creation. Wagner's splendid *Walkure* score came into existence despite its composer's false tonal esthetics, musical views which he later altered. When a highly gifted composer also possesses a sound view of the nature, purport, and aim of music, as Bruckner did, he cannot fail to produce eminently musical music. To be sure, all music is musical, absolute, autonomous—the bad as well as the good, the music reflecting a faulty as well as that reflecting a sound musical outlook. Indeed nothing but music can take place during the unfolding of any music. Yet the purely musical quality of different compositions will necessarily vary in degree. Just as there are distinguishable different degrees of reality, so is it possible to differentiate between varying degrees of musical quality as represented in the comparative musical autonomy of various compositions. All music is autonomous, absolute, but some music is more absolute, more autonomous than other music. Bruckner's music has always been regarded as particularly "unliterary", and what, in the final analysis, can the term "unliterary" music signify but autonomous music? Even Bruckner's outspoken enemies, who opposed his symphonies out of honest misunderstanding, felt that here was a composer who drew so little upon the things and feelings of this world for his inspiration, that those who listened to his music from any "literary", i.e., extra-musical viewpoint whatsoever, found themselves completely at a loss for even the most general literary (programmatic) background that might throw light upon the music's content. Thus when those who believed themselves enthusiasts for Bruckner's art, actually strove to circulate such extra-musical explanations to sanction their fealty to the master in the eyes of a sceptical musical world, they did his cause more harm than good. They loved him, to be sure, but understood him perhaps even less than his enemies, who denied and persecuted him openly for a reason which, however cruel, was founded in truth. The reason was this: Bruckner's music was, as every unprejudiced hearer could clearly feel, literally overflowing with sheer music, that is, with absolute-musical content, and hence was but music, with no significance beyond itself.

Among all musical creations, which reflect, as they must, varying degrees of absoluteness, the great symphonies of Bruckner belong to the most absolute which the sway of the spirit of music over the mind has ever produced. Bruckner's music is unalloyed music incarnate.

Still this music is at the same time the expression of the man Bruckner, though not in the sense that it reflects or portrays his personal feelings, as if the composer had sought by means of it to reveal himself and his soul. The man Bruckner does find expression in his music, an ex-

pression unwilling, one which could not have been conjured up by conscious purpose. The soul of the man Bruckner rested securely on a plane beyond the earthly. It was upon that plane that his entire will and being were focused. Therefore music meant to him a realm apart, an independent world of impersonal spirituality. That such was his view of music and that his music was indeed an expression of that world, these truths constitute the revelation of his individual personality, a personality wholly impersonal, beyond the personal. Only such an individuality could have been the source of music so wholly impersonal, so supremely autonomous as the symphonies of Anton Bruckner.

—FELIX M. GATZ

## THE MESSAGE OF BRUCKNER'S SYMPHONIES

*(A tribute delivered by Felix M. Gatz at St. Florian, July 1926)*

"When I am no more, tell the world of my suffering and persecution," Bruckner once said.

Why was Bruckner persecuted?

Because he was, more than we others, just a stranger, a visitor on earth. His whole being was rooted in the cosmic, the transcendental. He was, in the deepest sense, a mystic.

Every mystic is inevitably a hermit amongst men. He beholds the earth with the eyes of one who dwells in the Absolute.

This great loneliness of the mystic was intensified in Bruckner's case, because he was born into a completely unmystical age. That age could not but feel that he was a protest against it—a living denunciation of it.

Yet Bruckner's age was, in the light of some of its foremost representatives, one of romanticism.

Bruckner was no romanticist, however. All romanticism, gripped by a yearning for the infinite, gazes into the boundless Distance; but Bruckner's entire being was actually rooted there. He was at home in the Absolute, just as we, every-day beings, are at home in earthly surroundings. Compared with Bruckner's world even the romanticism of his age was earthly.

Furthermore, his age was intoxicated with its visions of beauty.

Bruckner's tonal visions are not merely of great beauty. There is inherent in their beauty a religious, ethical force as well.

His age was predominantly materialistic. It did not believe in the soul. It would not even countenance the possibility of existence in the Spirit. Nevertheless Bruckner the mystic proclaimed the reality of the soul. He believed in it implicitly.

Bruckner was a mystic—and there is a deep community between mysticism and music. For mysticism, as for music, the substantial world is non-existent. When Bruckner proclaimed the reality of the Spirit, he did not endeavor to shape this belief in the language of tone, in the manner of so many other composers, who pretend to the musical portrayal

of extra-musical concepts. He proclaimed the world of the Spirit, by merely setting his tonal visions before us. These visions, lacking any extra-musical content whatsoever and baffling all attempts to discover such content, constitute Bruckner's direct testimony to the existence of a spiritual world.

Bruckner purged music of the mundane essence with which it had been adulterated by a materialistic age.

Unlike Wagner, who proclaimed his mission to the world in daring manifestos, Bruckner was too unconscious an instrument of the Spirit to have been able to frame in words the revelation which was his to impart.

Those who opposed him out of hostility to his art naturally did not dare arraign the pre-eminently spiritual quality of his music—hence their intense hatred of this being who was loftier than the age in which he was destined to play his transcendental role.

At last our own age, rebelling against the false sovereignty of materialism and positivism, is slowly beginning to glimpse Bruckner's mystic, superearthly world.

Here in St. Florian the master spent his years of boyhood and youth. Here he labored through the years in which youth ripened to manhood.

St. Florian was to him a Holy Grail. As its envoy he went forth into the world beyond the monastery. During many decades of bitter striving he would often return to St. Florian, seeking peace and consolation. And when his mission on earth had been fulfilled, he was brought back, at his own wish, to this place to find eternal rest, as befitted a devout member of the sacred band of St. Florian.

Few musicians have lived a life so completely identified with their artistry as Bruckner's. He lived in music alone; music was the expression of his great, universal, mystic-religious, transcendental world-experience. Only those, who understand that experience, may grasp the full significance of Bruckner's art. Therefore, let us strive ever more earnestly to fathom that realm of the Spirit, the world of Bruckner's revelation.

That such a world really exists—that is the message of his great symphonies.

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### DR. FELIX GATZ TO LECTURE ON BRUCKNER

During the current season Dr. Felix Gatz, noted Bruckner conductor, will deliver a series of lectures on Bruckner under the auspices of the Guild for Musicians. For further information address Erminie Kahn, The Guild for Musicians, Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57 St., N. Y. C.

## THE CONCERT MASS

The ascent of the soul *per aspera ad astra*, the spiritual theme of the symphony since Beethoven's *Fifth*, had attained its utmost grandeur in the first eight symphonies of Bruckner. Yet not until Fate abruptly tore the pen from Bruckner's fingers as he was working upon a fourth movement for his *Ninth Symphony* was the world granted the opportunity of hearing how satisfyingly complete a symphony could sound even though it closed with a deeply sustained, slow movement. Later Mahler, realizing its splendid, unhackneyed *Finale* possibilities, adopted the *Adagio* character for the closing movement of his *Ninth Symphony*. Because of its unmistakably soaring optimism we justly call such a *Finale* an *Adagio of Affirmation*.

We know that the Mass, the first extended form perfected in the history of music, inspired great composers to their highest achievement centuries before the symphony came into existence. The exalted triumph of the spirit which marks the close of the *Mass* is the prototype of the symphonic *Adagio of Affirmation*. When Bruckner's *Ninth* and Mahler's *Ninth* shall have attained the classic status promised by their deep impression upon every audience thus far, the close kinship they reveal between the greatest of sacred and worldly musical forms is destined to bring the *Mass* into a symphonic prominence resulting in the immeasurable enrichment of the concert repertoire. The marked trend of present-day humanity towards mysticism already suggests the feasibility of such a revolution in symphonic practice. Why restrict universal devotional masterpieces (such as Bach's *B Minor Mass*, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, and Brahms' *Requiem*) to a single, post-seasonal or Holy Day performance each year? Why keep the doors of the concert-hall inexorably closed to new sacred works of imposing, symphonic stature? Time and again the world's greatest composers have shown that sacred texts may also be poems inspiring the creation of giant choral symphonies. In our own day the triumph of Dumler's *Stabat Mater* (at the last Cincinnati May Music Festival) revealed the fact that even jazz-infested America has something of major caliber to offer the world in the field of devotional music.

Dumler is a unique, significant figure in American serious composition. Master of the language of the huge, modern symphony orchestra, he has chosen the larger, sacred musical forms (particularly the *Mass*) as his vehicles of expression. The success of his great *Stabat Mater* has already aroused wide interest in his other works, among which the *Mass of the Triumphant Cross*, conceived in the symphonic idiom and intended for concert performance, especially deserves the attention of all lovers of serious music.

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### THE KILENYI MEDAL AWARDS (1935-1936)

In recognition of their distinguished services in furthering the general appreciation of Bruckner's and Mahler's art in the United States the following conductors have been awarded the Kilenyi Exclusive Medal of Honor for the season 1935-1936:

The Bruckner Medal: Koussevitzky, Klemperer, Ormandy, O'Connell.

The Mahler Medal: Bodanzky, Gabilowitsch, Koussevitzky, Mengelberg, Walter.

## THE BRUCKNER FESTIVAL IN LINZ

(*British Comment*)

Our English attitude to Bruckner is a curious one: he has been condemned and dismissed almost without a hearing. Few of the most experienced concert-goers have heard more than three of his symphonies, yet on that little evidence the English public as a whole has dubbed him a long-winded bore and steadfastly refused to give him a further hearing. The musical man in the street has, by some unaccountable whim, lumped Bruckner together with Mahler into a sort of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" partnership and two great and entirely dissimilar Austrian masters are banished as one tedious bore from our concert halls. Our attitude is unjustified and presumptuous in the extreme: quite apart from the intrinsic worth of the music as such it stubbornly disregards the opinions of many of the greatest musicians of the last sixty years. . . .

Is it likely, we must ask ourselves, that the opinion of all these men of knowledge, discernment, and experience who have studied Bruckner's symphonies is wrong, and that a few casual English concert-goers who have heard isolated and perhaps inadequate performances of two or three of the symphonies are right? The experience of hearing six of Bruckner's major works and several minor ones within five days has proved convincingly enough that he is almost grotesquely underestimated in England. The time has come when not only England but the musical world as a whole must hear and judge Bruckner anew.

*Bruckner in England*, W. L.  
THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY,  
August 14, 1936.

The Bruckner Festival at Linz last week was a decisive experience for most of those who came to Austria doubting Bruckner, and a triumphant celebration for those who were already Brucknerians. Here, in Upper Austria, is the setting for Bruckner's music, here that atmosphere of leisure and composure without which his works cannot be fully appreciated. . . .

Piety, baroque splendour, rusticity, are qualities inherent in Bruckner's music; such was his environment. His love for a festive volume of sound was encouraged by the glorious effect of the *organo pleno* at St. Florian. But Bruckner's music is magnificent in a deeper sense. He is great because his symphonic conceptions are the mightiest since Beethoven—even though one may subscribe to Hugo Wolf's searching criticism that Bruckner's relation to Beethoven is that of Grabbe to Shakespeare—and because his music has often an ecstasy that Brahms, for instance, never approached.

*A Memorable Experience*,  
WILLIAM GLOCK, *The Observer*, (London)  
July 26, 1936.

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### Performances Announced for Season 1936-1937

Koussevitzky: Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*, Bruckner's *Eighth*, Mahler's *Fifth*.

Ormandy: Bruckner's *Seventh*, Mahler's *Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen*, the *Adagio* from Mahler's *Fifth*.

## THE CASE FOR BRUCKNER AND MAHLER

Tried by a former generation for alleged insubordination against the "laws of music", particularly for repeated, felonious assaults upon the venerable form of the symphony, Bruckner and Mahler were found guilty after a swift, superficial hearing and virtually banished from the concert-hall. Finally the scattered Brucknerites of a new generation, having found united expression in the Bruckner Society of America, clamored for an adequate re-hearing of the evidence in the case before a new, unbiased jury, the serious music-lovers of today. They insisted that even the summations (reviews) by the critics of the past were, at best, those of prosecutors; *that, therefore, only the case against Bruckner and Mahler had been presented before sentence was passed.*

In the retrial of Bruckner and Mahler by the present generation of music-lovers, a new verdict depends not so much upon any fresh evidence that has been presented, but rather upon the weight of unwavering corroboration by a formidable array of new, unimpeachable witnesses re-interpreting the old facts (the scores of the symphonies). The evidence for Bruckner and Mahler at the present hearing consists of the interpretations given their symphonies by such witnesses as Bodanzky, Goossens, Klemperer, Koussevitzky, Lange, Leschke, Mitropoulos, Ormandy, Rodzinski, Stock, Stokowski, Toscanini, van Hoogstraten, and Walter. The new, favorable, often enthusiastic summations are the published utterances of practically every critic of importance in the United-States. The public is the jury. Its reactions, expressed by applause, are also reported in the words of the critics.

Thus the following brief excerpts from reviews by outstanding musical commentators constitute a faithful record of the popular and critical reception accorded the works of both Bruckner and Mahler at each performance by a major American symphonic organization during the past five years. Such a record should go far to prove that our serious music-lovers are now prepared to give the entire life-work of these two giant symphonists an unprejudiced, consecutive hearing. Time and again, after fine performances of this or that individual symphony by Bruckner or Mahler, important critics of our day have said, "This symphony should be heard more often." Finally Mr. Sanborn, of the N. Y. World-Telegram, has come into the open, the first American commentator to champion a complete Bruckner cycle. His valiant appeal in this connection is part of the present record.

Chronologically, our Bruckner excerpts begin with the memorable series of performances of Bruckner's *Seventh* by the N. Y. Philharmonic under Toscanini in March, 1931, shortly after the Bruckner Society of America was founded. It seems particularly fitting and significant that the Bruckner Renaissance in America should have been ushered in under the baton of the most illustrious conductor of our generation. The fervent espousal of the master's long neglected cause by Mr. Toscanini, a cause to which the supreme maestro has added a most arresting contribution with each succeeding season, will always be remembered as one of the real milestones on the path of American musical progress during the first half of the Twentieth Century.

For Mahler our record harks back to the prophetic series of performances of the *Symphony of a Thousand* in Philadelphia and New York under Stokowski almost twenty years ago. The conductor's own description

of the public's reception of this gigantic work is cited here. Important milestones in Bruckner and Mahler progress in America are the recent RCA Victor phonograph recordings of Bruckner's *Seventh* and Mahler's *Second* as performed by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under that brilliant young Bruckner-Mahler enthusiast, Eugene Ormandy.

## THE CASE FOR ANTON BRUCKNER

### I. THE PUBLIC'S VERDICT

#### F MINOR MASS (Bodanzky, Leschke.)

And it is safe to say that few of the recent attempts to endear the music of this simple, devout Austrian to the local public are likelier to bear fruit than this first performance in New York of the Mass in F Minor . . .

—PITTS SANBORN, *N. Y. World-Telegram*, October 26, 1931.

The Mass certainly left a deep and lasting impression on the audience; the genuine spontaneous applause was proof of it.

—HERMANN GENSS, *A Henry F. Budde Publication*, February 7, 1936, San Francisco.

The San Francisco Symphony, the Municipal Chorus, and four soloists, with Hans Leschke conducting, presented the Bruckner Mass in F Minor at the third municipal concert, January 28th, at the Civic Auditorium to a large and enthusiastic audience.

—*Musical West*, February 1936

#### THIRD SYMPHONY (Stock.)

Dr. Stock should take courage from the reaction of last night's audience and play us more Bruckner.

—GLENN DILLARD GUNN, *Chicago Herald Examiner*, January 13, 1933.

#### FOURTH SYMPHONY

(van Hoogstraten, Koussevitzky, Rodzinski, Stock, Toscanini.)

. . . While a considerable congregation of displaced Stadiumites listened with unmistakable interest.

—PITTS SANBORN, *N. Y. World-Telegram*, July 13, 1931.

The applause at the end testified as much.

—H. T. PARKER, *Boston Evening Transcript*, October 15, 1932.

The concert was well attended and the applause, particularly after Bruckner, long and enthusiastic.

—HUBBARD HUTCHINSON, *N. Y. Times*, November 25, 1932.

The orchestra rose to acknowledge the continued applause.

—M. M., *Musical America*, March 15, 1935

. . . since it met much favor with the public, it is safe to predict that it will be heard again on programs at some future time.

—HERMAN DEVRIES, *Chicago American*, March 8, 1935

#### FIFTH SYMPHONY

(Goossens, Klemperer, Walter.)

That Cincinnati audiences are appreciative of good music was proved by the reception accorded the symphony, one never before heard here.

—LILLIAN TYLER FLAGSTEDT, *Cincinnati Post*, December 2, 1932

The control that subdued the beginnings of the final crescendo and made possible the blaze of power which ended it and which brought a burst of applause and "bravos" from a large audience was masterly.

—HUBBARD HUTCHINSON, *N. Y. Times*, January 13, 1933

The audience in its enthusiasm, not only applauded but cheered—a heartening record for Bruckner in our incredulous city.

—PITTS SANBORN, *N. Y. World-Telegram*, January 16, 1933

Tumultuous applause rewarded the conductor and his splendid orchestra.

—JOACHIM H. MEYER, *N. Y. Staats Zeitung u. Herald*, January 16, 1933.

The finale with horns, trumpets and trombones lined up on an elevation at the back, was vociferous and roused yesterday's audience to enthusiastic applause.

—*Philadelphia Bulletin*, January 26, 1935

Mr. Klemperer . . . conducted the orchestra from memory, with an authority so complete and an understanding so vivid and profound that against all odds, and for long movements, he carried his audience with him.

—OLIN DOWNES, *N. Y. Times*, January 30, 1935

The great audience, irresistibly stirred by the blaze of the auxiliary brasses of the concluding pages, applauded the performance heartily.

—PITTS SANBORN, *N. Y. World-Telegram*, January 30, 1935

#### SIXTH SYMPHONY (Goossens.)

How much the Bruckner A Major Symphony affected the receipts cannot be estimated, but the writer feels sure it was materially responsible for the presence of many.

—GEORGE A. LEIGHTON, *Cincinnati Enquirer*, January 12, 1935

... its enthusiastic reception by its audiences owed much to the spirited, sensitive and warmly understanding interpretation which Mr. Goossens accorded it.

—S. T. WILSON, *Musical America*, January 25, 1935

#### SEVENTH SYMPHONY

(Klemperer, Koussevitzky, Ormandy, Toscanini.)

The applause at the conclusion of the symphony was earnest and prolonged and, though no doubt it was intended in part for Mr. Toscanini and the players of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, much of it certainly was a tribute to Bruckner.

—EDWARD CUSHING, *B'klyn Daily Eagle*, March 5, 1931.

It is further testimony to an inextinguishable demand for Bruckner that an hour-long symphony, without cuts, by a composer who remains outside the pale of the generally sanctioned and approved, has been heard and acclaimed by a modern audience.

—OLIN DOWNES, *Symphonic Broadcasts*

It was a most wonderful performance, which aroused much enthusiasm for the work, its composer, the orchestra, and its splendid conductor.

—VICTOR NILSSON, *The Minneapolis Journal*, April 7, 1934

At all events the performance of Bruckner's Symphony in E Major brought the first really spontaneous applause from the Friday afternoon audience at Symphony Hall.

—L. L. SLOPER, *Christian Science Monitor*, Oct. 27, 1934

Forty-eight years ago the Seventh Symphony of Anton Bruckner virtually emptied the old Music Hall. Yesterday afternoon it provoked the heartiest applause of the current season of the Symphony concerts.

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*, October 27, 1934

When Otto Klemperer played Bruckner with the Philharmonic in the fall it was liked; when he played it with the Philadelphia last week it was liked; and when Maestro Toscanini opened his first concert with Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, that was not only liked but loved.

—MARCIA DAVENPORT, *The Stage*, March 1935

Bruckner's music has not always had so cordial a reception from the public as was given by the audience yesterday.

—ALEXANDER WILLIAMS, *Boston Herald*, March 7 1936

But the interpretation was such that at the end there was long applause, a special demonstration of approval of the playing, and, without doubt, of Bruckner. This was tribute to Mr. Koussevitzky's courage in selecting the work and the eloquence of

its presentation. The audience of this concert was a very large one, and its pleasure was manifest.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*, March 15 1936

The large audience applauded the symphony heartily.

—P. S., *World-Telegram*, March 14 1936

It is recorded that when Bruckner's seventh symphony was first played here, in November, 1886, one-third of the audience left the hall before it reached its eventual end. Yesterday the case was quite different, the warmth of the demonstration at the end of the work suggesting that a good many concert goers have come to appreciate the beauties of this work.

—FRANCIS D. PERKINS, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*, March 15 1936

#### EIGHTH SYMPHONY

(Klemperer, Koussevitzky, Walter.)

For no two composers, up and down the world have conductors fought more manfully. Now at last, in Europe and in America, this persistence is prevailing. In New York, Boston and Chicago, reviewers oftener than lay listeners have been the antagonists. Now, more accustomed, audiences are hearing for themselves.

—H. T. PARKER, *Boston Evening Transcript*, April 23, 1932

The orchestra played throughout with memorable eloquence; and the audience manifested its appreciation of the chance to hear on one program two of the outstanding symphonic utterances of the 19th century.

—*Herald Tribune*, November 15, 1935

For all that, the audience was sensible last night of a significant artistic experience.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*, November 15, 1935

The audience was a large one and applauded Mr. Klemperer fervently after both compositions.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT, *B'klyn Daily Eagle*, November 15, 1935

NINTH SYMPHONY (Klemperer, Stock.)

(a) Loewe version; (b) Original version

(a) The Bruckner symphony brought great satisfaction to Mr. Stock's audience

—EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago Daily News*, Nov. 17, 1933

(b) With both of these works (Beethoven's Fifth and Bruckner's Ninth) he made a powerful impression.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*, Oct. 12, 1934

(b) The Bruckner was received last night by a large audience with hearty approval.

—HENRIETTE WEBER, *Evening Journal*, October 12, 1934

(a) Striking evidence of the city's artistic growth was to be discovered last night in Orchestra Hall when the gathering assembled to honor the memory of Theodore Thomas received the "unfinished" symphony of Bruckner with cheers and shouting.  
—GLENN DILLARD GUNN, *Chicago Examiner*, Jan. 3, 1936

#### QUINTET (Balendonck, Lange.)

As for the audience—it listened with apparently serious attention for nearly

two and one half hours to the weighty program and accorded it generous applause.

—JAMES P. DUNN, January 15, 1933

It was played with great care for its harmonic structure and melodic contents and a technical smoothness that incited plaudits.

—*Newark Evening News*, January 15, 1933

The audience found it (Adagio) particularly to its liking.

—R. C. B., *World-Telegram*, February 9, 1934

## II. THE CRITIC'S SUMMATION

### F MINOR MASS

(Friends of Music, Bodanzky)

(San Francisco Municipal Chorus & Symphony, Leschke.)

Yesterday's carefully prepared performance proved a powerfully convincing presentation of the lofty musical and spiritual qualities of the F Minor Mass, and unless all indications are deceptive, the "Friends of Music" should include the work in their regular repertoire.

—JOACHIM H. MEYER, *N. Y. Staats Zeitung u. Herald*, Oct. 26, 1931

But on the whole the Mass justified the claims of the Brucknerites.

—W. J. HENDERSON, *New York Sun*, Oct. 26, 1931

Bruckner's Mass should be repeated in the not distant future and before a much larger audience. Its beauty and its many distinctive qualities make one hope Pierre Monteux may permit us to hear a Bruckner symphony before the year is out.

—MARJORIE M. FISHER, *San Francisco News Chronicle*, Jan. 29, 1936

I am sure that we will hear more of Bruckner's compositions in the future, especially his symphonies. . . .

—HERMANN GENSS, *A Henry F. Budde Publication*, Feb. 7, 1936

This first presentation was accomplished with so much musical intelligence and the response to its beauties was so complete we feel sure it will be repeated in the future—we might well say we hope soon.

—*Musical West*, February 1936

### THIRD SYMPHONY (Stock.)

Does not Bruckner deserve to rank among the immortals?

—HERMAN DEVRIES, *Chicago American*, January 13, 1933

### FOURTH SYMPHONY

(van Hoogstraten, Koussevitzky, Rodzinski, Stock, Toscanini.)

The Symphony . . . improves upon acquaintance.

—FRANCIS PERKINS, *Herald Tribune*, July 13, 1931

Bruckner now seems destined to become an integral part of our musical life.

—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*, July 13, 1931

There are very few dull moments and upon repetition we are sure that we shall find even more beauties to extol.

—HERMAN DEVRIES, *Chicago American*, March, 1935

Nevertheless I should not like to miss hearing it whenever Mr. Stock plays it . . .

—EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago News*, March 8, 1935

### FIFTH SYMPHONY

(Goossens, Klemperer, Walter.)

Let no one stay away through fear of Bruckner.

—GEORGE A. LEIGHTON, *Cincinnati Enquirer*, December 2, 1932

Bruckner—the complete symphonic Bruckner—deserves to be better known. One of the most remarkable composers of the nineteenth century, he has never in this country received his due. . . .

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *Herald Tribune*, January 13, 1933

Such music, however, should not be permitted to lie in prolonged slumber. Certainly it ought to be preserved in these barren times and offered periodically for the consideration of concert audiences.

—W. J. HENDERSON, *New York Sun*, January 13, 1933

But one such theme as the broad, unisonous melody of the Adagio is worth a multitude of the starved and tortuous works that have passed for symphonies in Central Europe since Bruckner laid down his pen.

—OSCAR THOMPSON, *New York Evening Post*, January 16, 1933

### SIXTH SYMPHONY (Goossens.)

Upon hearing a symphony by a neglected composer of the stature of Bruckner, one is tempted to wonder whether he would receive public acceptance if he were played as often as his contemporary Brahms, for example.

—FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Times Star*, January 25, 1935

## SEVENTH SYMPHONY

(Klemperer, Koussevitzky, Ormandy, Toscanini.)

It would be well, therefore, if audiences could know more than they do of Bruckner's symphonies.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*,  
March 5, 1931

It is many years since I heard a Bruckner symphony and it is my opinion that we might with advantage have enjoyed, or otherwise, more of these great masterpieces.

—JAMES DAVIES, *Minneapolis Tribune*,  
April 7, 1934

It is interesting to see this composer coming more and more into the light of public survey, nearly forty years after his death.

—FRANCES BOARDMAN, *St. Paul Pioneer Press*,  
April 7, 1934

He is eminently to be commended for presenting this symphony, and all others of Bruckner that he may choose.

—CYRUS W. DURGIN, *Boston Globe*,  
October 27, 1934

According to these signs . . . Dr. Koussevitzky need have no further hesitation about presenting Bruckner.

—MOSES SMITH, *Boston Evening Transcript*,  
October 27, 1934

Those of us who are always eager for a broadening of the local symphonic repertoire and who, in particular, would like to see Bruckner's music established beyond ill-considered question and cavil, owe a big debt of gratitude this season to Otto Klemperer and Arturo Toscanini.

—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*,  
January 25, 1935

The work is so filled with beauty that it should be played at the Bowl this summer and again to an audience familiar with its greatness next season.

—ISABEL MORSE JONES, *Los Angeles Times*,  
March, 1936

## EIGHTH SYMPHONY

(Klemperer, Koussevitzky, Walter.)

To the many to whom Bruckner is still a problematic composer whose symphonies are barren tonal deserts with but sparsely sowed oases, this symphony should provide material for conclusive proof of the Austrian's right to be classed with the immortals of music.

—J. D. BOHM, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*,  
October 27, 1933

If anyone of the nine Bruckner symphonies is destined to silence the stupid chatter of certain would-be authorities concerning "the naivete and crudity of the man and composer, Anton Bruckner" it is this gigantic C. Minor Symphony.

—J. H. MEYER, *New York Staats-Zeitung*,  
October 27, 1933

This symphony should be heard oftener.

—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*,  
November 15, 1935

## NINTH SYMPHONY (Klemperer, Stock.)

(a) Loewe version; (b) original version

(a) After the riotous regime of ultra modernity and atonality in the realm of music, the works of not only Bruckner, but also those of Mahler should at last come into their own.

—RALPH LEWANDO, *Pittsburgh Post*

(b) Thus restored and justified, the Symphony seems more than ever to be one of the noblest musical legacies of the 19th century.

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *Herald Tribune*,  
October 13, 1934

(b) We have deeper respect for Bruckner after hearing the magnificent performance of last night . . . All the Bruckner symphonies should be repeated. Repetition is the best test of their worth.

—W. J. HENDERSON, *N. Y. Sun*, Oct. 12, 1934

## QUINTET (Chicago String Quartet.)

It is a beautiful work, and it should be played frequently though it is a difficult one.

—EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago Daily News*,  
April 18, 1932

## WHY NOT A BRUCKNER CYCLE?

Bruckner is no longer the bugaboo of local audiences he once was. A distinct Bruckner following is even in the making, and that is as it should be. In Central Europe, Bruckner's place as a symphonist is taken as much for granted as Schubert's or Brahms'! What we need here is more such Bruckner performances as Mr. Klemperer has favored us with.

And these performances ought not to be limited to the Fourth (Romantic) Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Symphonies which have become relatively familiar to our public. Bruckner's First Symphony has yet to be played in America. Certainly we should hear it, if only for historical reasons. Then there are the neglected Second, Third, Fifth and Sixth.

I should be the last man to plead for an all-Bruckner symphonic program. Beethoven himself suffers from that dire test. But I would gladly advocate a Bruckner cycle, under the direction of a sympathetic and competent conductor, offering a chronological view of the nine symphonies, combined in varied programs with appropriate music by other composers.

Then we might escape forever from the shadow of the cold shoulder Brahms turned on Bruckner—"These gigantic snakes of symphonies . . . And Bruckner's work

immortal—or even symphonies at all! It is enough to make one laugh!" Thus wrote Brahms to Richard Specht. We can afford to forgive Brahms these words for the very works' sake, but we can ill afford to share his opinion.

—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*,  
November 4, 1934

Indeed, New York might profitably be treated to a cycle of Bruckner's symphonies (only one to a program, however) a musical gift of which we stand much more in need than we do of another Beethoven or Brahms cycle.

—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*,  
November 15, 1935

## THE CASE FOR GUSTAV MAHLER

### I. THE PUBLIC'S VERDICT

#### FIRST SYMPHONY

(Mitropoulos, Stock, Unger, Walter.)

. . . and a large gathering showed its pleasure.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*,  
October 13, 1933

. . . admirably performed it stirred the audience to an enthusiasm easy to understand.

—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*,  
October 13, 1933

. . . but he secured so vivid and animated a performance of his First Symphony that our audience was won.

—EDWARD EVANS, *The Daily Mail*  
(London) April 17, 1934

There was no lack of enthusiasm in the audience at yesterday afternoon's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Conducting his second and final program here, Dimitri Mitropoulos had scarcely brought the first movement of the opening number of the concert, the First Symphony of Mahler, to an end when the audience broke into an appreciable round of applause—sufficient to induce the conductor to bow acknowledgement. The same procedure was repeated after the Scherzo. Upraised arms and a shortened pause prevented a recurrence after the slow movement. But when the last movement had run its stormy course there was a prolonged demonstration, in which some cheers and foot-stamping were audible amid the hand-clapping, and which lasted long enough to bring the conductor back to the stage no less than four times.

—MOSES SMITH, *Boston Evening Transcript*,  
February 1 1936

And this tumult and shouting came upon the heels of a symphony of the too-long disparaged Gustav Mahler, the First, in D major.

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*,  
February 1 1936

This symphony had been discovered for Boston by Pierre Monteux in 1923; since then it has been permitted to gather figurative dust in the library of Symphony Hall. Yesterday, quite surprisingly, it proved a vehicle in which Mr. Mitropoulos could ride to an unequivocal success with his audience,

a triumph which must be shared by composer and conductor.

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*,  
February 1 1936

A Mahler symphony is not exactly the best vehicle with which to make a popular sensation, but the superb performance of the first symphony proved the reverse.

—ALEXANDER WILLIAMS, *Boston Herald*,  
February 1, 1936

Our boasted musical progress probably has some basis in fact. The Mahler symphony, which has had but one previous hearing and has been gathering dust on the shelves of the orchestra's library for twenty-four years, could not have pleased the last generation of Symphony patrons as much as it did those gathered last night in Orchestra Hall.

—GLENN DILLARD GUNN, *Chicago Examiner*,  
March 6 1936

The great warmth with which he was applauded by many in the audience after the symphony had in it too, I am convinced, a generous admiration for the work itself.

—EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago News*,  
March 6 1936

#### SECOND (RESURRECTION SYMPHONY)

(Klemperer, Ormandy, Rodzinski, Walter)

The audience last night was most attentive and applauded long and vigorously when the symphony was finished.

—W. J. HENDERSON, *New York Sun*,  
February 24, 1933

A magnificent performance of the Second Symphony by Gustav Mahler aroused an unusually large Friday night audience at Northrup auditorium to delighted enthusiasm.

—FRANCES BOARDMAN, *St. Paul Pioneer Press*,  
Dec. 8 1934

Mr. Ormandy was called out several times to enthusiastic rounds of applause.

—*The Evening Bulletin*, Philadelphia,  
March 9, 1935

The audience was enthusiastic and recalled conductor and soloists many times at the close of the concert.

—SAMUEL L. LACIAR, *Phila. Evening Ledger*,  
March 9 1935

It shook the audience, and resulted in a prolonged demonstration before anyone left the hall.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*,  
December 13, 1935

Mahler's Second Symphony may still be considered difficult and ponderous music in some quarters but there was no doubt of its spontaneous effect on its hearers last night.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT, *B'klyn Daily Eagle*,  
Dec. 13, 1935

There was an ovation at the end of the performance.

—*New York Times*, December 16, 1935

An enthusiastic audience gave conductor and participants many curtain calls as evidence of its liking for the Mahler work and its presentation.

—E. B., *Cleveland News*, January 3, 1936

#### FOURTH SYMPHONY (Rodzinski)

Miss Zaruhi Elmastian . . . shared the triumphant burst of applause which greeted the closing measures.

—CARL BRONSON, *Los Angeles Express Herald*,  
January 1, 1932

#### FIFTH SYMPHONY (Walter)

It was not inevitable, however, that the audience should stay to cheer the symphony. Yet this is exactly what happened.

—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*,  
February 12, 1932

The audience applauded with greatest enthusiasm.

—JOACHIM H. MEYER, *N. Y. Staats Zeitung*,  
February 12, 1932

#### SEVENTH SYMPHONY (Reiner, Stock.)

Enthusiasm was too general and appreciation too convincingly demonstrated to be argued down. . . .

—GEORGE A. LEIGHTON, *Cincinnati Enquirer*,  
March 7, 1931

. . . and the audience liked it.

—EDWARD MOORE, *Chicago Tribune*,  
March 3, 1933

#### EIGHTH SYMPHONY

(Stokowski, 1916; Goossens, 1931)

We have seldom seen an audience display such enthusiasm as did the audience in Music Hall last night.

—OLIN DOWNES, *N. Y. Times*, May 7, 1931  
(Cincinnati May Festival)

The work had a run (Philadelphia, 1916) which for a mere symphony, was equivalent to the triumphant persistence of *The Green Pastures*. The Academy of Music was jammed at all performances. For hours before the doors were opened, a line of intending ticket buyers stretched around the corner of Locust Street and far up the block along Broad, waiting patiently in the raw spring wind. Even the traffic policemen outside the

Academy were excited about the attraction and spoke of it almost as respectfully as if it had been a prize fight.

In the following month, The Society of Friends of Music imported Mr. Stokowski with his army of excutants to New York and the work was disclosed to this capital at a memorable concert in the Metropolitan Opera House.

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *Herald Tribune*,  
May 10, 1931

The first performance of Mahler's Eighth (Symphony of a Thousand) was given under Mahler's direction in Munich on September 12, 1910.

Wrote Leopold Stokowski who was present:

After the performance the vast audience sprang to its feet, and a scene of such enthusiasm ensued as one sees only once in a lifetime. To those who realized, in part at least, the inner sadness of Mahler's life, there was something infinitely tragic in his figure at that moment of supreme triumph.

Concerning the nine performances of Mahler's Eighth in Philadelphia and New York, Mr. Stokowski relates:

When we played Mahler's Eighth Symphony it made an impression on the public unlike anything else I have ever experienced. There seems to be a human quality about this work which so deeply moved the public that the greater part of the listeners were in tears at the end of the performance. This happened at all nine performances we gave; so it was not due to an accidental emotion on one particular date.

In an interview with William Engle, feature writer of the New York World Telegram, Mr. Arthur Judson described the above series of performances as the most memorable mile-stone of his managerial career. Only two performances had been scheduled. Quoting the Telegram of December 19, 1933:

Philadelphia, the first night, was dumfounded. Then it was jubilant. Instead of two performances, ten were given and the town celebrated as though the Athletics had won the pennant. In New York the Friends of Music heeded. They engaged Mr. Judson to bring the production here, and in a special train the huge cast came to storm and conquer the Metropolitan.

#### NINTH SYMPHONY (Koussevitzky)

The enthusiastic audience recalled Dr. Koussevitzky two or three times.

—PHILIP HALB, *Boston Herald*,  
October 17, 1931

No one, accustomed to the performance of music in concert halls, might doubt the tense absorption of the audience . . . As its listening was eloquent, so was its final applause.

—H. T. PARKER, *Boston Evening Transcript*, October 17, 1931

What is more significant, the audience, few of whom can have heard it before, applauded with a warmth seldom bestowed here on an unfamiliar work.

—P. R., *Boston Globe*, October 17, 1931

A Friday afternoon audience found as little room for apathy as did that of Saturday evening; with equal enthusiasm both received this first American performance of Mahler's last symphony.

—A. H. MEYER, *Musical America*, October 25, 1931

This symphony has given many a music lover hereabouts an entirely new view of Mahler . . . The shining faces, the enthusiastic comment in the halls, were proof last evening, if proof were needed, beyond that of the upswelling applause itself.

—A. H. MEYER, *Boston Evening Transcript*, Nov. 10, 1931

As for the public, given the chance, it might express a preference for Mahler.

—EDWARD CUSHING, *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, Nov. 20, 1931

And the public bestowed upon Gustav Mahler's swan-song, the conductor, and his players the enthusiastic applause which was deserved.

—JOACHIM H. MEYER, *N. Y. Staats Zeitung*, November 20, 1931

The apparently genuine enthusiasm of the audience must have been balm to Koussevitzky's pioneering heart.

—MUSICAL COURIER, *November 28, 1931*

Musicians welcomed a second hearing . . . and many were standing in the crowded house . . . First and last the triumph was Mahler's.

—W. B. CHASE, *New York Times*, January 10, 1932

The audience, too, seemed deeply interested and gave eloquent applause to the music and its vivid and colorful performance.

—*Musical Courier*, January 16, 1932

Perhaps this did not entirely save the movement, but it made an audience listen with respect amounting to homage, and it showed what an orchestra like the Boston Symphony, dominated by a lofty interpretive conception, could do.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*, April 3, 1936

Some of the audience were evidently pleased, for there was a good deal of applause.

—ALEXANDER WILLIAMS, *Boston Herald*, March 28 1936

. . . and this adagio made new friends for the music of Mahler.

—ROBERT A. SIMON, *The New Yorker*, April 11, 1936

#### DAS LIED VON DER ERDE (Koussevitzky, Walter)

The audience was deeply impressed.

—PHILIP HALE, *Boston Herald*, Dec. 27, 1930

The tension of those final words and sounds over, applause came. Not tentatively but in volume. Of bowing and acknowledgments there seemed no end until all on the platform were on their feet.

—A. H. MEYER, *Boston Evening Transcript*, December 27, 1930

The audience received all artists, not excluding the pianist-conductor Bruno Walter, with deep enthusiasm.

—*New York Post*, December 21, 1934

The audience expressed its approval of the performance in no uncertain manner.

—W. J. HENDERSON, *N. Y. Sun*, Dec. 21, 1934

#### KINDERTOTENLIEDER (Klemperer)

To these beautiful settings of Rueckert's poems she (Mme. Branzell) brought not only beauty of voice and style, but a true penetration of their spiritual nature. Her great art won her repeated calls at the conclusion of the cycle.

—A., *Musical America*, February 15, 1935

She put so much of herself into her singing that she moved the audience to long applause. Mr. Klemperer conducted the cycle with all the enthusiasm of an ardent Mahlerite. . . .

—W. J. HENDERSON, *N. Y. Sun*, Jan. 30, 1935

## II. THE CRITIC'S SUMMATION

### FIRST SYMPHONY

(Mitropoulos, Stock, Unger, Walter)

The homely tenderness, the folk-like humor, the long, nostalgic reveries, the poignant brooding of the music at its best—these qualities are not easily to be forgotten.

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *Herald Tribune*, October 13, 1933

At one time, I too, in less mature judgment, denied Mahler any outstanding worth at all, except that he had mastered a method of clever and colorful orchestration. I feel that I have come to see more than that in Mahler.

—LEONARD LIEBLING, *Musical Courier*, October 21, 1933

The performance suggested that this symphony, given a fair chance, might vie in popularity with the later symphonies of Tschaikowsky.

—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*,  
October 13, 1933

Mahler's music is still *sub judice* in this country, but his music only needs interpretations such as that given last night for it to be as popular here as it is in Austria and Holland.

—*Sheffield Telegraph* (England), April 17, 1934

The result was a brilliant performance which may result in more curiosity in Mahler and his symphonies than has so far been shown in England.

—*Star*, (London) April 17, 1934

It has begun to justify the faith that musicians have had in it. And it needs but more frequent performances in order that the popular regard toward it continue to rise.

—MOSES SMITH, *Boston Evening Transcript*,  
February 1, 1936

Stock was in his most enthusiastic mood and made of the symphony something so vital and colorful as to wish for a repetition of the Mahler D Major symphony at some time not too far distant.

—HERMAN DEVRIES, *Chicago American*,  
March 6, 1936

#### SECOND (RESURRECTION) SYMPHONY (Klemperer, Ormandy, Rodzinski, Walter)

Last night this tone picture was irresistible.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*,  
December 13, 1935

The Resurrection symphony is a musical epic that seems destined to achieve a permanent place in the repertoire of great symphonic literature.

—WINTHROP SARGBANT, *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*,  
December 13, 1935

All of us who are interested in a wholesome extension of the symphonic repertory and at the same time in seeing justice done to the works of an important composer at whom many New Yorkers still look askance . . . are bound to be deeply grateful to the Philharmonic Symphony and Otto Klemperer for such a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony . . .

—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*,  
December 13, 1935

#### FIFTH SYMPHONY (Walter)

In the art of applying the most telling instrumental colors, in the alchemy of uniting independent tone colors, Gustav Mahler finds his equal in Richard Strauss alone.

—JOACHIM H. MEYER, *N. Y. Staats Zeitung*,  
Feb. 12, 1932

All honor to Mr. Walter for not passing it by in the interest of the facile plaudits that he can always capture with the over-driven symphonies of Beethoven and of Brahms.

—PITTS SANBORN, *N. Y. World-Telegram*,  
Feb. 12, 1932

#### SEVENTH SYMPHONY (Reiner, Stock.)

One ends by being charmed, delighted and stimulated by his work, though America has been slow to accept it. I hope Doctor Stock repeats it.

—GLENN DILLARD GUNN, *Chicago Herald and Examiner*, March 3, 1933

#### EIGHTH SYMPHONY

(Stokowski, 1916; Goossens, 1931)

The writer heard the symphony for the first time. He could listen with a clear and unprepared mind to the sheer effect of the music and performance and that effect was overwhelming . . . He (Mahler) saw mighty visions and he believed, and there is that in his music . . . that makes fault-finding with detail or measuring with a yardstick seem somewhat petty.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*,  
May 7, 1931

For here, take it all in all, is one of the noblest scores of our time. In it, now and again, are pages of unforgettable beauty—inspirations of which their creator might justifiably have said, with the singer of the Odes of Solomon, "So are the wings of spirit over my heart, and I have been set on His immortal pinions."

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *Herald Tribune*,  
May 10, 1931

#### NINTH SYMPHONY (Koussevitzky)

It impressed one hearing it for the first time as a masterpiece deserving a permanent place in the repertory and frequent performances . . . One can only repeat that yesterday's performance . . . proved that Mahler is a genius to be classed with Brahms, possibly in some ways above him.

—P. R., *Boston Globe*, Oct. 17, 1931

This Adagio found its way so deeply into the consciousness of hearers that even after an intermission, so exquisite a gem as Wagner's Siegfried Idyll seemed commonplace and ordinary in comparison.

—A. H. MEYER, *Musical America*,  
October 25, 1931

To Doctor Koussevitzky, then, our full gratitude for having given us in The Song of the Earth and now in the Ninth Symphony, the two works of Mahler's maturity and prime, in which he sounded a note unheard since Beethoven wrote his last sonatas and quartets.

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*,  
October 17, 1931

But length is a relative thing. Die Meister-singer is almost twice as long as Thais, but not everyone would believe it without a stopwatch . . . Mahler's instrumental demands in this score are not exorbitant and anyone of our major orchestras could have met them without turning any grayer than usual the hair of the trustees . . . It should be added to the repertoire of other symphonic bodies, and it should be heard again; for it is a remarkable score.

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Nov. 20, 1931

Too little has been written of Mahler's superb instrumentation; of its eschewing of filling-in effects such as often clutter up the scores of Strauss . . . After the profound utterances of Mahler, Ravel's pretty work seemed doubly trivial.

—JEROME D. BOHM, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*, January 10, 1932

While thanking Doctor Koussevitzky for the opportunity once more to hear this Ninth Symphony, is it out of place to suggest that there are five completed symphonies of Mahler that Boston does not know and others that it has not heard in years?

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*, December 9, 1933

#### DAS LIED VON DER ERDE (Koussevitzky, Walter)

It was in December—two years ago—that Doctor Koussevitzky introduced Mahler's Das Lied von der Erde to Boston. In accordance with his wise custom, a work once introduced, remains not on the shelves to gather dust but is brought forth for repeated

hearings. And again at the close of 1930 a December audience was the gainer.

—A. H. MEYER, *Boston Evening Transcript*, Dec. 27, 1930

Just as the essence of Beethoven's Ninth, aside from all purely musical values, is highest enthusiasm, so that of Das Lied von der Erde is most intense spiritual pain . . . It is a work that moves us more deeply at each new hearing.

—PAUL BEKKER, *N. Y. Staats Zeitung*, December 21, 1934

Thus heard, the passion and the beauty of the music, its delicate fantasy, its secret ecstasies, and insuperable grief and, at the last, its mystical assuaging piece, were often overmastering.

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *Herald Tribune*, December 21, 1934

#### KINDERTOTENLIEDER (Klemperer)

Both these masters (Bruckner and Mahler) are still step children of our audiences . . . It merely signifies that the enigmatic phenomenon characterizing progress of the art in Europe is being reenacted here. Sincerity and simplicity have always been the last to win recognition. Therefore it is all the more necessary to keep spreading their precious gospel tirelessly and unceasingly, in eloquent and accurate revelations.

—PAUL BEKKER, *N. Y. Staats Zeitung*, January 30, 1935

But it is not easy to imagine that any concertgoer could hear unmoved these songs of elegiac and sad sincerity. . . .

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *Herald Tribune*, January 30, 1935

### BODANZKY PAYS TRIBUTE TO MAHLER

It must have been a great joy to America's outstanding Wagnerian interpreter, Artur Bodanzky, to conduct the picked band of instrumentalists which NBC placed at his disposal on Oct. 8 last. Mr. Bodanzky's exacting position with the Metropolitan Opera Company has rarely afforded him the opportunity to perform music independent of the singing stage. A devoted Mahler disciple, he longed to pay tribute to the memory of his beloved master, especially during the present season, marking the twenty-fifth anniversary of the symphonist's death. It was the fervor of Bodanzky's sincere Mahler worship which those wonderful strings sang when he led them through the simple, heartfelt measures of the *Adagio* from the *Fifth Symphony*. The studio applause which greeted both this excerpt and another less familiar Mahler fragment, the final movement of the *Fourth Symphony (The Ode to Heavenly Joy)* the solo voice rendered with unforgettable eloquence by Helen Traubel, was no less enthusiastic than that evoked by the universally familiar Wagnerian pieces which made up the remainder of the program.

## SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

### *A Record of Critical and Popular Reaction*

#### ANTON BRUCKNER— EIGHTH SYMPHONY

*Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York; Otto Klemperer, conductor; New York, Nov. 14, 15, 1935.*

Last night in Carnegie Hall Otto Klemperer led the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in a memorable performance of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony.

. . . The mystical slow movements and wild scherzi seldom fail us. Some rank the slow movement of the Seventh above the corresponding section of any of the others. Others estimate the symphony heard last night as the greatest of the nine. Mr. Klemperer's performance might have revived this argument rather than settled it, for he interpreted the music with such color and rapt vision and communicative emotion that for the moment, whatever individual preference might have been, the Eighth Symphony towered as Bruckner's masterpiece.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*

As a result, the symphony made a deep impression. Especially in the great Adagio, one of the longest slow movements in existence, the solemnity and profound expressiveness of the music achieved their maximum effect.

The orchestra played throughout with memorable beauty and eloquence; and the audience manifested its appreciation of the chance to hear in one program two (Bruckner's Eighth and Beethoven's Seventh) of the outstanding symphonic utterances of the nineteenth century.

—*New York Herald Tribune*

Bruckner, far more than Brahms, continued the classical conception of the symphony as a monumental work consisting of the development of short, simple melodic motives. His symphonies, like Beethoven's in this respect, are more remarkable for their architectural sweep than for the intrinsic appeal or interest of their thematic material. The Eighth Symphony is no exception to this rule. Despite its enormous length, its themes are direct and concise statements, very dry and impersonal by comparison with the sensuous, emotional Lied-melodies of Brahms and the late Romantic symphonists. The significance of the work lies in the tremendous texture that has been woven from these slight ingredients. The similarities of developmental method in this work and in the Seventh of Beethoven were striking to those who looked for them last night. Both symphonies are masterpieces of structure.

The audience was a large one and applauded Mr. Klemperer fervently after both compositions.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT, *B'klyn Daily Eagle*

Of Mr. Klemperer's concerts here this autumn, last evening's was easily the most successful. He had works to deal with for which he evidently felt abundant affection, and they rewarded him by bringing out his best qualities as conductor.

The performance of the Bruckner Eighth was one to treasure in the memory. Of Bruckner's nine symphonies the Eighth is perhaps the most ingratiating. There are in particular the rustic humors of the scherzo and the splendid sonorities of the finale. And between these the scraphic adagio chants its superearthly tidings.

—PITTS SANBORN, *World-Telegram*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER— SECOND SYMPHONY

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Otto Klemperer, conductor; assisting artists, Suzanne Fisher, soprano, Enid Szantbo, contralto, Schola Cantorum, Hugh Ross, conductor; New York, December 12, 13, 15 (The last of these performances was broadcast over the Columbia Network).*

A performance of Mahler's "Resurrection" symphony, which was sheer tonal drama, overwhelming in its intensity and sweep of vision, was given by Otto Klemperer, conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, the chorus of the Schola Cantorum, and Susanne Fisher and Enid Szantbo, solo singers, last night in Carnegie Hall. This performance, above all the performance of the colossal finale, revealed Mahler, as it did Mr. Klemperer, in a new light. It shook the audience, and resulted in a prolonged demonstration before any one left the hall.

. . . The purpose of the symphony has been fully explained: Mahler's conception of the struggles and the needs, the terrors and supplications of the human soul; of the careless and perpetual dance of life (second movement); of the incurable frivolity and aimlessness of the crowd (third movement); of the dread summons to the quick and the dead; the calls through space and time; the procession of those who pass before the Judgment Seat; and rest and transfigurations, to salvos of orchestral and choral tone. Last night this tone picture was irresistible.

. . . This performance was one of the historic musical occasions that will not be forgotten and will always appear significant in the musical annals of the city.

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*

All of us are interested in a wholesome extension of the symphonic repertory and at the same time in seeing justice done to the works of an important composer at whom many New Yorkers still look askance—in other words, the late Gustav Mahler—are bound to be deeply grateful to the Philharmonic-Symphony Society and Otto Klemperer for such a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony, in C Minor, as was offered in Carnegie Hall last evening.

Here the Mahler symphonies are still rarities and still caviar to the general public, so the presentation of one of them by a first-rate orchestra, under the direction of a capable conductor who understands and sympathizes with these works, is an event of prime artistic importance.

Last evening's performance of the "Resurrection" symphony was one of the most magnificent ever accorded any work here or elsewhere. Mr. Klemperer obviously concentrated his best abilities on the task of conducting it, and there was more in his contribution than searching knowledge, infectious enthusiasm, triumphant energy and complete technical mastery.

In view of the extraordinary quality of the performance I have no intention of embarking on even a few words of reappraisal of the symphony itself, more than to reaffirm my belief that it is worthy of such exalted treatment.

The Philharmonic-Symphony men gave Mr. Klemperer whole-heartedly what he asked of them; the chorus of the Schola Cantorum fairly outdid itself in the apocalyptic pages of the finale, and there were interesting soloists.

—PITTS SANBORN, N. Y. *World-Telegram*

Mahler's gigantic "Resurrection" symphony, the second in C minor, had last night in Carnegie Hall what was certainly one of its finest performances within the memory of many a New York Mahlerite. . . . From the start of the initial allegro to the final pealing union of chorus, orchestra and organ, the tremendous work was held to a logical plan of dramatic, thematic and dynamic evolution that clarified its intricacies and provided an extraordinarily lucid delineation of the composer's message.

About the handling of detail there was also much to be admired. The remarkable iridescent instrumentation of the scherzo, which arises from the chameleon-like interplay of contrapuntal tone colors and dynamic shadings, was projected with great sensitiveness. And the apocalyptic vision of the last two movements gained greatly from the beautifully subdued entrance of the chorus, the finely adjusted role of the off-stage orchestra, and many other such elements of interpretation. . . .

Very fittingly this monumental expression of Mahler's mystical genius, which in itself is a sufficiently taxing experience for one evening, was allowed to stand alone on the program. Its effect was indeed such that the addition of anything else would have seemed an irrelevancy. The "Resurrection" symphony is a musical epic that seems destined to achieve a permanent place in the repertoire of great symphonic literature.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT, *B'klyn Daily Eagle*

### ANTON BRUCKNER— NINTH SYMPHONY

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick A. Stock, conductor, Chicago, January 2 and 3, 1936. (Concerts in memory of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Theodore Thomas.)*

The elegiac beauty of the symphony's slow movement fits it admirably for its central place in the scheme of the commemorative concert.

Both the Bruckner and the Strauss are excellent examples of the way the Thomas tradition has been carried on by his successor.

—EDWARD BARRY, *Tribune* January 3, 1936

To return to the Bruckner Symphony, we found anew great beauty in the first and second movements, nobility and much melodic flow in the last movement. The scherzo is a delightful fantastic and the wedlock of oboe and clarinet were so charmingly phrased, suggesting ancient woodland sprites and elves, coursing over hill and forest playing their reeds in whimsical strains.

—HERMAN DEVRIES, *American*, January 3, 1936

Striking evidence of the city's artistic growth was to be discovered last night in Orchestra Hall when the gathering, assembled to do honor to the memory of Theodore Thomas, received the "unfinished" symphony of Bruckner with cheers and shouting. Thirty-two years ago it was first heard in America under the baton of Thomas, and some wag among the critics remarked, "Bruckner may not have finished his ninth symphony but what there was of it quite finished the listeners."

The musical public of three decades ago is regarded today as having demonstrated great patience in its pursuit of culture. Yet Bruckner was too much for them. The public of today is reputed to lack endurance when faced with lengthy works. But the symphony their fathers rejected they accepted with enthusiasm.

Now a recognized masterpiece, this great work is one of the mighty tonal edifices that perpetuate Vienna's fame as the center and source of the greatest music Europe produced during the nineteenth century. Its splendors have revealed themselves slowly to a world bedazzled by a Wagnerian idiom of which Bruckner was himself a profound admirer.

The slow movement of this symphony bears witness to this admiration. Its first theme is a veritable wedding of *Isolde* and *Parsifal*. But there are other themes in this section that bear no quotation marks, while the brazen splendors of the final climax have a spiritual significance quite other than that attached by Wagner to the same ideas.

The Scherzo is, of course, a new page in music, a revelation of beauty quite unvisioned by other masters. It is at once sardonic and angelic, old and young, disillusioned and aspiring; and these spiritual contrasts achieve a bewildering wealth of melodic imagery set in a harmonic scheme that often anticipates the impressionists in its delicacy and as often rivals the classicists in its power.

How does it happen that Bruckner has no musical descendants? No one has followed the paths he blazed. Yet they seem to lead to regions of the mind and soul that are infinitely alluring.

The performance was worthy of the work. Stock used the limitless and flawless technical resource at his command to achieve orchestral colors and proportions of astonishing beauty. Just as a study in orchestral effect, he made this reading a textbook of possibilities tried and untried.

As a re-creative artist, endowed with the imagination to penetrate to the heart of this amazing score, to discover its somber drama so strangely shot through with romance, to follow it from tragedy to transfiguration, he again showed himself the genius needing but the challenge of such a page to lift him above the facility of a routine that has perfected every means within the scope of his art.

—GLENN DILLARD GUNN, *Chicago Examiner*

### GUSTAV MAHLER— SECOND SYMPHONY

*Cleveland Orchestra, Artur Rodzinski, Conductor; Assisting Artists: Alma Babb, Nevada van der Veer, Cleveland Philharmonic Chorus; Griffith J. Jones, conductor. January 2, 4, 1936. (first performance in Cleveland).*

Dr. Artur Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra are to be congratulated for presenting the Gustav Mahler Second Symphony at Severance Hall as they did last night.

Why such a beautiful, interesting and monumental work has not been given here before probably is no mystery. For one thing it is devilishly difficult.

But now we have heard this much discussed music, a magnificent performance of it, too.

Mahler lived in the heart of Vienna for many years and it is declared by some that the structure of this work really is a panorama of Vienna of the nineteenth century. And while there is waltz time in it, there is no hint of the Straussian lilt.

The first three movements, entirely orchestral, are wide contrasts in musical expression. The dirges and march rhythms of the first, with here and there swift surges of triumph, are sharply different from the leisurely *andante* with its dance tunes and its exquisite *pizzicato* passages. The scherzo, set forth in three-part time, presents St. Anthony's sermon to the fishes.

The contralto solo is embodied in the fourth movement, Mme. Van Der Veer meeting the requirements of the difficult passages with fine artistry. The fifth movement, following without pause, brought into play the chorus as well as the beautiful voice of Miss Babb. She sang with much feeling and with fine effect.

The two voices and the chorus, with the orchestra and organ in the last movement, built up a climax that was inspiring and thrilling. The chorus, trained by Griffith J. Jones sang beautifully the ethereal muted passages. It was powerful and effective in the tumultuous climax, with the surging impulses of the orchestra added to the chiming of bells and the peal of the organ. The horn passages with the echoing brasses off-stage were artistically done.

An enthusiastic audience gave conductor and participants many curtain calls as evidence of its liking for the Mahler work and its presentation.

—E. B., *Cleveland News*

Five movements make up this symphony. The last movement, in the Beethoven Ninth Symphony manner, demands a huge chorus and two soloists, a soprano and a contralto. Six French horns, six trumpets, and an inflated battery of percussion, added to the customary orchestra, sing the epic grandeurs of this unique composer.

Why Mahler must be explained is, however, beyond our comprehension. This symphony is clear as crystal. All you have to do is to settle down for an hour and three-quarters of grandiose music-making. Having made up your mind to that, you can watch the panorama of all Nineteenth Century mid-European music pass before you.

It was no inconsiderable task to perform the work and we are glad to have had it in Cleveland. Mahler once said, "My time will come." Has it? This reviewer is unable to say. But, by all means, hear this symphony. It will be performed again tomorrow afternoon and should be part of your musical experience.

—DENOR LEBDY, *Cleveland Press*

### ANTON BRUCKNER— SEVENTH SYMPHONY

*Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor. January 17, 1936.*

For this manifestation of zeal, as well as for the recorded performance of the work, Mr. Ormandy was presented on this occasion

with the medal of the Bruckner Society of America, bestowal being made in a brief and particularly happy speech by Elbert L. Carpenter, President of the Orchestral Association of Minneapolis, Inc. In responding, Mr. Ormandy paid special tribute to his colleagues of the orchestra.

The performance on this occasion deserved all that could be said in praise. At least one listener felt that if the composer had always been so appreciatively, clearly and dramatically dealt with by conductors, there might perhaps have been no need of organizations to promote his popularity.

—FRANCES BOARDMAN,  
*The Saint Paul Pioneer Press*

Bruckner's Seventh Symphony filled the whole of the first part of the program and filled it with distinction.

Eugene Ormandy has shown himself a safe and sane champion of Bruckner; both in his public and private life he has stoutly maintained Bruckner's right to a place side by side with the immortals among the symphonists. It was this that caused him a year or so ago to make the Bruckner record that caused so much favorable comment abroad.

No matter what we may think of the symphony heard Friday night there comes pealing out of it the spirit of a man who in spite of misfortunes and neglect, retained a wonderfully optimistic view of life.

—JAMES DAVIES, *The Minneapolis Tribune*

The performance of Bruckner's mighty symphony No. 7 in E Major filled the first half of the program and was now once more heard in breathless silence in an interpretation on every hand superior to the ones previously heard here. It revealed the work in all its serene and truthful beauty. What is the use bringing so many reservations and exceptions to light whenever a new musical genius is rising to full recognition? As for instance Bruckner's peasant origin. Was there not once upon a time a shepherd king named David who must have been a peasant also and who yet through his lyrical outpourings won undying fame and who organized the world's first gigantic ensemble of musical instruments? He was like David in his humility of self confessions and in his ardor of praising the Divinity eternal with harps, strings and cymbals.

—VICTOR NILSSON, *The Minneapolis Journal*

It was an interpretation of great breadth and dignity, of felicitous detail and of marvelously plastic response to the baton in every measure. If anything could win over skeptics to the Bruckner faith, a form of worship which already has many loyal parishioners, this interpretation could do so.

—JOHN R. SHERMAN, *The Minneapolis Star*

## ANTON BRUCKNER— F MINOR MASS

*San Francisco Orchestra and San Francisco Municipal Chorus, Hans Leschke, conductor; Soloists: Esther Green, Radiana Pazmor, Raymond Marlowe, Everett Foster; Uda Waldrop, Organist. Third Municipal Concert, San Francisco, January 28, 1936.*

Bruckner's Mass in F minor which Dr. Hans Leschke introduced to San Franciscans last night is unquestionably the most grateful of any of the compositions in this form yet presented on one of our concert stages.

The presentation in the Exposition Auditorium called to our attention not only the beauty of the music, but the excellent work Dr. Leschke has done with the Municipal Chorus.

The Bruckner score is one of tremendous beauty, melodically and harmonically.

—MARJORY M. FISHER, *San Francisco News*

A Kyrie and Gloria of severe plainness lead up to a grandiose climax in a Credo of almost unparalleled depth, power, fervor and glory, and the solid nobility of the short Sanctus and Agnus Dei brings the whole to a just and perfect conclusion.

There are no superfluous notes.

—ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN, *San Francisco News Chronicle*

Anton Bruckner's gigantic Mass was magnificently performed by Dr. Hans Leschke with the Municipal Chorus and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. It took a long time to make us acquainted with Bruckner, and Dr. Leschke deserves the full credit for this introduction . . . Dr. Leschke united all the beauties of this colossal work, the contrapuntal intricacies, the dynamic changes, the climaxes of this majestic Musicocosmos to a most impressive efficacy with perfect understanding of this music.

—HERMANN GENSS,  
*Henry F. Budde Publication*

A towering work, conceived in the loftiest musical mood, the mass is a complete union of orchestra, chorus and solo parts. In true religious significance it is not meant that one part predominate over another, except at brief and rare intervals perhaps, when a solo voice proclaims a phrase which is immediately taken up by the chorus as a whole. At times some may have felt the orchestra drowned all else, but a careful analysis of its musical importance justified the volume. The orchestral structure must be heard to understand the full beauty of the work, even if the instrumental part be a succession of broken octaves, insistent, strident even, or ascending and descending scales.

—*Musical West, February, 1936*

## GUSTAV MAHLER— FIRST SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor, January 31 and February 1, 1936. The last performance was broadcast over the National Broadcasting Company chain.*

The fact that enjoyment of this music is becoming more widespread indicates that if the listener will hear it sympathetically instead of challengingly, the style makes its effect.

The opening movement of the First Symphony, for example, may have seemed too unvaried from moment to moment. Yet when the movement had run its course the listener realized how entranced he had been, as by a fairy-tale heard in childhood.

It speaks in its own right, and it speaks convincingly.

Especially when it is as beautifully played as it was yesterday, when the orchestra was at the top of its bent and the conductor assisted the musicians by giving them free rein. There was the greatest clarity in the presentation under Mr. Mitropoulos's hands; and the listener was forcefully reminded that Mahler is not necessarily obscure. The horns have rarely sounded more hauntingly beautiful than in the music of the first movement, previously mentioned.

—MOSES SMITH, *Boston Evening Transcript*

There is the passion for nature, beautifully and hauntingly expressed in the first movement, and in the Scherzo the attempt to seek forgetfulness in the pleasures of the folk. The third movement brings the bitter irony, the contempt for the tawdriness of life, and here as later Mahler writes tawdry music when it suits his purpose. In the Finale comes the note of victory, here couched in terms of grandiosity rather than of grandeur, perhaps, but uplifting all the same as Mr. Mitropoulos lent it his own fires.

In the demonstration which followed the men in the orchestra joined in the applause.

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

## ANTON BRUCKNER— SEVENTH SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor; Boston, March 6, 7, 1936; Brooklyn, March 13; New York, March 14. (The performance given in Boston March 7 was broadcast over the National Broadcasting Co. chain.)*

If the opening measures of Anton Bruckner's E Major symphony, played by Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, had only served to emphasize the rich and luminous tone-quality of the strings, the performance would have been worth the journey. But this was not the only page of the symphony, or the only orchestral effect, to ravish the ears. The whole com-

position was given tonal glory by the orchestra, which has no peer today for homogeneity and balance of tone, and distinction and finish of style.

—OLIN DOWNES, *N. Y. Times*

Both as to magnitude and substance, it made the rest of the program appear puny by contrast.

Anyone who attempts to express a moderate opinion of Bruckner these days must expect to be grievously assaulted. By the devout Brucknerites he is considered a scoundrel, and in the eyes of the Bruckner-haters he is at best a fool. For Bruckner is still a "cause," an artist whose music is not yet accepted without reservation. Where Wagner is concerned, all sorts of qualifications may be stated calmly. For Wagner is no longer a cause. But most people are either ferociously for or viciously against Bruckner.

What sensitive person even today who professes fair-mindedness could hear such a grandiose score as the Seventh Symphony and not be impressed by Bruckner's impassioned striving?

—C. W. D., *The Boston Globe*

But the nobly eloquent adagio makes up for much of these shortcomings; its depth and poignancy of musical utterance, its rare blend of pathos and solemn, imposing dignity were generally realized in yesterday's praiseworthy interpretation.

—FRANCIS D. PERKINS, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

Mr. Koussevitzky elected to open his program with Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, to which he brought not only the tonal beauties of his orchestra, but his own instinct for recognizing and giving suitable prominence to every strand of melody in a composition.

—P. S., *N. Y. World-Telegram*

Dr. Koussevitzky yesterday seemed to come yet nearer to the heart of the music than he did a year ago.

Ideally, this symphony and the Eighth as well should form a whole concert; there is music enough, both in quality and in quantity, and there might well be an intermission after the second movement.

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

Yesterday the Seventh Symphony made a deep impression, whether because of the intrinsic loveliness of much of the music or because of the superb performance by the orchestra would be hard to say.

The performance yesterday, under Dr. Koussevitzky, was remarkable even for this orchestra. The score was adhered to faithfully. The music sounded with incomparable richness and poetic feeling. Dr. Koussevitzky has done a splendid piece of work in the interpretation of this symphony.

—ALEXANDER WILLIAMS, *Boston Herald*

### GUSTAV MAHLER—LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN

*Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Soloist, Nelson Eddy. March 6, 1936.*

Furthermore we may say that at no time has Mr. Ormandy given finer artistic support to a visiting artist than he gave the young singer who rendered the "Songs of a Wayfarer" by Mahler, and two arias by Mozart and Meyerbeer.

—JAMES DAVIS, *The Minneapolis Tribune*

His first selections were "Songs of a Wayfarer" by Gustav Mahler and they were on the program in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the composer's death.

The orchestra played them superbly and Mr. Eddy's rich voice, his easy way of singing, were equally good. The songs were written by Mahler when he was 24 years old and a rejected suitor. Beautiful, sad songs in German, Mr. Eddy made them the best things on his afternoon program.

These songs, so lacking in cloying sentimentality, but so sharp with sentiment were an excellent choice for a concert with the orchestra.

—KATHRYN GORMAN,  
*The Saint Paul Pioneer Press*

It is understood the song cycle "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen," by Mahler, was as new to the soloist as it was to the orchestra and the audience, but he found just the right folkwise tone for it, which depicts Mahler's own unhappy love in a manner as close to the folk as is most of his musical output. The rough and ready effects were not unconscious with the singer. He meant them like that and they were properly there, with the naivete of a man of the people who communicates with nature in general, but especially with the birds and flowers about the aching soreness of his heart. Mr. Ormandy and the orchestra gave a splendid accompaniment.

—VICTOR NILSSON, *The Minneapolis Journal*

Nelson Eddy, the magnetic soloist, was again sincere and modest in all his artistic work, but added security gave from the beginning an assurance that brought him closer to his task as well as to his audience. This was noticeable at once in his handling of the "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen." His understanding of this music of underlying folk sentiment had fresher naivete and carried deeper conviction.

—VICTOR NILSSON, *The Minneapolis Journal*

The cycle itself is a romantically melancholy retrospect on a love affair that soured, richly orchestrated, vividly descriptive.

—JOHN K. SHERMAN, *The Minneapolis Star*

### ANTON BRUCKNER— SEVENTH SYMPHONY

*Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, conductor (Two performances during March, 1936.)*

It was an occasion . . . another sold-out house with the audience keenly aware of the music values offered. The program was the deeply reverent and very long Seventh Symphony by Anton Bruckner and the soloist played the Brahms second concerto in B-flat major. Both soloist and conductor had unusual ovations.

Klemperer was obviously enjoying the sensation of conducting the Bruckner symphony for the first time in Los Angeles. It required extra men in the wood-wind and brass sections and herculean playing from the strings. The effect was that of a gigantic organ, exactly the result Bruckner expected.

It was given a tonal magnificence with great restraint. It was apparent that Klemperer was on ground sacred to him.

It is not often that a conductor and a composer so belong to each other as Klemperer to Bruckner.

—ISABEL MORSE JONES, *Los Angeles Times*

### GUSTAV MAHLER— NINTH SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor; March 27, 28, 1936. The last performance was broadcast over the National Broadcasting Company chain; Finale Adagio, N. Y. April 2, 1936.*

In the adagio of the Ninth Symphony, conducted with profound sympathy by Mr. Koussevitzky, and played with glowing and transparent tonal texture by the superb orchestra, Mahler attains in the concluding measures the inexpressible peace he so fervently has desired. But the music which preceded the ineffable last page of the score is imbued with a longing for happiness so poignantly expressed that one feels that a being so sensitive could only find relief in just such a tonal Nirvana as he has finally created for himself.

—JEROME D. BOHM, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

A greater interpretive problem was the slow movement of Mahler's Ninth Symphony—music which so imperatively requires the understanding and re-creative attitude of the conductor. The movement is too long and has its weakness, but the thought is noble and its expression of a touching pathos. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted as if he were communicating alone with Mahler's spirit.

—OLIN DOWNES, *N. Y. Times*

Someone said that Mahler was a sixth-rate brain with a first-rate technic of composition. The remark was as cruel as it was flippant, misleading and superficial. . . . The chances are Mahler has no parallel in musical history; he was a man buffeted by life, always with a thought of the release that death would bring. In the Ninth Symphony this pre-occupation is the dominating mood. "Morbid, unhealthy," the casual concert-goer would say. Yet that probably is not the case. Mahler's attitude was one that only a few mortals ever thoroughly understand; most of us think too much of the goodness of life. But he appeared to find in death all the peace, the beauty that he considered life to have denied him. What is more, so puissant were his gifts as an imaginative artist, he sublimated his attitude to ineffable exaltation. The first and last movements of the Ninth Symphony so overwhelming, so confident of what lies beyond the setting sun, leave one with neither the heart nor the words to attempt so futile a thing as description. As Lawrence Gilman said of "Tristan and Isolde," this is no longer music but experience.

—C. W. D., *Boston Globe*

There may be pretty little theoretical debates about the practice of playing a single movement from a symphony, but the adagio stood on its own convincingly. When it ended, there was a moment of silence. The professional Mahlerites will argue that the audience was still because it was under a spell; the Mahler maulers may suggest that the gathering didn't applaud because it didn't know that the piece was over. Whatever the reason for the hush, the performance was one of the season's best quarter-hours.

—ROBERT A. SIMON, *The New Yorker*

Throughout his composing career he wrote, if not for the elect, at least for the initiated, for those who were prepared to meet him half-way and heed the spirit of his music as well as the letter of it. For him a symphony was not merely a matter of tonal design; it was the musical record of a spiritual experience, and the spiritual experience thus recorded was in its essentials always the same. Like many another artist in the pre-war period, Mahler was oppressed by the tragedy of human existence; and he ended, as did Beethoven before him, in seeking an escape from the world of reality.

For those, who have the ear, or perhaps the will to hear, this nobly sorrowful symphony may make an appeal unparalleled by that of any music other than the works it most resembles, the final quartets of Beethoven.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*.

Whether the performance of the movement would have satisfied the connoisseurs of Mahler and Mahler-conducting I do not

know, but to me it seemed like a superb piece of work on the part of conductor and orchestra.

—B. H. HAGGIN, *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*

## GUSTAV MAHLER— FIRST SYMPHONY

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick A. Stock, conductor. Chicago, March 5, 6, 26, 1936.*

Twenty-five years have elapsed since the Chicago Symphony Orchestra performed the Mahler First Symphony—just why this charming and melodious piece of character writing has been allowed to repose in the archives of the librarian is a question that only Meister Stock could answer satisfactorily. However, we are grateful for its revival.

The first movement was reminiscent exactly of the title intended to represent "The Awakening of Nature at Early Dawn;" the second, the Scherzo continues its harmonious and graceful journey through the field, coming at last to the hunter, being taken to his grave by the beasts of the forest, and is fascinatingly orchestrated to follow the quasi sad and jovial burial of the hunter by his intended victims.

The last movement, not so inspired as its predecessors, nevertheless reveals Mahler, even at the age of 28 when he conceived his Symphony in D Major, a composer of striking talent and absolute originality.

—HERMAN DEVRIES, *Chicago American*

Mahler, writing an ode to youth, caught and sustained a mood of anticipation and of eagerness. If he made his musical ideas simple, that effect derived from their folk-song quality. He turned to his native Bohemia for much of his melodic material, which is not new, to be sure. But it is new to write a humorous slow movement, which he did with consummate skill, caricaturing the fugue, quite gently and genially, and parading as solo instrument many orchestral voices that rarely emerge from the ensemble.

The success of the ancient novelty was not decided until the storm and stress of the finale was resolved into a long Chopin-like melody, the one obviously sentimental moment which the composer permitted himself. This captured the sympathies of the audience, and the foyer echoed with their praise during the intermission.

—GLENN DILLARD GUNN, *Chicago Examiner*

Nevertheless it was right for Mr. Stock to revive a symphony which has so much that is evocative and so much that is provocative. . . . And those of us to whom his music does not speak with immediate vindication may yet be drawn into the fold of Mahlerism if Mr. Stock continues with so much fidelity and zeal to point out the brilliance of his devices and suppress their unemotional monotony.

—EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago News*

## In Memoriam

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EMANUEL DE M. BARUCH	1935
JAMES P. DUNN	1936
OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH	1936
OTTO H. KAHN	1934
HARRIET B. LANIER	1931
MRS. JOSEPH LEIDY	1933
MAX LOEWENTHAL	1933
H. T. PARKER	1934
EGON POLLAK	1933
MAX SMITH	1935
JOSEF STRANSKY	1935
LUDWIG VOGELSTEIN	1934
JAKOB WASSERMANN	1933

# Chord and Discord



THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

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BRUCKNER'S FOURTH

BRUCKNER'S EIGHTH

THE CONDUCTOR GUSTAV MAHLER

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY

BY ERNST J. M. LERT

SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

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January 1938

**"MY TIME WILL YET COME"**



**THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL**

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1935 was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of Gustav Mahler. 1936 marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death.

This splendid Exclusive Medal of Honor by the internationally famous American sculptor, Julio Kilenyi, is the Bruckner Society's proud contribution to American recognition of the Mahler significance of the years 1935 and 1936.

The Mahler Medal of Honor will be awarded annually to the conductor who accomplished most during the preceding musical season towards furthering the general appreciation of Mahler's art in the United States.

# CHORD AND DISCORD

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January, 1938

Vol. 1, No. 9

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## RADIO TALKS

by Gabriel Engel

### BRUCKNER'S FOURTH: THE ROMANTIC SYMPHONY

You are about to hear the original version of Anton Bruckner's *Fourth Symphony*, commonly known as the Romantic. It was composed in Bruckner's fiftieth year and is the first of an unbroken line of six major works dominated by a joyful mood. To grasp the spiritual content of this series of happy symphonies a knowledge of the events in Bruckner's life surrounding the conception of the Romantic is necessary, for that symphony marks the sudden turning-point from darkness to light in the master's artwork. Following upon the compositions which preceded it the Romantic is like the sun bursting forth from the clouds after a long stretch of stormy weather.

At first glance there seems to be no logical explanation of this sweeping change in the composer's world outlook. The fact that Bruckner created only joyful works during the ten years of bitter privation shows how little outer things affected his artistic expression. Perhaps the "storm and stress" that raged in the younger Bruckner's soul, desperately battling for unhampered expression, gave way to spiritual calm with the passing years. Yet that does not tell all.

The *Third Symphony* begins with an air of impending tragedy and lays bare an epic of inner strife unparalleled for earnestness save by Beethoven's *Eroica* and *Ninth*. It closes, like those symphonies, in a hymn of triumph. In this convincing victory lies the first clue to the abrupt change that took place in Bruckner's tempest-torn soul just before composing his next symphony, the *Romantic*.

For the moment he himself became the hero who had triumphed in the symphony just completed. Aroused from a long, sullen lethargy, he exclaimed, "Must I continue to endure with bowed head the scorn of a world which does not and will not heed my message? No. I shall go to the master of all masters, Wagner himself, and ask him to accept the dedication of my new symphony. Then the scoffers will be silenced." None but the ingenuous Bruckner could have ventured upon that remarkable pilgrimage to Bayreuth in 1873, when Wagner was so busy with his plans for the Festival Theatre that he had no time even for the score of his own "Ring". Whatever the details of that meeting, it is common knowledge that the *Third Symphony* was accorded the highest praise by Wagner. That was the proudest moment in

Bruckner's life. He never tired of telling how much beer Wagner and he consumed as they discussed the score (I fear, Bruckner drank far more than his share) and how, afterwards, the master of all masters, (as he always referred to Wagner) in a burst of jolly good fellowship, took him out in the garden and showed him his grave.

Thus it was a regenerated, supremely happy Bruckner who returned to Vienna. The scoffers were not silenced, but the scorn of all the rest now seemed as nothing before the wonderful fact of Wagner's recognition! Joyfully Bruckner plunged once more into composition, oblivious of the jeers of his colleagues at the Conservatory, who pointed meaningfully at the trash-basket whenever his huge symphonies were mentioned. They sensed that for some reason Bruckner was now applying himself with greater enthusiasm than ever to musical creation. Teasingly, they would ask him, "Come, now, Bruckner, look at the way you're neglecting yourself. Why don't you get married?" Whereupon feigning the utmost terror he would reply, "But, dear friends, I have no time now. I must finish my *Fourth Symphony!*"

Many years after he had finished the original version of the work, when its premiere was at last being planned, a friend said to him, "Bruckner, I know you must have had some story in mind when you wrote this symphony. It is so vividly descriptive. Come, tell us about it." "Well, let's see," said Bruckner, obligingly, "Perhaps you're right. The first movement is a scene out of the days of chivalry. You know, knights and such things. The second is a rustic love scene. A peasant lad makes love to his sweetheart, but she scorns him. The third movement is a hunt interrupted by a village dance, and the last—the Finale—really, I'm sorry, but I've forgotten just what it was about." In reality Bruckner, who knew and cared nothing about literature, was the most purely musical of all composers. To him a symphony must stand or fall on its merits as sheer music. There is no more need of reading a story background into Bruckner's *Romantic* than into Beethoven's *Pastorale*. Both these works and their various movements bear authorized titles suggesting literary props, but the composer in each case urged extreme caution in drawing any literal analogy between the music and the scenes or events which inspired it.

What reasonably certain comment may then be made upon the *Romantic Symphony*? We may safely say it is a symphony of Nature; that the scenes which inspired it were the charming valleys, luxurious woods, and towering mountain ranges of the composer's own Upper Austria, the region actually called "Bruckner Land" to-day. The first movement is radiant with the rich colors of Bruckner's native landscape on a bright summer day. The music is all sunshine translated into melody, harmony, and rhythm. One senses the rustling of leaves and the singing of birds, but the score resorts to no realistic device beyond the unassuming precedent set by Beethoven in the immortal "Brook Scene" of the *Pastorale*.

In the second movement we find the composer in the very heart of the woods. Under the spell of its deep solitude he gives himself up to meditation and wistfully reviews the past. In the mournfully amorous melody which keeps returning after brief interruptions of elusive, coquettish nature, one can almost visualize the rustic love scene

Bruckner mentioned half in jest when describing this movement. He himself is the unhappy peasant lad, the victim of the maiden's scorn. A gently persistent march rhythm relieves the gloomy burden of this reminiscence and lends the entire movement a striking air of abandon. The sum of its significance is, "Yes, it seemed very tragic at the time, but it was only a passing cloud, after all."

The third part commonly known as the "Hunting Scherzo," is just that. Bruckner described it as a hunt interrupted by a village dance, but it is the very spirit of medieval chivalry we hear rejoicing in glorious sport, during the sway of the march rhythm in the opening section. The interruption reveals not a mere village dance but the very essence of that irresistible triple-pulsation peculiar to the Austrian soil, the *Laendler*, the rhythmic source of the waltz.

The last movement, the inspiration for which Bruckner himself could not recall, begins like the last act of a drama. The plot is at its climax. Over an ominous muttering in the strings, suggesting clouds, there is heard a whirling phrase, like the rushing of the wind. Elements of darkness and storm gather, threatening to dispel the happy mood of the foregoing section. They too prove to be only passing clouds, for presently they give way to sunshine and a clear view of the beautiful landscape that was momentarily obscured. The symphony ends as it began on a note of unmistakable joy.

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#### MAHLER'S SECOND and the KINDERTOTENLIEDER

Gustav Mahler's symphonies and songs abound in passages reflecting a great spiritual loneliness, in moments crying out with a tortured world suffering, and in moods ominous, grim, and austere, evoking visions of Death and the Hereafter. Haunted throughout life by the fear of death, the composer regarded the mystery beyond as a terrifying specter, from whose fearful spell mankind must be freed. Almost frantically he sought to unmask Death, to identify it as merely a miraculous instant in eternal life, as the soul's transition from mortality to immortality. It is the feelings aroused by such metaphysical contemplation that Mahler kept constantly translating into tonal moods.

It was just as natural for Mahler at 42 to compose the mystic, gloomy song-sequence, *Kindertotenlieder*, as it had been for him at 23 to conceive that mighty, wordless drama of the Hereafter, known as the *Resurrection Symphony*. Paraphrased, the title, *Kindertotenlieder*, means songs inspired by the premonition of death hovering over children, in this case, the composer's own first-born child. When the little Maria Anna died soon afterwards at the age of four, Mahler told his friends in great sorrow, "Under the agony of fear that this was destined to come I wrote the *Kindertotenlieder*." Yet these songs are more than the anguished expressions of a father's fears concerning his child's life. They reveal the creative artist Mahler as a ghost-seer, the victim of somnambulism, and reflect to a still more intensified degree the spiritual perplexity and pain which sway the opening movement of the *Resurrection Symphony*. In the symphony all this suffering is finally allayed, appearing transfigured in the halo of eternal glory surrounding the vision of Resurrection; but the weirdly ethereal, piercing sweetness with which the *Kindertotenlieder* closes transcends all

pathos. A farewell whispered to the soul of his dead baby by a broken-hearted father is beyond all consolation. Strangely, perhaps, the five songs which constitute this sequence are not depressing. They have in rich measure that moving, ennobling quality which true beauty invariably possesses, however sad and hopeless the yearning with which the artist has clothed it. As art their appeal is unailing, because they are the sincere expression of a soul-shattering experience vividly realized in the composer's imagination. For Mahler himself they served as auto-biographical confessions which he felt compelled to set down in tone, although to do so meant self-torture hardly less painful than the very occurrence of his child's death afterwards proved. To understand the death-haunted Mahler of the *Kindertotenlieder* one must turn back to the death-fearing Mahler of the *Resurrection Symphony*.

From early youth he had steeped himself in the study of Oriental Philosophy, occultism, and religion. He was intensely concerned with the speculation of those ultimate questions, "What is the life of man? To what end is all his world-suffering? Is it but a colossal joke played upon mortals by Fate?" To the solution of these questions the young composer dedicated his entire soul. Thus the *Resurrection Symphony* begins at the brink of the grave, with a veritable hiss, invoking man's fear of death. The whole first movement is at once a titanic Dance of Death and a retrospect of life's joys and sorrows, longings and despairs. Its frequent outbursts of terror are all the more vivid, being the natural expression of a sensationally inclined mind, nourished upon the fantastic tales of Hoffman, the great German forerunner of our own genius of the grotesque, Edgar Allan Poe.

Many well-authenticated anecdotes are current proving the important role terrors of the imagination played in the life of young Mahler. To relate just one of these: One night, after a triumphal premiere at the opera, he sat in his study for hours, engaged upon a highly exacting problem in orchestration, the musical portrayal of birds and woods voicing the miracle of nature. At last, completely exhausted, he lifted his tired eyes from the intricate web of written notes. His wandering gaze rested upon wreaths of flowers and trophies heaped in profusion upon the table in the center of the room. Slowly an uncanny feeling crept over him. In vain he sought to fix his uneasy gaze once more upon the score before him. Some mysterious influence drew his eyes irresistibly to the table, the appearance of which had suddenly undergone a complete change. He now saw it surrounded by weirdly flickering candles! And in the middle, among the wreaths, lay a human form! A corpse! And its features were his own! With a cry of horror he rushed from the room.

To return to the *Resurrection Symphony*, with a reminder of young Mahler's intense interest in Oriental philosophy and religion; the powerful contrasts of mood which sway the opening movement may very well mirror the struggle that the powers of light and darkness are constantly waging for the soul of man. The movement ends on a note of spiritual exhaustion, the soul's questions concerning the meaning of life still unanswered. In the brief, simple, charming interlude that follows, the listener is introduced to a very human spirit, Mahler the dreamer, the true son of Austria, more particularly, of Vienna, the

city of Johann Strauss. The music is sheer melody throughout. It is directly sprung from the minuet and waltz and takes the place of a long, slow, second movement, which clearly would have been tedious, following upon a first movement as serious and extended as that of the *Resurrection Symphony*.

The third movement, corresponding to the traditional symphonic scherzo, reveals Mahler in a highly satirical mood. It was a frequent practice with him to transplant complete themes from his own songs into his symphonies. The main musical ideas of this particular scherzo are borrowed from a song the text of which ridicules equally the spiritual instability of mankind and the futility of all attempts to uplift mortals to a state of perfection on earth. The question of the significance and purpose of life still remains unanswered at the close of the scherzo. The fourth and fifth movements, in which the singing voices share the chief role with the instruments of the orchestra, present in word and tone the final solution of the problem. Transfigured visions of the Milky Way and the Last Judgment lead to the revelation of Eternal Life after death. Mahler himself searched for years for the most effective means of portraying in music the Resurrection of all humanity. The actual inspiration finally came to him when he heard the choir singing at the funeral services of the great conductor, Von Buelow. The text of that chorus became the foundation of Mahler's own Resurrection text. The overwhelming grandeur of the symphony's conclusion witnesses the fervor and sincerity of Mahler's faith in life both on earth and in the Hereafter.

As the composer desired that the five songs of the *Kindertotenlieder* never be presented except as an unbroken sequence, they will be so given this evening. They will be followed by the lighter second and third movements of the *Resurrection Symphony*, the former of which, a charming, sunny interlude, has often been performed by great orchestras independently of the symphony.

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#### Performances Announced for Season 1937—1938

- Boston Symphony, Mahler's *Fifth*. (Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor.)  
 Boston Symphony: Bruckner's *Seventh*. (Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor.)  
 Cleveland Symphony: Bruckner's *Seventh*. (Artur Rodzinski, Conductor.)  
 Chicago Symphony: Wolf—Prelude and Entr'acte, from *Der Corregidor*, Italian Serenade, Songs with Orchestra. Symphonic Poem, *Penthesilea*.  
 Mahler—Andante and Scherzo from Symphony No. 1, D Major, *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, Rondo from Symphony No. 7 in E Minor. (Frederick Stock, Conductor. Soloist: Kerstin Thorborg.)  
 Cincinnati Symphony: Mahler's *Sixth*. (Eugene Goossens, Conductor.)  
 Illinois Symphony: Mahler—*Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, (Sonia Sharnova, Soloist; Albert Goldberg, Conductor.)  
 Los Angeles Philharmonic: Mahler's *Second*. (Otto Klemperer, Conductor.)  
 Philadelphia Orchestra: Bruckner's *Fifth* or *Seventh*. (Eugene Ormandy, Cond.)  
 Philadelphia Orchestra: Mahler—*Das Lied von der Erde*. (Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. Soloists: Enid Szanthe and Charles Kullman.)  
 Swedish Choral Club: Bruckner's *Te Deum*. (Harry T. Carlson, Conductor.)

## BRUCKNER'S EIGHTH SYMPHONY

By John N. Burk

This article is reprinted by permission of the author and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It appeared in the Program Notes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra of April 16th and 17th, 1937.

This symphony, begun in 1884 and finished in revision in 1890, was first performed by the Philharmonic Orchestra in Vienna, December 18, 1892, Hans Richter conducting. The symphony had its first performance in this country by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler conductor, March 12, 1909. There was a second performance "by request" in the following month (April 24). The symphony was revived by Serge Koussevitzky on March 22, 1929, and again performed April 22, 1932.

It is scored for three flutes, three oboes, three clarinets, three bassoons and contrabassoon, eight horns (four interchangeable with tenor and bass tubas), three trumpets, three trombones, contrabass tuba, timpani, triangle, cymbals, three harps and strings.

The symphony is dedicated to "His imperial and royal apostolic Majesty Francis Joseph I, Emperor of Austria and apostolic King of Hungary".

WHEN he reached the age of sixty, Anton Bruckner's seven symphonies, into which he had put the heart's blood of a lifetime, had had scant attention—scant performance or none at all. At the end of 1884 (December 30), the Seventh Symphony was brought out by Artur Nikisch at the Leipzig Gewandhaus. The symphony made a sensation, was performed in German and Austrian cities, and further afield. At last Bruckner found himself famous. The Brahms camp, which had heretofore scarcely deigned to notice the satellite of Wagner who presumed to write symphonies of Wagnerian lengths, now honored Bruckner with their open hostility.

In the same year of the success of the Seventh (1885), Bruckner was at work upon his Eighth (which occupied him in the years 1884-86). He rewrote it in the winter of 1889-90.\* The Eighth Symphony had its first performance in Vienna, December 18, 1892, by the Philharmonic Orchestra which, until the advent of the Seventh Symphony, had carefully excluded Bruckner from its programmes. Hans Richter conducted. The success of the symphony was such, even in this Brahms stronghold, that even the ferocious Eduard Hanslick, while denouncing the music in the terms fully expected of him, was compelled to acknowledge it a popular triumph. "How was the symphony received? Boisterous rejoicing, waving of handkerchiefs from those standing, innumerable recalls, laurel wreaths, etc." Hanslick pointedly strode from the hall before the *Finale*. Another critic called it "The masterpiece of the Bruckner style." Hugo Wolf wrote: "The work renders all criticism futile; the *Adagio* is absolutely incomparable." And Kalbeck of the opposite clan, henchman and destined biographer of Brahms, was forced to admit Bruckner "a master of instrumentation" whose symphony was "worthy of its sole position on the programme."

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\*The Eighth Symphony does not bring up the problem of authenticity in revision about which so much has lately been written in Central Europe. The "improvements" in orchestration by Bruckner's pupil, the conductor Ferdinand Löwe, apply particularly to the Fifth and Ninth Symphonies. The revision of the Eighth seems to have been Bruckner's own.

The Bruckner who had been an unknown in Vienna for so many years became a public figure, a celebrity whom one pointed out on the streets. But Bruckner never acquired city ways. He never changed his manner of dress nor lost his provincial accent. To the end he was a true son of the small Austrian village of Ansfelden. The following description of his quarters and daily routine in Vienna is taken from the monograph of Gabriel Engel:

"He lived in a small, simple apartment of two rooms and kitchen which were kept in order by an old faithful servant, Kathi, who for twenty years had spent a few hours each day attending to the bachelor's household. In the blue-walled room where he worked stood his old grand piano, a harmonium, a little table and some chairs. The floor and most of the furniture were littered with music. On the walls hung a large photograph and an oil painting of himself. From this room a door led to his bedroom, the walls of which were covered with pictures of his 'beloved Masters.' On the floor stood a bust of himself which he was pleased to show his friends, who relate that he would place his hand upon its brow, smile wistfully, and say: 'Good chap!' Against the wall stood an English brass bed presented to him by his pupils. This he called 'My Luxury.' At home he would go dressed even more comfortably than on the street, merely donning a loose coat if a guest was announced. Kathi knew exactly at what hours guests were welcome. If the Master was composing, no one was permitted to disturb him. At other times he went in person to meet the caller at the door.

"Bruckner worked, as a rule, only in the morning; but sometimes he would get up during the night to write down an idea that had suddenly occurred to him. Possessing no lamp, he did this night work by the light of two wax candles; but if Kathi saw traces of these in the morning he scolded him severely, warning him to be more careful about his health. When she insisted that he compose only in the daytime, he would say contemptuously: 'What do you know about such things? I have to compose whenever an idea comes to me.'

"Sometimes, other answers failing him, he tried naively to impress her with his importance, crying: 'Do you know whom you are talking to? I am Bruckner!' 'And I am Kathi,' she retorted; and that was the end of the argument. After his death, she said of him: 'He was rude, but good!'"

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The following description of the Eighth Symphony was written by Alfred H. Meyer for the *Boston Transcript*:

"Bruckner has sometimes been accused of formlessness. In reality no criticism could be wider of the mark. His handling of form is merely different from that of symphonists like Beethoven. Witness the course of this symphony in C minor. A single note, sustained through several measures, serves as introduction. Basses sing the first theme. It comes in low register, at first hesitatingly, then in full melodic contour. It is gloomy, forbidding, of the essence of tragedy. There are several repetitions, there is some development. Then the second theme emerges. It is in G major, a typically Brucknerian theme. Its first motif com-

prises two quarter-notes followed by a triplet of three quarters, a formula which Bruckner especially liked. This theme is the brightest in the symphony—a theme of cheerfulness tinged with sentiment. Bruckner uses it persistently in this first movement, often in inversion. That is, in descending form, whereas originally it is chiefly ascending. An important subdivision of the theme occurs considerably later in horns followed by wood winds over a *pizzicato* bass in triplets. Cheerfulness has now gone out of the mood, which is one of quiet solemnity. The development treats these themes by every known contrapuntal and rhythmical device, mainly in the order in which they originally occur, with a repetition of suggestions of the first theme near the end, to lead into the recapitulation. The recapitulation is much less a direct repetition of themes than is the custom of the classical composers. The first theme is now introduced in high wood winds, where at first it entered in low basses. Not only is the register changed, but it is now heard also in inversion. And it comes not in the direct forthright form of the beginning, but in a more developed state. Further, there is less obvious preparation for the second theme, which enters in a solo trumpet, '*ausdrucksvoll*' (expressively).

"In the symphonies before the Eighth, Bruckner followed his first movement with an *Adagio*. In the Eighth and the Ninth a *Scherzo* succeeds. The gloom at the end of the first movement is too deep to permit a slow movement to come next. Rightly or wrongly the appellation '*Der deutsche Michel*' has come to be associated with this *Scherzo*.\* To translate the phrase into 'The German Michael' is to lose all its significance. It represents the naive stupidity, the ponderous and thick-headed humor which one associates with country bumpkins. The theme of the principal division of the *Scherzo* well deserves the label '*Der deutsche Michel*', for its blunt, awkward, square-toed, or better square-headedness. But it is cast against a background of fantastic and almost fairy-like delicacy. It receives due portion of repetition and development. Of the Trio Bruckner is reported to have said, '*Der deutsche Michel träumt ins Land hinaus*'—'The German Michael dreams (or would it be better under the circumstances to translate "*träumt*" by "stumbles".) his way into the country.' The theme, at first in the strings, is beautifully lyrical. The *Scherzo* is then literally repeated.

"The *Adagio* is one of the longest slow movements in existence, and one of the most lovely. One can best understand it by remembering that it consists of three separate developments, each more extended and more climactic than the preceding, of the two themes of the movement. The first theme is of exceedingly long breath, haunting, pleading, in character. It is introduced by the first violins. The

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\*Among the many "interpretations" laid upon the symphony by the analysts, with references to "The Æschylean Prometheus," "The all-loving Father of mankind," etc., was the characterization of the *Scherzo* as typical of "The German Michael." "*Der deutsche Michel*" is the plain, honest, lumbering peasant type of Germany. Hanslick saw a breach here in the armor of Brucknerian enthusiasm and wrote: "If a critic had spoken this blasphemy, he would probably have been stoned to death by Bruckner's disciples; but the composer himself gave this name, the German Michael, to the *Scherzo*, as may be read in black and white in the programme." These were unfair tactics. Bruckner gave no clue whatsoever in his published score. (Ed.)

second theme is sung by 'cellos, as if in answer to the pleading of the first. It too is wondrously lyric. Near the height of the third development, brasses intone the 'Siegfried *motiv*' from Wagner's 'Ring.' The coda is given to the first theme.

"The *Finale* is grandiose, a culmination in the truest sense. The figure with which it begins (suggestive of galloping horses) continues throughout the long, warlike first theme. A second theme is in part lyric, in part choral-like and churchly in mood. The development is exceedingly complex contrapuntally, with the choral *motiv* frequently heard throughout. The recapitulation makes a powerful entry with the first theme, while the second enters as a *fugato*. The main climax of the whole work comes in the coda, which is begun by trombones proclaiming the first theme of the Symphony against the trumpets with the theme of the *Scherzo*, and ends at the last with a combination of the main themes of the four different movements in a triumphal C major."

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## GOELLERICH-AUER BRUCKNER BIOGRAPHY COMPLETED

Just thirty years ago Max Auer wrote the first skeletal version of his Bruckner biography. It was merely a hasty, brief gathering of the outstanding facts in Bruckner's career, calculated to fill the gap in the still sparse Bruckner literature then available to the layman. It was written in the language of the average human being, little interested in the technical verbiage of the usual musical *vademecum* of the day, drily compiled for the avid music-student.

The death of August Goellerich some fifteen years ago left the whole treasury of Bruckner documents he had amassed in the course of a life-time to his friend and collaborator, Max Auer. The latter had long since vowed to devote his whole life-work to the shaping of an exhaustive and authoritative account of Bruckner's life and work, based upon the incontrovertible evidence of these documents.

As volume after volume of this Bruckner treasury made its appearance in beautifully printed and bound format, the world of music expressed its amazed delight and hoped nothing would occur to interrupt Max Auer's inspired work of authorship and editing.

The fourth and final part of this monumental Bruckner biography has at last been published.\* Heavily documented as its predecessors, written for layman and scholar alike, and containing a host of musical illustrations, it offers a wealth of fact, analysis, and anecdote, which will undoubtedly be for many years to come a rich source for anyone engaged in Bruckner research. As a special feature, of particularly timely interest, the final volume contains a chapter which records the progress of the Bruckner movement outside Austria practically to the present day. Beyond all question, the biography, Max Auer's life-work, is a great and lasting contribution to the literature of music.

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\*For full discussion, see *Chord and Discord*, Nov. 1932.

This biography is published by Gustav Bosse Verlag, Regensburg, Germany.

## THE CONDUCTOR GUSTAV MAHLER

A Psychological Study by Dr. Ernst J. M. Lert

No attempt (as far as I know) has yet been made at a scientific analysis of orchestral conducting in the light of modern psychology. There are, to be sure, textbooks on conducting, but they teach only the technicalities of the profession. There are also histories of conducting, but they are, in the main, mere records of the development of those technicalities. As for the numerous biographies of outstanding conductors—these are hardly more than fictional life-stories, records of triumphs and struggles, eulogies or arraignments of the individual art of their subjects, achieved by citations from newspaper criticisms, edited and colored by the personal bias of the biographer. In short, there exists no scientifically reliable description of the artistic nature of any conductor's work.

Almost twenty years ago, in the course of a short biography, I tried to trace the development of the personality of a typical operatic conductor.\* This juvenile attempt, however, stopped at the point where the real task should have begun: the psychological analysis of conducting in general and of Lohse's in particular.

I shall now try to make up for that omission of long ago by analyzing Gustav Mahler's art of conducting.

Some will ask, "Why Gustav Mahler? Why not Toscanini or Stokowski?" Gustav Mahler the conductor is unknown to the present generation, for he left no gramophone records of any of his interpretations, while Toscanini and Stokowski are still here to testify to the relative accuracy of any analysis of their conducting art.

True; yet while Toscanini and Stokowski are with us, Mahler, the conductor, stands aloof in the distance, a safer historical subject, because he is free from the distortions of partisanship still inevitable with the other two. Besides, Mahler's published correspondence is a fund of evidence, a veritable revelation of his approach toward music. His compositions, his method of scoring are incontrovertible facts illuminating his mentality as conductor. Finally, and perhaps most important and intriguing of all, Mahler's career as a conductor reached its peak just when the European mentality was passing through the crisis between Victorian bourgeois-individualism and twentieth century mass-mindedness.

Philosophically, Mahler was an idealist in the days when Schiller's individualistic idealism was being supplanted by Hegel's and his school's absolute idealism, that world outlook which later degenerated into a collectivistic dogmatism out of which, in turn, sprang all the pseudo-philosophic "isms". Therefore, Specht's elaboration on the following anecdote is, at best, a sorry joke indeed. At the close of a concert featuring Mahler's *Third* Symphony, Richard Strauss, who had conducted, said jestingly, "During the first movement I had a vision of interminable battalions of workers marching in the (socialistic) May-Parade at the Prater." Quite obtusely Specht adds, he is sure that Mahler, had he

\*Otto Lohse ein Deutscher Kapellmeister (Leipzig, Breitkopf und Haertel, 1918)

heard this Straussian *bon-mot*, would have exclaimed: "That's it! I didn't know it myself until this moment, but that's it!" (Strange! Because the printed score of this first movement bears the programmatic title: "Pan awakens, summer marches in.")

What a hopeless misconception on the part of Specht to imply that Mahler hi-jacked Marxist music from the Kurt Weills and Hanns Eislers before they were born. He has literally made "Capital" of the Absolute. That Mahler the idealist should have portrayed in tone masses of proletarians marching for higher wages and shorter hours is simply unthinkable. Mahler's marches (like Beethoven's) celebrate the progress of no man-made factors. In his music it is only the march itself that marches. To Mahler, whose entire boyhood was spent in the atmosphere of a military barracks, the march pulsation was a general human expression, to use his own favorite term, a "sound of nature"—*Naturlaut* (Letters 215). "It cannot be denied", he wrote, "that our music involves the 'purely human' (all that belongs to it, including 'Thinking') (sic!) . . . . If we wish to make music, we must not think of painting, poetic imagery, description. By making music one expresses only the integral (i. e. the feeling, thinking, breathing, suffering) human being (Letters 277). To him music is beyond all that is matter-of-fact. "The realm of music starts where the dark, shadowy feelings assume full sway, at the threshold of that 'other world', where things are no longer bounded by time and space" (Letters 187). So thought the mind that called Schopenhauer's explanation of music (as expressing "the essence of all things") the best definition of music (Letters 126); the mind which contended that the musician lives "inwardly" (Letters 202) with little interest for and capacity of understanding the outside-world. (Mahler unconsciously proved the truth of this when he traveled through Italy without visiting museums and cathedrals (Letters 482).

A musician standing at the borderline between two civilizations, he is compelled to admit programmatic tendencies in modern music: "There is no modern music since Beethoven which has not an inner program," says he (Letters 296), but proceeds at once to separate himself from the tone-painters and describers. "You are right in saying that my music eventually arrives at a program as the ultimate revelation of a dominating conception, while with Richard Strauss such a program is presented at the outset as a given task to be performed . . . . In evolving a major musical conception I always come to the point where I have to reach for the 'Word' as the *indispensable bearer of my musical ideas* (Letters 228).

This is a blank affirmation of Mahler's conception of music both as spiritual and rhetorical. According to him, music does not imitate, it tells; it evokes no reality, but expressing the world beyond our senses, only the idea of reality.

Corroborating my description of Mahler as a mystic\* the recent Mahler book by Bruno Walter tells us that his favorite readings were Lotze's *Mikrokosmos*, Fechner's *Zend Avesta* and *Nanna, oder das Seelenleben der Pflanzen*, Eduard von Hartmann's *Philosophy of the Unconscious*, and the philosophical poems of the mystic Angelus Silesius: philosophers all, and, if not outspoken mystics, with a decided inclination

\*Chord and Discord, December 1936.

toward mysticism. Mahler studied these authors to confirm his own painful experiences of the double personality of the limited man and the limitless artist.

It is his rhetorical conception of music which makes him feel so close to Siegfried Lipiner, a Viennese dramatist. Lipiner treated great mythical subjects (Adam, Hippolytos) as transcendental philosophies personified. His characters are not lifelike individuals. They are impersonal megaphones declaiming high sounding commonplaces, packing involved ideas into skeleton-formulas, much like Wagner's philosophic libretto-slogans. Lipiner, also a case of borderline-crisis between Victorian Romanticism and modern mass-ideology, anticipated the manner of the collectivistic expressionists, while remaining philosophically the enlightened individualist. His practice, as dramatist, of expanding the individual to a universal symbol brought him into close kinship with Mahler; his skeleton-language literally crying out for fulfillment through flesh and blood, or through music, was thoroughly Mahlerian. "My dear Siegfried", Mahler wrote to him (Letters 283), "You are really creating music. Nobody will ever understand you better than the musician, and I may add, particularly myself! Sometimes it strikes me as almost absurd how akin my own 'music' is to yours."

An important admission!

Mahler confesses his rhetorical conception of music as an expression paralleling transcendental poetry achieved by simple, sloganlike formulas. In fact, for his texts Mahler not only used, but himself produced such poetry as evidenced both by his adoption of humble folklore verse from the *Wunderhorn*, and by the creation of such lines as his own (*Vater, sieh an die Wunden mein: Kein Wesen lass verloren sein*—Letters 161). In the *Eighth* Symphony his treatment of the mighty medieval hymn: *Veni Creator Spiritus* and the transfiguration passage from *Faust* evidence the workings of this rhetorical conception on an exalted plane.

Mahler's abstract idealism in life and music has been demonstrated.

## II.

"But Mahler was attacked for his stark realism as conductor and composer", objects my honored opponent.

"The real mystic is the real realist", I answer with the New York lady of a former article of mine.\* Unfortunately the superficial textbook-and-magazine-philosophers fail to realize that the "idea of reality" includes "reality" as an object to be spiritualized and this process of spiritualizing is a mental struggle of stirring passion. Mahler's despotism, his sudden angers, his terrible nervousness, his unbearable sarcasm, his fanatical insistence on the accurate execution of all his intentions, his (apparent) absentmindedness, his insatiable greed for correcting and improving,—all these personal features of the musician,

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\**Chord and Discord*, December 1936.

which so often contradicted the soft hearted man, are but symptoms of his enforced struggle to project ephemeral reality into the timeless form of the idea. He himself relates the following significant instance:

Taking part in the funeral services for Buelow he hears the chorus sing "*Auferstehen, ja auferstehen*" (*Arise, yea, arise*). These words move him profoundly; he has found the finale for his *Second Symphony*, that finale which expresses the resurrection of all flesh on Judgment Day. This personal experience at the obsequies of an acquaintance (Buelow was nothing more to Mahler) combines with his ever-present childhood impressions of marches and military signals, and they become, through his subtle alchemy, abstracted and magnified into the "Great Roll-Call" and the tremendous Resurrection chorus of all humanity.

As modern directors of Shakespearean plays, heedless of the clock of time, produce *Julius Caesar* in modern costumes and uniforms; as Connelly, in *The Green Pastures*, merely expressed the Bible in terms and characters of New York's Harlem of today, so Mahler, the first modern artist to conceive humanity as an army marching to its destiny, Resurrection, midst the fanfare of military trumpets, read into Beethoven's *Ninth* the mass-minded orchestral message of spiritual propaganda for the super-national unification of humanity. Reality and ideology: in every fiber of his being the typical Austrian, he was a traditional individualist, yet he claimed New York, the world-core of modern standardized collectivism as his "spiritual homestead" (Letters 393).

Another proof of his spiritual world outlook is the almost complete absence of romance in his life. We know that many conductors virtually live on the sex-appeal they exercise on their audience and on the female singers. In Mahler's case we know of but one romance during his entire career as conductor prior to his marriage. That lone love incident occurred in his early twenties and so disrupted his inner life that he fought down and overcame the sensual impulses it evoked as though they had been his worst enemies. He married rather late to remain a one-woman-man to the end of his life. Thus the boy who wanted to become a martyr lived up to his idealism until he died. As was his life so is his music—never sensual, and even so was his conducting.

Beside that of other famous conductors, whose spiritual life oscillates between their scores and friendly bridge, *skat* or *tarock*-tables, Mahler's mental education seems to have excelled by far the usual learning of professional musicians. Nevertheless he reveals himself exclusively the musician to the uttermost boundaries of his rather considerable learning. His letters show an almost complete absence of humor, much as the letters of Wagner (but unlike those of Buelow or Reger). He expresses his thoughts by means of keen formulas tinged with sentiment and, often, with violent sarcasm. Whatever the subject of his commentary, he always returns to the two integral problems of his personality: the double life of the musician and the problem of expressing a given reality by music (*program in absolute music*). Yet he fails consistently to find any solution, or, at least, any new or convincing solution.

Furthermore, his life and his letters betray the notoriously poor taste characteristic of musicians in all matters outside of music. He

himself admits that the musician has no appreciation of the visible world. Strangely enough even in the world of the audible Mahler is not highly discriminating. It is very significant that he speaks of Halevy's *La Juive* as "a wonderful, sublime work; I number it among the loftiest ever created."

### III:

Although idealism is a permanent feature with Mahler, the expression of this *Weltanschauung* (world outlook) is anything but permanent. Like most idealistic artists he shows no striking, deviating development. *Das klagende Lied* and *Das Lied von der Erde* are, from conception to orchestration, unmistakable expressions of the same mentality through the same style. Mahler's development is one of expansion, of increasing depth, refinement, and differentiation, without any accompanying material change or growth in his artistic personality. Beethoven started in the Haydn style, and Wagner in the Meyerbeer manner, but Mahler the composer started as Mahler.

So too was it with Mahler the conductor. His conception of the works he interpreted was the same, from Olmuetz (1882) to New York (1907). It was not the matter, but only the manner of expressing them that changed as he matured.

Mahler connoisseurs will shake their heads and point to Mahler's violent, often grotesque movements of baton, hand, head, feet, body, and eyes during his early years, in contrast to his statuesque, almost affected-looking immobility towards the end of his career. It is true that Mahler (when I, as a little boy, saw him conduct at Vienna) made upon me the weird impression of a frenzied gnome. He frightened and fascinated me at the same time. Yet many years after, when he conducted the premiere of his *Sixth Symphony* (perhaps the most typically Mahlerian of all his works) his statuesque immobility before the huge orchestra, even when it exploded into an indescribable turmoil of temperament and despair, created just the same uncanny impression, nay, an even more frightening one, because a single impulsive movement of his hand or head would have relieved the almost unbearable tension. That immobility of his was anything but calmness. Frau Mahler relates how at Essen, at the general-rehearsal of the same symphony, Mahler "ran up and down in his dressing-room, irrepressible sobs literally bursting from his lips" (Letters 13).

That external change (his abandonment of the baton-waving manner) has no counterpart in any inner development. Mahler was at first little understood by the orchestra because he did not "beat" the trodden path of tradition. Any given aggregation of performers, prior to a proper grasp of his style, had to be trained to the intensity of polyphonic thought and expression which was Mahler's orchestral ideal. Mahler too had to find the proper technique for his new polyphonic method of handling an orchestra. Gradually the orchestras grew accustomed to this new style. Eventually he found that he could eliminate most motion as superfluous and concentrate on that subtle *fluidum* which establishes a deeper communion between leader and his men than any amount of waving and signaling.

"But Mahler did change continually!" I hear many object. "Why, he even changed his own works!" Well let us see what Mahler has to

say for himself on that score. He writes to Bruno Walter from New York, 1909 (Letters 417): "Just as I want my scores edited anew every fifth year, so I require fresh preparation each time for conducting the scores of other composers. My only solace is that I REALLY NEVER HAD TO ABANDON MY WAY FOR A NEW ONE, BUT WAS ALWAYS IMPELLED TO CONTINUE ON ALONG THE OLD PATH."

The "changes" he made never affected the meaning of a work, they served only to intensify, to clarify that meaning for the immediate environment by means of the particular group of players on a given occasion and in accordance with that relentlessly evolving spirit of change which we call the "march of time".

#### IV.

"The essence of every reproduction is exactness", Mahler used to say in his crisp, slogan-like manner, apparently contradicting another favorite expression of his: "The best music is not written in the notes." Yet a reconciliation between these two apparently clashing ideas is not out of the question. A subtle, invisible band joins them inseparably. That uniting psychological force is the conception of the artwork by its conductor-interpreter.

Since our understanding of the words or works of others depends entirely on the sum of our inborn individuality and our private fund of acquired experience, we cannot grasp their "exact" meaning. We can only understand them as our own mind receives them. This personally-tinted understanding of a thing is, in fact, our "conception" of it. Not only does our personal color qualify the "view-point" with which we regard a work, but so do impulsive changes we unconsciously inflict upon the original by our own individuality.

To the interpreting artist the Re-Production of a work is "correct", if all the written notes and marks of the author are reproduced literally. This process is, after all, merely technical; and it can be, is being, and always has been done by every technically reliable artisan, for

"He has the parts well in hand,"

But

"Alas, without the spiritual band."

This "spiritual band" is the sole key to the inner meaning of the original, that "best music not written in the notes" which even the utmost of sheer technical prowess cannot conjure forth in sound. This imponderable quintessence of an artwork achieves revelation through that power of mental assimilation possessed only by one able to switch off his own ego completely in order to merge it with the ego dominating the work itself. Furthermore, an intense power on this part of this new, assimilated self is required for the expression of this quintessence through the actual orchestral re-production. The most amazing example of such genius and power in the world today is Arturo Toscanini. Yet Toscanini is a realist by nature, mentality, and education. His intuition functions exactly like that of a great scientist; his power of re-producing an artwork is the very instinctiveness of nature itself. In short, he possesses the supreme faculty of *Einfühlung*, i. e., of so merging his own ego with the object of his attention that his own life becomes one with the life of that object. However, the madman who identifies him-

self with Napoleon, and Toscanini, who assimilates his spirit to Verdi's *Requiem* so that Verdi's own spirit seems to interpret his work, are certainly two opposite poles, although they revolve on the same axis.

Though the power of such identification of work and interpreter was not natural to Gustav Mahler, he often came quite close to it. He once wrote to Bruno Walter: "In a word: one who does not have **genius**, should keep away from the work; but whoever has it needn't be afraid of anything . . . . Any prattling back and forth about the matter strikes me as if one, who has made a baby, racks his brain afterwards over the question whether it is really a baby and whether it was produced with the right intentions, etc. The thing is simple. He just loved and—could. Period. And if one doesn't love and can't, why, no baby comes of it. Period again. As one is and can—so the child will be. Once again: Period!" (Letters 277).

## V.

The idealist is, by nature, a split-personality. Therefore, that happy fusion of work and interpretation, which is the prerogative of the objective, naive, realistic artist Toscanini, was denied to Mahler the idealist.\*

Mahler himself throws considerable light upon this matter in the following synthesis of cited extracts.

"What is it that thinks within us? And what is it that acts within us?" (Letters 415.)

"Why do I believe that I am free while I am imprisoned by the walls of my character as in a cell?" (Walter, p. 90.)

"I experience strange things with all of my works while conducting them. Wondering curiosity, as poignant as a burning sensation, takes hold of me. What is that world which mirrors such sounds and shapes? **BUT ONLY WHILE I AM CONDUCTING!** For afterwards, it is all extinguished suddenly; (otherwise, one could hardly resume living). This strange reality of visions, which suddenly melts away like the chimera of a dream, is the deepest cause of the split-life of an artist. Condemned to a twofold existence, woe to him if life and dream become confused. for then he must answer terribly for the laws of the one world in the other." (Letters 419)

This discord between man and artist, this eternal struggle between reality and the idea of reality is the bitter legacy of transgressing idealism.

Here is the key to Mahler's individual conception of music. Here is his contradictory position between a world which has been and a world to come. Here is the intuition which made his interpretation, even of the old classics, point to the future.

And not to a happy future. He foresaw the breakdown of our civilization—through the all-too-comprehensive realization of absolute idealism; hence his fundamental sarcasm, perhaps the most striking feature of the man and the musician. "Why did you live? Why did you suffer? Is all this nothing but a gross, terrible **JEST?** We must solve these problems in some way, if we are to continue living—even if we shall only continue dying." (Letters 189.)

\*Notwithstanding the great progress of modern psychology, the best psychological explanation of the difference between the realistic and idealistic artist is still Schiller's study, "On Naive and Sentimental Poetry."

Not only did this outlook on a world, present and future, express itself in his own music, but he also imposed it on whatever music he conducted. Its constant theme was the conflict between two worlds, a tragic struggle, in which triumph meant the attainment of the "other world, where things are no longer bounded by time and space," in short, the world where the *unio mystica* is a fact.

This is the goal toward which all his symphonies strive. No less appropriately, he might also be called the *finale-conductor* because everything he conducted was subjected to a dominating *Finale-concept*. Everything else in the world itself was subordinated to that idea. Take his production of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*. Some great French *bon-motier* said of the play by Beaumarchais: "*Voilà, c'est la révolution qui marche.*" Mahler revealed in Mozart's *opera buffa* the bitter social arraignments of Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe*. From the sarcastic, devilish hurry of the overture he continuously built up to the slow movement of the finale, where pure humanity opened yearning eyes for a moment only to be eclipsed again by the commonplace of the noisy *stretta-finale*, implying that the old order will go on and on. The central idea of rebellion was ever present. All the *sforzati*, sudden *ff* and *pp*, all the apparently sweet melodies with their bitter underlying meaning, were aimed at that climax. Specht (p. 95), describing Mahler's reading of this work, only mentions how the little wedding-march seemed irritated by "accents of stinging painfulness", played against the "dark background of a silent crowd of people behind the iron garden-fence, while two big bowls of sinister red fire lit up the wedding-ceremony". Actually, Mahler even reinterpolated the original trial in court and composed biting *secco-recitatives* for it, to point out the modern revolutionary trend of Mozart's work.

To him the *demiourgos* was in everything. Since he was convinced that the central idea created the artwork according to an architectural plan (*blueprint*), everything had to be subordinated to that idea. To Mahler there could be no independent episodes in an art-work. His was this Fascist ideology half a century before Fascism; everything functions only as a cog in the machine of the artwork's microcosm.

His absolute unity of idea and execution, his despotic insistence on architectonic structure, his *finale-conducting* were but the natural consequences of the split-personality of the idealist striving and struggling for final amalgamation.

The clash of reality and idea is the very core of dramatics. Mahler the musician dramatized everything he conducted. Yet the factors of his dramatizations were never personified. He never portrayed the struggle of petty humans, but only of ideas. Impersonal abstracts alone clashed in the world of his creation.

## VI.

What were the technical means employed by Mahler during a performance to transmit to an orchestra his complicated conception of a musical composition?

Analyzing a conductor's art from a technical viewpoint means testing it for the following:

His sense of rhythm, his sense of tempo, his dynamics, his agogics, his reading of harmony and counterpoint, his treatment of orchestration.

Rhythm is music in its most primitive state. When the impish, impious Buelow, punning on the Bible and Goethe, exclaimed: "In the beginning there was Rhythm", he unwittingly uttered a scientific truth, amply corroborated in our own day: viz., that the first musical expression of animal and man is purely rhythmic. The drum is the earliest musical instrument; the dance is the very backbone of music. Rhythm retains its natural, pristine correctness so long as it is the pulse of music performed by a coordinated group of musicians. The moment an appointed leader superimposes his individual rhythmic conception upon the group's collective (almost instinctive) sense of rhythm, there arise discrepancies in the styles of performance. Rhythm now becomes a problem. As early as the sixteenth century critics protested against the "arbitrary rhythmical movements" of the conductors. The sense of rhythm is inborn. It may be subtilized, but it cannot be acquired.

Toscanini brought a copy of his recording of Mozart's symphony in D major (Koechel 385) to Italy and played it for his colleagues. The first movement of the symphony finishes in the middle of a record, leaving no indication as to the exact moment the second section will begin. Involuntarily the Maestro, who had been beating the time during this record, with the close of the first movement, gave the up-beat for the second section on the very dot it actually began. This showed that for Toscanini the pause between the two movements had an exact rhythmical value. At a concert this pause cannot be observed faithfully because of the disturbing conditions in the reactions of the audience. In the enforced calm of the recording laboratory, however, it can be so observed. Originally measured before a living orchestra, this pause was reproduced in exact facsimile by the same conductor, although he now beat the time to a mere mechanical instrument—the gramophone.

Toscanini is, of course, an extreme example of rhythmical sensitiveness matched by few human beings. Yet his case shows that there exist natural laws of rhythm, still awaiting adequate scientific clarification, although they function unerringly in the subconscious of exceptional musicians and music-lovers.

I can recall striking instances of Mahler's rhythmical logic.

Pauses emphasized by *Fermatas*, technical marks of prolongation, separate the three fanfaresque chords which begin the overture to *The Magic Flute*. When Mahler finished the first chord, the ensuing pause was so long that I looked up from my score to find out why the conductor did not continue. Just then he attacked the second chord. Now came a pause that seemed still longer. When the third chord finally sounded the audience had grasped the idea Mahler wished to convey: the solemnity of the "trumpet"-call. He was the herald whose pronouncement awaited the reaction of his listeners. "Compose your thoughts for this message!" Thus Mahler established the central-idea of the Realm of Sarastro.

When, after the fugue, the same three chords returned, Mahler made the pauses even longer than before. That was quite logical and natural; for the mind, having been swept along with the tide of the *Allegro*, was now in a turmoil and needed still more time to recompose itself. Out of this breathlessness the central-idea must emerge again, more impressive and clear than at first. Its solemnity must be revealed on a still higher level.

A similar rhythmical presentation of an idea by Mahler during his early years (Leipzig) has been transmitted by Max Steinitzer (Stefan, page 43). "It was something to remember, the way he took the first four measures of the great Leonore-Overture (No. 3). In the most simple manner each one of the descending octaves became a moment of increasing import for us, until finally the low F-sharp lay revealed in its majestic, calm immobility."

These few instances (I could have cited many more) suffice to show how Mahler made rhythm a primary spiritual element of his interpretations. Rhythm to him was not the natural pulse-beat of a composition but rather the rhetorical accentuation of the evolving content of the work. His was a logical, perhaps a psychological, but certainly not an instinctive treatment of rhythm. Therefore the rhythmic element was a highly subtle matter for him. It would oscillate between rigid strictness and reckless daring. It was dominated by thematic considerations alone. Even beneath an apparent rigidity there was a world of almost imperceptible degrees of pulsation that was in open disagreement with the normal rhythmic beat of the music, sacrificing that to intensify the music's underlying spiritual content. He treated rhythm in the works of Wagner and Beethoven just as he did in his own symphonies: with freedom and flexibility, introducing startling accents and irregular melodic scansions.

In a word, Mahler's reading of rhythm was primarily rhetorical, not uniformly measured. He unhesitatingly disobeyed the letter of a score in this respect so that he might be more faithful to its spirit.

## VII.

*Tempi!* The first disputed and still the most debatable of all the characteristics of conducting. "He takes all the tempi. wrong!" is the commonest criticism one conductor whispers to you about another, implying that the so-called *right tempo* is the *sine qua non* of all correct interpretation.

When is the tempo *right*?

The great Monteverdi, in the preface to his eighth book of Madrigals (1683) distinguishes between two different species of tempo; the tempo "della mano" (of the hand) and the tempo "dell 'affetto dell' animo" (affected by the mind). By this delphic distinction Monteverdi means the tempo beaten by the hand of the conductor as opposed to that produced by the effect of the music upon the performers. To him the latter is the only right tempo, for he adds, somewhat maliciously, that it "operates without anyone beating time", meaning that the right tempo does not need a conductor.

Yet there can be no scientifically demonstrated *right tempo* just as there is no set, objectively correct interpretation. There is only a subjectively right tempo, i. e., the tempo which is *right* for one particular conductor.

We have a very precise, scientifically accurate device for fixing the right tempo: Maelzel's metronome. It is over a hundred years old. It stands on every piano; composers have used and still use it freely and frequently to indicate the exact tempo they want. However, musicians and especially conductors don't pay much attention to it. Even those who haven't read Beethoven's letters will cite Beethoven's dictum on

the metronome the moment you mention it to them: "It (the metronome) is a stupidity; you must FEEL the *tempi*!"

That's just what Monteverdi said in 1638 A. D.—and what Sibelius said (to Rodzinski) in 1937 A. D.

Yet subjective feeling is an unreliable means of achieving correctness of tempo, unless . . .

The late Max Smith devoted the last years of his life to a study of Toscanini's conducting-art. Smith assisted at all the Maestro's rehearsals and performances and, stopwatch in hand, measured carefully the minutes, seconds, and split-seconds Toscanini required for performing certain compositions. He timed at least twenty different performances of the *Eroica* and of Debussy's *La Mer* and found that Toscanini's readings of the same compositions on various occasions never differed in the slightest in this respect.

The late Otto Lohse used to look at his watch before giving the first upbeat and after the last note of an opera-act. His various timings of the same act of an opera, including the first act of *Götterdämmerung* and the last act of *Meistersinger*, never varied more than a few seconds.

Yet the majority of conductors, when sounded upon this very stability of tempo, will scornfully sweep the question aside, insisting that they are not metronomes, but free artists, conducting only according to the dictates of their heart and mood.

Nevertheless it is just stability that sets off the creative artist (even as interpreter) from the arbitrary gipsy. Toscanini illustrated this axiom once for all when he said, "I can't understand arbitrary changes in anything which is evident. If I study and restudy a work until I have attained a clear vision of it, then that vision becomes final. It cannot be altered thereafter." He meant that that conception could never entertain any essential, organic changes, such as revisions in tempo. What IS the real essence of any artwork? It is its integrity crystallized in the unalterable impression: Thus it is; so it must be; it cannot be otherwise. One may not alter the smile of Mona Lisa, nor the inscription on the door to Dante's *Inferno*, nor the prelude to *Tristan und Isolde*, nor for that matter, Toscanini's reading of Beethoven's *Pastorale*. A work of art (and conducting also has to be such a work) is irrevocably fixed, if it is really a work of art.

Though innumerable books, booklets, and articles have been written on Mahler, there never was, unfortunately, a Max Smith with his stopwatch to report whether Mahler subscribed to that rather amateurish notion of the artist being swept along by his momentary whims, or whether his tempi were as unchanging as his general conception of a composition, for the steady integrity of his tempi is the test of the artistic integrity of a conductor.

We have only a few rather contradictory, documents pertaining to this subject. There is, for instance, a mythical letter (unpublished and anonymous\*) supposedly written by a member of the Vienna Philharmonic

\*It seems to be the common fate of great revolutionary musicians to find biographers who overflow with praise and orthodox zeal, but who lack reliability, scientific seriousness, and sincerity of research. Neither of Richard Wagner nor of Mahler have we biographical works which can be compared with Wyczewa and Saint Foix on Mozart or with Kurth on Bruckner. The Stefans, Spechts, etc., are fanatical fighters against anybody who dares the slightest criticism of their idols, but they themselves do nothing of real importance to explain these idols.

Orchestra after Mahler's first performance of *Lohengrin* at the Vienna *Hofoper*. The writer asserts that he had played *Lohengrin* under Wagner's own direction and claims that, since that time, Mahler's was the first conductor with the *Right tempi*. He stresses especially Mahler's conception of the prelude, which he took just as slowly as Wagner himself, and the prelude to the third act, which he led in genuinely *Furioso* manner. In short, his conducting was Wagnerian, because Mahler "knew how to modify the tempi" to conform with Wagner's intentions.

If that letter is authentic it is a revelation. If it is apocryphal, i. e., trumped up to defend the conductor against the criticisms of the profession, it is still more eloquent, for then it proves that Mahler was inclined to slow up the slow tempi and speed up the swifter ones. A very primitive and crude statement, perhaps, but it hits the nail on the head. It implies that in order to bring out the central ideas as clearly as possible, Mahler accentuated every detail of contrast as sharply as possible, and especially contrasts of tempo. The Romantic tradition in music was all for the transitional evasion of violences; it doted on so-called medium-tempi and standardized, unobtrusive contrasts. Into that atmosphere of old-time Viennese mellowness Mahler crashed like a bomb-shell. Even at Hamburg, some years before, when he took over some concerts for von Buelow (who was quite a violent dramatizer himself) the orchestra rebelled against Mahler's tempi (Letters 136) just as they rebelled anywhere against his scorn of the classical tradition (Letters 102), against his habit of acceleration (Letters 477).

Furthermore, our letter implies that Mahler used to "modify" the tempo. That again (along with our disclosures concerning Mahler's rhythmic) means that he subordinated the tempo to the central idea of the composition. Thus, according to Steinitzer (Stefan p. 43), he began the *terzetto* of the dying Commendatore (in *Don Giovanni*) in a rather fast tempo, but immediately started to slow down very gradually and steadily, until the few bars of the postlude resulted in an "Adagio of the most moving effect." I remember this gradually expiring music well, because it was the first time that an operatic death-scene did not make a ridiculous impression on me, for I really had the feeling of the inexorable (steadily retarding!) approach of Death. Steinitzer does not mention that this effect was achieved in the first place by the reluctantly drumming monotony with which Leporello stammered his fast-beating counter-melody.

We see by this little instance how the general idea, in this case the concept of the dying father, modified the interpretation. Mahler's modifications consist not only in the striking *pp* Steinitzer notes relative to beginning of the *Allegro* of the third *Leonore*, but also in the slow beginning of that movement and its subsequent acceleration. Here we have the *finale-conductor* again, introducing the spiritual significance of architecture into his interpretation.

## VIII.

His highly individual employment of dynamics was one of the features by which one could single out Mahler's conducting.

An examination of the dynamics in Mahler's orchestral works reveals most interesting data concerning the orchestral language in vogue during the period of transition from Romanticism (Wagner, Strauss) to modern realism and expressionism (Alban Berg, Stra-

winsky). Such a study, moreover, throws particular light on Mahler's style as a conductor.

Mahler was so sensitive dynamically, that he himself rehearsed *Le Nozze di Figaro* (one of his most carefully prepared standard performances at the Vienna *Hofoper*) with orchestra and complete stage personnel throughout six successive general-rehearsals, when he brought that production to Salzburg. And why? Only because he wished to accommodate the opera perfectly to the acoustics of the Salzburg theatre.

The conductor's (Mahler's) treatment of dynamics was also subordinated to the demands of rhetoric.

In Mahler's time the outstanding style of dramatic interpretation on the legitimate stage was that for which Max Reinhardt (inspired by Stanislawski's *Russian Art Theatre*) was held responsible. It consisted in a rather fervid naturalism expressed through exaggerated declamation, exploiting all the possibilities of dynamics, from the hushed whisper to the stentorian shout in opposition to the pleasant transitions favored by tradition. The audience was to be taken by surprise. It was not characters, part of real, unobtrusive Nature, who acted the drama, but mere ideas personified, overstated by actors who were forced to be "symbols". As Mahler puts it (Letters 281) "all that is material must be dissolved into form; a higher realm of phenomena where types are individualities."

It is in keeping with such principles that Mahler reproaches the singer cast as Ortrud (*Lohengrin*) for having been too "loud" during her first scene with Elsa. "That was not the right tone for the hypocritical Ortrud with her mysterious behavior, her assumed meekness" (Letters 155). It made no difference to Mahler that Elsa would see through Ortrud's too obvious dissimulation. What mattered to him was that Ortrud be established as a regular villainess regardless of logic and psychology. (Logic and psychology were, and still are, despised by the idealists of expressionism.) I remember that scene very well: it was my first *Lohengrin*. In order to stress his idea of an innocent, sweet Elsa as contrasted with a saccharine, yet dangerous Ortrud, Mahler exaggerated all the musical marks Wagner wrote into this scene, the little *crescendi* and *dim.*, the sudden *sfz* and *pp*. Thus he created a magnificent suspense; he led up to the outburst "*Entweihete Götter*" in a way, that caused the audience to applaud that invocation if only to relieve its own tension; then he literally drenched the following scene, Ortrud's poisoning of Elsa's confidence, with the colors of a thrilling mystery-play. I could not help the feeling of overemphasis, unnatural declamation, cheap obviousness. *Lohengrin*, which (musically and dramatically) borders perilously on bad taste, attained with Mahler a strange flavor of artistic perfection through ham-acting singers and a ham-declaming orchestra. He engineered the dreamy prelude, from the *pppp*, (not the original *pp*) up to the *ff* of the brasses in such a way, that these brasses, instead of portraying the climax of an organic growth (usually one of Mahler's strong points) exploded like a sudden onslaught of blunt reality. Speidel, Vienna's most renowned dramatic critic, described this effect as "magical" (*zauberhaft*), while I remember only a harsh awakening from a dream. Yet the Wagnerian idea, the "program," was carried out; the Holy Grail descended to "earth," to be sure, but in this

case it reached "earth" with a crash. What was Mahler's reason? At the very end of the opera one knew it. There the *motif* returned again, austereley elevated, *fff* instead of the original *f*. The outburst in the prelude had been but a foreboding of this final touch. The linking central idea stood out above all. The effect was striking, a real delight to every intelligent theatregoer.

However, in the theatre and in the concert-hall I don't want to be "intelligent".

Mahler doted on dynamic contrasts. That anecdote concerning the premiere of his *First Symphony* is significant of Mahler's sudden dynamic assaults.\* He loved the "drastic treatment of the orchestra", (Stefan, p. 65), claiming that Beethoven favored it. When he edited Beethoven's *Ninth*, he intensified the markings, freely reinforcing or muting sound effects. In fact, such was his general practice.

One of his instructions given to the conductor of his *Second Symphony*, portrays, perhaps better than anything else, the theatrical nature of Mahler's dynamics.

He writes (Letters 316): "The audience is raised to the highest tension by the fanfares of the trumpets; now the mystical sound of the human voices (which may enter *ppp*, as if out of the remote distance) must come as a surprise. I suggest that the chorus (which has been seated until this point) remain seated, and rise only with the E-flat major '*Mit Flügeln, die ich mir errungen.*' I have found this to be an infallibly astonishing effect."

## IX.

By the term *agogics* we mean not only "the process and the result of modifying strict tempo to bring out the full expression of a phrase" (*tempo rubato*) (Pratt). We include within the limits of that term also any details of execution pertaining to the expressiveness of an interpretation.

In this connection the conductor-composer speaks best for himself in a letter full of good advice to a beginner in composition (Letters 191): "You are still too intent on 'sound and color'! That is a defect of all talented beginners doing creative work today. I know of a similar stage in my own development . . . Mood-music (*Stimmungsmusik*) is a dangerous foundation (*Boden*). Take my advice, for these things are no different than they were. Aim at THEMES clear and plastic, which may be readily recognized in any transformation or development whatever; next, at abundant variety, heightened by the clear contrasting of opposing themes, but above all, rendered interesting by the unfailingly logical development of the *central idea*. With you all this still seems confused. Furthermore: you must get rid of the pianist in you! Yours is not a setting for orchestra, but one conceived for the piano, and then somehow translated into the orchestral language. I too suffered from the same trouble. Today we all originate from the piano, while the old masters came from the violin and from singing."

You see? "Sound and color" are not Mahler's primary concern. He finds the expression of "moods" dangerous. Plasticity (which means distinctness) and the "logical development of the central idea" are his

\*At the *attacca* introducing the last movement, a dignified lady, shocked by the violence of the "attack," dropped her handbag, spilling its contents on the floor. (Letters 477)

leading principles. Therefore you will find no sweet sentimentality in Mahler's interpretation. The "soulful" *vibrato*, the sensual devices are alien to his ascetic intellectuality. He prefers to oppose phrases of "genuine contrast" against each other. He does not want the orchestral score approached from the pianist's viewpoint, for he regards pianistic phrasing (especially that instrument's wealth of *rubati* and *gruppetti*) as anti-logical, knowing it to spring from the chordal nature of the piano, a basic trait at variance with the melodic, singing quality of the orchestra.

Mahler would say to his orchestra: "I breathe every breath with you" (Letters 156). In other words he formulated even the small details of agogical expression in the rhetorical way, ever intent on the content of the single phrase, the meaning, to which the sound and color were to be subordinated.

## X.

He was a "linear musician," one who reads the orchestral score horizontally, perceiving melodies, as opposed to one who reads "vertically," concentrating on the harmonies.

"There is no harmony; there is only counterpoint" is an utterance legend ascribes to him (Stefan, p. 94). He proved this principle when he was a youngster, when he arranged Bruckner's *Third Symphony* for piano for four hands. He followed the orchestral score faithfully, striving "particularly hard to render the single voices in the characteristic range of the instruments, even though such practice sacrificed facile and convenient rendering on the piano" (Stefan, p. 29).

Mahler experienced music thematically, not harmonically. To him "accompaniment" did not exist. Every part of the orchestra expressed itself independently. It was Mahler who first showed that even second violins of Verdi were not monotonous *fillers-in*, giving them thought, life, and importance of their own. If Mozart is called the savior of the woodwinds (especially of the clarinet), Mahler justly may be called the savior of the *middle voices* (the *filling-in parts*) of the orchestra. His jest on his own style of composing also applies to his style of conducting when he quotes an imaginary critic and writes: "My musicians play without paying the slightest attention to each other and my chaotic and bestial nature reveals itself in all its vile nakedness" (Letters 220).

Listening to Mahler's music today we regard it as comparatively tame and harmonious. Yet in his own interpretation it sounded anything but simple. Similarly he made Beethoven and Wagner anything but the mellow classics they had seemed before him. We must remember that Schoenberg and his school were born out of the performances of *Tristan und Isolde* conducted by Mahler, for his *Tristan* often sounded like that modern *atonality* it actually created. Mahler's daring in leading of discordant parts against each other, regardless of traditional harmonic and esthetic tenets, created the revolution we call "modern music". The central idea, Day vs. Night, manifested itself by clash and discord, even during moments of the most peaceful transfiguration. Only the design counted, never the color. Today Mahler's polyphonic conducting does not appear revolutionary at all since almost every conductor born east of Munich calls himself a "pupil" of Mahler, though he never gave

a single lesson in conducting during his entire career. Result: the orchestras execute faithfully the most extravagant stupidities of their conductors.

The *Vienna Philharmonic* of 1900 was a band calculated to inspire fear in a conductor. "Suppose I did come to Vienna," wrote Mahler (Letter 102) "What tortures would I not have to undergo there with my manner of handling things musical? If I were only to attempt teaching my conception of a Beethoven Symphony to the famous Richter-trained *Philharmonicum* I would at once find myself in the midst of the most disgusting squabbles. That was my experience even here (at Hamburg), though, thanks to the support of Brahms and Buelow, I occupy here a position of unquestioned authority."

## XI.

Mahler was the father of that huge orchestra of our period of mass-minded superlatives that has to be furnished every conductor who has even a modicum of self-esteem. They can't perform with less than the now accepted 20-20-16-10-10 proportion of strings. Mahler transplanted his own magnified orchestral conception to the classics, particularly to Beethoven. He explained his principal notions of orchestral treatment when he justified his retouching of Beethoven's *Ninth*. In an announcement to the public he said:

"The unsatisfactory condition of the brass instruments at that time (Beethoven) rendered impracticable certain sequences of sound necessary to the undisturbed maintenance of the melodic line. It was that defect which gradually brought about the perfection of those instruments. Failure to utilize these improvements in order to achieve as fine a performance of Beethoven's works as possible would be a crime.

"The ancient device of multiplying (*Verfielfachung*) the string instruments eventually resulted in a corresponding increase of the wind instruments in order to attain a balancing reinforcement of certain parts without the slightest emendation of the orchestral voices. It can be demonstrated by means of the orchestral score . . . that the conductor was concerned only with following Beethoven's intentions to the smallest detail. Though he refused to be hampered by 'Tradition' in this regard, he wished neither to sacrifice the slightest intention of the master nor to permit such an intention to be lost in an overwhelming concordance of sounds" (Stefan, p. 66).

By "concordance of sounds" Mahler meant the result of the traditional practice of conducting Beethoven from the melodic-harmonic viewpoint, for he knew Beethoven as one who created not in harmony, but in counterpoint. Therefore (in his edition of Beethoven's *Ninth*) to balance the preponderance of the strings, he doubled the woodwinds, he added a third and fourth pair of French horns, and in the last movement a third and fourth trumpet. In 1900 such an innovation was attacked as a sacrilege; today it is a common practice.

Mahler dethroned the first violins from their ancient absolute sovereignty over the orchestra. The hitherto apathetic state of the second violins and violas was elevated to one of equality with the first violins and cellos respectively. The ascetic Mahler did away with the constant,

sweetish *vibratos*, with the sensuality and pompous glamour of the string section. The *Vienna Philharmonic*, glorying in the popularity of their emotional soarings, the sensuous, almost gypsy-like sobbing of their strings, resented being banished from the golden Viennese heart to the limbo of the Mahlerian transcendent brain, but the rich *Schmalz* they lost was amply compensated by a proportionate gain in deliberate, impressive delivery. Never before and never since Mahler did they play the prelude to *Lohengrin*, the *Adagio* of Beethoven's *Ninth*, the transfiguration music of Bruckner's *Fifth* with such unearthly, breathtaking spirituality. Mahler wanted singing passages in the strings played with the whole length of the bow, to contrast them with the short figures gasped at the frog or tittered at the point. He reveled in the higher positions of the violin G and D strings without indulging in the sentimentality natural to such fingerings. His *secco* of short, hard chords played by the whole section had the reckless, despotic dryness of a volley of gunfire; his tremolo was insidious rather than weird, for it sounded completely dematerialized. In general (if I may be permitted the comparison) Mahler's treatment of the string section had something of the intellectual style, the severe chastity of the Busch-Quartet's playing today; not much sex-appeal, but lots of logic.

It was through Mahler that the woodwind-section attained the importance it enjoys in all good orchestras today. He tempered the different colors of the various instruments to organ-like equality. When (especially in his beloved Beethoven) the different woodwinds alternated *concertante*, you never felt a break in color unless it was intentionally so marked, to achieve contrast. He even trained the single instruments to make imperceptible transitions from one position to the other. On the other hand, he exaggerated the tonal differences between those positions, if the dramatic expression so required. He made the naturally dark low register of the flute or clarinet sound almost black and urged the high register to shrillness. (Note the "vulgar" use of the C and the higher E-flat clarinets in his own symphonies.)

Often in unisons of strings and winds (flutes with violins or cellos and double-basses with bassoons) he forced the weaker winds to dominate the strings, even by doubling the winds, if necessary.

Mahler's pet hobbies in the orchestra, however, were the brass and percussion. (He grew up near the military barracks in Moravia.) The French horns, the group which tradition made transitional from the woodwinds to the brasses, were (strange enough for a basically Romantic musician) the most indifferent group to Mahler.\* I can't remember any particular feature of his treatment of them.

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\*EDITOR'S NOTE.—"The horn (in the treatment of which authorities agree Mahler was one of the greatest masters of all time) had never had so important a role. To the noble level of expressiveness it had attained in Bruckner's hands Mahler added a new power, enabling it by means of dying echoes to carry smoothly an idea already exploited into a changed musical atmosphere. Sometimes a solo horn would issue with overwhelming effect from a whole chorus of horns among which it had been concealed, or singing in its deepest tones it would lend a passage the air of tragic gloom. In Mahler's resourceful use of the horn every register seemed possessed of a different psychological significance." Gabriel Engel, *Gustav Mahler—Song Symphonist*.

The trumpets and trombones, especially the trumpets, were his chief concern. These are the instruments most often mentioned in his letters. What he denied to his strings, he gave to his trumpets: sensuality, sweetness, even sexuality. This is one of the ironical "twists" in his musical nature. His exultant, solo-like projection of the climactic trumpet-passage in the second *Finale* of *Aida* still rings in my memory. It yelled like a joyous animal while the violins sounded restrained. The disciple of the wonderful Austrian military bands became a master in blending the brasses. They also were never mere accompaniment, "padding" of the highlights of a composition. Theirs were dramatic functions throughout. Somehow I always had the impression, when Mahler made the brasses enter, that they seemed to have already been playing, though they were certainly silent until that moment; or, with typically Mahlerian contrast, they came in as a sudden surprise. To them too he gave what he denied to the strings; sensuality, even a certain *vibrato* to the trombones and particularly to the Bayreuth Tubas, whenever they sobbed out their theme. Again, for contrast's sake, he had a certain way of getting a *secco* from his trombones that made you shiver: that hard, short *sfz*, almost like barking. He featured short but violent *crescendi* exaggerating them as in rearing *glissandi* (e. g., in the prelude to *The Flying Dutchman*). He blended woodwinds and brasses to a unity of sound never realized before. It is no idle praise of his conducting to assert that even specialists could not differentiate between woodwinds and brasses in the "offstage" passages of the cemetery-scene in *Don Giovanni*.

His percussion-battery shows equally the influence of his military boyhood surroundings. All his symphonies employ a large battery, culminating in the *Sixth*, where he used an especially constructed gigantic drum (an entire bull-hide stretched over a huge square sounding-board, beaten by a gigantic wooden hammer). This instrument really sounded like "fate pounding at the door", a programmatic nuance which Beethoven had been content to express with a modest kettle-drum. Mahler's percussion declaimed heavily. Glitter and despair, roughness and delicacy, literally ran amok in his percussion. He showed marked differences in his handling of timpani and bassdrums, *piatti* and *tamtam*. Their rhythm was always dominating; the entrance of the battery had somewhat the effect of outstanding solo-work.

## XII.

The conductor Mahler, consistent idealist by temperament and mentality, built up his reproductions (interpretations) on a rhetorical development of the central idea of a work to its final climax and exit (*the finale conductor*). All tectonic features (rhythm, tempo, dynamics, agogics, polyphony, orchestration) were subordinated to the archi-tectonic structure and had no independent significance. Mahler's rhythms were rhetorically accentuated, his tempi dramatically modified, his dynamics and agogics histrionically declaimed, his reading multi-voiced, contrapuntal rather than harmonic, his emphasis one of design rather than color; in short, interpretations which individualized the orchestral parts, making them carriers of integral, yet interdependent ideas.

The net result of such conducting was an unabashed intellectualism\* vehemently presented, almost placarded, by clairvoyant brainwaves.

Beethoven's dictum: "Music must beat fire from a man's mind", is often quoted, seldom felt, and rarely grasped in its ultimate meaning. Yet it was fully realized by Mahler the conductor.

With the *Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra*, Mahler performed 77 concert-works. Twenty five of them were by Beethoven.

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\*In our times of rugged collectivism and instinctivism, the nomenclature "intellectual" is regarded as an insult equaled only by that of "individualist." Therefore, we must bear in mind that in Mahler's time brains and personality were the most honored property of man.

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#### THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO OTTO KLEMPERER

In appreciation of his efforts to create a greater interest in and appreciation of Mahler's music in this country, the Kilenyi Mahler Medal of Honor was awarded to Otto Klemperer after a performance of *Das Lied von der Erde* in Los Angeles. The presentation was made by Mr. Gurney Newlin, Vice-President of the Southern California Symphony Association.

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#### LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN, ANDANTE AND SCHERZO FROM SYMPHONY No. 1. RONDO FROM SYMPHONY No. 7 UNDER STOCK'S DIRECTION WITH THORBORG AS SOLOIST.

Kerstin Thorborg sang Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* at Orchestra Hall last night. She was in superb voice: she had provided herself with music that glowed with orchestral color; and she added, particularly in *Ich hab' ein glühend Messer* and *Die zwei blauen Augen* telling highlights of her own that gave a new significance to this tone picture. Not only enthusiastic salvos of applause but many cheers greeted her when she concluded the cycle. It made one realize that the steadfast efforts of Dr. Stock to bring Mahler to the hearts of Chicago concert-goers have not been in vain.

The slow movement and the scherzo from Mahler's *First Symphony* were played with delightful finish and effect. A listener would be dour indeed who could resist the contrapuntal meanderings of *Frere Jacques!* But the palm of this memorable Wolf-Mahler evening must go to Dr. Stock's rendition of the Rondo from Mahler's *Seventh!* Under his baton it became a thing of stirring climaxes. It waked the imagination. One might easily vision the victor at the portals of eternity suddenly saluting the distant battlefield of life now agleam with pennants of conquest and glory and reverberating with the clamor of a bell of triumph!

MARY R. RYAN

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#### LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN ON WABC

Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* sung by Fritz Lechner on May 4th was broadcast over WABC. Mr. Lechner sang the cycle with feeling and intelligence.

## THE VERDICT OF THE PUBLIC

The December 1936 issue of *Chord and Discord* contained an article entitled *The Case for Bruckner and Mahler*, a resume of public and critical reaction to all the Bruckner and Mahler symphonies that have been performed since the end of 1930. Certainly the receptions accorded Bruckner and Mahler performances in various cities should leave no doubt in the minds of program committees and program makers as to the growing interest in these composers.

Since our *resume* was published there have been more performances of Bruckner and Mahler at which listeners have continued to express their approval. Miss Isabelle Workman Evans (*Buffalo Courier Express*) reports that Bruckner's *Third*, Shuk conducting, was received "with much enthusiasm" and, according to Mr. Alfred Metzger, the same symphony under Shuk's direction was heard by one of the largest audiences that had attended the Federal symphony programs in San Francisco. In Rochester, according to Mr. S. C. Sabin (*Democrat and Chronicle*), "the audience was enthusiastic throughout the evening" (Bruckner's *Te Deum* was on the program and Genhart conducted). In Minneapolis "the audience approved of it heartily" (Bruckner's *Fourth* as conducted by Harrison), according to Mr. Victor Nilsson (*Progress Register*). Mr. Warren Storey Smith (*Boston Post*) tells us that "Koussevitzky's signal success with Bruckner's Seventh Symphony last season was yesterday repeated with the Eighth, and the answering applause was almost as hearty and long continued." Bruckner's *Fourth* was heard by one of the largest audiences that had gathered in the Brooklyn Museum last season and the applause was spontaneous and long continued. (Plotnikoff conducted.)

The music of Mahler too, has continued to stir audiences. Unmistakable evidence of this enthusiasm manifested itself in Boston last October after a performance of Mahler's *Fifth* followed by Wagner excerpts, under the direction of Koussevitzky, the conductor whose pioneering spirit has won him a place in American musical life which will outlive the memory of conductors who have been content to feed little but the accepted *war horses* to their audiences. Said Mr. Williams of the Boston Herald whose admiration for Mahler's *Fifth* can hardly classify him as a pro-Mahler fanatic: "Mahler's Fifth Symphony had an amazingly cordial reception from yesterday afternoon's audience. This was a good sign first because it floated the rather lop-sided genius of Mahler for once on an even keel and, second, because it was a credit to the attentive powers of the audience. You cannot call the Friday afternoon public stuffy—and there used to be regrettable sneers on that head—if it is going to take Mahler to its bosom . . . . Unpredictably enough yesterday's hero was Mahler." And Mr. Durgin's comment (*Globe*) concerning the audience reads as follows: "Word that the hall was sold out, received before the concert began, suggested that Wagner more than Mahler was responsible. Yet the cordiality with which the Fifth Symphony was received tempts one to revise his opinion. There was spontaneous applause after the Scherzo and the slow movement; at the end the audience applauded with more than customary warmth and there were a few cries of 'Bravo!' Mr. Warren Storey Smith of the Post calls the performance of Mahler's *Fifth* a momentous re-

vival and thinks that "this well-named 'Giant' Symphony deserves by reason of its intrinsic greatness and of its reception by yesterday's audience, to remain in the active repertory, to which Dr. Koussevitzky has at length restored it in a performance which proved a triumph for both composer and conductor." Mr. Bruno David Ussher wrote in the *Symphony Magazine* of the Los Angeles Philharmonic: "Gustav Mahler's simple and profound second symphony is programmed for this pair (Nov. 24 and 26, 1937) in response to numerous requests. Given here first May 24 and 25, 1935, the musical and symbolic immensity of this work, often couched in almost naively folksong-like idiom resulted in a continuous demand for another hearing. After Koussevitzky conducted *Das Lied von der Erde* in New York, Mr. Winthrop Sargeant reported in the *N. Y. American* that "the audience showed its approval of the work in unmistakable terms." According to Mr. Olin Downes (*Times*), Tibbett "was long and warmly applauded for this performance" (*Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, Ormandy conducting). Miss Mildred Norton (*Evening News*) reported that in Los Angeles *Das Lied von der Erde*, Klemperer conducting, "met with a royal reception," while "not only enthusiastic salvos of applause but many cheers greeted her (Thorborg) when she concluded the cycle" (*Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, Stock conducting the Chicago Symphony), according to Miss Mary R. Ryan.

In the *N. Y. American* (Nov. 29, 1936) Mr. Winthrop Sargeant summed up the general attitude towards Bruckner and Mahler. He said in part:

"I have yet to witness a Mahler performance that was not well attended. The people, who religiously rise and leave the hall in the middle of every Bruckner symphony, are an insignificant minority, and one usually feels that they are acting on principle rather than on any spontaneous impulse. All the recent performances that I have heard have been at least reasonable successes, from the standpoint of box office and applause. Yet the superstition remains deeply rooted that Bruckner and Mahler must be fed to the public, if at all, in very small doses. And the large body of concert-goers has had so little chance to hear them that it retains only a hazy impression of either master.

"The suggestion has been made in some quarters (Mr. Pitts Sanborn made the suggestion) that a complete Bruckner cycle be held. Why not indeed? . . . Even for those who are hopelessly anti-Bruckner and anti-Mahler a complete hearing of their works would have one advantage. It would silence once for all that annoyingly pertinent argument of the Bruckner-and-Mahlerite, that you can't claim to dislike music you haven't heard."

Judging by the reactions of audiences to Bruckner and Mahler performances, these composers offer a real opportunity to broaden the standard repertoire. In Europe Bruckner and Mahler festivals are not uncommon. Festivals are not expected here, as yet. All that can be hoped for is that Bruckner and Mahler be given a *fair* hearing in concert halls and on the air, that Brucknerites and Mahlerites be given some consideration. The public is the jury, as the late W. J. Henderson declared, and the public has expressed its verdict in no uncertain terms.

## BRUCKNER AND MAHLER RECORDINGS ON WQXR AND WNYC

Last spring Mr. Eddy Brown, the progressive musical director of the Interstate Broadcasting Co., suggested that the Bruckner Society cooperate in arranging a Bruckner-Mahler Radio Festival over WQXR. As a result Mr. Gabriel Engel gave several radio talks on Bruckner and Mahler and the Interstate Broadcasting Co. sent out thousands of copies of the following introduction (prepared by Mr. Engel) to supplement its regular monthly programs.

### ANTON BRUCKNER

Picture a charming, old Upper Austrian village that has been slumbering for centuries not far beyond the walls of a stately monastery, still more ancient. Immediately surrounding it on every side, like an emerald setting, deep woods; in the distance the snow-capped Alps of Bavaria; the soil and atmosphere everywhere rich in mystic folk-lore and blessed with an inexhaustible fund of folksong unsurpassed for melodious wizardry. Sum up these wonders of environment—peace, faith, nature, romance, grandeur, mysticism—and you have the subtle alchemy which Providence applied to the nurture of Anton Bruckner's genius. In the sum of those ingredients is hidden the only reliable key to the profound message of Bruckner's symphonies. They are the word symbols of the powerful influences which swayed his soul from infancy until, a man close to middle age (if we must reckon biblically) Bruckner shyly ventured forth beyond the sheltering borders of his native Eden countryside to bring to an outer world convulsed with strife and skepticism his symphonies of assuagement and affirmation.

These symphonies were nine in number. Viewed as we have suggested they clearly mirror the trials of the soul midst its earthly environment. The *First Symphony* reflects the tremendous inner struggles of a spirit that would transcend all, though confined by the narrowest of barriers. The *Second* is a quest for consolation, a soothing reaction from the preceding tempest of unrest and futile aspiration. It sings the lure and charm of the contented Upper Austrian countryside. The *Third* is again a tocsin of revolt, urging the spirit to loftier flights. The *Fourth* is a shining Pastoral, a romantic song of Nature. The *Fifth* is the triumphant Faith-song of the unconquerable soul, revelling in the full glory of its power. The genius has at length gained the summit of the mountains and, like Zarathustra, beholds the whole cosmos revealed in a flame of universal Love. From now on, all is affirmation and gladness. The *Sixth* sings the goodness of mortal existence as a whole. The *Seventh* is an Ode to Heavenly Joy, a Te Deum for all the preceding revelations. The *Eighth* is the colossal auto-biography of human genius, the Titan overcoming all opposition. The *Ninth* is the composer's "Farewell" from the world and his exultant greeting to the Hereafter, actually attained in the midst of his last symphony's still unfinished song.

Bruckner's *Fourth* Symphony is the earliest of which a complete recording exists. This work has been more or less aptly nicknamed the *Romantic*, for it is primarily a symphony of Nature, its background the charming valleys, luxurious woods, and towering mountain ranges of Upper Austria. Compared with his first three symphonies, the *Fourth* is like the sunrise of a new day after a long stretch of stormy weather. It is the first of an uninterrupted line of four joyous symphonies conceived in the major mode. The *Seventh Symphony*, which has also been recorded in its entirety, is the last of this happy line. When Bruckner finished it he was a man of sixty, spiritually at the zenith of his power. No wonder that for

sheer melodic beauty, for pure joy in music, the *Seventh* is unexcelled. On this account it has become one of the most popular of Bruckner's symphonies.

### GUSTAV MAHLER

When Mahler finished his *First Symphony* he wrote to his dearest friend:

You alone will understand it, because you know me. To others it will sound strange.

That was half a century ago.

After a recent performance of the work by the N. Y. Philharmonic under Bruno Walter one of the foremost American critics said:

At one time I, too, in less mature judgment, denied Mahler any outstanding worth at all, except that he had mastered a method of colorful orchestration. I feel that I have come to see more than that in Mahler.

Upon the same occasion another critic predicted for the *First Symphony* a popularity rivalling that of Tschaiakowsky's *Pathetique*.

Mahler went on to compose symphony after symphony, and as his individuality attained more and more vivid expression the misunderstanding of his listeners increased. Twenty years after his *First* he completed his *Sixth Symphony*, that gloomy composition generally known as the *Tragic*. One of his friends, shocked by the extreme bitterness which swayed this work to its ultimate echo, asked him reproachfully, "How could a man as kind-hearted as you have written a symphony so full of bitterness?"

Mahler replied, "It is the sum of all the suffering I have had to endure at the hands of life."

Yet, of all his symphonies, this is the only one that ends on a note of pessimism. Even that tempest of spiritual pain, *Das Lied von der Erde*, subsides midst a rainbow of hope, the promise of eternal rebirth.

The *Ninth*, the last completed symphony Mahler left the world, is a deep, soul-stirring paean of faith, such as most would associate with that great symphonic voice of unshakable affirmation, Anton Bruckner.

Because Mahler was one of the world's foremost conductors hosts of music-lovers admired him, but, almost without exception, these greeted his creative efforts with pitying bewilderment. Mahler, understanding their failure to understand him, smiled wistfully and said, "My time will yet come."

He did not live to share the instant triumph of *Das Lied von der Erde*, a victory confirmed by every subsequent performance given the work down to this very day. Since his death the progress of most of his music in the public esteem has been slow but sure, bearing out his own patient prophecy in that famous laconic utterance of confidence, "My time will yet come."

Still in the case of the only one of his symphonies as yet recorded, the *Second*, or *Resurrection Symphony*, that prophecy was never pertinent. From the very first hearing given this stupendous choral work (Richard Strauss himself conducted the premiere at Hamburg in 1895) each performance has lent it added lustre until its unflinching human appeal has stamped it as an undeniable classic of the symphonic repertoire. Curiously enough, this *Second* is spiritually Mahler's first symphony, conceived and planned several years before he began to write his real *First Symphony*. Thus it is in every way the true "open sesame" to the understanding of all his works.

Few are aware that Mahler ever tried his hand at poetry. Shyness caused him to suppress practically all his verses. Fortunately, one of the short poems written during the period when he was planning his *Resurrection Symphony*, has survived.

It seems to throw some light upon the first movement, the only authorized clue to the dark, ominous character of which is the one phrase, "Death-Celebration."

The night looks softly down from distances  
Eternal with her thousand golden eyes,  
And weary mortals shut their eyes in sleep  
To know once more some happiness forgotten.

See you the silent gloomy wanderer?  
Abandoned is the path he takes and lonely,  
Unmarked for distance or direction;  
And oh! no star illuminates his way,  
A way so long, so far from guardian spirits,  
And voices versed in soft deceit sound, luring,  
When will this long and futile journey end?  
Will not the wanderer rest from all his suffering?

The Sphinx stares grimly, ominous with question,  
Her stony, blank gray eyes tell nothing,—nothing.  
No single, saving sign, no ray of light—  
And if I solve it not—my life must pay.

Resurrection and eternal life, triumphantly envisioned in the colossal closing chorus, represent the composer's solution of the enigma of existence.

Every available Bruckner and Mahler recording was broadcast during March and again in November. Various recordings of works of these composers were included on the programs of WQXR every month by Mr. Douglas MacKinnon, Musical Commentator of this station. As a supplement to its October programs, WQXR again sent out thousands of copies of the introduction, which also contained announcements of free lectures to be sponsored by the Society in cooperation with the New York Public Library and the Music Club of Hunter College during the season 1937/38.

Soon after the Interstate Broadcasting Co. had demonstrated its pioneering spirit, another station, WNYC., fell in line. Through the cooperation of Dr. Seymour N. Segal and Mr. Henry Neumann thousands of copies of the introduction printed above were sent out by the municipal station with its quarterly programs in April and October. Mr. Engel gave short talks on Bruckner's *Fourth* and *Seventh* and Mahler's *Second* and *Kindertotenlieder* preceding the broadcasts of the recordings of these works. Broadcasts of recordings of Bruckner's *Fourth* (Victor) and *Seventh* (Victor), Mahler's *Second* (Victor) and *Das Lied von der Erde* (Columbia) may be heard on both stations (WQXR and WNYC) from time to time. No doubt other recordings of Bruckner and Mahler works will be heard over these stations as soon as Victor or Columbia releases them.

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#### BRUCKNER'S FOURTH BY THE WPA

The Brooklyn Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Plotnikoff performed Bruckner's *Fourth* before one of the largest audiences that had gathered in the Brooklyn Museum last season, according to an announcement made by the commentator over Station WNYC. If spontaneous and enthusiastic applause is the means used by an audience to show its approval, then one must wonder why the work has not been repeated, especially in view of the satisfactory attendance.

## NEW RECORDINGS

*Das Lied von der Erde*, the recording of which was advocated by Mr. Lawrence Gilman several years ago, has recently been released by Columbia. According to Mr. Aaron Stein of the *N. Y. Post* "what must have been one of the memorable concert hall experiences of our time has been impressed on records with extraordinary success . . . For the Mahler cult, whose devotion is notorious, these records will, of course, be a must. They should, however, receive wider attention than that . . . It is in every sense a perpetuation of an epochal musical event."

"With a long and wide ranging list of recordings behind him (Walter), for sweep and effect that never lapse," writes Mr. Compton Parkham of the *N. Y. Times*, "he has not done anything so impressive as this for the gramophone."

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The RCA Victor Co., the first of the gramophone companies to release recordings of complete Bruckner and Mahler symphonies in this country, has presented to the American music loving public a first recording of the original version of Bruckner's *Fourth Symphony*. Mr. Jerome D. Bohm of the *Herald Tribune* writes: "Since I am a devout Brucknerite, I cannot but feel that the great Austrian's formal shortcomings have been greatly exaggerated and I do not propose to defend him since I do not feel that he needs defending. Bruckner's utterances in the *Romantic* symphony are profoundly moving and will undoubtedly stir the world long after the last anti-Brucknerite has joined his forefathers. Anyone who can listen to the mysterious, unearthly strains of its opening pages or to the dirge-like andante without being deeply affected, is merely insensitive to the message of one of the most spiritual of all composers. The interpretation here transmitted to the discs is for the most part felicitous and veracious . . . ."

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## AVAILABLE RECORDINGS

### BRUCKNER

SYMPHONY No. 3 IN D MINOR—Scherzo

By Vienna Sym. Orch. Victor.

SYMPHONY No. 4 IN E FLAT MAJOR ("Romantic")

Saxonian State Orchestra, cond. by Karl Böhm. Victor.

SYMPHONY No. 7

By Eugene Ormandy and Minn. Sym. Orch. Victor Album.

SCHERZO FROM THE POSTHUMOUS "YOUTH SYMPHONY"

By Berlin State Orch. Victor.

### MAHLER

SYMPHONY No. 2 C MINOR

By Eugene Ormandy—Minneapolis Symphony Orch. Victor Album.

DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

Bruno Walter, conductor; Vienna Philharmonic. Soloists: Kerstin Thorborg and Charles Kullman. Columbia Album.

KINDERTOTENLIEDER

Heinrich Rehkemper, Soloist. Polydor Album.

## SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

### A Record of Critical and Popular Reaction

#### GUSTAV MAHLER— DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; assisting artists, Maria Ranzow and Paul Alt-house, Nov. 6 and 7, 1936.*

. . . No score exists in modern music to parallel the qualities of this spiritual testament of an artist who conceived it toward the end of his days—when life had become for him a heavy burden and a mocking presence. For this reason it really ought not to share a concert program with anything else. Small wonder that a superb performance of Mozart's work yesterday afternoon was almost obliterated in memory by the searing intensities of Mahler's music . . . .

. . . Many another poet has written of these things. But Mahler's treatment of them, with music of indescribable emotional depth resulted in a lonely masterpiece in which are inextricably mingled poetry, music and philosophic thought. Such intimate speaking from a full heart is not for those who merely "enjoy" music; they will be unmoved by "The Song of the Earth", and they will not have the slightest understanding of it. Without extravagant claim, this masterpiece may be said to be felt rather than heard, since Mahler concerned himself less with art than with life itself. Full realization of what "The Song of the Earth" meant to the composer is possible only when one has a notion of the troubled heart of Mahler, whose idealistic dreams were cruelly wounded by the rougher side of his experience . . . .

—C. W. D., *Boston Globe*

. . . It is one of the finest tributes that can be paid to Mahler's music to say that none but Mahler could have written it. There are reminiscences of other composers, but they are few and unimportant. We are only beginning to realize, I think, how original a composer Mahler was. His originality is exhibited in his formal schemes, obviously; in his melodic line and his harmonic vocabulary; above all, in the color of his instrumentation. The individuality of Mahler is reflected in his influence on other composers; an influence which, far from being negligible, is in some respects the mainspring of the whole Viennese school of Schoenberg . . . .

. . . Yesterday's performance was glorious. Dr. Koussevitzky was in one of his best elements. (It is strange, not that he should present the music of Mahler as often as he does but that he does not include it even more frequently on his programs.) His orchestra was with him at every stage in a presentation that seemed exceptionally well prepared . . . .

—MOSES SMITH,  
*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Within the space of five weeks the current season of Symphony Concerts has yielded two "occasions"; first, the double anniversary performance of Liszt's "Faust" Symphony, and now a repetition of Mahler's "Song of the Earth", 25 years almost to a day after the first performance of it in Vienna. And by the word "occasion" something much more than mere ceremonial and observance is intended.

Two pieces made the programme which Dr. Koussevitzky offered yesterday and will repeat this evening, Mozart's Symphony in C major, No. 34, an early yet delightful work, and the symphony, if it may be so styled, of Mahler. Yet it is only when there is a need to review the concert as a whole that the symphony of Mozart comes even to mind, so overwhelming was the impression made by the music of Mahler and by the performance of it at the hands of Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra . . . .

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER— LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN

*Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor; Enid Szanthy. Soloist December 16, 1936.*

. . . Mahler's songs are delicately molded and call for an interpretative style which can command a variety of expression without suggesting complication. No singer who has sung them in recent seasons has met the requirements as brilliantly as Miss Szanthy met them last night. The soloist's manner and method suggested simplicity itself, but the effect embraced all the subtleties of Mahler's musical and poetic expression.

—HENRY PLEASANTS, *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

... These qualities were best shown in the four "Songs of a Wayfarer" of Gustav Mahler, works which are among the most difficult in the repertoire to make effective. Mme. Szanthe did so, however, and her style of singing varied with the emotional content of each number as expressed in the music, the text and the instrumentation.

As Mahler wrote the words himself, there is unusual unity between them and the music, a point of which Mme. Szanthe made the most. Mr. Ormandy gave her a sympathetic accompaniment.

SAMUEL LACIAR,  
*Philadelphia Evening Ledger.*

### ANTON BRUCKNER— THIRD SYMPHONY

*Buffalo Philharmonic, Lajos Shuk, conductor. January 8, 1937.*

... The program claimed this as the first local performance of any Bruckner symphony. This virile work is a powerful expression of an imaginative mind and a profound spirit. The first two movements are particularly strong, with their lyric thematic material and talented orchestration. The audience received the Bruckner opus with much enthusiasm . . .

—ISABELLE WORKMAN EVANS,  
*Buffalo Courier Express.*

... This Third has dramatic force especially in the first and last movements, and it can boast a wide-awake Scherzo . . .

—EDWARD DURNEY, *Buffalo News.*

... The Scherzo has a compelling rhythm, and the last movement presents some beautiful lyric phrases. The texture is closely wrought and there is adept scoring, the fresh strong color of the wind instruments being often and effectively used.

The presentation of the work was very enjoyable, arousing great applause for Mr. Shuk and his players . . .

—MARY M. HOWARD, *Buffalo Times*

### ANTON BRUCKNER— TE DEUM

*Eastman School Orchestra, Paul White, conductor; Eastman School chorus, Herman H. Genhart, conductor; soloists Hazel Gravel, Lodema Legg, Sidney Carlson, Kenneth Spencer, Janina Gorecka; Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1937.*

... Five sections of Bruckner's Te Deum came as music entirely new to Rochester audiences. The music appeal is conceived with sincerity to the text,

with fine form in writing for both chorus, orchestra and ensemble. It has dramatic fervor. The solo quartet adds some of the most appealing performance to the whole. Last night's quartet sang well. Sidney Carlson, its tenor, was an asset to success. And the chorus, obedient to its conductor, met the climax and effects realized by sharp contrasts to give its work dramatic significance . . .

... The audience of last night was enthusiastic throughout the evening.

—STEWART C. SABIN, *Democrat and Chronicle*

### ANTON BRUCKNER— FOURTH SYMPHONY

*Minneapolis Symphony, Guy Fraser Harrison, conductor. Feb. 11, 1937.*

... Nor could we find any trace of the Wagnerian influences we hear so much about when this composer's works are discussed. There were in nearly every movement evidences of a passion for tones in the brass; these, however, were by no means in the Wagner idiom; they are distinctly individual, sonorous, and through them some of the finest effects of the evening were achieved . . .

—JAMES DAVIES, *Minneapolis Tribune*

... Quite unproblematic also is the music of Bruckner's Fourth Symphony. The orchestration and the harmonic structure are as uncomplicated as the content is simple and sincere. Combining intelligent clarity and freshness of feeling in his reading, the conductor interpreted aptly the atmosphere of the first movement, with its simple themes recalling the clear bugle calls of Alpine regions, and its quiet breath of an organ choral leading to the ending in a blaze of brass.

For the pensive tunes of the slow movement, tinged with a resigned sadness, the conductor showed a sympathetic understanding, calling out rich sonorities from the orchestra . . .

—JOHANN STORJOHANN EGILSRUD,  
*Journal*

... The symphony was the Bruckner Fourth, in E flat, called the "Romantic." Some seem to wonder how it has won this surname. They have probably never been at Mondsee where when the symphony was written poet and peasant rubbed shoulders with emperors and queens and roused by the nature beauty and mystery of Alps and lake imagination ruled. Strindberg there lived through an excruciating act of his

second matrimonial drama leading up to his "Inferno." In such a nature it comes natural for great simple souls to write Bruckner symphonies or Andersen fairy tales, and as in this case, with both allegros and slow movement filled with wonderful horn music, and the scherzo echoes some hunting party with an old laendler of Kuhreigen harmonies for trio. A very fine interpretation was given of the Bruckner E Major and the audience approved of it heartily, not least for the very beautifully made viola music in the andante...

—VICTOR NILSSON, *Progress Register*

### GUSTAV MAHLER—

#### DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; soloist, Maria Ranzow and Paul Althouse; New York, Febr. 12 and 13, 1937.*

... As one listened to Mr. Koussevitzky and his great orchestra traverse the pages of Mahler's poignantly moving score, the conviction grew that this was perhaps the most enduring music in its genre created by any composer since Wagner. This is especially true of the concluding movement, "Abschied", which, with its ineffably tender breathing of the word "Ewig," at the close, is unforgettablely touching.

Again the impression was renewed that the school of polytonal composers stems directly from Mahler. Here, in "Das Lied von der Erde", one finds the origin of the procedure of juxtaposing horizontally conflicting melodies regardless of the harmonic acerbities resulting. And here, too, the hearer will discover the sources of the newest type of instrumentation.

The interpretation by Mr. Koussevitzky and his players was often affecting and always satisfying tonally. One has heard certain portions of the work set forth with greater inwardness, but the silence of the audience before bursting into applause at the conclusion bespoke the integrity of the conception . . . . .

—JEROME D. BOHM, *Herald Tribune*

... "Das Lied von der Erde," which, if memory serves, has not been given in Carnegie Hall since Bruno Walter's performance of it with the Philharmonic-Symphony Society some four years ago, is a work that suffers from undue neglect here. Its six sections contain many pages of poetic loveliness; music that rises up in glorious tumult, following as it does the mercurial lines of Hans Bethge, upon which it is based...

An audience of good size and great enthusiasm attended.

—R. C. B., *N. Y. World Telegram*

Gustav Mahler's profoundly touching "symphony" entitled "The Song of the Earth," for tenor, contralto and orchestra, was presented with reverence and passion last night at Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky. The soloists were Paul Althouse and Maria Ranzow, whose voice has a quality peculiarly effective for her poetic role in this work . . . . .

—H. B., *New York Post*

Last night in Carnegie Hall, Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra provided New York with its first hearing this season of a work by Gustav Mahler. The work was one of the most ingratiating of the great romantic master's compositions, "Das Lied von der Erde." . . . . .

... "Das Lied von der Erde," or "The Song of the Earth," represents the intimate rather than the heroic Mahler. It is a work of pastel shades and delicate moods. And yet its message is one of poignant emotion expressed in fantastic and imaginative terms. For those who have learned to appreciate its subtle mysticism, it remains a product unique in the whole repertoire of symphonic music. Without question it should be accorded its place among the most profound and beautiful musical works that have graced our century . . . The large audience showed its approval of the work in unmistakable terms . . . . .

—WINTRHOP SARGEANT, *N.Y. American*

### GUSTAV MAHLER—

#### FOURTH SYMPHONY

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick A. Stock, conductor; Claire Dux, soloist. Feb. 25—26, 1937.*

... Aside from her "Morgen" (of which more anon) Mme. Dux's most remarkable interpretative gesture of the evening was a performance of that astonishing bit of whimsey which Mahler wrote into the finale of his fourth symphony. "Brightly, and with childlike expression," commanded the composer. Bright and childlike was the singer's delivery, with a seraphic innocence which is implicit in the words of the song (a list of heaven's gustatory delights—meat, wine, bread, vegetables, fruit—preceded and followed by tributes to the mirth and gayety of the place).

... Frederick Stock made much of the, curious Mahler symphony, keeping the performance light and transparent and emphasizing the attractive naivete of the themes. The capricious twists which the composer succeeds in introducing into these straightforward themes help make the symphony absorbingly interesting, at least . . .

—EDWARD BARRY, *Chicago Tribune*

... Her participation as soloist accomplished the addition to the repertoire of two works of great interest and occasioned a revival of one of the most entertaining and least symphonic of all symphonies. This light-hearted work is the fourth of the series left the world by Gustav Mahler, and the cues to its quaint psychology are many. It glorifies the folk-songs of Moravia, which are German as often as they are Bohemian. Not that the intriguing themes which Mahler has employed are quotations. Rather they are idealizations, fascinating in their originality, their humor, occasionally in their nobility, and always by reason of their unexpected rhythms and the soft and varied luster of the orchestral setting . . .

—GLENN DILLARD GUNN,  
*Chicago Herald and Examiner*

... The symphony is one of Mahler's most beautiful and straightforward works, although in it his skill continues inventive to an almost distracting degree. Nevertheless, the score does breathe the German love of nature and the German love of a warmth of inner contentment, and it proceeds so intensely that the quietness with which he sets the folk-song text in the final movement comes with a felicity of restraint and simplicity that leaves one breathless at the gentleness of his touch . . .

—EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago Daily News*

### GUSTAV MAHLER— LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN

*Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor; Lawrence Tibbett, soloist, New York, March 9. Philadelphia, March 12, 13, 16.*

... The Mahler songs were very welcome and the singer most successful in the second and third . . .

... Mr. Tibbett was long and warmly applauded for this performance . . .

—OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*

... Mr. Tibbett's share in last night's proceedings was of an engrossing nature. He had chosen for his initial

number Mahler's song-cycle, the "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen"—music less often heard here today than formerly . . .

... In his First Symphony, begun at this period, Mahler used themes from two of the songs.

The real Mahler is indeed disclosed in these songs—not only in the exquisite and characteristic scoring, but in the whole texture of the music. In nothing else that he wrote does the best of him shine forth as it does in the second of the songs, "Ging heute Morgen über's Feld"—that enchanting evocation of the loveliness of the morning earth, with only man's immitigable grief to mar it.

It was in this song that Mr. Tibbett last night was most persuasive (though he sang all four with obvious devotion) . . .

—LAWRENCE GILMAN, *Herald Tribune*

... The four songs of this group communicated a personal message, for they were written after the unhappy ending of a love affair. They have a directness and simplicity of utterance which makes them singularly touching . . .

These songs possess an unaffected spirit and their sincerity breathes vitality into them. Mr. Tibbett sang them very well, indeed, despite one or two bits of uncertain tone production. His interpretation was well planned and his delivery was marked by fine restraint and a noteworthy dignity . . .

—W. J. HENDERSON, *New York Sun*

... The four songs, patterned to a certain extent on folk-song lines, represent Mahler in his happiest mood. The melodies of two of them have served also as material for his First Symphony, where their genial, naive lines contribute to a vaster structure. Here in the cycle their treatment is simple enough, and yet imbued with that strange melancholy that is part and parcel of everything Mahler wrote . . .

—WINTHROP SARGEANT, *N.Y. American*

... The outstanding number of the concert, from the point of view of performance and high artistry, was Mr. Tibbett's rendition of the four songs with orchestral accompaniment forming Gustav Mahler's "Songs of a Wayfarer." . . .

... The songs are extremely difficult to make effective, requiring a very considerable amount of dramatic ability as well as great singing in actual voice production, in its color and in dramatic feeling, even in facial expression.

Mr. Tibbett left nothing to be desired. Each of the four, all radically different in character, was a masterpiece and was so recognized by the audience, which gave him a tremendous reception at the close . . . .

—SAMUEL L. LACIAR, *Evening Public Ledger*

. . . The songs are as much orchestral as vocal, and the melodic line is often dependent on the orchestral commentary for the full projection of the mood. The delicately fashioned commentary was most expressively played by Mr. Ormandy and the orchestra . . .

—*Evening Bulletin*

### GUSTAV MAHLER— DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

*Los Angeles Philharmonic, Otto Klemperer, conductor; Hertha Glatz and John Heinz, soloists. March 18 and 19, 1937.*

Last night's capacity audience in attendance at the Philharmonic Auditorium to hear the excellent program offered at the regular symphony pair of the Philharmonic Orchestra, was held overtime for the ceremony of presenting Dr. Otto Klemperer, the popular conductor, with a Mahler Medal of Honor, from the American Bruckner Society, an organization which is interesting itself in the proper performance of both the Bruckner and the Mahler works. Gurney Newlin made the presentation . . . .

. . . The music is intricately beautiful, abounding in short melodic turns that carry the feelings from one thrill to another unceasingly. Momentarily it is the first violin that voices its impulse, then it is the oboe, then the brasses and finally every instrument has seemed to have added its own individual word. . . .

. . . The orchestra personnel from first to last deserved the acclaim that it received from the audience and Dr. Klemperer has never given a work with more careful and ingenious feeling. Being somewhat of a mystic himself, he made Mahler's last composition a page of real life, creating a spell in the beginning which he held until the last note . . . .

—CARL BRONSON, *Herald and Express*

Bach and Mahler made a distinguished program for the Philharmonic Orchestra led by Otto Klemperer at the Auditorium last night . . . .

. . . The presentation of the Mahler Medal of Honor to Klemperer from the American Bruckner Society was made after the performance. Mr. Gurney Newlin, vice-president of the Southern California Symphony Association, made a brief speech followed by an audience demonstration . . . .

. . . The mystic symbolism of the poet's welcome of eternal rest has been used by Gustav Mahler to inspire transcendent music in "The Song of the Earth." The "songs"—there are six settings to the word of Chinese poets, Li Tai-Po, Tschang-Si, Mong-Kao-Jen and Wang-Wei, in German from Bethge's anthology—are as baffling as life . . .

—ISABEL MORSE JONES, *Times*

Before an almost capacity audience, Otto Klemperer presented Gustav Mahler's "Song of the Earth" for the first time in Los Angeles at Philharmonic Auditorium last night . . . .

. . . While the vocal score follows an individual line, the orchestra is never merely an accompaniment. It affiliates with the singers, whose voices become in reality like another instrument . . . .

—FLORENCE LAWRENCE, *Examiner*

The gently festive air that hovered over Philharmonic auditorium last night reached a climax at the conclusion of the program when Otto Klemperer, conductor par excellence of the Philharmonic orchestra, was honored with the Kilenyi Mahler medal by the Bruckner Society of America . . . .

. . . The tribute came opportunely, the orchestra having just completed the Los Angeles premiere of the Bohemian composer's "Song of the Earth," which met with a royal reception . . . .

—MILDRED NORTON, *Evening News*

### ANTON BRUCKNER— EIGHTH SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor. April 16 and 17, 1937.*

. . . To lead up to these charming numbers we had Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, the one that extracted unwilling recognition from the boorish Hanslick, who could hear nothing in music but Brahms, hated Wagner and, to his sorrow, sat as a model for Beckmesser.

It is a glorious symphony, with such

"heavenly lengths" as Schumann admired in Schubert. It lasts for more than an hour, but it is so full of sheer loveliness that I fancy only a minority of the audience would have wished it shorter . . . .

. . . Bruckner loved the orchestra and our Boston strings plainly love him, for they put an ecstasy into the master's music that revealed them at their best, and I do not think the world can show any better. There are noble raptures for brass which, risking a contradiction in terms, may be called golden sonorities. That Adagio is an inspired composition and the Finale, ending in "the great C major of our life", is Olympian . . . .

—REDFERN MASON, *Evening Transcript*

. . . Dr. Koussevitzky's signal success with Bruckner's Seventh Symphony last season was yesterday repeated with the Eighth, and the answering applause, to turn from the performance to its reception, was almost as hearty and long continued . . . .

. . . The later Bruckner is the most tremendous symphonic music we have in spirit as well as in dimensions and volume. Before it the listener may well

feel dwarfed and crushed, as men are over-awed and humbled by certain things in the natural world . . . .

. . . Now that the Seventh and Eighth Symphonies have been so magnificently restored to us surely the long-neglected Ninth should have its turn . . . .

—WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Post*

### GUSTAV MAHLER— ADAGIETTO, FIFTH SYMPHONY

*WPA Orchestra, N. Y., Fritz Mahler, conductor. July 18, 1937.*

A nephew paid tribute to his uncle from the conductor's stand of the Federal Symphony Orchestra at the Theater of Music last evening. Fritz Mahler, leading the WPA orchestra for the first time, included in his initial program the adagio for strings and harp from Gustav Mahler's Fifth Symphony.

Needless to say Mr. Mahler, who had made his local bow at the Hippodrome last season, directed his uncle's music with reverence and devotion. One of the finest things ever penned by the Viennese composer, the adagio came off in a wealth of sustained expressiveness.

—L. B., *New York World Telegram*

### BRUCKNER'S THIRD BY WPA

Lajos Shuk, the energetic progressive conductor, recently introduced Bruckner's *Third* to San Francisco concert-goers with great success. According to Mr. Alfred Metzger, the audience was one of the largest that had attended the Federal symphony programs. Miss Marjorie Fischer reported that the symphony was "of primary musical interest, a truly magnificent work which Alfred Hertz wanted to present here years ago with the San Francisco Symphony but could not do because of the high royalty fee charged at that time." Mr. Charles Poore thought that the work has "a kind of native bigness that often expresses Homeric grandeur." Mr. Fried opined that "the work was as impressive and as baffling as Bruckner always is."

### BRUCKNER AND MAHLER ON WOR

Alfred Wallenstein, whose hour and half hour-long broadcasts have caused considerable favorable comment, has included the *Adagio* from Bruckner's *Quintet* on several of his programs and more recently he broadcast the *Adagietto* from Mahler's *Fifth Symphony*. The fine readings given both excerpts must cause Brucknerites and Mahlerites to hope that Mr. Wallenstein will not only repeat them occasionally, but that he will enlarge the Bruckner and Mahler repertoire.

### BRUCKNER'S TE DEUM IN CINCINNATI

Bruckner's *Te Deum* was performed in Cincinnati during the May Festival. Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* preceded the Bruckner opus. Beethoven's *Mass* was broadcast, but the *Te Deum* could not be heard by the invisible audience. Mr. Eugene Goossens conducted.



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By GABRIEL ENGEL

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—HARVEY GAUL, *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*

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## The Symphonies of Anton Bruckner

BY GABRIEL ENGEL

I - IV

### Introduction

**B**RUCKNER'S *First Symphony* is the awakening cry of the long dormant spirit of a giant symphonist. Though he was already forty at the time of its composition, the unbridled enthusiasm of an ambitious first opus infuses the work with convincing sincerity. Bruckner's *Mass in D Minor*, composed a year earlier, proved him not only a master in the field of ritual music, but already an adept orchestrator with strikingly progressive tendencies. The resourceful instrumental idiom revealed in the 28-bar prelude to the *Et Resurrexit* in that work is an eloquent symphonic prophecy. Though the fact that this consummately orchestrated *Mass* originated during the days of Bruckner's first acquaintance with Wagner's music is no mere coincidence, examination of over a dozen Bruckner compositions penned in the course of the two preceding decades reveals that the dominant features of the orchestral language of his entire symphonic cycle (I refer to the recently published, original, unadulterated versions) were firmly rooted in his own fantasy. He was from the outset a linear orchestrator, a tonal draughtsman; Wagner was primarily a colorist, whose chief instrumental contribution was the magnification of the classic (Beethoven) orchestra to the heroic proportions demanded by epic stage conceptions. Therefore Bruckner's orchestral debt, if any, to Wagner is limited to those moments when he employs the full complement of instruments in sonorously blended harmony. The rest is pure Bruckner, whose ideal of orchestral tone prescribed the rigid economy of instrumental volume and coloring indispensable to the clear framing of a fundamentally polyphonic message.

In the days when Wagner was still a young, struggling, provincial conductor who had written but one remarkable work, *The Flying Dutchman*, Bruckner was already tirelessly busy with the composition of sacred music, unconsciously laying down the idiomatic foundations for his symphonic labors to come, at the time mere dreams, hopes, and resolves, quickened by rare, reverential hearings of Beethoven and Schubert symphonies. Noting the vivid effect of unprepared changes of tonal-

ity in these masters he ventured a more liberal use of that principle, framing in a new key each progressive link of a sequential passage. His predecessors, regarding sequences much as melodic steps in a single scale, had deemed it necessary to adhere strictly to one tonality lest the harmonic unity of the passage be imperilled. Bruckner's symphonies abound in sequences marked by rapid changes in tonality (most often, ascending by half-steps). This alone accounts for the fact that the first movement of such a work as the *Romantic* exploits every possible color of tonality even before the close of the exposition section (See Th. Otterstroem: *Bruckner As Colorist*, C. & D., No. 2).

Appreciating the harmonic richness of abrupt mood contrast in Schubert's lightning transformations from major to minor, and vice versa, Bruckner exploited the possibilities of this device, further enriching it by the addition of a world of enharmonic nuances, prophesied, but scarcely explored, by his short-lived "romantic" countryman.

Interpreting all musical idiom in the light of the only tonal dialect with which he was thoroughly conversant, he recreated the charming melodic cadences of Haydn and Mozart in the "Amens" of his sacred music, lending them increased depth and interest by the introduction of frank dissonances. So daring did these "Amens" of Bruckner seem to his original publishers that they "corrected" them for public consumption, as may readily be seen by comparison with the original manuscripts which still display Bruckner's scorned "mistakes" in this regard. The "general pauses" (G.P.) which his contemporaries found so disturbing in his symphonies also had their spiritual origin in church music, paralleling the punctuation of choral responses and recitative intonations in the ritual. The slow movement of Bruckner's *Romantic Symphony* is an amazing instance of an extended movement largely reared along this unusual melodic principle.

Many other melodic and harmonic principles outstandingly characteristic of Bruckner's symphonic idiom were nurtured in his early church music. Adequate analysis of these would fill a large volume. More than mere mention of one or two is beyond the scope of the present article. Particularly noteworthy is the impassioned effect of sudden sixth and octave leaps in Bruckner's melodies, spreading an air of fervent aspiration when ascending, one of prayerful humility when descending, literally mirroring the act of a penitent sinking to his knees in worship. From his church music also Bruckner drew those step-wise, parallel progressions of the outer voices in their gradual, irresistible rise to a climax; those moments of full major tonic grandeur bursting dazzlingly out of fortissimo unisons; those broad-winged melodic flights in sixths above sustained organ points; even that most typical rhythmic characteristic of his, the division of a measure in broad double-rhythm into "two plus three-note" phrases, or vice versa. (An eloquent example of this device is to be found in the second motive of the opening theme-group of the *Romantic*.)

## I. SYMPHONY

His *First Symphony*, often called *Storm and Stress*, reflects a powerful conflict between the individual message of a symphonic genius and the traditional means at his disposal for its expression. The opening theme, springing softly, but recklessly, out of its harmonic source, the stubbornly punctuated tonic bass which begins the work, is a striking idea, the characteristic nature of which caused Bruckner to name it *Das Kecke Beserl* (The Saucy Maid). This naive phrase has been the accepted nickname of the symphony ever since. The theme itself, marked by simple, spontaneous song, rugged rhythm, and sharply defined orchestral setting, at once evidences Bruckner's inventive genius. There can be no cadence for so impatient a motive. Ignoring the traditional point of rest at the eighth measure it pushes tauntingly on, gathering momentum for swift flight, and speedily rears itself to a towering climax. In the forceful, self-evolving progress of this very first theme is revealed the dominating principle of Bruckner's method of symphonic melody-treatment, aptly called by experts "dynamic evolution."

Upon the attainment of this summit of power, firmly established by a brief heroic episode, a series of stirring fanfares over a swiftly moving, blustering motive in the basses, customary full-throated repetition of the theme would be an anticlimax. The three motives already sounded constitute the first theme-group and become the chief driving forces of the whole movement. A subtle interlude, drawn from the opening theme, descends like a narrow mountain-path winding down to a sunny Upper Austrian valley. In this calmer atmosphere is born the second theme, a song of ardent love in the violins above a transformed fragment of *Laendler* melody. The artist who conceived this vision of beauty is clearly the same who penned the celebrated *Zizibe* double-theme of the *Romantic Symphony* a decade later.

Supplementing the two contrasted themes or theme-groups already set forth, Bruckner now introduces a third subject, the most striking of all. In after years the mere mention of the symphonist's name would cause Wagner to exclaim, "Bruckner, the trumpet!" Wagner, the Shakespeare of character portraiture in tone, recognized at once the heroic nature of Bruckner's soul in the trumpet-theme of the *Third Symphony*. In later symphonies Bruckner, a being of superior spiritual poise and deeper introspective powers, was to substitute for this heroic third theme a hymn of indomitable faith. Yet in old age's retrospect, referring to the allegedly un-Bruckner-like quality of the *First Symphony*, he would confess, "I was always in love in those days." Hence it was natural that the love-theme in that work should be followed by a daring trumpet theme, brilliantly heralded by an exultant march motive.

In all respects, save its careful observance of smooth transitions between contrasted passages, this first movement suggests the chief features of Bruckner's individual symphonic style. The development section, de-

spite a brevity sprung from anxious subservience to the traditional notion of "correct form," sets forth such an abundance of thematic detail that the listener readily believes that here is but a synopsis of an extended tale of adventure, similar to those told in lavish detail in the far longer corresponding sections of the later symphonies. Even in this first essay Bruckner glimpses the recapitulation as more than a mere re-statement of the original themes. In his greatest symphonies the return of the themes will have a new, revolutionary significance as the actual climax of the development section. Already here they follow as a logical sequel surprisingly fresh in their wealth of accompanying thematic detail. Like a skilful novelist, reserving his most telling utterance till the last, Bruckner purposely denies the end of this initial opening movement conclusive character. The "story" of the symphony is far from ended, having but reached a moment of suspense, during which it must remain poised until the turbulent air is calmed for the profound, soul-searching revelation of the coming *Adagio*.

The *Adagio Composer*, some scornfully called him twenty years later, when instant world recognition greeted the premiere of the slow movement of his *Seventh* at Leipzig. The nickname clung and lost its jeering connotation. They might, with justification, have so named him even with the *Adagio* of the *First*, for here, at the very outset, Bruckner, in despair at the unhappy outcome of his life's chief love episode, poured out his sorrows in the sustained melodic language of which he thenceforth became one of the world's greatest masters. Not even beside his celebrated last *Adagios* does this initial slow-pulsed expression pale. Far more than the other three movements of the *First* it was an expression impelled by inner necessity, a fervent prayer for solace, rising out of the abject confession of the sufferings of a stricken soul. Its noble message is the wresting of ultimate spiritual triumph from deep, personal tragedy. Traditional *Adagio* form, employing two contrasted song-themes, is eminently suited to the framing of such a message. Hence Bruckner was faced with no structural problem in the composition of this movement. From the yearning song of consolation, which follows upon the gloomy first subject, issues a melody of naive joy, the spontaneous charm and light-heartedness of which caused one of the earliest Bruckner critics to speak of him as a "modern Mozart."

The *Scherzo* reveals Bruckner a master of the concise form quickened and perfected by Beethoven. A rugged, boisterous unison-passage climaxes the first portion. Hearing the graceful, purely Austrian themes, particularly that of the *Trio*, we at once recognize the composer as a countryman of Schubert.

The very first stern notes of the *Finale*, thundered forth by the full orchestra, blot out completely the happy scene of the dance. They are an ominous reminder that the path to victory, barely glimpsed in the heroics of the opening movement, is beset with a world of hostile elements still to be conquered. As in the first movement, here also, three

contrasted themes are presented. Brief, sharply defined, these are highly felicitous motives for Bruckner's predominately contrapuntal style of development. The long delayed return to the tonic key (following the abrupt advent of the powerful closing hymn of triumph) may be regarded by classically-minded listeners as a formal defect. In later years Bruckner himself was amazed at the revolutionary nature of this sudden daring conclusion set down in a moment of sweeping inspiration. Reminiscing he said, "I didn't care a hang what anybody would say; I composed just as I wanted to."

## II. SYMPHONY

During the interval of six years separating the creation of Bruckner's first two symphonies occurred the most radical inner and outer changes of his career. A shy provincial by nature, he nevertheless ventured in a moment of desperate resolve to cast his lot with the shrewd "go-getters" who constituted the bulk of Vienna's musical aristocracy. Naively he sought as organ virtuoso to gain the applause and riches usually denied to all musicians save master pianists and fiddlers. It was at London, whither one of his pathetic concert tours had taken him in the summer of 1871, that he began his *Second*. His very choice of key (C minor, the same as that of the *First*) evidences the spontaneity of the new symphony's origin. Here too (as in the former work) he showed the integrity of his conception by setting down the *Finale* before any of the other movements, as he explained, "lest there be a let-down from my inspiration at its highest intensity." He knew instinctively that faultless logic and perfect unity in symphonic form depend upon the careful planning and rearing of the four-movement structure to the convincing, triumphant climax best reserved for the closing portion of the *Finale*. Although, technically considered, the *Second* was destined to be a clearer, surer expression than its predecessor, it proved, all in all, a work of inferior power and emotional appeal. The reason for this is perhaps best given in Bruckner's own words: "They (the Viennese musicians and critics) had scared me so, that I actually feared to be myself in that symphony." "They" had pronounced the score of the *First* too difficult to play, the thematic material too free, the instrumental and dynamic contrasts too violent. Overawed by the consensus of opposing critical opinion, Bruckner, for the first and only time in his life, persuaded himself to cater. The resulting symphony, a clear-cut, plastic creation, certainly improved his standing in the Viennese musical world, but damaged his self-respect. When, after its successful premiere under his own direction, he showed the score to Wagner at Bayreuth, the mighty music-dramatist merely brushed it aside with an eloquent grunt and steeped himself in the far more interesting revelations of the *Third*, which Bruckner had by that time also completed.

Yet the Viennese criticism of his preceding works proved helpful in some respects. The opening and closing movements of the *Second* mark

the birth of those broad-winged, song-like first themes which became typical of Bruckner's subsequent symphonic style. These are themes of a centralized power, bearing within them the seeds from which springs the entire musical life of the movement in which they appear.

The orchestration, far simpler than that of the *First*, is easier to perform, but in place of smooth, transitory passages within the movements, Bruckner hit upon the almost childish device of full pauses. Struck by this feature one of the Philharmonic musicians, during a rehearsal, remarked contemptuously, "This ought to be called the *Rest Symphony*." The nickname caught on at once, to become a permanent chuckle among the invectives heaped upon him by his enemies. Naively Bruckner sought to defend these prominent pauses, arguing, "Whenever I have something new and momentous to say, I just have to stop to catch my breath." "Grand Pauses" occur occasionally in his subsequent symphonies, but they are never due to the demands of external form; they are inevitable results of inner, contextual necessity. Never again did Bruckner permit external influences to determine any structural feature of his symphonies. When he prepared the final, definitive version of the *Second* he did away with almost a score of the offending pauses. The work as now performed no longer includes them.

The *Adagio* is a radiant song of inner communion. Appropriately, the ecstatic *Benedictus* theme of the *F Minor Mass*, in symphonic garb, marks the most eloquent moment of this section, devoted to the soul's contemplation of superearthy things.

The *Scherzo* and *Trio*, a robust idealized dance in triple-rhythm followed by a graceful *Laendler*-like song sprung from the very heart of Bruckner's rustic homeland, caused his delighted adherents to call the symphony the "Upper-Austrian." Bruckner was an instinctive master of the *Scherzo*-form, finding it a ready, perfect vehicle for the expression of some of his life's most vivid experiences, the landscape, the songs, and folk-dances of his native country-side.

The *Finale*, its somewhat unusual combination of sonata and rondo form sprung from the composer's desire to develop each of his themes, represents a distinct formal advance over the corresponding section of the *First*. In place of the rather stereotyped, generally excited *Finale*-character practised by his symphonic predecessors Bruckner, grasping the prophecy of Beethoven's *Fifth*, introduces a clear, intentional relationship between the thematic material of the opening and closing movements, a kind of symphonic summing-up, immeasurably strengthening the unity of the entire work. How well Bruckner realized the value of this innovation is witnessed by the increased care with which he effected similar summations in his subsequent symphonies. This fact alone should suffice to confound those of his critics who, while granting him almost every other symphonic virtue, insist that he lacked the intellect indispensable to the convincingly logical shaping of a huge symphonic labor.

Throughout the composition of the *Second* the mood of his then recently completed *F Minor Mass* was still strong upon him. Most dramatically, after an extended passage in the *Finale* marked by violent, exhausting conflict, the orchestra is suddenly hushed, and like the very voice of Faith (for Bruckner devoutly believed Faith the soul's only hope of eternal salvation), the *Kyrie* theme of the Mass is heard sounding the promise of surcease from earthly trial and tribulation.

### III. SYMPHONY

So great an abyss of mastery and power divides the *Second* from the *Third* that one is involuntarily reminded of an analogous difference between Beethoven's *Second* and *Third* (*Eroica*). Predominately heroic too is Bruckner's *Third*, commonly called the *Wagner Symphony* because the music-dramatist, having singled it out for signal praise, had accepted its dedication to himself, saying "I know of only one symphonist worthy to be called Beethoven's successor, and his name is Bruckner."

Perhaps it was Beethoven's *Ninth* that Bruckner had in mind when he chose for his new work not only the key D minor but also a stern, majestically descending theme in double-rhythm issuing out of a background quickened by cosmic murmurings in the strings. Yet never before had the opening theme of a symphony been sounded by a solo trumpet. No wonder Wagner felt at once, when confronted with this striking symphonic beginning, that a new, significant voice had arisen in the field of absolute music! The origin of the soul of man, destined to heroic adventure, seems to be portrayed in this awe-inspiring theme emerging mysteriously out of vast, ominous space, as though it sang that mightiest of all earthly mysteries, first given expression through the gospel phrase, "In the Beginning. . ."

Not until the whole epic plot of the work has been unfolded and the heroic soul has emerged victorious on the final reutterance of the opening theme midst the fullest imaginable glory of massed instruments, does one realize how masterfully Bruckner planned every detail of this symphony before setting down a single note. A true mystic, for him this theme was to mirror the origin and end of all. It was to govern every episode of the gigantic drama performing through four movements, attaining apotheosis in its final expression, a veritable revelation of the Prime Source framed in the utmost auditory majesty.

In this symphony, as in all that followed, the opening and closing movements must be regarded as logical sequels, indispensable and supplementary to each other. Conflict, triumph, and apotheosis constitute their content, while invincible faith, supporting the heroic soul through its every trial, cloaks the whole in the spirit of affirmation which foreordains the ultimate victory. Hence the first movement closes, as does that of Beethoven's *Ninth*, in the midst of conflict. There must follow interludes setting forth the communion of the soul with God (*Adagio*) and a retrospect of the joys of existence (*Scherzo*). As the opening move-

ment ends, the central theme, at first sounded mysteriously out of infinite distances, has but arrived at the center of the battle-scene, to stand revealed as a mighty warrior fully armed for the decisive fray still to come.

The *Adagio* of the *Third* is the first of Bruckner's celebrated, long slow movements. In place of the tragic bitterness characterizing the *Adagio* of the *First* and the mystic, contemplative quality dominating that of the *Second*, this *Adagio* is swayed by an air of soaring, unquestioning faith. The devout Bruckner is naturally most eloquent in such sustained expressions of affirmation, for his inner life was a constant exposition of the tale of indomitable faith and optimism set forth in his *Adagios*. The extended length, yet unimpaired formal perfection, of his last three and greatest slow movements proves that this experience of faith became for him an ever more fruitful source of revelation of that higher, mystic world transcending all earthly pain and struggle.

The *Adagio* of the *Third* begins with a deep, noble song of communion, rising like a prayer uttered by one worshipping on bended knee. The answering theme, a consoling melody, is like a message of recognition and encouragement from Above. A third theme, like a hymn of gratitude for this divine reassurance, completes the exposition of the movement's simple, yet inevitable, devotional content. The melodic and harmonic magnificence of the ensuing development section reflects the decades which Bruckner spent in the baroque splendor of ancient cathedral surroundings. More overwhelming with each symphony grows this air of grandeur, suggestive of the mighty, domelike structures of the Houses of God which nurtured and mirrored Bruckner's sole spiritual aspiration.

The *Scherzo* is full of Bruckner's typically naive humor and laughter. Childlike, straight from the heart, it differs from Beethoven's subtler humor, qualified by frequent, ominous shadows sprung from inward bitterness. Beethoven's is the dauntless, sometimes even desperate laughter of a mighty warrior doomed to solitude, but confident in his own, unaided strength. The *Scherzo* of Bruckner's *Third* is an idealized happy dance that takes place in some higher realm, beyond every darkening cloud. The *Trio* is full of the life and sunshine drawn from the musical sources of his childhood, the Upper-Austrian folksong.

The *Finale* is a stirring record of elemental conflict on a scale so gigantic that it dwarfs any attempt at verbal description. Perhaps Milton, no longer hampered by outer limitations of sight, viewed some such conflict when he conjured up the inner vision of the primal decisive battle between the Spirits of Good and Evil.

The remarkable nature of the second (song) theme deserves comment, for it represents one of the most individual of Bruckner's symphonic devices. Over a *chorale* softly intoned by horns and trumpets is heard a graceful, lilting, polka-melody played by strings. When questioned by his biographer Goellerich, during an evening's stroll through

the streets of Vienna concerning the paradoxical nature of this "double-theme," Bruckner answered pointing to an open window of a house they were just passing, "From the mansion opposite comes the sound of dance-music and merrymaking, while here on this side lies a man on his deathbed. Such is life. That's what I had in mind when I wrote the theme you ask about."

While Bruckner's *First Symphony* retains, in all essential respects, classic lines and dimensions, examination of the score of the *Third* reveals a form broadened far beyond the utmost dimensions of the sonata structure employed by Beethoven. The soundness of the factor accounting for this magnification is attested by its integral origin, for it springs from the very nature of the themes themselves. In place of the classicist's brief contrasted themes, skilfully bridged by an episodic interlude, Bruckner sets forth in straightforward fashion three independent theme-groups, each consisting of well-contrasted motivated portions. It may be claimed that this practice is prophesied in Schubert's sonata-form, but it is really the manner in which Bruckner develops his themes in the *Third* that results in the unprecedented length of the opening and closing movements, for here, for the first time, he grants each motivated particle the full expression which its thoroughly individual nature justly demands. The resultant huge development section acquires convincing unity through the skill with which the separate paragraphs are reared aloft as on the rungs of a ladder towards a towering climax, doubly surprising and impressive because it proves to be the recapitulation itself!

There exist three versions of the *Third*. The score of the original version (1874) is more than forty pages longer than that of the final version (1889). When submitting the latter for performance Bruckner wrote, "This is incomparably better than the original version, with which I no longer want to have anything to do." Yet the original was the version which aroused Wagner's unbounded enthusiasm, causing him to say, "The three B's of music are Bach, Beethoven, and Bruckner."

#### IV. SYMPHONY

The fact that Bruckner regarded the word *Romantic* an apt description of his *Fourth Symphony* may mislead many to regard him as a romanticist of the stamp of Weber or Schumann. In reality, he was even less a romanticist than Beethoven who warned against a too literal story-background interpretation of the *Pastorale*, his lone symphonic venture beyond the strict borders of absolute music. Although a festive *Scherzo* and a "Storm" *Finale* are present in both the *Pastorale* and the *Romantic*, these are only marks of an external community not reflecting the fundamental dissimilarity of the underlying messages in these works. Beethoven's conception of nature and man views them as separate entities, the former a species of recreation, a source of spiritual refreshment for the latter. Bruckner's conception presupposes a mystic,

inseparable union of the two. In his *Romantic* there is heard not the echo of the joys of nature in the soul of man, but rather the voice of Nature itself, whose lips seem to open in hymnlike gratitude as the horn sounds the opening theme midst an ecstatic tremolo in the strings.

Perhaps no composer has given this message clearer verbal shape than Gustav Mahler whose innate mysticism stamped him as a fervent Catholic long before his formal conversion to that creed. The devout Bruckner might have shrunk in horror from the pantheism inherent in Mahler's pronouncement concerning the living soul of nature as merged with that of man, but essentially it was the same as his own. Mahler said: "That Nature embraces all that is at once awesome, magnificent, and lovable, nobody seems to grasp. It seems so strange to me that most people, when considering Nature in connection with Art, imply only flowers, birds, woods, etc. No one seems to think of the mighty underlying mystery, the god Dionysos, the great Pan."

In the opening movement of the *Romantic* the hymnlike aura spread by the initial theme-group persists midst the bird-calls characterizing the second theme. This perhaps most famous of Bruckner's numerous double-themes is an ideal mirroring of the fulfilled yearning of man's soul for union with nature.

So plastic is the formal structure of this movement, so natural and inevitable each passage from beginning to end, that one readily understands why the *Romantic* has been the most popular with music-lovers for over half a century. Bruckner himself came to regard it as the ideal introduction to his gigantic later symphonies. It seems almost superfluous to warn listeners not to give too serious credence to Bruckner's own explanation of the content of the *Romantic*. The tones in which the symphony is set are far too vast and deep for any such naive picturing as, "A city of the Middle Ages—Daybreak—Reveille is sounded from the tower—the gates open—knights on proud chargers leap forth—the magic of nature surrounds them." Clearly this is all childish afterthought on the part of a man whose creativeness was purely musical, whose acquaintance with literature was limited to Gospel and the prayer book.

Particularly in the *Finale* is revealed the superficial inadequacy of the descriptive term *Romantic* for this work. The ominous conflict with which it begins has an import far deeper than the too obvious explanation, "the woods in the grip of a storm." It suggests rather the final struggle by which the spirit, beset with earthly fears, overcomes all obstacles on the path to eternal contentment.

The *Andante*, as always with Bruckner, presents life with all its pain and suffering viewed by the soul with its unconquerable faith in ultimate good. Bruckner's genius for instrumentation unerringly selects the voices of the violas for a telling role in this section. The final promise of spiritual surcease is expressed in a lofty revelation midst nobly mounting utterances by the trombones.

# The Impersonation of Hans Sachs

BY FRIEDRICH SCHORR

(A lecture with musical illustrations by Mr. Schorr, delivered at the University of California at Los Angeles, October 31, 1938.)

**T**HIS privilege of a closer artistic acquaintance with my Los Angeles friends seems to me all the more delightful because it also provides me with an opportunity to present before you briefly my own purely personal view, drawn from long years of professional experience, concerning the most important of all problems that confront the artist of the singing stage: How should such an artist approach the task of portraying a character so convincingly that the figure he represents upon the stage prove not merely credible, but of such lively interest as to leave a lasting impression with his audience?

I should like to emphasize at the outset that I speak to you, not from the viewpoint of the musical historian, scientist, or critic; it is my intention only to introduce you to the workshop of a serious, conscientious singer intrusted with the embodiment of an important role.

I hope I have chosen an appropriate vehicle for my remarks, in view of the impending performances of the *Meistersinger*, by selecting the impersonation of Hans Sachs. Hans Sachs, that wonderful being, radiant with genuinely human greatness, concerning whom Wagner said in a letter to Mathilde Wesendonck: "Sachs will capture your heart; you will fall in love with him."

First of all, the artist must determine whether the character he is to portray is historical or imaginary. If the former, he must study the historical background, familiarize himself with the recorded events and customs of the period involved.

As to the *Meistersinger* he must know:

German Master-song sprang up directly in the wake of departing German *Minnesong* and attained its culmination in Hans Sachs.

The singing trials usually took place at the Church of St. Katherine and consisted mainly in the presentation of sacred songs sprung from the ritual. At a table hidden by a curtain sat so-called *Markers*, often four in number, whose duty it was to judge according to the *Tabulatur* (code) which embraced all the rules of the Master-song: whether the text of the poem deviated from scripture, whether both rhythm and rhyme were faultless; whether the melodies displayed any objectionable features, such as turns and flourishes drawn from other *Weisen* (Song-forms). If the man seated on the *Singestuhl* was found wanting, he was declared "outsung and undone." The singers consisted of masters and apprentices. Anyone who passed the test by singing creditably his own musical setting of a text he had himself composed was declared a *Master*. One who merely had a fine voice and skilful delivery was granted the title *Singer*. The melodies themselves frequently resembled

the psalmodic chanting prevalent in the churches and were for the most part dry and monotonous although the use of decorative flourishes was permitted.

To grasp the personal note of the composer and poet the serious artist must strive his utmost to heed the intentions of the authors, to follow as faithfully as possible the sequence of their thoughts.

The present instance involves a poet-composer who set forth in detail his profoundly individual conception of the art of singing and prescribed definite fundamental principles for the art of singing German opera.

Richard Wagner himself furnished the artists with the best possible directions for a successful character portrayal as he had intended it.

He demanded expressly: The singer must learn to speak beautifully and correctly.

The singer who is unable to recite the lines of his role with the proper expression, as indicated by the poet, will be equally unable to sing them as the composer intended them to sound.

He demanded unconditional clarity of articulation, failing which, drama as well as music, the word as well as the melody, remain unintelligible.

Wagner stated explicitly: "In my opera there exists no difference between so-called 'declaimed' and 'sung' phrases; on the contrary, my declamation is equivalent to song; my song to declamation; and the definite cessation of 'song,' followed by the customary entrance of 'recitative,' with the conventional differentiation of two varied styles of singing, has no place in my art."

On the very occasion of the rehearsals for the world premiere of the *Meistersinger* Wagner labored most strenuously with his artists in this direction.

To his supreme satisfaction, at the first performance, singers and chorus had become thoroughly conversant with the dialogue as such, through continuous practice, with the result that it came to them as easily and naturally as every-day language. The artists, who previously, at the thought, "Now I must sing," would fall into a veritable spasm of false pathos, here found themselves merely continuing with the dialogue in a lively, most natural manner.

To do full justice to the role of Hans Sachs, one must memorize the part without the music, not in the style of a mechanical repetition of the lines, but in the most expressive, histrionic manner possible.

These basic studies are necessary in order to grasp the dominant traits of the role, to raise them into clear relief, thus giving the portrayal solid, well-defined character.

The experience and knowledge gained from these purely histrionic efforts are the indispensable preliminary aids to the proper mastery of the musical role itself.

**This** latter study is a never-ending process, even for the singer who has sung and performed the role hundreds of times (or better still) has sung, performed, and lived it, particularly, for one who has striven to portray this role of Sachs so tellingly, that those about him virtually regard the world through the eyes of Sachs.

During the conception of the second act of his "poem" Wagner wrote Peter Cornelius: "I can make no further progress without a friendly soul close by, and such a soul my Hans Sachs represents for me. A merely reasoning, philosophizing, resigned Hans Sachs is not worth the effort, but only an intimate, friendly being, a universally accessible Sachs; and the singer who is to sing Hans Sachs, must be able to reveal most clearly to his public that the peace and power of Hans Sachs is the repose of a genius on the loftiest human plane. By no means is he ever to personify that every-day type of good-soul that is doomed to remain an every-day character; his must be a peace and power, completely separated from the individual *Ego*. Such is the soul the artist must lay bare in the *Fliedermonolog*."

Sachs must here afford an insight into his inmost heart and soul. And the words:

"I feel it, yet I cannot understand it;  
Nor keep it in my mind, nor yet forget it.  
And though I grasp it wholly, yet I cannot gauge it."

These words constitute the true keynote for the portrayal of Hans Sachs.

Within the soul of Sachs the entire drama of the *Meistersinger* unfolds itself, and Sachs, despite his kindness and sunny humor, remains in essence a tragic figure.

Yet whenever this humor breaks through, it does so in a clever, witty, but always dignified form. With pure merriment he treats Beckmesser ironically for his sarcastic, scornful criticism of Sachs as artisan and poet. The very epithets advanced against him by Beckmesser in violent temper are used by Sachs with such evident superiority of thought and wit that Beckmesser is rendered helpless with desperation and finally changes from aggressor to petitioner.

The Sachs of history married twice and was eighty-one years old when he died. Hans Sachs in the opera does not marry a second time; far more, mindful of King Mark's fate, he renounces worldly happiness with painful resignation, as he speaks these sage words of an aging man:

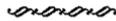
"My child, I know a sorry tale of Tristan  
And Isolde. Hans Sachs was wise and would have  
Naught of King Mark's happiness.  
'Twas time, I found the right one,  
Or in the end I too had met disaster."

Here the singer must have the gift of reenacting before your eyes how Hans Sachs, despite the pain of his renunciation, is swayed by greatness

of soul and unselfishness and reveals with open serenity that his inner spirit is a veritable shrine of peace.

The summit of his interpretation is attained by the singer in the *Wahnmonolog*. Here Sachs voices a revelation of peace and power, worldly wisdom, and love, and a humor that issues from the deepest experience of life. He muses over the world and its problems; over the self-delusion of mankind; over the illusion that seems to hover above all human endeavor. With sunny humor he reviews the *Pruegel* (flogging) scene which created such an uproar in normally peaceful Nuernberg and he voices his determination to supplant hatred and stupidity with all that is best for Nuernberg and for those who love it.

The purpose of my remarks to-day was to familiarize you with my conception of the unrivalled, unique, stage-figure of Hans Sachs as I have definitely established and shaped it for myself through long years of effort. Yet I should like once more to emphasize briefly, that the world of Hans Sachs is one turned completely towards within. It is a world purely of the spirit and all its conflict takes place within the soul. A blending of sunny cheerfulness, deep intuition, peaceful world-renunciation—a wondrous noble creation—such is for me Hans Sachs of the *Meistersinger*.



#### PITTS SANBORN ON MAHLER

Under the title of "Neglected Composers Offered by Visitors" the eminent critic, Mr. Pitts Sanborn, wrote in the *World-Telegram* on March 12, 1938:

There is no denying that the name of Mahler remains a bugaboo in New York. How wrong such an attitude is can be easily seen. The concert repertory cannot consist of the C minor symphony of Beethoven and the C minor symphony of Brahms, repeated ad infinitum. Other works have to be performed whether they measure up to the stature of those two compositions or not. Mahler was incontestably one of the most important composers of the late nineteenth century and early twentieth. He left ten symphonies (the last unfinished), as well as the symphonic "Das Lied von der Erde."

As I have said once and again for years, we have an inalienable right to become acquainted with those symphonies before we reject them. Nevertheless, when Mahler himself conducted in New York he scarcely dared put a work of his own on any of his programs, and when much later that high priest of Mahler, Willem Mengelberg, conducted here, there was a chorus of objections whenever he had the temerity to list his divinity.

Doubtless, Mr. Bodanzky, Bruno Walter, and still others have met with the same discouraging response. Yet, at least enough has been done by conductorial champions of Mahler to diminish the taboo on the First Symphony and to obtain something like a following for "Das Lied von der Erde."

And now comes a confession, damaging or not, of my own. I am by no means a Mahlerite, as far as my personal taste goes, but I do like enough of his music, and still feel sufficient curiosity about music of his that I have not come to like, to continue to urge the frequent performance of his works. Not until we know them well, to repeat, shall we be in a position to reject. Consequently, all praise to Mr. Ormandy for recently giving us "Das Lied von der Erde" again and to Mr. Koussevitzky for bringing forward the neglected Fifth Symphony.

# Mahler's Use of the Orchestra

BY WILLIAM PARKS GRANT

## I

**W**HEN different instruments sound the same tone they produce different tone-colors, a phenomenon explained by the presence or absence or by the comparative intensity of the various overtones of the tone (fundamental) being sounded. This vital element of tone-coloring has a great effect on the character or expressive power of the actual tones themselves, just as the same man makes a far different impression on us when he is faultlessly attired in evening clothes than he does when carelessly dressed in mud-stained overalls.

Therefore, not only the actual tones themselves, but also the orchestration or dress in which these appear, must be inspired, if we are to have first-class orchestral music. One of the most admirable qualities of Gustav Mahler's music is the unfailing inspiration governing his choice of tone-color. It is only natural that Mahler should have thought directly in the medium of the orchestra, for his long years of experience as conductor gained him an acquaintance with the inmost character of the various instruments such as few composers have had before or since.

Mozart's orchestration impresses us by its crystal clearness, like a cool mountain lake; Wagner's and Tschaikowsky's impress us by their gorgeous glow; Rimsky-Korsakoff's by its brilliance; Richard Strauss's by its reckless, surging richness; Sibelius's by its stark bleakness and its rigid asceticism. More than one person's outstanding early impression of Mahler's music is the great originality and freshness of the actual *sound* of it. His orchestration is clear, keen, definite, and of razor-like sharpness. Sometimes it is thick and heavy in effect, but almost never is there an element of blur, muddiness, or stale shrillness to it. It can be rich and full at times; weird, goblin-like, and grotesque at other times; and magical, other-worldly, and gently unexpected at still other times. It sounds as though Mahler had never learned anything about orchestration from other composers, but had invented an entirely original and marvelously effective means of writing for orchestra which was peculiar to him only. One feels as if he had studied the instruments themselves rather than the orchestral scores of previous composers, and had then set out to write for orchestra as though it were being done for the first time in the history of the world.

Yet we know that he did study other people's scores. We know that he was considerably influenced by the orchestration of Wagner and Bruckner. "Berlioz is recalled by Mahler's daring to bring the bizarre and grotesque within the scope of music in order to attain the ultimate in keenness of expression. No one, perhaps, had taught him so much about instrumentation as the ingenious Frenchman."<sup>1</sup> The truth of the matter

<sup>1</sup> *Gustav Mahler*, by Bruno Walter, translated by James Galston, page 92. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., 1937.)

seems to be that with a good and varied background of study of others' scores, Mahler was still enough of a genius to avoid imitating them and to blaze a few new trails of his own without forcing himself to be merely eccentric or semi-amateurishly "original."

But orchestration can be overdone: *tone-color* can become the chief source of interest, with the *tones* themselves (that is, the music itself) of secondary importance. Music of this type will become tiresome quickly. To illustrate: Let us assume that we have a melody which is very uninteresting when played by a piano, or by a Hammond organ with a purposely dull tone-color concoction. If we should have the same melody played by a clarinet in its low register, by a cello, or by an English horn, the melody would easily hold our attention better, but what would be the source of this increased interest? Not the melody itself, but the *tone-color*! If we would repeat this melody several times, the effect of the beautiful tone-color would soon wear off, and the melody would again quickly pall. But if we assume that we have a really interesting melody, performing it in a dull tone-color would not make it boring; performing it in a beautiful tone-color would make it extremely beautiful, but when, on frequent repetition, the loveliness of this tone-color would wear off, the melody would not bore us, because it would have real meat in it. A truly charming woman, though dressed in rags, will interest us, but an insipid woman gorgeously dressed will quickly become a bore after our attention has left her clothes and has centered on *her*. With Bach, the *music itself* is everything, the tone-color almost nothing. One can hardly mention "orchestration" in connection with his name. Schumann and Brahms are noted for a poor use of the orchestra, yet their music holds up because it is intrinsically interesting. Sir Charles V. Stanford, in his book on musical composition, says that just as the true test of a good picture is to photograph it and deprive it of its color to see if it is genuinely interesting, the true test of a piece of orchestral music is to reduce it to the plain black-and-white of the piano, and if it is really interesting then, it is of genuine merit. Stanford points out that when treated thus, Wagner's music loses very little of its interest, but Berlioz's loses almost everything. Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert also stress the *music* itself: orchestration with them is not the chief interest. But can we say the same of Rimsky-Korsakoff? of Ravel? of Respighi? of all of Debussy? Transcribing their orchestral music to the piano will not make it entirely vapid, but there may be some rather dubious stretches. But with all due respect to these great men, quite often we feel that it is the orchestra and not the actual *music itself* which occupied most of their attention.

With perhaps a few exceptions, we feel that Mahler's regard for orchestration was the proper, healthy one—as a means to an end, not as an end in itself. Showy display passages, brilliance for its own sake, attempts to be spectacular, eccentric, sensational, or to shock the conservative are not part of his equipment. They were foreign to his na-

ture. From what we can learn of him, he seems to have been the type who could easily detect superficiality. Although his orchestration is very unconventional, its peculiarities were born out of the necessity of what he was trying to say, and not for their own sake . . . G. W. Chadwick has said of Mahler:

For all his enormous orchestral technique, in which he was surpassed by no one, it seems to me that he never lowered himself to mere decorative effects. All his combinations, no matter how complicated, were the immediate outgrowth of his musical idea.<sup>2</sup>

To quote another opinion, Paul Draper has said:

There is no composer of our time who thought his music so clearly in the medium of the orchestra as did Mahler—the orchestra was his only form of musical expression.<sup>2</sup>

This is a most accurate statement, for Mahler's entire output (save fourteen early songs with piano) is for the orchestra, with or without solo voice or chorus. He really writes *music for the orchestra*, not merely music which can be played by an orchestra if convenient. Herein lies the difference between his work and that of the average composer. Analysis of the typical orchestral page of the average composer's score will usually show that the material consists of a melody, possibly a counter-melody, a bass, and filler harmony, entrusted perhaps to violins, woodwinds, cellos and double-basses, and four horns respectively. This layout is perfectly effective, but it is a stock device; anybody can orchestrate this way. The four horns will be seen to be merely harmonizing and uniting the work of the other sections, the parts being of no real interest in themselves, and, although it would bring disastrous results if they were omitted, they are not heard consciously by the auditors. These horns are only filler material—dead wood—intended merely to give thickness and fullness. Now a glance down almost any page of a Mahler score will reveal that each *voice* is *doing something vital* and *essential* to the total effect. True, he has big unisons of many instruments; it is not uncommon to find four flutes, three oboes, and three clarinets all playing the same notes, but that voice, in itself, is *essential*; it *does something*. This is due to the fact that Mahler's music is primarily *contrapuntal* in nature. But it must not be imagined that every note of Mahler's texture is part of a melody. He uses holding-notes very freely, but one always hears them consciously, and they are a *vital* part of the texture even though stationary. Sustained harmony is not uncommon in the middle of his ensemble, but it is not used because he can think of nothing else to do. Sustained harmony is commonest in his earlier compositions; it gradually tends to disappear in the later works. As for the large unisons, especially of woodwinds, they are necessary to maintain proper balance. Furthermore—and this is important—the

<sup>2</sup> *Gustav Mahler, the Composer, the Conductor, and the Man*. A symposium. (Published by the Society of the Friends of Music, New York.)

effect of several wood-winds (or brasses), even of the same type, playing in unison, is quite different from that of a solo instrument, just as a section of violins differs from a solo violin. All of this produces not only mere mathematical balance of instruments but also—when contrasted with single instruments on a part—greater *variety* in tone-color, a possibility which is of great importance and one which critics often overlook. . . . Purely decorative effects or fancy embroidery, whether prominent or subdued, are foreign to his music. His style of orchestration is nourishing meat, not whipped cream. It is really economical, rather than recklessly extravagant. . . .

A feature of Mahler's writing for orchestra which will be noticed after careful study is that he rarely if ever has long, prominent, formal solos for the various instruments—solos comparable to the clarinet solo in Rachmaninoff's *Second Symphony*, third movement, the viola solo in Sibelius's *En Saga*, or the horn solo in Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* nocturne. The contrapuntal nature of his music makes such solos well-nigh impossible. Solos of this type are most at home in strictly homophonic music.

## II

In his songs with orchestra, Mahler makes an even finer use of his orchestra than in his symphonies, though in a somewhat different way. Whereas in the symphonies the orchestra is frequently employed for mass usage, in his songs (except possibly *Das Lied von der Erde*) it is used in a manner suggestive of chamber-music more frequently than it is in the symphonies. In the orchestral songs we do not so often find many instruments massed together in unison—a device which has a tendency to cause thickness and the blotting-out of the individuality of each instrument—instead the instruments sing their own parts freely and unhampered. Each instrument stands out more individually and more colorfully. When a part is played by more than one instrument, this doubling seems to be done for real reasons (tone-color), rather than merely for the sake of maintaining the proper orchestral balance. After all, the best use of mixed tone-colors is that of contrast with pure (undoubled) tone-colors. Even the most critical cannot complain of Mahler's huge orchestra (of which more anon) in the songs, for its proportions are very reasonable. This is possibly but surely not entirely a necessity in order to preserve the proper balance between orchestra and voice. Except in *Das Lied von der Erde* the string sections could be a half or a third the number needed for the symphonies.

Every note seems to count for a definite purpose in Mahler's songs; everything seems alive. The sparseness often approaches that of chamber-music. Paul Rosenfeld's statement, "All the instruments of his orchestra sound"<sup>3</sup> applies most forcibly to the songs. Egon Wellesz said the following about Schönberg:

<sup>3</sup> *Modern Tendencies in Music*, by Paul Rosenfeld, page 20. (Caxton Institute, New York.)

Schönberg, however, always remained true to the chamber-music style, even in his big orchestral works. He seeks to give each voice its own melodic outline, and he is able to express himself best whenever he can build on the polyphony of the string quartet.<sup>4</sup>

The same is equally true of Mahler. Bruno Walter has said of Mahler's use of the orchestra in his songs:

The songs with orchestra accompaniment contain perhaps the most sublime achievements of his orchestral ability and are exemplary for the ideally-shaded sound-relations between singing voice and orchestra. . . . The master of instrumentation devoted especially loving care to his efforts to produce the most exquisite effects with the modest accompanying orchestra. . . . Altogether, the diversity and wealth of contrasts in the songs of Mahler give us an impressive idea of the riches of his nature, which, in his symphonies, reach imposing dimensions.<sup>5</sup>

One might justly attack the use of the word *accompanying* in the above statement. Mahler's songs are not for *voice with orchestra accompaniment*, but for *voice and orchestra*, or perhaps it would be better to say for *orchestra, one of the members of which is a voice*. Never does the voice completely dominate the entire song or indulge in pure display passages. The orchestra is really part of the picture, not merely the frame-work. Yet he does not go to the opposite extreme: writing for *orchestra with vocal accompaniment*. Also, the writing for the voice is always vocal in idiom; Mahler does not write instrumentally for the singer, nor does he make it necessary for the singer to have to shout to be heard above all the instruments. The voice is purely *one of the group*, often presenting one of several concurrent melodies of equal importance. Much more might be written on Mahler's use of voices if it were entirely in place here. But it is more a subject for another article.

### III

Probably everyone knows that Mahler often required a large number of instruments in his compositions. (Quite a few know nothing else about him.) Now to some people it seems a terrible sin for a composer to demand an augmented orchestra, particularly if the composition in question happened to be written during the nineteenth century or in the early 1900's. (When Stravinsky very justifiably requires a big orchestra for *Le Sacre du Printemps*, that is perfectly all right, of course; to such critics Stravinsky is probably above criticism of any kind.) Mahler's frequent demand for large orchestras is a serious indictment against him, if we are to listen to the sneers of certain people. They think that he was suffering from megalomania, a passion for being colossal for its own sake, and point to the length of his compositions as the clinching argument. The student of Mahler could easily show that the length of

<sup>4</sup> *Arnold Schönberg*, by Egon Wellesz, translated by W. H. Kerridge, page 11. (J. M. Dent & Sons, London.)

<sup>5</sup> *Gustav Mahler*, by Bruno Walter, pages 98-99.

the master's works is not for its own sake, but is organically essential to the very nature of his compositions. (This point also could be discussed at greater length elsewhere.) Composers do not arbitrarily determine the size of the orchestra they use; it is inseparably bound up with the nature of the very music itself. Various styles of music require different styles of orchestration. To re-score Mahler's *Eighth Symphony* for the average-sized orchestra would be impossible; those who criticize the size of Mahler's ensemble should try it and be convinced. Mozart wrote for comparatively few instruments because his musical ideas could not be properly expressed otherwise. Imagine how a Mozart symphony would sound if re-scored for the ensemble employed by Wagner in *The Ring*—or how *The Ring* would sound if re-scored for the orchestra used in the *G Minor Symphony*! . . . It is obvious that the larger a group of instruments one writes for, the greater will be the contrast between very soft and very loud, and the greater will be the variety of tone-colors one can achieve. The ethereal effect of four-part harmony played by nothing but flutes is of course impossible if one is scoring for fewer than four flutes—to cite but one example out of many that could be mentioned. If Mahler worshipped mere bigness for its own sake, why did he score the superbly beautiful *adagietto* of the *Fifth Symphony* for only the strings and harp? Why did he omit the violins and violas from *Der Tambour'sell*? Why did he omit all the strings from *Um Mitternacht*? Why did he score the *Fourth Symphony* for just the average orchestra minus trombones and tuba and why did he use such small orchestras in his songs, which in the case of *Ich atmet' einen Linden Duft* (which incidentally is only thirty-six measures in length) consists of only flute, oboe, clarinet, two bassoons, three horns, harp, celesta, a single section of violins, and violas, plus the voice? Just because a composition requires a large group of instruments does not automatically mean that it is overscored, nor that it will contain more frequent loud passages than the average orchestral composition.<sup>6</sup>

Let us now give a little attention to some of the typical land-marks by which we can distinguish a Mahler score. One of the most interesting devices Mahler uses (surely based on his experience) is rather difficult to describe. We might say it consists of adding extra instruments at certain high-lights in the course of a theme. And frequently when a theme begins with several "pick-up notes" (up-beat) there will be more instruments assigned to this anacrusis than to the rest of the theme. This device is much commoner in the symphonies than in the songs.

Frequently we find a single melodic line played by several instruments in unison, but in different idioms; for example, strings playing *tremolo* while the wood-winds trill on the same notes, or rapid wood-

<sup>6</sup> A few compositions by non-German composers requiring orchestras rivaling Mahler's in size are *Le Sacre du Printemps* by Stravinsky, *The Poem of Ecstasy* and *Prometheus* by Scriabine, *Overture to Dylan* by Joseph Holbrooke, *The Planets* by Gustav Holst, *Requiem Mass* and *Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale* by Berlioz, and *The Pines of Rome* by Respighi.

wind *arpeggios* while the strings play the same notes in chords across the strings.

Mahler often requires a *crescendo* from some instruments while others are performing a *diminuendo*; sometimes both sets of instruments are playing in unison. Dynamic contrasts between several melodic lines are indeed a feature of his music. First one instrument and then another appears prominently and then recedes into the background, but without ceasing to play.<sup>7</sup>

He loves to have the brass attack a soft chord with a stinging *sforzando* and then cause this chord to *crescendo* powerfully in a manner that "lifts the listener out of his seat." . . . (The foregoing are some of the most characteristic of his traits. Others, of course, could be mentioned.)

#### IV

When one begins a study of Mahler's use of the individual instruments one approaches a truly fascinating subject. One meets old friends in unexpected but delightful new rôles. . . . In *Um Mitternacht*, a song of deep mysticism and introspection, the usually heavy-voiced tuba goes down several scales softly with a most unusual but excellent effect. . . . Listen to the striking use of the usually jolly glockenspiel in the anguished first number of the *Kindertotenlieder*. . . . In the middle of the fourth movement (*Urlicht*) of the *Second Symphony*, the customarily squealing piccolo plays a high, soft, ethereal melody, and is presently joined by another piccolo playing a third lower with even finer effect. . . . In the last movement of the same symphony there is a terrifying *crescendo* for nothing but percussion instruments. Truly the gates of Hell open here! . . . And again in the middle of the third movement of this symphony a trumpet, with the bell raised high and accompanied by three other trumpets, plays a sentimental and somewhat vulgar solo which is truly delightful. . . . One feels in each of these instances how inevitably *right* is the usage of the instruments and how refreshingly novel and spontaneous is the effect.

Mahler's restraint in using the harp is noteworthy, yet where he does use it, the effect is admirable. He shows much interest in its low notes. . . . Solo violins, violas, cellos, and even double-basses are common. In the second movement of the *Fourth Symphony* there is an important obligato part for a solo violin tuned a whole-step higher than usual. He loves the *spiccato* or *saltando* (springing bow) effect in the strings. *Portamentos* are frequently indicated; wisely so, for if left to individual discretion there may be no discretion. An extremely common device is the use of drawing the bows across all the strings, forming a chord. Here Mahler doesn't seem to want these chords to supply har-

<sup>7</sup> Winthrop Sargeant appropriately calls this device *contrapuntal dynamics* in his very interesting paper on Mahler's use of the orchestra which appeared in the March 25, 1934 issue of *Musical America*. It was one of a group of two articles on Mahler which Mr. Sargeant wrote for that magazine.

mony, but rather for the slash and force they give to the highest note of the chord. He uses the *col legno* (playing with the back of the bow) rather frequently and sometimes in the most unexpected places. Muted strings are extremely common; to Mahler it is just as natural for a string instrument to have the mute as to be without it. Muted brass and stopped horns are not uncommon. . . . Highly effective passages played off-stage by trumpets (also horns) are not hard to find. Flutter-tonguing is common with wood-winds and brasses. Trumpet, horn, oboe, English horn, and clarinet are often asked to play with the bell of the instrument raised high. His extreme fondness for the trumpet is said to date from his early boyhood spent in a neighborhood close to military barracks. . . . This is also said to cause his liking for the percussion instruments. Triangle, cymbals, and gong often enter with charming effect at unexpected places. Examples of muffled snare-drum and timpani can be found. He often requires the cymbals to be fastened to the top of the bass drum and both instruments to be then played by the same performer. This makes quite a difference in the tone of the cymbals, but he surely desires it.<sup>8</sup> . . . He uses the E-flat clarinet freely (sometimes two of them) usually for brilliance, strength on high notes, parody, or humor. He also uses the C clarinet often. One of the most surprising traits of his use of clarinets is that he apparently differentiates between the tone-color of the two standard clarinets—those in B-flat and A—for he sometimes uses the former in keys with many sharps and the latter in keys with many flats, instead of the reverse, as the instruments are adapted to be used, when difference in tone-color desire can be the only explanation possible (See *Fifth Symphony*, second movement, at 17).

There was some discussion in CHORD AND DISCORD for January, 1938 concerning Mahler's treatment of the horn. It must be noted that Dr. Ernst J. M. Lert, who thought Mahler indifferent to the horn and his treatment of it undistinguished, was primarily thinking of Mahler's conducting of the works of others, and only secondarily of his usage in his own works. The present writer feels that Mahler wrote very intelligently and idiomatically for the horn, even in difficult passages. He seems to have known all its resources, including the use of its low notes. There is a prominent horn obligato in the third movement of the *Fifth Symphony*.

There is one instrument, however, which he doesn't understand thoroughly, and that is the organ. He knows where to use it and he knows its character and effect, but he doesn't know how to notate it. (In this respect he is not alone among composers.) He writes passages which go below the range of manuals and pedals alike. He apparently did not understand what couplers are, or what 8 ft., 4 ft., and 16 ft. mean. He seems to have written the *sounds* he wants the organ to produce, rather than the *keys* to be pressed. Directions as to registration are very

<sup>8</sup> This therefore makes him not subject to Berlioz's biting criticism of this method in his *Treatise of Modern Instrumentation and Orchestration*.

meager. But a man who understood all other instruments so well can be forgiven this fault. After all, the organ is very complicated and not much like any other instrument.

Concerning the unusual instruments Mahler employed, one might best put them in a list.

INSTRUMENT	USED IN
Mandolin . . . . .	7th <i>Symph.</i> , 4th mov't. 8th <i>Symph.</i> , 2nd mov't. <i>Das Lied v. d. Erde</i> , 4th & 6th mov'ts.
Guitar . . . . .	7th <i>Symph.</i> , 4th mov't.
Piano . . . . .	8th <i>Symph.</i> <i>Um Mitternacht</i> .
Harmonium . . . . .	8th <i>Symph.</i> , 2nd mov't.
Organ . . . . .	2nd <i>Symph.</i> , finale. 8th <i>Symph.</i>
Harness-Bells . . . . .	4th <i>Symph.</i>
Cow-Bells . . . . .	6th <i>Symph.</i> 7th <i>Symph.</i>
Ruthe (or Rute) . . . . .	2nd <i>Symph.</i> , 3rd mov't. <i>Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt</i> . 3rd <i>Symph.</i> , 2nd mov't. 6th <i>Symph.</i> , finale. 7th <i>Symph.</i> , finale.
Hammer . . . . .	6th <i>Symph.</i> , finale.
Tenor-Horn in B-flat . . . . .	7th <i>Symph.</i> , 1st mov't.
Post-Horn in B-flat . . . . .	3rd <i>Symph.</i> , 3rd mov't.
Flügel-Horns ( <i>ad lib.</i> ) off-stage	<i>Das Klagende Lied</i> .
Flutes in D-flat ( <i>ad lib.</i> ) off-stage	<i>Das Klagende Lied</i> .
Oboe d'Amore . . . . .	<i>Um Mitternacht</i> .

It might be explained that the *ruthe* (literally, "rod") is a bundle of rushes or ratan, fastened together so as to resemble a small broom or a large clothes-brush, which is used to play the bass drum. There seems to be some uncertainty about the *tenor-horn*. Paul Bekker, on page 225 of *The Story of the Orchestra*, refers to it as a keyed-bugle, but surely he is mistaken. Cecil Forsyth, in *Orchestration*, says *tenor-horn* is the German equivalent of our baritone-horn, surely a more likely explanation. . . . As to such semi-unusual instruments as the celesta, tubular bells, xylophone, glockenspiel, E-flat and D clarinets, castanets, tambourine, etc., it might suffice to say that Mahler used them rather often. Perhaps it would not be too far off the subject to mention that a boys' chorus appears in the *Third Symphony*, fifth movement (Bell chorus), and in the *Eighth Symphony*.

Mahler always tried to get the utmost in range out of his instruments. He writes low notes for the piccolo, flute, oboe, English horn, clarinet, bassoon, trombone, and celesta which are not found on the types of

these instruments common to this country, or at least not on all of them. Except for a piccolo solo in the third movement of *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* and flute solos in the last movement of the *Fourth Symphony* and second movement of the *Seventh Symphony*, none of these low notes occurs in solos without provision for its possible absence. Instances of the writing of low F and F-sharp below the low G (lowest note) of the violins can be found. Almost invariably these notes are written in parentheses and they are always doubled by some other instrument. Never are the violins asked to tune down their G-string. Richard Strauss has also used such notes without allowing provision for tuning down the string and has remarked that perhaps some day a way will be found to make them playable. Mahler probably thought the same.

Before closing, it might be worth while to cite a few of Mahler's favorite combinations of instruments. The bitter-sweet clash of oboe and horn (which do not blend) playing different parts is highly characteristic of him. The unison of flutes, oboes, and clarinets has already been mentioned. Unisons of harp and muted strings, celesta and muted strings, or harp and clarinets may be found in more than one happy example. An especially interesting combination is that of oboes and trumpets with the former playing the melody and the latter accompanying.

The above are just a few suggestions. Almost any page of this master's scores will reveal something original and worthy of attention in the way of orchestration. Mahler's scores are not for the beginner in orchestration, but they are admirable for the advanced student, while the young composer will find them a splendid guide for more things than just orchestration.



#### CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA UNDER RODZINSKI BROADCASTS

BRUCKNER'S *SEVENTH* (NBC) MARCH 16, 1938

For the first time in two years a complete Bruckner symphony was put on the air over a major network. Bruckner's *Seventh*, performed by the Cleveland Orchestra, was broadcast over the network of the National Broadcasting Company on March 16th. For this performance admirers of Bruckner are grateful to the Cleveland Orchestra and its brilliant conductor and hope it will be less than two years before another complete Bruckner symphony is heard on the air.

The eminent critic, Mr. Pitts Sanborn, advocated a Bruckner cycle (one symphony to a program) several years ago. Mr. Lawrence Gilman wrote that the complete symphonic Bruckner has never received his due in this country. The late William J. Henderson thought that repetition of Bruckner's symphonies is the best test of their worth. Mr. Olin Downes expressed the opinion that it would be well if audiences could know more than they do of Bruckner's symphonies. Audiences of various cities—New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Denver, Minneapolis, San Francisco—expressed their approval of Bruckner performances during the past few years by means of enthusiastic applause—an attitude quite different from that of years ago when Bruckner's music virtually emptied the concert-hall. Reviewers have advocated repetition, the only means of familiarizing the music-loving public with unfamiliar works.

Would it not be a good idea for conductors to offer their concert and radio audiences Bruckner-Wagner and Bruckner-Beethoven programs, thus combining the familiar with the unfamiliar until audiences learn to know Bruckner's music sufficiently well to want to hear it for its own sake?

## Bruckner and Mahler

### *Their Spiritual Message*

BY MARY R. RYAN

POETRY, so replete with apt similes, does proffer, on occasions, comparisons of a fantastic nature. Likewise, in the prose of life, we find ourselves now and then placing in juxtaposition persons or events which, on the surface, appear to be wholly at variance. I admit in these opening lines, therefore, that my gesture in bringing into even slight relationship two of the world's greatest and most masculine of composers with X- and Y-, feminine both and musicians not at all, is somewhat gauche. The fact remains, however, that these women in certain respects remind me always of Bruckner and Mahler.

With X- I will deal first. She lives in the West. Mountains rise about her home; close by are valley gardens and rocky cups of shining water. It is an environment which weaves itself into her longest memories. Familiarity, however, has not blinded her to the grandeurs which she possesses, and her joy is apparent when she undertakes to share them with those many guests who pass her way. Yet that joy has nothing in it which is exclamatory. It wells up and overflows quietly — so quietly in truth that its force is not rightly measured at once; nor is, perhaps, the depth of that undramatic thankfulness with which she admits that when there was need to tread the cruel trails against two far hills, invariably "strength for climbing them" was granted her.

X- has an individual fashion of bidding her friends farewell with gifts. And that one most prized, is, I think, "peace of spirit." Long after more tangible treasure has been destroyed, this lingers!

Now, when I leave the music of Anton Bruckner, I feel again an identical tranquillity. For the genius of St. Florian possessed, too, from his childhood, gardens and hills and stretches of flashing water. Very early, his inward gaze had rested upon a blossoming spot in Nazareth where an angel bent to the Virgin Mary and said: "Hail, the Lord is with thee"; he looked up to the hills of Bethlehem across which the glow of a Star had fallen. On one hand he could glimpse Mount Tabor of the Transfiguration; on the other the Lake of Genesareth; and there beyond was Golgatha, Cross-crowned, with a garden below where Christ walked on the morn of Resurrection. All these were Bruckner's Catholic heritage and he guarded them well.

Every mortal must stumble at times along the way of suffering. Bruckner's lot was the common one, of course. But in his major works, we hear constantly a pedal note of grateful confidence underlying pain; and where pain is not, dominating chords of lofty happiness are. In that countryside which his soul owned, he found the gift which he offers us without stint — peace of spirit.

Y- lives a thousand miles distant from X-. But she, too, has her cloud-kissing hills, a blue lake and gardens of wild flowers. She has acquired these, however, only in maturity. Her first steps echoed in the canyons of a city. Each day the stream she watched was that of dusty trucks and clanging street cars. And hour upon hour the roar and flame of giant industries were in her ears. Now, with four decades behind her, for portions of each year she roams her own acres of high land. Equally with X-, she loves the natural beauties about her; equally she rejoices in tendering them to her visitors. But her reaction to loveliness acquired so late reflects itself not in serenity, but in an enthusiasm characterized by sharp fluctuations and darkened by sudden moods of somberness. Cedars and white sails against the horizon, gulls and wood moths, wind in the birches and roses marching up a hillside make for alternating showers of lyric or ejaculatory comment. But from the beacon fires of a sunset she may turn to brood over the stock market report. The city has not released its grip upon her. One bids her adieu with emotions compounded of exaltation and unrest. X-'s gift of peace is not hers to bestow!

Gustav Mahler, like Y-, owned first but the tumult of the city—spiritually speaking. His parents, Jews by birth, were actually free thinkers by preference. Thus for their son they provided no definite religious anchorage during his formative years. We observe him, a highly sensitive soul, inclining soon towards an ideal of rare perfection. "I would like to be a martyr," he declared as a small lad. Others have expressed that wish before and since—and reached their goal. But the path was indicated to these. For Mahler there was no direction suggested.

Eventually he set out upon the highroad of music. But this was traversed unendingly by lanes resounding with the clamors of discouragement, misunderstandings, setbacks and biting criticism. He knew well that his soul must seek escape from the noise of the world. And many gates he passed through only to discover himself in a fog of philosophies. When he was thirty-five his searchings led him finally to the green valleys, the sunny waters and the high hills of Faith that his friend Bruckner had so long cherished. And when in 1895, in solemn ceremony, he uttered the Credo of a Roman Catholic, these became his own as well.

Yet, like Y-, the fever of all that had gone before was not swift to disappear. In the brief years remaining for him, he was unable to fashion an armor that was fully adequate to protect him against the lances of his generation. Commentators indicate also that he placed his holdings of Faith in jeopardy; and almost certainly, if he toyed with the doctrine of pantheism, he lost title to his Catholicism. A rather illuminating illustration of opposing sentiments in him is to be noted in his first outline for the *Eighth Symphony*. The initial movement is motivated apparently by one of the great hymns of the Church—the "Veni Creator"; the final and crowning movement revolves around the pagan deity, Eros and

**creation.** That the order of his conception—from God, the everlasting Light to a figure in the dusk of mythology—is out of line with the spirit of those who habitually utter a “Credo in unum Deum” goes without saying.

However, above the din of all his inward conflicts, he lifts his voice from time to time to reverently glorify that Light, which having sought in hope, he found in a garden where Bruckner walked. Therein lies the exaltation which listeners extract from his music. But his melancholy, his acute sensitiveness, his divergencies of thought press down upon us, too; and in the midst of an inspired moment, the shadow of these will induce, not an added peace, but rather a restlessness, a waiting for a cadence that is not sounded.

Maritain, the French philosopher, has written: “Music . . . has this peculiarity that symbolizing by sound the very movements of the soul—*cantare amantis est*—when it produces emotion it produces precisely what it symbolizes. But such production is not its object any more than a representation or description of the emotions. The emotions which it evokes in the soul by sound or rhythm are the matter by which it ought to give us the experienced joy of a spiritual form, of a transcendent order, of the brilliance of being.”<sup>1</sup>

Surely in the majestic strains of victory, in the grave moments of prayer which are to be discovered in the music of Bruckner and Mahler, the splendor of the indestructible and immortal soul shines in an unforgettable radiance!



#### HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON ON BRUCKNER, MAHLER, AND WOLF

During the latter years of Brahms' life there were three other great composers in Vienna whose works suffered a similar fate, who had to wait a long time for recognition. The first of them, Hugo Wolf, gave us a series of songs of rare beauty, for he knew how to identify the music with the words as no one else had been able to do since Schubert. The second of these was Anton Bruckner, who spent his many days on this planet fulfilling his task in a simple and sincere but somewhat ponderous way. The third was Gustav Mahler, whom we still remember over here from the days when he conducted the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and who was almost the complete opposite of the embittered Wolf (who realized his own genius as a composer but had to make a living as a musical critic) and the deeply religious Bruckner.

All three of them were finally able to get their works performed. The last two lived to see the day when their symphonies appeared regularly on the programs of all philharmonic societies. But as in the case of

<sup>1</sup> *Art and Scholasticism* . . . Jacques Maritain. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Brahms, they were obliged to exercise patience and to bide their time. If the public was slow in coming up to them, that was undoubtedly very unfortunate, but for the public, not for them. Even the humble Bruckner knew that what he had to offer was good. Let the audiences come and get it or do without.

Hendrik van Loon. *The Arts*, page 625, published by Simon & Shuster, New York.

### PITTS SANBORN ADVOCATES BRUCKNER CYCLE

In the article bearing the title "Music of Bruckner Would Enrich Season" (*World Telegram* March 26, 1938) the eminent critic, Mr. Pitts Sanborn wrote in part as follows:

... In recent years it has seemed as though the local taboo on Bruckner's music had been removed at last. Conductors of the first rank have directed his works here and not seldom. Arturo Toscanini, Willem Mengelberg, Artur Bodanzky, Leopold Stokowski, Bruno Walter, and Otto Klemperer have all done their mighty bit for Bruckner. Even the summer festivities at the Lewishon Stadium have testified to his importance. On the part of the public growing appreciation and pleasure had been clearly manifest. And now comes this slump!

I might say at this point that the slump, like every misfortune, has a concomitant advantage. We are spared performances that might be misrepresentations. Bruckner has by no means become so secure in this country that a clumsy, bungling exposition would fail to militate against the growing favor and lead unbelievers to exclaim, "I told you so!"

There are admittedly structural weaknesses in his symphonic works that pose problems for even the most accomplished interpreters. Great masters of design like a Toscanini and a Mengelberg have actually discovered bone and sinew hidden from the ordinary observer, and the conductors schooled in the old Viennese tradition have known how to emphasize the authentic Viennese quality in these works and even to bring out the kinship of Bruckner to so great and typical a Viennese as Schubert—a relation that is usually overlooked in the traditional preoccupation with the kinship of Bruckner to Wagner.

Therefore, while deploring the current slump in Bruckner, let us beware lest his reputation fall into the wrong hands, for many a conductor of respectable ability in the domain of Beethoven and Brahms is without vocation, or at any rate training, when it comes to Bruckner.

Nevertheless, though we must be content to bide our time till Bruckner can be reintroduced here under proper auspices, it is not amiss to point out that when the moment arrives the concert repertory could be varied and enriched through a Bruckner cycle, as in the case of the season's Sibelius cycles.

It is really imperative that some competent and courageous conductor should display the nine Bruckner symphonies in their order. Only four of them are at all familiar here now, and there is grave doubt whether the first has ever been played in this country at all. . . .

### ATTITUDE TOWARD COMPOSERS CHANGES

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Reprinted from an article in the *Boston Post*, January 23, 1938.

To this department has come a copy of the latest issue of CHORD AND DISCORD, the magazine published once a year, or oftener, by the Bruckner Society of America, Inc. The "discord," or critical disapproval of Bruckner and of Mahler, whom the society also champions, is largely confined to the title. Not that there is any present dearth of that commodity, although there is every sign of a more tolerant and understanding attitude on the part of the music reviewers, but the purpose of the magazine, or one of

its purposes, is to show as well as to encourage the trend toward these composers on the part of conductors, critics and audiences.

Long continued critical condemnation, turning gradually into enthusiastic approval, has been the fate of more than one composer. It is, in fact, the surest mark of value. The inconsequential composer does not have whole mountains of abuse heaped upon him — he doesn't get the chance.

On one page of CHORD AND DISCORD is to be found a list of performances of symphonies or of parts of symphonies and of smaller works by Mahler and Bruckner announced for the season of 1937-38 by seven American orchestras and one choral society. Included here are three full symphonies by each composer. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is down for Mahler's Fifth, already played, and for Bruckner's Seventh.

Considering how formidable, by comparison, a list of proposed performances of symphonies by Brahms and Tchaikovsky would seem, it may be wondered why conductors are still so leery of Bruckner and Mahler, particularly when the symphonic repertory is in such urgent need of replenishing. If the public were hostile, or even disinterested, this hesitancy would be easy enough to explain; but by many signs such is not the case. The critics still put up something of a fight; for years in New York the unanimous anti-Mahler sentiment suggested a cabal. But that is another story.

Take, for example, recent experience in Boston. Measured by the volume of applause and by the number of recalls for the conductor, Dr. Koussevitzky has scored some of his most conspicuous successes with Bruckner's Seventh and Eighth Symphonies and with Mahler's Fifth, while the visiting Mr. Mitropoulos earned his greatest triumph with the latter's First two years ago. That Mahler's "Song of the Earth" and Ninth Symphony, actually finer works, have received less outward acclaim may easily be laid to their common possession of a long-drawn-out pianissimo conclusion, the antithesis of what is known as an applause trap. To go further back, Bruckner's Seventh and Eighth and Mahler's Fifth have all been repeated here in the same season by popular request.

That which happens in one city probably happens in another; by evidence of the testimony quoted in CHORD AND DISCORD it most decidedly does.



#### LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN BY WPA

On the evening of December 4, 1937, Miss Eells sang *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* at a concert by the New York Civic Orchestra. The orchestra, under the direction of Edgar Schenkman acquitted itself creditably. The audience seemed to enjoy the songs. Miss Hariette Eells was recalled twice.

#### TUREMAN PERFORMS BRUCKNER'S *FOURTH* AT DENVER, COLORADO.

The Denver Civic Orchestra under the direction of Horace E. Tureman performed Bruckner's *Fourth Symphony* on January 23rd, 1938. The performance stirred the audience.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT

THE ASSOCIATED MUSIC PUBLISHERS, INC., 25 West 45th Street, New York City, announce that the conductor's scores and performing parts of the symphonies of Anton Bruckner, which were hitherto for rent only, are now for sale. The prices are:

Symphonies No. 1, 2, 4, 6: Score \$10.00; Parts \$25.00; Strings each \$1.20.

Symphony No. 7: Score \$9.00; Parts \$30.00; Strings each \$1.20.

Symphony No. 8: Score \$15.00; Parts \$35.00; Strings each \$1.60.

Symphonies No. 3, 5, 9: Score \$12.00; Parts \$35.00; Strings \$1.60.

Overture G minor: Score \$4.00; Parts \$6.00; Strings each \$ .40; Andante: Score \$4.00; Parts \$6.00; Strings each \$ .30.

STOCK BROADCASTS MOVEMENTS FROM MAHLER'S SYMPHONY  
NO. 1 OVER WGN JANUARY 29, 1938

On Saturday night, January 29th the Chicago Symphony under the direction of Frederick A. Stock performed the *Andante* and *Scherzo* from Mahler's *First Symphony* at a popular concert. Judging by the enthusiastic applause Mr. Stock need not hesitate to include additional movements, or perhaps even a whole symphony of Mahler on these programs.

BRUCKNER'S *FOURTH* UNDER BRICO

The Bay Region Symphony Orchestra performed Bruckner's *Fourth* in San Francisco on August 16th and in Oakland three days later. On both occasions there were sold out houses and attentive and appreciative audiences. This was the first performance of Bruckner's *Fourth* in San Francisco.

KINDERTOTENLIEDER BY FEDERAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Hertha Glatz sang *Kindertotenlieder* at a concert by the Federal Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Fritz Mahler in New York City on May 15th. Miss Glatz revealed a thorough understanding of the spirit of the text and succeeded in communicating its message to her audience. There was much applause for the soloist and for the orchestra.

HALASZ CONDUCTS *FINALE* OF MAHLER'S *FOURTH*

The Greenwich Orchestra under the direction of Laszlo Halasz, performed the *finale* of Mahler's *Fourth* at the Federal Music Theatre on September 7th before an enthusiastic audience. Kate Ettlinger was the soloist.

Wrote Mr. Francis D. Perkins of the *Herald Tribune*:

"... Mahler's fourth symphony was first played here in a New York Symphony concert under Walter Damrosch in March, 1904, but nearly fourteen years have elapsed since its last New York performance by the Society of the Friends of Music under Artur Bodanzky in November, 1924, although, in regard to its temporal dimensions and the requirements of the score, it is one of the least exacting of Mahler's works in this form. The finale, with a wealth of melody of an unsophisticated Austrian flavor, is well suited to a separate performance, although it might have been worth while to add a note pointing out that the text is that of an old German folksong describing a somewhat festive heaven. . ."

THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO EUGENE ORMANDY

In appreciation of his efforts to create a greater interest in and appreciation of Mahler's music in this country, the Mahler Medal of Honor, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the Society, was awarded to Eugene Ormandy after a performance of *Das Lied von der Erde* in Philadelphia, on January 29, 1938. Dr. Harl McDonald, Head of the Department of Music of the University of Pennsylvania and a member of the Board of Directors of the Philadelphia Orchestra Association, made the presentation on behalf of the Society.

BRUCKNER AND MAHLER ON WNYC AND WQXR

The local stations, WNYC and WQXR, thanks to the catholic taste of their musical directors (Messrs. Eddy Brown and Douglas MacKinnon—WQXR, and Dr. S. N. Siegel and Mr. H. Neumann—WNYC), have been broadcasting the available recordings of Bruckner's and Mahler's works throughout the year. A feature of especial interest and merit was the 15-minute able discussion of *Das Lied von der Erde* by Mr. Neumann over WNYC on February 13, 1938. Charles F. Adler gave an interesting talk on Bruckner over WQXR on July 8, 1938. This station broadcast recordings of Bruckner's *Ninth* in December, 1938.

## RECORDINGS

*Das Lied von der Erde*—Vienna Philharmonic Symphony, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Soloists, Charles Kullmann and Kerstin Thorborg.

It was a courageous undertaking of Columbia to present, for the first time on records, the complete symphony, which though a masterwork, is by a composer still far from popular or enjoying the wide appreciation he deserves. . . .

The playing, under Walter's ministrations, is beautiful at every stage. . . .

The soloists (Kullmann and Thorborg) were happily chosen. . . .

There remains Mahler's great score with a last movement that is the ultimate in resignation and pessimism as expressed in the language of tone. It is not a popular work: so much the worse for people who will not listen so that they may make "contact" with a noble poet. I have no inclination to discuss the so-called controversial question of Mahler, a subject for which I have no patience. I can but testify that for me "Das Lied von der Erde" is a musical monument that grows in size each time I hear it; and if other people cannot see it the loss is theirs.

MOSES SMITH, *Boston Evening Transcript*, December 14, 1937-

LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN SUNG BY HARRIET EELLS  
AT TOWN HALL

. . . The "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen" are incompletely realized when heard with piano accompaniment, rather than with the orchestra, but yet, considering how seldom they are sung, were to be welcomed in this guise. If some of the subtle emotional hues here and in the Loeffler group were not fully set forth, Miss Eells was successful in setting much of their expressive significance, and especially in conveying the poignant contrasts of feeling in one of Mahler's most treasurable contributions. . . .

. . . There was a good-sized and applause audience.

F. D. P., *Herald Tribune*

STOCK PERFORMS BRUCKNER'S *THIRD* FEBRUARY 24, 1938

Bruckner's *Third* was featured on last evening's program; and it was so well received—Dr. Stock had two enthusiastic recalls after its performance—that this commentator believes that it reflects the changing attitude of Chicago music-lovers toward the genius of St. Florian. Years ago Bruckner performances virtually emptied concert halls. And most certainly the cordial and sincere reception which the *Third Symphony* won yesterday should gratify its conductor whose faith in the greatness of the work has been evidenced on previous occasions.

The power and sweep of the first movement as the orchestra played it will not soon be forgotten. The solemn second movement with its exquisite counterpoint was done very much *con amore*; and the scherzo might well be programmed: "Life is good!" The finale, notable for its melodic and contrapuntal effects and for the sheer "lift" and grandeur of its progression exhibited the orchestra in its finest light. We will hope for a repetition of this symphony next season.

MARY R. RYAN

HARRY T. CARLSON CONDUCTS BRUCKNER'S *TE DEUM* PERFORMED  
BY SWEDISH CHORAL CLUB IN CHICAGO, APRIL 27th, 1938

"Te Deum laudamus: te Dominum confitemur. Te aeternum Patrem omnis terra veneratur." As the majestic music which Bruckner set to this ancient hymn of the Church burst forth in Orchestra Hall last evening, one could sense the lifting of hearts of both singers and auditors alike in praise and thanksgiving to the Eternal Father. It was an experience this commentator will never forget.

Harry T. Carlson, the brilliant conductor of the Swedish Choral Society (the membership of which is two hundred and twenty) offered three religious works new to Chicago in his latest program. One of these was a unique oratorio by R. Nathaniel Dett—"The Ordering of Moses." The other two were the *Te Deums* of Bruckner and Kodaly. All three compositions demanded much in the way of technique from chorus and soloists, much of interpretive power on the part of the conductor. And thunder-

ous applause from the audience, as well as astonishingly unanimous commendation from critics testified to the quality of the entire performance.

The idea of offering the public two *Te Deums* was novel. Both works are rich in tonal color, with Kodaly highlighting his orchestration with some striking uses of dissonance. But there is a glory in the music of the older Bruckner that glows by the sheer force of the human voice alone.

A vivid contrast was provided in the two endings of the *Te Deums*. The Kodaly version might be designated as "feminine," for we hear the "In te Domine speravi: non confundar in aeternum" (with soprano soloist against a subdued chorus) as something ethereal. The "masculine" finale is Bruckner's; here, as the shadows are closing in he still prays with full and ringing strength: "In Thee, O Lord, have I trusted; let me never be confounded."

May these two colossal hymns find many conductors in the seasons to come!

MARY R. RYAN

#### STOCK PERFORMS EXCERPTS FROM MAHLER'S *FIRST* NOVEMBER 3, 1938

For a second time in twelve months, Dr. Stock offered to Chicago last evening the hunter's funeral procession and the scherzo from Mahler's first symphony. His devotion to the Mahler cause won in this instance a phenomenal reward: for at the conclusion of the *Frere Jacques* movement, an audience which has the habit of holding sternly to the convention of silence between the pauses of a symphonic work broke into spontaneous applause. And justly was the rule disregarded. For the great conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra presented this music in what might be termed etchings of incredible beauty. With subtle skill his needle traced the plate of sound. No single shadow was overlooked; and every infinitesimal line of light was captured. As a result, the finished products belong in the folio of treasured art. Following such a performance of the "youthful Mahler" Chicago concert-goers glance ahead with awakened interest to Stock's presentation in January of *Das Lied von der Erde*.

MARY R. RYAN

#### NEW HONORARY MEMBERS

Charles Kullmann, Dimitri Mitropoulos, and Enid Szanthy were elected Honorary Members of the Society at a meeting of the Executive Members held November 30, 1938.

Mr. Mitropoulos performed Mahler's *First* in Boston (broadcast) and Minneapolis, and Mahler's *Fourth* in Minneapolis.

Miss Szanthy and Mr. Kullmann were the soloists in New York and Philadelphia performances of *Das Lied von der Erde*.

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#### GUSTAV MAHLER: SONG-SYMPHONIST

BY GABRIEL ENGEL

It is perhaps the best life of Mahler extant. . . . The reading public owes a debt of gratitude to the Bruckner Society for issuing this comprehensive brochure; it tells all that is necessary and it is informative.

HARVEY GAUL, *Pittsburgh Post Gazette*

(Price \$1.00 plus 6 cents postage)

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Copies of CHORD AND DISCORD are available in the principle public and university libraries in the United States.

# Symphonic Chronicle

## *A Record of Critical and Popular Reaction*

### GUSTAV MAHLER: ANDANTE, SECOND SYMPHONY

*Stadium concerts, N. Y., Fritz Reiner, conductor; July 21, 1937.*

The easygoing, genial andante from Mahler's symphony in C minor is one of the more readily assimilable parts of the work and was cordially received by the evening's good-sized audience in a polished performance. There are probably other movements in Mahler's symphonies which are suitable for separate performance and could be considered for Stadium programs.

F. D. P., *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

The conductor deserves special commendation for giving the Mahler excerpt a hearing.

PITTS SANBORN,  
*New York World Telegram*

### GUSTAV MAHLER: FIFTH SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, Boston, October 22 and 23, 1937; N. Y., March 10, 1938.*

Revival of Gustav Mahler's Fifth Symphony yesterday afternoon was, from a purely musical point of view, the first "notable event" of the new Boston Symphony season. . . .

Word that the hall was sold out, received before the concert began, suggested that Wagner more than Mahler was responsible. Yet the cordiality with which the Fifth Symphony was received tempts one to revise his opinion. There was spontaneous applause after the scherzo and the slow movement; at the end the audience applauded with more than customary warmth, and there were a few cries of "Bravo"! . . .

In a sense the concert ascended Olympus with Mahler and dwelled on the summit with Wagner. There is perhaps no more disputable or fascinating creative personality in modern music than that of Gustav Mahler. He aspired to write gigantic masterpieces illumined by soaring visions. He rivaled Richard Strauss in his command of writing bril-

liant polyphony for large orchestra. Not only did he absorb the technic of the masters, whose music he conducted, but he possessed an original voice of his own, a voice particularly conspicuous when Mahler's mind was occupied with fantasy or with sorrow and thought of death. . . .

C. W. D., *Boston Globe*

The opening of the Funeral March, the first movement, might have been as innocuous as the Mendelssohn Song without Words which it resembles. Instead, it has enormous power and majesty before a dozen measures have elapsed. Through all the storm and stress of the movement that majesty somehow is never sacrificed. The second movement and the extraordinary scherzo both have a kind of excitement that no other composer has yet quite attained. Nothing in the Symphony better illustrates the artist than the Adagietto, fourth movement, wherein, with an enormous orchestra at his disposal, Mahler limits the instrumentation to strings and harp, because he is an economical craftsman and because, as it seems, any addition would have robbed the music of its characteristic beauty. The last movement is a miracle within a miracle. The musician may admire here, as in the case of the scherzo, the wonderful polyphonic web. The layman is bound to be moved by the music's elemental force.

Mahler was not mistaken in regarding this Symphony as a new departure in his art. Even today it sounds new. . . .

MOSES SMITH, *Boston Evening Transcript*

A momentous revival, that of the Fifth Symphony of Mahler, took place at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Unheard at the Symphony Concerts since 1914, this well-named "Giant" Symphony deserves, both by reason of its intrinsic greatness and of its reception by yesterday's audience, to remain in the active repertory, to which Dr. Koussevitzky has at length restored it in a performance which proved a triumph for both composer and conductor. . . .

The crux of the matter seems to be that Mahler's music cannot always be listened to just as music; and some will not, or cannot, hear music in any other

way. "It was humanity revealed," once wrote a former member of our orchestra, Allan Lincoln Langley, of his own gradual conversion to the Mahler cause, "with no lies, no extenuations, no hypocrisy, no omissions. Beauty shown out fully as often as it does in human affairs; banality was there to torture, and disappoint and to corrode. It was all in the music—one felt Mahler a kinship to the oracular confessor, Walt Whitman: 'I am the man—I suffered, I was there.'"

After so overpowering and exciting an experience as that offered by this Symphony and its almost unbelievably vivid and compelling projection at the hands of Dr. Koussevitzky and his men, any other music, even that of Wagner himself, might easily come as an anti-climax. And it was Wagner who yesterday occupied this unenviable place. . . .

WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

Mahler's Fifth Symphony had an amazingly cordial reception from yesterday afternoon's audience. This was a good sign first because it floated the rather lop-sided genius of Mahler for once on an even keel and, second, because it was a credit to the attentive powers of the audience. You cannot call the Friday-afternoon public stuffy—and there used to be regrettable sneers on that head—if it is going to take Mahler to its bosom. For still another reason was the sincere applause a good sign, in that it was recognition of the extraordinary and successful efforts of the orchestra and Dr. Koussevitzky to give the Symphony a faithful and inspired performance.

When this is said, we must return to our first point: an opinion of the merits of this symphony and of Mahler as a composer. No doubt the works of Mahler might have stood a better chance of success if it had not been for the persistent camp of devoted admirers, who could see nothing wrong with their idol. On the other hand the symphonies might have suffered complete neglect if it had not been for their propaganda. . . .

. . . Unpredictably enough, yesterday's hero was Mahler.

ALEXANDER WILLIAMS, *Boston Herald*

. . . It is tumult of sound, and lordly splendor. Its power lies in its tone-painting.

This is so, at least of the first movement, with the solemn prelude of trumpets which usher in the funeral march, with its heavy tread and wild lamentations. The scherzo is professedly

demonic, but more in the vein of piquant orchestral effects and moods of the dance. The most exalted pages are undoubtedly those rapt measures which precede the finale, when a vast tonal design draws all its parts together and welds them into a monumental conclusion.

The thunderous, clamoring symphony served that glowing, shimmering thing, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to display anew its splendors. . . .

OLIN DOWNES, *N. Y. Times*

. . . That B-flat minor passage in the first movement where the music breaks in upon the measured, decorous tread of the Funeral March like a wild and shattering outburst of uncontrollable anguish is one of the most veracious things that Mahler ever wrote; and the Rondo Finale is a brilliant and exhilarating tour de force. . . .

. . . As for Mr. Koussevitzky, he has seldom put to his credit in New York a more eloquent and masterly performance of any work.

LAWRENCE GILMAN, *Herald Tribune*

In a way that seems both naive and out of date a New York audience still fights shy of Gustav Mahler. In Carnegie Hall last evening Serge Koussevitzky had the temerity to devote the first half of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert to Mahler's Fifth Symphony, in C-sharp minor, and in the intervals the usual questions were asked: "How do you like Mahler?"

Well, this symphony was completed in 1902 and introduced to New York (by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as it happens, in Carnegie Hall, Wilhelm Gericke conducting) on February 15, 1906. By this time both it and its composer might be taken somewhat for granted, even as we take Beethoven and Brahms. . . .

What is more to the point from the popular angle, however, is the unmistakable tunefulness that prevails in much of this symphony. Such is the case in the opening funeral march and, differently, in the dance measures of the scherzo. The ensuing Adagietto, scored only for strings and harp, is a delicate, expressive lyric interlude of melodious tranquillity that nobody could fail to find beguiling, and the Rondo-Finale abounds in tune from the initiatory moment when horn and bassoon and oboe contend for primacy on to the end.

All told, Mahler-fear seems now a bit grotesque.

PITTS SANBORN, *World Telegram*

## HUGO WOLF:

PRELUDE AND ENTR'ACTE, FROM  
*DER CORREGIDOR*, ITALIAN SERE-  
NADE, SONGS WITH ORCHESTRA,  
SYMPHONIC POEM, *PENTHESILEA*.

## GUSTAV MAHLER:

ANDANTE AND SCHERZO FROM  
SYMPHONY NO. I, D MAJOR, *LIEDER  
EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN*,  
RONDO FROM SYMPHONY NO. 7, E  
MINOR.

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fred-  
rick Stock, Conductor; Soloist: Kerstin  
Thorborg, November 11 and 12, 1937.*

Mr. Stock's program was confined to the two composers from whose work Mme. Thorborg sang. Both of them had a personal gift for song writing and Wolf had a predominant one, for his taste in poetry was that of a poet and the sensitiveness of his nature was alive to the slightest turning of a mood. But above all he could set a story within its proper frame, and the delightful picturesque quality of his writing, together with a command of the orchestra which has both elegance and power, was fully testified in Mr. Stock's performance of music from "The Corregidor," the Italian Serenade (in which Clarence Evans' viola figured delightfully) and "Penthesilea," but on one occasion played previously by the Symphony and that thirty-four years ago.

If Wolf's brilliant music sounded comfortably nonmodernistic, Mr. Stock took care that Mahler should sound neither too elaborate nor too morose. The interesting scheme of playing the third and the second movements from the sylvan first symphony as an introduction to the "Journeyman" cycle was most happy. We found Mahler's eccentricity in its most appealing aspect, the pedantry completely overborne by the naivete and the immense orchestral palette sparingly and episodically used for the delight of an ear not too ponderously admonished with a "message."

And even with the rondo from the seventh symphony, where the full orchestra artillery is continually in use, Mr. Stock's system of offering us details from Gargantuan panoramas rather than a single panorama in entirety, gave us a new and refreshing glimpse of a man laborious in his thinking but brilliant in his discourse. It was one of Mr. Stock's "big" programs, and Wolf's elasticity and

Mr. Stock's emphasis upon Mahler's vast but childishly eager imagination kept us at very high pitch of purest pleasure.

EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago Daily News*

## GUSTAV MAHLER:

## FIRST SYMPHONY

*Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor. Minneapolis, January 28, 1938.*

The naive, romantic harmonies from the highlands of the old Dual Empire are sounded forth again and again, while cuckoos, hunting-horns and other familiar features of a rococo countryside are offered in a rich variety of orchestral sonorities, only to be dramatically overwhelmed, now and again, by weird, almost sinister, cataclysmic bursts of sound.

Another set of associations is inevitably evoked: the racial and geographical heterogeneity of that same empire. For the Laendler, triple-time bucolic cousin of the waltz, which Mahler loves so to recall in much of his music, has to retire, now and then, in favor of the kolo-dance rhythms from the Balkan regions which, in Mahler's time, also bowed to the Hapsburgs. This juxtaposition of East and West is no small factor in contributing the powerfully exotic color of this particular symphony. . . .

FRANCES BOARDMAN, *Pioneer Press*

. . . He gave a first performance of the first Mahler symphony Friday night in Northrup auditorium that will be remembered a long time. . . .

In this symphony there is abundance of beauty spots; they are scattered through each movement with lavish disregard of anything but the composer's desire to pour out of his heart the things that were filling it and make them the possession of others. That is one reason why this reviewer found so great pleasure in listening to this music.

Structurally this is a symphony but it is not carried through on conventional lines. If Mahler felt a sudden impulse he would and did leave stranded high and dry a previous theme that had attracted his attention, to open his heart to a new emotion or impulse. This is clearly in evidence throughout the score, for parts in juxtaposition to one another have little or no relationship to one another thematically.

This might be proclaimed a weakness. It is in the truth the great glory of the work, for he gives us new revelations of

the workings of his mind and heart. There are currents and cross currents of emotion that intercept each other, mingle together and it is expected they will give birth to something at least remotely similar. It all depends on the wayward mood of the composer whether this happens or not. . . .

He was admittedly a great conductor, a better than passable song writer and we are constrained to believe that under the direction of a master conductor like Mitropoulos his symphonies could win their way into favor and he would be universally regarded as a great composer. . . . JAMES DAVIES, *Tribune*

Even Mahler himself, were he able to look down from some celestial sphere among the immortals, would undoubtedly have been amazed at the exuberance of the ovation given his long and taxing First Symphony last night in Northrop auditorium at its first performance in Minneapolis. . . . Still I believe I kept enough objectivity of judgment to observe that the symphony is a gigantic musical conception. It is a super-world, in which the mystical, the lyrical, and the dramatic cohabit with the naive, and the obvious and the ponderous. And yet, strangely enough, each quality seems to gain vitality from the presence of the rest. For instance, the mystical, trance-like mood of the sustained opening was intensified by the naive cuckoo call which accentuated it, and the most romantic lyrical utterances were closely associated with the pondering realism of a sturdy, obvious peasant-dance. The truly dramatic and tragic implication in the heavy, sinister tread of the main theme of the Third movement was also actually heightened by being based on a homely folk-tune suggesting the familiar round "Frere Jacques." . . .

JOHAN STORJOHANN EGILSRUD, *Journal*

. . . The symphony was the Mahler No. I in D major, played here for the first time. I have always been allergic to Mahler, and my story always has been that Mahler simply wasn't my man, that his music never took me any place. But I believe that many of the anti-Mahler camp will agree with me that Mitropoulos brought us die-hards nearer to liking and enjoying Mahler than any other conductor has done before.

One thing must be said at the outset: Mitropoulos gave the work a lucidity, a sensitiveness and strength which brought out all that was in Mahler, and maybe a

little more. The performance was full of felicitous detail, wrought with the affectionate and scrupulous care of a zealot. It was obvious that Mitropoulos gave his heart and his mind to the work, and only a bullheaded listener could refuse to respond in kind. . . .

JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star*

GUSTAV MAHLER:

*DAS LIED VON DER ERDE*

*Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Soloists, Enid Szanthe and Charles Kullmann. Philadelphia, January 28-29, 1938; New York, February 15, 1938.*

At tonight's Philadelphia Orchestra concert in the Academy of Music, Eugene Ormandy will be presented with the Gustav Mahler Medal, awarded annually to the conductor accomplishing most to further appreciation of that composer's music in this country.

The presentation will be made by Dr. Harl McDonald on behalf of the Bruckner Society of America preceding a performance of Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" (*The Song of the Earth*).

Yesterday's regular Friday afternoon audience heard a fine performance of "Das Lied" without benefit of ceremony, but with much enthusiasm.

The work, considered one of the composer's finest expressions, is described as "a symphony for tenor contralto and orchestra." It was written in 1908 and had its American premiere here under Leopold Stokowski in December, 1916.

The six songs in the score are based on old Chinese poems translated into German by Hans Bethge. The subjects are mostly cosmic and autumnal—"The Drinking Song of Earth's Sorrow," "The Lonely One in Autumn," "The Farewell"—with slighter and more vernal interludes such as "Of Youth" and "The Intoxicated One in Spring."

The score contains music of much sensitivity and melancholy grace expressed in the style of later German romanticism. "Das Lied," is the work of a composer whose lyric gift is, perhaps, greater than his dramatic powers, but none the less has many pages of nostalgic tenderness and searching introspective beauty.

Yesterday's tenor and contralto soloists, Charles Kullmann and Enid Szanthe, both brought fine gifts of artistic understanding and vocal excellence to their assignments. Miss Szanthe, especially, disclosed a voice of noble quality.

Ormandy's reading was eloquent, his support of the soloists noteworthy for its sympathy and control. . . .

. . . The audience was enthusiastic at all stages and Ormandy was recalled for repeated acknowledgments both after the symphony and the "Lied."

EDWIN H. SCHLOSS, *Philadelphia Record*

. . . Both works ("Das Lied von der Erde" and Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony), in ways admirably contrasted, made an exceptional impression upon the audience. . . .

The performance of "Lied von der Erde," with two excellent soloists, was exceptionally communicative of the moods of the music. And the music is very much mood—more mood than original sound. But it is simple, and it is very deeply felt. This was communicated last night in a way which caused one commentator to modify his earlier opinions of the composition. . . .

The dramatic arrangement of the work is striking and singularly effective; a bright-voiced tenor, who sings passionately, recklessly, sardonically of the illusions of life at its flood; and a dark-voiced contralto, the tone and mood autumnal, with murmuring, dun-colored instrumentation, until the moment of the last wild and sensuous outburst, the farewell to the dear earth and its blossoms. The instrumentation is wonderfully reflective of the verse; the voice parts are written with much felicity for the expressive purpose involved; above all, there is the essential and irresistible simplicity of expression which communicates so directly and probes to centers of experience and feeling.

Mr. Kullmann has a true understanding of this music, and treated his text significantly, singing it with a fine warmth and vividness of color, and a wealth of suggestive detail. Miss Szanthe performed with equal earnestness and conviction, and a voice suited by its very nature to the music. There is evidently good reason why "Lied von der Erde" remains on concert programs. The performance placed the listeners under an indebtedness to those who so conveyed the composer's meaning.

OLIN DOWNES, *N. Y. Times*

Mr. Ormandy's major offering at the sixth New York concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra was a great and remarkable work that has never, as it seems to some of us, been justly valued—possibly because it is music that is remote in

mood and impulse from that which is typical of our day. . . .

Yes, the "Lied von der Erde" is no novelty. It has often been set before us. But have we heard it? One may wonder. For its content is elusive and arcane; it has nothing in common with the tempo of today. It is music infinitely lonely, tragical, remote; and for some of us it is among the most affecting utterances in the tonal poetry of the last half century: at once a profoundly moving testament and a beautiful and poignant work of art. . . .

This music, with its profound and passionate introspection, its disclosure of a lofty and susceptible nature wrought upon by the inscrutable mystery and cruelty of existence, is the voice of an essentially solitary spirit, lonely and introverted and unabsolved. An ill man, Mahler became mindful of his end, as Bruno Walter tells us. Like the wounded Prince Andrei in Tolstoi's "War and Peace," he had begun to dissociate himself from life: and his "Lied von der Erde," in Spinoza's phrase, is a creation *sub specie mortis*. It is not so much a Song of the Earth as a Song of the Predestined. Mahler saw the things of earth falling behind him, losing their contour and their relevance. But though he still stretched forth his hands to hold them, nevertheless the Farewell of the closing movement, with the contralto voice murmuring its reiterated "Ewig . . . ewig," below the unresolved suspension of the flute and oboe, is music touched with a fathomless tranquillity, a mystical, assuaging peace; so that we remember the enigmatical saying of Thoreau: "Only the convalescent raises the veil of Nature . . . There is more day to dawn."

. . . I cannot recall a more deeply comprehending, more beautifully sensitive, or more affecting performance of this music than Miss Szanthe achieved last night. Her delivery of the repeated "Ewig" at the end—in the color of the long-held notes, in the dying close against the celesta's soft arpeggios—seemed to speak from that inaccessible sanctuary in which Mahler's lonely spirit dwelt, and gave us the quintessence of all that he had tried to tell us.

LAWRENCE GILMAN, *Herald Tribune*

. . . Mahler's great opus has earned a place in the sun for the appeal of its musical substance; the excellence of its orchestration, and the charm and engaging qualities that are contained in the parts for the singers.

Miss Szantho's numbers were given with the opulence and artistry that have heretofore marked her offerings in concert and recital. Of particular merit was "Der Abschied," a profound and moving number admirably proclaimed and dictioned.

Mr. Kullmann sang his share with fine intonation and appropriate feeling for the music and the text. Both singers received enthusiastic applause. The orchestral background was performed with the musicianship and blending of the choirs; the firm, smooth attack and dramatic meaning that did ample credit to the composer's intent. . . .

GRENA BENNETT, *N. Y. American and Journal*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
WUNDERHORN SONGS

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick A. Stock, Conductor; Ria Ginster, Soloist; February 23, 1938.*

. . . Mme. Ginster knows her Mahler. She can project the sweet naivete of "Rhine Legend" in a dewy and enchanting manner and deal most competently, too, with such brimingly passionate things as the same composer's "Liebst du um Schönheit." She knows how to follow each turn of the lyrics, and succeeds in giving a listener the impression of direct, fervent, sincere singing. . . .

EDWARD BARRY, *Chicago Tribune*

. . . Following the intermission, Mme. Ginster sang a group of too-seldom heard songs of Gustav Mahler's musical creation. With beautifully couched, gently commanding address, she revealed the sunlit, moody poetry and quaint imagery of the Mahler lieder. Dr. Stock and the orchestra fashioned the intricate, gay orchestral accompaniment with deft control, while Mme. Ginster floated unbelievably delicate and high-flown melody above the engaging instrumental conversation. . . .

. . . This reading, as well as the performance of the other listed numbers on the program, brought loud and appreciative applause from the crowded hall. . . .  
JANET GUNN, *Chicago Herald & Examiner*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
THIRD SYMPHONY

*Chicago Symphony, Frederick A. Stock, Conductor; Chicago, February 24-25, 1938.*

. . . Mr. Stock and his men gave the

Bruckner Third Symphony a presentation full of lyrically lovely effects. The sweet, introspective passages, in which the work is so rich, found in these searching strings and phenomenally well blown horns the tone colorings which Anton Bruckner must have fondly imagined, yet never heard with fleshy ear. . . .

EDWARD BARRY, *Chicago Tribune*

. . . Mr. Stock had placed the concerto ideally, after a performance of the Bruckner D minor symphony; this was but its fourth performance here, the last preceding one having been five years ago. The third symphony, with all the proclamatory richness of its brass, with all of Bruckner's innocent liking for melodic beauty and with his invariable hint somewhere or other of the pastoral, is neither so simple nor so cheerful as it sounds. It is freighted with contrapuntal riches and behind its endearing frankness there is the watchful ear of learning. . . . All that is majestic in the symphony, all that is impressive or gay and all that is human Mr. Stock brought to a pellucid surface in a performance of towering energy and unerring insight. . . .

EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago Daily News*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
FOURTH SYMPHONY

*Minneapolis Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor; Irene Opava, Soloist, Minneapolis, March 11, 1938.*

It would be well if our audiences knew more about the Mahler symphonies. Mitropoulos has had the courage to play two of them this season, the fourth at the Friday night concert and we have wondered why the prejudices of our friends have prevented them from enjoying two of the most enjoyable musical treats of the present season.

The fourth, that we heard Friday night, may be classified as one pleases, the fact remains that it possesses qualities that would intrigue anybody with the scantiest love of melody in his soul. . . .

He was one of the most famous conductors that ever lived and knew as well as any man what was demanded for the building of a symphony. He had another point of view, however, instead of the usual Allegro, Andante, Scherzo and another Allegro he went his own way and produced the fourth symphony that we heard at the concert in Northrop auditorium Friday night. We are rather inclined to believe the natural expression

of his emotions might be followed profitably by other writers of symphonies.

It is quite evident that from the opening bars he felt he had something of importance to say and he proceeds on his way with an eloquence that should have convinced the doubting Thomases amongst us.

It is full of broad lines of melody and that in itself in these days of constructive guesswork condemns him; but they are melodies so beautifully linked together, so euphonic in their relationships, so full of the joy of life that one is compelled to a feeling that perhaps after all a symphony need not be a musical problem or a series of emotional experiences, it may be the simple expression of a heart that is overflowing with conceptions of beauty.

This at any rate is the feeling the fourth symphony engendered and it is one that most nearly represents the reactions of the audience that listened to it Friday night. How much Mitropoulos was responsible for this I am not prepared to say; that his leadership was in a great measure responsible for it we will admit; but it was because he had sounded the depths and emerged with the musical truth according to Mahler imbedded in his own consciousness.

The soprano solo in the last movement was sung by Irene Opava, wife of our first flutist, who, in her first appearance before a Minneapolis audience, showed not merely a voice of fine quality, she also made clear that she was a vocal artist of distinct ability. She sang simply, without exaggeration, yet giving with charming emphasis everything that the words and music suggested. . . .

JAMES DAVIES, *Morning Tribune*

. . . Mahler was infinitely beguiled by dance rhythms, and infinitely clever in displaying them in orchestral dress. Be his own, or any one's else explanation what it may, I can only feel that the first movement of this symphony is something that should be danced by the most beautiful and responsive ballet troupe obtainable—it simply cries for further materialization of color and graceful motion.

For sheer beauty, the third movement is perhaps the best. . . .

FRANCES BOARDMAN, *Pioneer Press*

There were many ovations at the symphony concert last night in Northrop auditorium. The orchestra and Mitropoulos received an ovation at the close of

the Fourth Mahler symphony; Irene Opava, the soprano who sang the solo part in the symphony, met with a storm of applause. . . .

Both soloists fully deserved the support and ovations given them. Using her limpid, expressive voice with unforced simplicity, Mrs. Opava fitted the melodic patterns of the solo parts carefully into the pattern of the Mahler symphony. The reed-like quality of her voice blended perfectly into the orchestral texture. Not a large voice, it had, nevertheless exceptional carrying quality, and it served as a highly expressive and flexible instrument for a born artist. . . .

If Mahler could be interpreted so well as he was last night by Mitropoulos, there would be no need of a Mahler society to create an interest in the composer. . . .

. . . The orchestration was usually rich and natural. Such efforts as the use of a violin tuned sharp for a humorous purpose, or strange timbres like a fat tuba tone in duet with a thin violin tone, or violent combinations of shrill picolos, oboes, and clarinet—these effects only added spice and variety to the orchestration. And a sense of abundance of ideas and of beauty overshadowed all shortcomings. . . .

JOHAN STORJOHANN EGILSRUD,  
*Minneapolis Journal*

. . . It was the third movement—long, lovely and long—that impressed upon me, last night, the need of a city charter amendment which would restrict the number of Mahler symphonies to one (1) per season. But when the fourth movement came, and Irene Opava's poised and clear-toned soprano solo wove itself into the fascinating instrumental texture, I began to think Mahler was right and I was wrong.

At any rate, the work was given last night an expansive, affectionate interpretation that virtually baffled criticism. It is a sweet-spirited symphony—benign, childishly joyful, droll, piquant. The orchestral colors are especially luscious, are combined into all sorts of curious blends. The second movement, which was like a musicalized episode from Grimm, was weird and had a kind of smirking good nature. The third, it must be admitted, was more like a filibuster than a mere symphony component, but the finale, I repeat, was something of which you could gladly say, "All is forgiven." . . .

JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
TE DEUM

*Swedish Choral Club; Harry T. Carlson, Conductor. Stanley Martin, Organist. Soloists: Thelma von Eisenhauer, May Barron, Robert Long, Mark Love, Chicago, April 27, 1938.*

. . . Bruckner, the mighty, has written a Te Deum massive and alive with religious fervor, imposing strenuous demands upon the singers, both as to tonal sonority and requiring vocalists with unlimited range. This happy combination was found in the Swedish Choral Club, who lifted their voices heavenwards with inspired devotion and colossal magnitude. . . .

. . . To Thelma von Eisenhauer, soprano; May Barron, alto; Robert Long, tenor and Mark Love, basso, must go unstinted praise, likewise to the chorus and its extremely capable leader, are addressed commendation for their splendid contribution to a program unusually taxing and musically important.

HERMAN DEVRIES, *Chicago American*

The Swedish Choral Club's first Chicago performance of the Te Deums of Bruckner and of Kodaly, plus that of Dett's "The Ordering of Moses," given at Orchestra Hall Wednesday evening, in its substance greatly enriched our knowledge of recent choral literature and in its execution brought the season to one of its peaks, gave new hope of life to choral singing in Chicago and generally echoed back to Mr. Stock's performance of Mahler's "Symphony of a Thousand" in the Auditorium a score of years ago.

Bruckner's Te Deum, "angelically heroic," concentrated in texture, heartfelt in spirit and of a thrilling and dynamic intensity, is no doubt the most

reverent musical masterpiece (unless his masses be included) since the oratorios of Bach.

Its scope was sufficient for Bruckner to have wished it used as the finale to his uncompleted ninth symphony, and as such a finale it would be quite comparable in depth and significance and beauty to that of Beethoven's ninth symphony. . . .

Harry T. Carlson, conducting, must be congratulated upon his initiative and taste in combining three scores of such monumental import, and for having a chorus more than sufficient to their merciless demands. It was a more exhausting performance than would have been the mass or the Passion of Bach. The club gave the best choral performance I have ever heard, furthermore one that was unforgettably pure and brilliant in tone, just as it was inexhaustible in power and in freshness.

. . . There was an enormous house and enormous applause.

EUGENE STINSON, *Daily News*

IN MEMORIAM

Harriet B. Lanier	1931
Mrs. Joseph Leidy	1933
Max Loewenthal	1933
Egon Pollak	1933
Jakob Wassermann	1933
Otto H. Kahn	1934
H. T. Parker	1934
Ludwig Vogelstein	1934
Emanuel de M. Baruch	1935
Max Smith	1935
Josef Stransky	1935
James P. Dunn	1936
Ossip Gabrilowitsch	1936
Henry Hadley	1937
Mrs. A. S. Hubbard	1938
Emma L. Roedter	1938

LIST OF PERFORMANCES 1938-1939

BRUCKNER

- First* — Brooklyn Civic Orchestra (Kosok).  
*Fourth* — Cleveland Orchestra (Rodzinski).  
*Seventh* — Los Angeles Philharmonic (Klemperer).  
*Seventh* — Philadelphia Orchestra (Ormandy).  
*Seventh* — Chicago Symphony Orchestra (Stock).  
*Eighth* — Boston Symphony (Koussevitzky).

MAHLER

- First (Excerpts)* — Chicago Symphony Orchestra (Stock).  
*Fifth and Ninth* — Minneapolis Symphony (Mitropoulos).  
*Das Lied von der Erde* — Chicago Symphony (Stock).  
*Ninth* — Boston Symphony (Koussevitzky).  
*First or Fifth* — Cleveland Symphony (Rodzinski).



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Jack Diether  
 107 Waverly Place  
 New York, N. Y. 10011

*Jack Diether*

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# CHORD AND DISCORD

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## The Life of Anton Bruckner

BY GABRIEL ENGEL

LIKE Franz Schubert, Anton Bruckner springs from a line of Austrian schoolmasters. In the pleasantly situated village of Ansfelden, not far from the town of Linz, Bruckner's grandfather Joseph and his father Anton had both devoted their lives to the drab duties of rustic pedagogy, at that time still considered a hereditary occupation among provincials. Hence the arrival on earth of Anton himself on September 4, 1824, meant in the normal course of things merely a fresh candidate for the abundant miseries of schoolmastership.

As early as his fourth year the tiny "Tonerl," like Haydn a century before him, showed his undeniable musical bent, for even then he could bring forth intelligible music from a little fiddle and (to quote an old Ansfelder's naive characterization of these first signs of composer's fancy) "could often be heard humming or whistling unknown tunes."

With the dawn of schooling the child showed a hearty dislike for all classroom activities, except the "Singstunde," an hour which seemed for him filled with irresistible enchantment. Of course, he received many a whipping for his backwardness in all extra-musical studies.

As tradition demanded of the village school-teacher, Father Bruckner had also to play the organ in church, and it is doubtless owing to his efforts that Anton at ten knew enough about the organ to attract the attention of a good musician in a nearby village. Under this man Weiss, a cousin of the family, the boy then earnestly studied musical theory and organ-playing for two years. Remarkably enough, the organ preludes he composed during that period exhibit a freedom of expression which deserted him all through his subsequent decades of theoretical study not to return again unimpaired until his years of maturity as a symphonist.

The death of his father in 1837, leaving eleven children (Anton being the eldest) rendered it imperative for his mother to accept the refuge offered the gifted boy as *Saengerknabe* in the sacred music school of St. Florian. The four impressionable years he spent there learning how to play the organ, piano, and violin, and mastering the elements of musical theory doubtless stamped his entire character, musical and otherwise,

with a fervent piety which no later influence ever dimmed. Even when the conflict of suffering and passion rages highest in his monumental symphonic first and last movements, a sudden naive appeal direct to heaven through austere trombone chorales points back to the influence of those early years of unquestioning devotion and zeal at St. Florian.

Yet at this time the idea of music as a life-work seems hardly to have entered the boy's mind. His father had been a schoolmaster; he too must become one. To further this aim he added to his arduous music courses private studies in academic subjects, finally gaining admission to the teachers' preparatory school at Linz.

Though even a brief ten months spent in learning what a pious child must not be taught proved trying to so human a soul as young Bruckner, he passed his examination for a position at seventeen and set out for the first scene of his teaching career, the world-forsaken mountain-village of Windhaag. Here, as assistant village teacher and organist, he was to receive the munificent monthly wage of two gulden (less than eighty cents). Additional attractive features of his work were that he must help in the field during "spare" time and breakfast with the maid servant.

In spite of these crushing handicaps the youth seems not to have been altogether unhappy, for he found the village-folk friendly. An especial joy was the folk-life and dancing, with its opportunity for a new, fascinating kind of music making. In this pleasant life the youth gladly joined, playing the fiddle at dances and absorbing those rustic, rhythmic strains which the Midas-touch of his genius later turned into incomparably vital and humorous symphonic scherzos.

The ancient calm of the village church services was frequently interrupted by the new organist whose marked leaning towards dramatic harmonies was irrepressible. His experience with the startled villagers in this respect was much like that of the great Bach himself, who was once officially reproved for his fantastic modulATORY interpolations during the ritual music.

Yet Bruckner's innate musicianship must have dawned even upon the ignorant villagers, for this word has come down about it direct from the lips of an old Ansfelder, "Yes, that fellow Bruckner was a devilish fine musician!" Then, as an afterthought, in the light of a teacher's unhappy lot, "I wouldn't let any son of mine become a teacher. No, sir! Much better be a cobbler!"

One day Bruckner, who was absent-minded, forgot to attend to some menial chore in the field and for punishment he was transferred to the still smaller village of Kronsdorf.

The teacher's demotion proved the musician's promotion, however, for the little "nest" lay only an hour distant from two historic towns, Enns and Steyr. The latter was noted for its fine organ and soon became the object of the youth's frequent pilgrimages. In Enns, moreover, lived the celebrated organist von Zanetti, a fine musician, who now became Bruckner's new master of theory. All his compositions during

this period bear the modest character of occasional church music. Completely humbled in the face of superior knowledge the zealous student was content to obey implicitly the so-called laws of music. Infinite thoroughness, the sole path to perfection, became an obsession with him. Trustingly he allowed the incredibly long veil of years of academic self-suppression to fall over his genius.

Meanwhile he had been preparing himself for the final examination for a regular schoolmaster's license. At length, in May 1845, he passed the test, and experienced the good fortune of an immediate appointment to St. Florian, the happy haven of his earlier youth.

The texts and dedications "to the beautiful days of young love" of several of his songs and piano pieces in those days tell us that Bruckner met his first "flame," young Antonie Werner, soon after his appointment as teacher at St. Florian. Yet sentiment was but shortlived in the heart of this youth whose insatiable yearning for musical knowledge swept aside all other considerations. At this time, too, there began to unfold that magnificent gift of his for free improvisation on the organ, the gift with which he in later years held audiences spellbound, even as Beethoven and Bach had done before him.

In 1851 the post of organist at St. Florian was declared vacant and Bruckner, who had for some time been occupying it as substitute, was officially appointed thereto. By then he had reached the comparatively affluent state of eighty gulden per year, plus free rent, and one of his dearest wishes had at last been realized: he was master of the finest organ in the world. Determined to become a virtuoso of the keyboard he made it a habit to practice ten hours a day on the piano and three hours on the organ.

At St. Florian in 1849, he composed his Requiem in D-minor, the only early work deserving classification with his mature accomplishments.

Desiring to obtain a license to teach in "main schools" he continued his academic studies, stressing Latin, and in 1855 successfully passed that examination as well.

In 1853 he had made his first trip to Vienna in the hope of laying the ghost of doubt that would ever loom up in his soul as to the lifework he had chosen. This doubt had even led him to consider giving up music altogether, for he once applied for a clerical position in Linz, claiming in his letter that he had been preparing himself for several years for such a vocation. Fortunately, wise counsel induced him to forget such thoughts and to apply himself anew to theoretical studies. From this decision date his amazing years of self-imposed confinement in the contrapuntal chains forged by the famous Viennese musical grammarian, Simon Sechter. There is this to say for the almost incomprehensible devotion of the superannuated schoolboy Anton to his text-book lessons, that only such hard prescribed work could dispel the torturing doubts which lurked grimly at the threshold of his consciousness.

In January, 1856, having been persuaded to take part in an open competition for the vacant post of organist at the Cathedral in Linz, he easily carried off the honors, astonishing all by his incredible powers of improvisation on given themes.

During the first few of the twelve years he served as organist in Linz, Bruckner made practically no efforts at original composition, burying himself heart and soul in the contrapuntal problems heaped upon him by the pedantic Sechter. During the periods of Advent and Lent, the Cathedral organ being silent, Bishop Rudigier, who greatly admired Bruckner's genius, permitted him to go to Vienna to pursue (in person) the studies which throughout the year had to be left to the uncertain benefits of a correspondence course.

One may get some inkling of the stupendous physical and mental labor involved in "studying," as Bruckner interpreted the term, if one believes the evidence advanced by eye-witnesses, who assert that the piles of written musical exercises in the "student's" room reached from the floor to the keyboard of his piano. For those who think this incredible there is the written word of the unimpeachable Sechter himself to the following effect. Upon receiving from Bruckner in a single instalment seventeen bookfuls of written exercises, he warned him against "too great an intellectual strain," and lest his admonition be taken in ill part by the student, the teacher added the comforting, indubitable assurance: "I believe I never had a more serious pupil than you."

Eloquent of Bruckner's Herculean labors in the realm of musical grammar and rhetoric during those years is the list of examinations to which he insisted upon subjecting himself (after typical Bruckneresque preparation). After two years of work, on July 10, 1858, he passed Sechter's test in Harmony and Thorough-bass. Of the text-book he studied (now a treasured museum possession) not a single leaf remained attached to the binding. Then on August 12, 1859, he passed Elementary Counterpoint; April 3, 1860, Advanced Counterpoint; March 26, 1861, Canon and Fugue. Thereupon he remarked, "I feel like a dog which has just broken out of his chains."

Now came the crowning trial of all, one without which he could not be sure of himself. He begged for permission to submit his fund of accomplishments to the judgment of the highest musical tribunal in Europe, a commission consisting of Vienna's five recognized Solons of musical law (today all turned to names or less than names). The request was granted and Bruckner accorded the grace of choosing the scene of "combat."

Such final tests of "maturity," not uncommon in Vienna, were usually of a somewhat stereotyped nature, but in the case of this extraordinary candidate the occasion assumed an epic cast.

Bruckner had chosen for the scene of his grand trial the interior of the Piaristen-Kirche. Had Wagner been present, he might have been reminded of the examination of Walter by the Meistersinger, which he

was even then planning. The customary short theme was written down by one judge and submitted to the others for approval; but one of these maliciously doubled it in length, at once changing a mere test of scholarship to a challenge of mastery.

The slip of paper was then passed down to the expectant candidate seated at the organ. For some moments he regarded it earnestly, while the judges, misinterpreting the cause of delay, smiled knowingly.

Suddenly, however, Bruckner began, first playing a mere introduction composed of fragments of the given theme, gradually leading to the required fugue itself. Then was heard a fugue — not such a fugue as might be expected from an academic graduate, but a living contrapuntal Philippic, which pealed forth ever more majestic to strike the astonished ears of the foxy judicial quintet with the authoritative splendor of a lion's voice bursting forth from the jungle.

"He should examine us!" exclaimed one judge enthusiastically. "If I knew a tenth of what he knows, I'd be happy!"

Then, being asked to improvise freely on the organ, Bruckner exhibited so fine a fantasy that the same judge cried: "And we're asked to test him? Why, he knows more than all of us together!"

This man's name was Herbeck, and he was from that moment Bruckner's greatest musical friend. Unfortunately he died too soon to be of much help to the struggling composer.

Of great advantage to Bruckner during his Linzian years was the opportunity afforded him for the first time to try his hand at "worldly" music, for church-music had monopolized his attention ever since his earliest boyhood.

The choral society "Frohsinn" chose him as director in 1860. Through this association, on May 12, 1861, Bruckner made his first concert appearance as composer with an "Ave Maria" for seven voices.

He struck up a friendship with the young conductor at the theatre and was appalled at the realization that all his earnest years of academic study were mere child's play beside the practical musical craftsmanship of this brilliant young exponent of the "modern" school. Eagerly he gave himself into the care of this new teacher, Otto Kitzler. From the revealing analysis of Beethoven's sonatas, Kitzler led his enthusiastic disciple to the study of instrumentation, introducing him to the beauties of the *Tannhaeuser* score. Here Bruckner was given his first glimpse of a new world of music, the very existence of which he had scarcely suspected. In 1863, finally convinced that he was ready to face the musical world alone, he took leave of Kitzler and the last of his long years of preparation.

Those years are perhaps unique in the annals of mortal genius, at least in those of Western civilization. The naive modesty of a great artist already within sight of middle age burying himself more desperately than any schoolboy in the mass of antiquated musical dogma prescribed by a "Dr. Syntax" would be at once labelled in these psycho-

analytic days as a sample of the workings of an inferiority complex. But Bruckner's had been a church-life, his language a church idiom, and in the light of this, is it illogical to claim that his particular preparation had to differ from that of other symphonists as the architecture of a cathedral differs from that of a palace or villa?

In short, without those drab years of study mistakenly termed "be-lated," the tremendous symphonic formal concepts of Bruckner might never have been realized.

Of significance in the contemplation of his spiritual affinity to Wagner is the fact that an Overture in G-minor (composed by Bruckner in 1863) closes with the still unknown "Feuerzauber," not that either master plagiarized the other, but that the caprice of nature which set two such gigantic figures side by side in the same generation must not be ignored. It is truly a cause for human gratitude that sublime accident granted the one the faculty it denied the other. Epic as is the expression of both these Titans, Wagner's helplessness in the field of the symphony is as notorious as Bruckner's in that of the music drama. The future will simply have to regard the two composers as kindred in spirit, but supplementary in achievement.

The music of *Tannhaeuser* sang into Bruckner's ears a veritable proclamation of independence. Thus, Wagner, whom he had as yet never seen, set him free at a mere spiritual touch, spurring him to unrestrained self-expression. With the very first effort of this new-born Bruckner, the glorious Mass in D, the world was endowed with an initial major work surpassed in depth and brilliancy perhaps by no other in the entire range of music. Inspired by *Tannhaeuser*, if you will, yet sounding not the slightest echo of its strains, the Mass abounds in fine passages, unjustly dubbed Wagnerian, for they could not as yet have had any prototype. The opening *Adagio*, built up on the theme of the *Liebestod* (a year before the first performance of *Tristan*), the music accompanying the settling down of the dove at the end of *Parsifal* (nineteen years before the first performance), the "Fall of the Gods" and the "Spear-motive" from the *Ring* (twelve years before Bayreuth), these anticipatory touches should, in justice, be viewed, not as Wagnerisms, but rather as forerunners of the new epic spirit that was just rising in music.

The composition of this masterpiece took only three months. After the first performance, in the Cathedral at Linz, November 20, 1864, the Bishop Rudigier was heard to remark: "During that mass I could not pray." Indeed, so profound was the impression the work made, that it was given a "concert" performance by general request shortly after, achieving a veritable triumph. Bruckner's success was proudly reported in the Viennese papers, for it was good publicity for the "home" conservatory of which he had been "one of the best pupils."

Elated by his success Bruckner at once began working on his first symphony. That year (1865) May 15 had been set aside in Munich for the greatest musical event of the century, the initial performance of

*Tristan*. Naturally, Bruckner made the trip to the Bavarian capital and when, owing to the illness of Isolde (Frau Schnorr), the event was postponed till the tenth of June, he decided to await the great day in the city. There he had the fortune to be presented to Wagner himself, who at once took a liking to the serious, honest Austrian, inviting him to spend many an evening in the famous Wagnerian "circle." Von Buelow became Bruckner's first confidant when the latter shyly showed the great pianist the first three movements of his growing symphony. Von Buelow was so astonished at the splendor and freshness of the ideas in this new score that he could not refrain from communicating his enthusiasm to the great Richard, much to Bruckner's embarrassment, for when Wagner asked in person to see the symphony, so great was the awe in which the younger composer stood of the "Master of all Masters" that he could not summon up the courage to show it to him. He shrank from such a step as though it had been a sacrilege. So naive was his hero-worship of the master that he could not even be induced to sit down in Wagner's presence. No wonder, then, that after the *Tristan* performance Wagner became for Bruckner a veritable religion. Yet for this faith the younger man was condemned to suffer such abuse as has fallen to the lot of no other in the annals of art. He was to write nine mighty symphonies, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, for from man he was destined to receive not reward, but neglect, scorn, and spiritual abuse beyond measure.

On April 14, 1866, Bruckner's first symphony was complete, ready to announce to a skeptical world that the supreme instrumental form had not culminated in Beethoven. True enough, it was from the immortal *Fifth* of Beethoven, that Parnassus of musical classicism, that this new master drew the spiritual motto for all his symphonic efforts. Each of his symphonies might be described as an ascent *per aspera ad astra*. Through the logical order of the four movements he unfolded the panorama of the trials of the human soul as hero. Beginning with (first movement) the drama of inner conflict, then (*adagio*) returning from the prayerful communion with God to the (*scherzo*) joys of life in nature, at length (*finale*) with unconquerable energy and determination entering upon the battle with the world, culminating in the final triumph over all opposition, he laid down the permanent spiritual foundation for all his symphonic labors.

That the first performance of this symphony, 1868, technically the most difficult that had as yet come into existence, was not a total failure, is scarcely short of a miracle, for the best string and brass sections the town of Linz could provide faced the allegedly "impossible" score almost hopelessly. Yet Bruckner conducted the numerous rehearsals with such desperate zeal that the result was at least musical enough to call forth respectful comment from the critics, though they could have gleaned but the scantiest notion of the true significance of the work from such a performance.

Even the noted critic Hanslick, on the strength of this favorable report, congratulated the Viennese conservatory, hinting approvingly at a rumor that its faculty was soon to be augmented by so valuable an acquisition as Bruckner.

The rumor came true, though only after long, long hesitation on Bruckner's part. He feared to give up his modest but secure post in Linz for a miserably underpaid and insecure chair in theory at the noted music school of the capital, but his friends, understanding his timidity and realizing the tremendous artistic advantages of the proffered position, urged him to accept it. At length, after Bishop Rudigier assured Bruckner that the organ at the Cathedral in Linz would always be waiting for him, he decided to risk the chance. The date upon which he officially assumed his title of professor was July 6, 1868.

Just about this time, in his forty-third year, he was made the unhappy victim of a great spiritual shock. The parents of the seventeen-year-old Josephine Lang with whom the composer had fallen in love refused him the girl's hand because of his age. In Bruckner's many cases of platonic affection for young girls (this continued till his seventieth year) there is enticing food for the modern psychologist's or psychoanalyst's formulations.

Now began for Bruckner a slow and cruel martyrdom. His very first Viennese attempt, the newly composed Mass in F-minor, was refused a hearing on the ground that it was "unsingable." After this two new symphonic attempts were suppressed by the nerve-racked composer himself with the bitter comment: "They are no good; I dare not write down a really decent theme."

Discouraged, he decided to stop composing for a while and set out on a concert tour through France. The newspaper reports of this series of recitals were so jubilant that Europe soon rang with the name of Bruckner, "the greatest organist of his time."

Returning to Austria, in better spirits, he experienced "the most glorious day of his life" when his Mass in E-minor (composed in 1866) was given its initial hearing (Linz, 1869) midst unqualified enthusiasm.

The astonishing reports from France about Bruckner's organ-improvisations had so aroused the curiosity of many Englishmen that the virtuoso was offered fifty pounds for twelve recitals in London to be given within a week! Out of this "munificent" fee he was expected to pay his own travelling expenses!

Nevertheless August 2, 1871, found Bruckner seated at a London organ dutifully improvising on the appropriate theme "God save the King." Phlegmatic John Bull, quite impressed by the grandeur of these improvisations, nevertheless remarked judiciously that the performer showed his weakness in a Mendelssohn sonata, as had been expected. After one of these recitals a London lady advised Bruckner through an interpreter to learn English before his next visit to Britain. He never visited England again.

Back in Vienna he doffed the hated mask of virtuoso and determined at his own cost to give the shelved F-minor Mass the hearing he felt sure it deserved. The performance took place in June, 1872. He had hired the world-famous Philharmonic orchestra for the occasion at a cost of three hundred gulden (eight months' wages to the Professor of Counterpoint) but the favorable report of the famous Hanslick about the work (though he declared it reminded him in spots of Wagner and Beethoven) was alone worth the price. Could Hanslick, Wagner's most powerful and bitter opponent, only have dreamed that the simple Bruckner was destined to receive at the hands of the great music-dramatist the heavy legacy of critical abuse he had gathered through two score years of stormy travel from Dresden to Bayreuth! Bruckner, only two years before this (1869), humbly as any music student, had sat with rapt attention at the feet of Hanslick, then lecturer on "Musical History" at the Viennese conservatory.

Meanwhile, during his London experience, he had launched upon a new symphony, determined to make it from the viewpoint of technical playability totally acceptable to the easy-going world of musicians and critics among whom fate had cast his lot. Conviction would not let him abandon the titanic skeletal structure of his *First*, the symphonic "wagon" to which he had "hitched his star." After long pondering he hit upon the unusual idea of punctuating the longer movements of the work with general pauses in the whole orchestra. This striking device at once caught the knowing ears of the musicians during the rehearsals for the first performance and resulted in the fabrication of the sarcastic nickname, "Rest Symphony," by which the work was thereafter known in Vienna. The description "Upper-Austrian," later applied by the noted Bruckner biographer Goellerich, is far more appropriate, for the opening and closing movements, and particularly the *scherzo*, are thoroughly saturated with the atmosphere and song of Bruckner's rustic "home country" surroundings. Upon being once more refused an official hearing for his new work on the ground of "unplayability," Bruckner again dipped deep into his yawning pockets and invited Vienna to hear his *Second Symphony* to the tune of four hundred and five gulden literally borrowed on a "pound of flesh." Speidel, a prominent critic, had the honesty to say in his report of the occasion: "It is no common mortal who speaks to us in this music. Here is a composer whose very shoe-laces his numerous enemies are not fit to tie." Hanslick, still no outspoken Bruckner opponent, expressed discomfort at the titanic dimensions of the work, and lauded the "masterly manner" in which the orchestra played the "unplayable" score. (October 26, 1873.)

Although Brahms, whose *First Symphony* was still uncompleted, had nevertheless been firmly seated on the world's symphonic throne (for had he not been crowned by all critics as Beethoven's heir?) court-conductor Herbeck could not refrain from making the following remark to Bruckner after hearing this work: "I assure you if Brahms were capable

of writing such a symphony the concert-hall would rock with applause."

Bruckner did not enter upon these huge personal expenses because of a thirst for public applause. That the joys of symphonic creation were sufficient spiritual exaltation for him, is clear from the zeal with which he began work upon his *Third* at the very moment his *Second* was unconditionally rejected by the Vienna Philharmonic. In the production of this new score he gave up all thought of mollifying friend and foe, who alike had complained about the length and difficulty of his previous orchestral efforts. The heroic defiance that stalks proudly through every movement of this work, making it sound much like a huge declaration of independence, has caused many to label it "another *Eroica*," implying a definite community between Beethoven and Bruckner.

That it was Bruckner's original intention to make this *Third* a "Wagner" symphony is clear from the actual note-for-note quotations from the already widely discussed *Ring*. He had apparently, by now, summoned up the courage to go to Wagner and ask him for his artistic approval. Fortunately his arrival at Bayreuth, armed with his last two symphonies, caught the Master of Wahnfried in most friendly humor. Bruckner's own description of his emotions as Wagner examined the scores is eloquent: "I was just like a schoolboy watching his teacher correct his note-book. Every word of comment seemed like a red mark on the page. At last I managed to stammer forth the hope that he would accept the dedication of one of the symphonies, for that was the only and also the highest recognition I wanted from the world." Wagner's answer, one of the few happy moments in Bruckner's tragic life, is surely recorded by the angels. "Dear friend, the dedication would be truly appropriate; this work of yours gives me the greatest pleasure."

After that, Bruckner went on, "We discussed musical conditions in Vienna, drank beer, and then he led me into the garden and showed me his gravel!" They apparently spent a most delightful afternoon together. On the authority of the famous sculptor Kietz, who was present part of the time, we have it that a most amusing sequel developed on the two following days. Bruckner had had not only some, but in fact so much beer, the hospitable Wagner continually filling his mug and urging him to empty it (for a whole barrel had been ordered for the occasion), that the next morning found the Austrian quite muddled and at a loss which of the two symphonies the master had preferred. Ashamed to return to Wagner, he sought out the sculptor and appealed to him for help in this dilemma, but the latter, highly amused, pretended not to have paid attention to the discussion, saying he had heard some talk about D-minor and a trumpet. Now in the sculptor's own words, "Bruckner suddenly threw his arms about me, kissed me, and cried, 'Thank you, dear Mr. Councillor (I don't know to this day how I came by the title) thank you! I know it's the one in D-minor the Master has accepted! Oh, how happy I am that I know which it is!'" Next day, however, he was once more doubtful, for he sent the following message to Wagner on a slip of blue

paper (now a treasured museum possession): "Symphony in D-minor in which the trumpet introduces the theme. A. Bruckner." The same leaf came back to him promptly with the following addition: "Yes, yes! Hearty greetings! Wagner." Thus came Bruckner's *Third* to bear the name *Wagner Symphony*. Whenever Wagner heard Bruckner's name mentioned thereafter, he would exclaim, "Ah! Yes, the trumpet."

The report of this incident with its clear implication of Wagner's regard for Bruckner's genius proved the death-knell for whatever chance the symphonist may still have had for Viennese recognition during the Hanslick regime. Up to that moment his work had been neglected mainly because the musicians of the city had little ear for such "modern" harmony and dramatic orchestration, but the leaps and bounds Wagner's music-dramas and Liszt's Symphonic Poems were making in the world of art had brought about a complete revolution in musical taste. The new era was one of bitter personal hatreds between musicians and critics of two opposing factions. No political enemies have ever used more poisonous epithets than the Wagnerites against the Anti-Wagnerites and vice-versa. A lion for punishment, both taking and giving, Wagner could easily weather the storm of unspeakable abuse, but away from his scores and classes Bruckner was a mere child so simple and shy that the merciless critical boycott of his works, which now followed, all but crushed his spirit. It was inconceivable to him that human beings could be as cruel as Hanslick and his snarling myrmidons were to him, merely because he had gained Wagner's friendship and recognition. His only solace was that he had become reconciled to composing work after work without the encouraging incentive of public hearings.

The *Fourth*, already in the making at this time and bearing the title *Romantic*, was finished November 22, 1874. Although the description *Romantic* is no less fitting than that of *Pastorale* in the case of Beethoven's *Sixth*, there seems little doubt that the detailed "program" or symphonic plot communicated to his circle of friends by Bruckner was a postanalysis influenced by no other than Wagner, who had even published a rather fantastic pictorial description of Beethoven's *Ninth*. It is at any rate silly to dilly-dally over the fitness of its details, for the *Romantic* has so clear and effective a tale to tell that it has become the favorite vehicle for the introduction of Bruckner to a new audience. That the composer did not regard the "program" seriously is evident from his remark concerning the Finale: "And in the last movement," said he, "I've forgotten completely what picture I had in mind." Yet the work possesses an unmistakable unity hitherto without precedent in absolute music, for all four parts spring from the main theme in the first movement. So logical and masterly is the development of this theme in the course of the work that the climax is not reached until the closing portion of the Finale, making the *Romantic* symphony from the point of view of perfection of form perhaps the last word that has yet been spoken by man.

At this time, thanks to the zeal of his enemies his material condition had become almost hopeless. To quote from one of his letters, January 12, 1875: "I have only my place at the Conservatory, on the income of which it is impossible to exist. I have been compelled to borrow money over and over again or accept the alternative of starvation. No one offers to help me. The Minister of Education makes promises, but does nothing. If it weren't for the few foreigners who are studying with me, I should have to turn beggar. Had I even dreamed that such terrible things would happen to me no earthly power could have induced me to come to Vienna. Oh, how happy I'd be to return to my old position in Linz!"

The Viennese musical "powers that be" had conspired to make life unbearable for the avowed Wagnerite. One of the highest officials at the conservatory, in answer to an appeal by Bruckner, gave him the following generous advice: "It's high time you threw your symphonies into the trash-basket. It would be much wiser for you to earn money by making piano arrangements of the compositions of others." The same man, with equally kind intent, went so far as to say, "Bruckner can't play the organ at all."

The warlike Wagner's arrival in Vienna in the spring of 1875 drew more hostile attention to the timid symphonist. Of course, it did him more harm than good. The music-dramatist's reiterated praise of Bruckner's work was like a signal for the Viennese authorities to redouble the cruelty of their method of torture. Dessoff, conductor of the Philharmonic, promised to perform the *Wagner Symphony*, invited Bruckner to several rehearsals, and suddenly (after two months of preparation) declared he could not find room for it on a program. Later the orchestra took hold of it again, but rejected it finally (only a single musician opposing the move) as "absolutely unplayable."

Just as the persecuted Wagner set to work on his *Meistersinger*, pouring his sufferings out through the lips of Hans Sachs, Bruckner plunged into the tragic depths of his *Fifth*. Only in the construction of his colossal symphonies was he able to play the hero against fate. Over two years in the process of composition the *Tragic* symphony was compelled to wait eighteen years for its first hearing. That was not to be in Vienna, nor was Bruckner ever to hear the work at all.

In 1876 Wagner invited him to the inaugural *Ring* performances at Bayreuth and the two giant musicians once more discussed the *Wagner Symphony*. Perhaps as a direct result of this conference Bruckner now set about simplifying the condemned score and again appealed to the Philharmonic for a hearing. The prompt refusal then given his request must have convinced even him that a relentless hostility due to Wagner's praise made his cause impossible so far as that organization was concerned. Into this spiritual state of almost total eclipse there suddenly broke a ray of light. Herbeck, old friend of sunnier days, conductor of the fine, though less-famed, orchestra of the *Society of the Friends of*

*Music*, became so disgusted with the unjust persecution that he determined to brave the wrath of critics and musicians by espousing the Bruckner cause. Hardly had he announced the first step of his campaign, a production of the tabu *Wagner Symphony*, when he died. Had not, at this juncture, an influential government representative named Goellerich (father of the noted Bruckner biographer) stepped into the breach, the *Third Symphony* would have been taken off the Herbeck program and the unhappy composer, poisoned with a cup of misery worthy of a Job, would probably have gone mad.

The performance itself which took place December 16, 1877, was one of the saddest in the history of music. Since no conductor dared to wield the baton upon the occasion, Bruckner himself was compelled to direct the orchestra. Early in the course of the symphony, Director Hellmesberger, spokesman of the conservatory, burst out laughing. Promptly another "director" followed suit. Upon this the apish students joined in. Then, of course, the public began to giggle. Soon some people rose and left the hall, indignant that the cause of music had been offered so great an insult as the performance of a Bruckner work in Vienna, the sacred musical metropolis. When the symphony came to an end there were hardly ten people left in the parquet. The few faithful occupants of the "standing room," a handful of Bruckner-pupils, among them Gustav Mahler, rushed down to the heartbroken master, from whom even the musicians of the orchestra had fled, and attempted in vain to cheer him with consoling words. At this moment an angel approached, in the guise of the music publisher Rättig, described the symphony as wonderful, and declared himself ready to risk the expense of publishing it. Under such a black sky was the *Wagner Symphony* given to the world.

To return to the Viennese critics for whose Wagner-gobbling appetite it had been a gala evening, the director Hanslick (intending it, of course, only as a joke) for once told the absolute truth, namely, that he "could not understand the gigantic symphony." He said there had come to him, while listening, "a vision in which Beethoven's *Ninth* had ventured to accost the Valkyr maidens, only to be crushed under their horses' feet." As a sarcastic climax he added that he "did not wish by his words to hurt the feelings of the composer, whom he really held in great esteem."

A little before this time, through the good graces of the previously mentioned Goellerich, the University of Vienna had announced the creation of a "chair" of music and the inclusion of harmony and counterpoint in the regular curriculum. Despite the firm opposition of Hanslick, Bruckner, who had ten years before appealed to the faculty that some such step be taken in his behalf, was now appointed lecturer. From the opening address, April 30, 1876, which was attended by so great a number of students that the occasion might well be compared to the first of Schiller's lectures at Jena, the younger generation embraced the Bruckner cause enthusiastically. To the academic subjects taught by

Bruckner, with Goethe's words as motto: "Gray is every theory, Green alone life's golden tree," were added those glorious improvisations for which he was so noted and the inspiring message of which endeared him to the hearts of his "Gaudeamuses," as he lovingly called his students. The open enmity of Hanslick towards their beloved professor gradually assumed for them the proportions of a political issue and a life problem. In the years to come the Bruckner cause in Vienna was to attain such strength through the loyalty of these University students that the combined enmity of critics and musicians would have to bow before it in the dust. This was actually realized ten years later, when the Philharmonic was finally compelled, owing to the force of public opinion, to program the already world-famous *Seventh Symphony* (1886).

As the result of the frigid reception accorded the *Wagner Symphony* Bruckner spent the next two years (1878-80) in a radical revision of the instrumentation of the *Second*, *Fourth*, and *Fifth* symphonies, including the composition of a totally new movement, the now famous *Hunting Scherzo*, for the *Fourth* or *Romantic*. However, the changes he made in the scores are not of the nature of compromises between the artist and the world, for the themes of the symphonies remained unaltered, only unnecessary rhythmic and technical complications being abandoned.

To this interval also belongs the composition of the *Quintet* for strings, Bruckner's sole contribution to chamber-music, but a work so deep and mighty that those who have heard it proclaim that in the whole range of chamber music only the last Beethoven string-quartets attain such spiritual heights. The *Quintet* was composed by the *symphonist* Bruckner and has the sweep and grandeur of his best symphonic creations.

The interval of rest from major composition saw him frequently attending the many colorful formal dances of Vienna. It seems psychologically consistent that one whose mind was always engaged in tragic inner conflicts should seek recreation in the halls of festivity and laughter. Bruckner had always been fond of dancing.

A severe attack of "nerves," doubtless due to overwork, drove him to seek relief in Switzerland during the summer of 1880. In August of that vacation period he visited the Passion Play at Oberammergau and fell head over heels in love with one of the "daughters of Jerusalem," the seventeen-year-old Marie Bartl. He waited for her at the stage-door, obtained an introduction, and escorted her home. After spending that evening and most of the next day in the Bartl family circle he arrived at a temporary understanding which left the love affair on a confidential basis. There followed a lively exchange of letters between him and Marie, lasting a year, but the time came when the girl no longer answered him. Thus the now fifty-six-year-old lover found himself again refused entrance into the halls of matrimony. One is here involuntarily reminded of the love of the thirty-seven-year-old Beethoven for the

fourteen-year-old Therese Malfatti, though nowadays we have ceased to gasp at such things. The solitary silent remnant of this romance of Bruckner's is a photograph of his bearing the inscription: "To my dearest friend, Marie Bartl."

In these gloomy days when, following the deplorable fiasco of the *Wagner Symphony*, no one in Vienna dared or cared to lift a hand in favor of the *Romantic* and *Tragic* symphonies, now long finished and still unperformed, a malady affecting his feet compelled Bruckner to take to his bed. There, in spite of depressing circumstances, he summoned up the spiritual strength to work on his *Sixth Symphony*. As if his misfortunes had merely been trials sent from Above to prove his faith, while Bruckner was still busy with the last movement of the new work, Hans Richter, the Wagner disciple, visited him and was so struck with the beauties of the dormant *Romantic Symphony* that he at once programmed it and invited the composer to a rehearsal. Richter's own words describing the occasion reveal Bruckner's naive character: "When the symphony was over," he related, "Bruckner came to me, his face beaming with enthusiasm and joy. I felt him press a coin into my hand. 'Take this,' he said, 'and drink a glass of beer to my health.'" Richter, of course, accepted the coin, a Maria Theresa thaler, and wore it on his watch-chain ever after. The premiere of the *Fourth* took place on February 20, 1881 and proved a real triumph for Bruckner, who was compelled to take many bows after each movement. On the same program, however, the symphonic poem, the "Singer's curse" by Buelow, met with utter failure. Buelow, now a deserter from the Wagner camp, and turned to a staunch Brahmsian could not contain his jealousy and asked sarcastically, referring to the successful symphony: "Is that German music?" From Buelow, at any rate, the most devoted of Wagnerians could expect no praise. In time the insults Bruckner had to endure from that source grew vile beyond description. Even seven years later, with musical Germany at the composer's feet, Buelow still stood by the sinking ship, saying: "Bruckner's symphonies are the anti-musical ravings of a half-wit." At last in 1891, the patient composer experienced the gratification of hearing that Buelow had finally relented and was promoting Bruckner's *Te Deum* as a splendid work well worthy of public performance.

In July, 1882, he made a flying trip to Bayreuth to hear the opening performance of *Parsifal*. To him these few days were a beautiful idyll. He would stroll along the road with a black frock-coat on his arm, ready to don it hastily should Wagner come along by chance. It made no difference to him that people said this was an unnecessary act of homage. Sometimes he would stop at "Wahnfried" and gaze at its windows long and reverently. Mornings he would visit Wagner. The Master would come out to greet him, offering him the hand of the little Eva, while he said laughingly: "Mr. Bruckner, your bride!" Then Wagner would deplore the disappointing state of contemporary music, exclaim-

ing: "I know of only one who may be compared to Beethoven — and he is Bruckner!" One evening, grasping the Austrian's hand, the aged Master cried: "Rest assured, I myself shall produce *the* symphony [meaning the *Wagner*] and all your works." "Oh, Master!" was all Bruckner could answer. Then the question: "Have you already heard *Parsifal*? How did you like it?" Bruckner sank upon his knees, pressing Wagner's hand to his lips, and murmuring: "Oh, Master, I worship you!" Wagner was deeply moved. When they bade each other good night that evening, it was the last greeting they ever exchanged on earth, for the call of Valhalla for the "Master of all Masters," as Bruckner called him, was soon to sound. This is the premonition that took hold of the younger composer, then already deep in the creation of his *Seventh Symphony*. No more majestic tribute to the greatness of one mortal has ever been paid by another than in that glorious, soaring *Adagio of Premonition*. It is an appeal direct to the soul of the mighty music-dramatist, spoken in its own dialect, consummately mastered by a kindred soul.

The death of Wagner was a stupendous blow to the whole musical world and especially so to Bruckner. The latter, now approaching his sixtieth birthday, was still humble Prof. Anton Bruckner to the world about him. The field of musical fame, suddenly deprived of its solitary gigantic tenant, seemed to yawn for a new Titan. The psychological moment was at hand.

On the twenty-ninth of December, 1884, Hugo Wolf wrote: "Bruckner? Bruckner? Who is he? Where does he live? What does he do? Such questions are asked by people who regularly attend the concerts in Vienna." The Viennese were destined to the shame of soon being taught by Germany the greatness they had been ignoring in their midst for a score of years.

When on December 30, 1884, young Arthur Nikisch, Bruckner pupil, gave the *Seventh Symphony* its first hearing in no less modest a hall than the celebrated Gewandhaus at Leipzig, it was as if a divine Voice had burst forth from total darkness crying, "Let there be light!" As the last note ceased there was enacted a scene of unparalleled enthusiasm, the applause lasting fully fifteen minutes. Bruckner appeared on the stage dressed in his simple manner and bowed repeatedly in answer to the unexpected ovation. One of the critics present spoke of him as follows: "One could see from the trembling of his lips and the sparkling moisture in his eyes how difficult it was for the old gentleman to suppress his deep emotion. His homely but honest countenance beamed with a warm inner happiness such as can appear only on the face of one who is too goodhearted to succumb to bitterness even under the pressure of most disheartening circumstances. Having heard his work and now seeing him in person we asked ourselves in amazement, 'How is it possible that you could remain so long unknown to us?'"

On New Year's Day, 1885, the whole world knew that a great sym-

phonic composer whom snobbish Vienna had for years held bound and gagged was at last free to deliver his message to all mankind.

The performance of the *Seventh Symphony* in Munich under Hermann Levi proved an even greater triumph. The conductor called it the "wonder work," avowing its interpretation was the crowning point of his artistic career. Perhaps Levi, famous Wagnerian chieftan as he was, intended to annihilate Brahms with a word when he also added, "It is the most significant symphonic work since 1827."

Into the performance at Karlsruhe (the work was now making its meteoric way through all Germany), Felix Mottl, gifted Bruckner pupil, threw so much spiritual fire that even the white-haired Liszt, sitting among the distinguished audience, became from that moment a staunch Brucknerite. This conversion was all the more remarkable since the great pianist had long remained cold to Bruckner's music, although he had been for two score years one of the chief marshals of the Wagner camp. Liszt as a Wagnerian had secretly nursed the notion that the Liszt Symphonic Poems could never be properly understood by the people until they had learned to appreciate his son-in-law's music dramas.

Despite the recognition of the whole of Germany, Vienna and the Philharmonic continued to maintain a dogged aloofness. Still fearful, Bruckner anticipated any possible desire on the part of the famous orchestra to play his work by entering a formal protest against such a move, on the ground that "the hostility of the Viennese critics could only prove dangerous to my still young triumphs in Germany."

For diplomatic reasons, no doubt, the *Quintet* was now given, for the first time in its entirety, by the Hellmesberger aggregation. One of the most prominent reviewers wrote about it as follows: "We cannot compare it with any other *Quintet* in this generation. It stands absolutely alone in its field." Even Kalbeck, Brahms' biographer and one of Bruckner's bitterest enemies, said: "Its *Adagio* radiates light in a thousand delicate shades — the reflection of a vision of the seventh heaven."

Apparently the dawn of recognition was at hand, even in Vienna. Yet the conspirators were determined to die hard. Another critic, on the same occasion, after paving the way by admitting that the *Quintet* was perhaps the deepest and richest thing of its kind, warned the public on ethical grounds against Bruckner as "the greatest living musical peril, a sort of tonal Anti-christ." His argument follows: "The violent nature of the man is not written on his face — for his expression indicates at most the small soul of the every-day *Kapellmeister*. Yet he composes nothing but high treason, revolution, and murder. His work is absolutely devoid of art or reason. Perhaps, some day, a devil and an angel will fight for his soul. His music has the fragrance of heavenly roses, but it is poisonous with the sulphurs of hell."

Meanwhile, for the benefit of his Viennese friends, whom he did not wish to disappoint, the composer personally prepared the initial per-

formance of his recently finished *Te Deum*. This, a semi-private affair, took place in a small concert-hall. Two pianos were used in the absence of an impartial orchestra.

Suddenly Germany and Holland began clamoring for other Bruckner compositions, but only the *Wagner Symphony* had appeared in print. That work had even penetrated to America where the noted Wagner disciple, Anton Seidl, had given it a hearing at the Metropolitan Opera House, December 6, 1885. When Bruckner heard about the favorable report in the New York *Tribune*, he was as happy as a child, and exclaimed: "Now even America says I'm not bad. Isn't that just rich?"

These successes, however, did not turn his head. He was far from ready to rest on his laurels. During the summer of 1884 he began work upon a new symphony. His sister, in whose house in the little town of Voecklabruck he was vacationing, says he would show her a stack of music-paper covered with pencil marks, saying that these scribblings would become another symphony. In order to be able to set down undisturbed the ideas that came to him during frequent walks in the surrounding woods, he rented a room with a piano in a house nearby, "just for composing."

When he heard that the owner of this house had a young and pretty daughter, he said, "I'm glad. Now I'm sure I'll be able to compose here." Every day he would bring this girl, a Miss Hartmann, a bouquet of flowers. The presence of the younger fair sex seems to have been always a source of happiness to the composer. He was then over sixty years old.

At this time, like Balboa when he first stood upon the hill overlooking the mystic expanse of the Pacific, Bruckner stood at last in the halo of his belated and hard-earned fame looking back with calm melancholy upon the bitter trials of his artistic career. Beneath this retrospective spell his *Eighth Symphony* unfolded itself. As a colossal structure of spiritual autobiography in tone it is a sequel to his *Fifth* or *Tragic Symphony*, which it excels in depth of expression. It has been called the "crown of nineteenth century music." It is useless to attempt to give any idea of it in words, but its message in brief is: (*First movement*) how the artist, a mere human, like Prometheus, steals the sacred fire from heaven and, daring to bring the divine essence to earth, is condemned to suffer for his temerity. (*Scherzo*) how his deed is greeted with scorn and ridicule by his fellow-men, and he finds solace only in the beauty of nature. (*Adagio*) reveals the secret of his creative power, communion with the Supreme Source. (*Finale*) the battle all truth must fight on earth before it attains recognition and the final victory and crowning of the artist.

In Bruckner's physical appearance at this time there was no hint of senility. He was a little above the average in height, but an inclination to corpulency made him appear shorter. His physiognomy, huge-nosed and smooth-shaven as he was, was that of a Roman emperor, but from

his blue eyes beamed only kindness and childish faith. He wore unusually wide white collars, in order to leave his neck perfectly free. His black, loose-hanging clothes were obviously intended to be, above all, comfortable. He had even left instructions for a roomy coffin. The only thing about his attire suggestive of the artist was the loosely arranged bow-tie he always wore. About the fit and shape of his shoes he was, according to his shoe-maker, more particular than the most exactly elegant member of the fair sex. As he would hurry along the street swinging a soft black hat, which he hardly ever put on, a colored handkerchief could always be seen protruding from his coat-pocket.

In the summer of 1886 he arrived in Bayreuth just in time to attend the funeral of Liszt. As Bruckner sat at the organ improvising a "Funeral Oration" in his own language out of themes of *Parsifal*, it was as if he were saluting the passing of that golden age of nineteenth-century music, which had endowed the world with the titanic contribution known as the art of Wagner. Now he was leader of the glorious cause, its highest living creative exponent, but he stood alone, he and his symphonies, while the enemy still held the field in great numbers.

The *Seventh Symphony* continued making new conquests. Cologne, Graz, Chicago, New York, and Amsterdam paid tribute to its greatness. When it reached Hamburg the aged teacher of Brahms said it was the greatest symphony of modern times. Brahms, however, continued to shrug his shoulders, and remarked: "In the case of Bruckner one needn't use the word 'Symphony'; it's enough to talk of a kind of 'fake' which will be forgotten in a few years."

Then young Karl Muck, Bruckner pupil, came to Graz with the same symphony, and following upon this really Austrian triumph, Vienna was compelled at last to capitulate, much to the annoyance of the Hanslick coalition. Hans Richter conducted the hostile "King of Orchestras" on March 21, 1886. The *Seventh Symphony*, after hunting for the "blue bird" all over the world, had come home at last to bring happiness to the "prophet in his own country." Hanslick's review the following day was a sort of brief *apologia pro vita sua*. "It is certainly without precedent," complained he, "that a composer be called to the stage four or five times after each movement of a symphony. To tell the truth the music of Bruckner so rubs me the wrong way that I'm hardly in a position to give an impartial view of it. I consider it unnatural, blown up, unwholesome, and ruinous." Kalbeck, his *aide-de-camp*, picked on Richter for having shown personal homage to Bruckner and alleged that it was done purely for popular effect. Concerning the music itself he said: "It comes from the Nibelungen and goes to the devil!" Dompke, another member of Hanslick's staff snarled: "Bruckner writes like a drunkard." Richter, at the banquet of the *Wagner-Verein* held to celebrate the occasion, declared that many members of the Philharmonic orchestra had changed their minds about Bruckner and that there would be no difficulty about producing his works in Vienna from that

time on. As a matter of fact, the next symphony, the *Eighth*, was introduced to the world by the Philharmonic. Heroic Richter now carried the banner into the British Isles, in spite of Brahms' reproofing warning, "You surely are not going to perform Bruckner in England!"

The triumphant journey of the *Seventh* continued, Budapest, Dresden, and London next being conquered. To be sure, Berlin, in the hands of the Brahms marshals, Buelow and Joachim, only gave it a timid welcome. A prominent writer said of the occasion: "It was like offering a roast to a table of mules." Another said: "I considered Brahms a great symphonist until to-day, but how the little 'Doctor' seemed to shrink when he was programmed beside this giant, as was the case in this concert!"

It was still impossible for Bruckner to find publishers for his colossal work. Time after time his manuscripts were called for by different firms, but always returned to him with regretful apologies. Then suddenly, New York through Anton Seidl threatened to publish the *Romantic*, whereupon Hermann Levi for the second time made a collection of the required sum in Munich and thus saved Europe from the imminent disgrace.

In the autumn of 1889 personal friends of Bruckner and Brahms, hoping to end the quarrel between the two masters, agreed to bring them together in a Viennese restaurant. Bruckner, quite amicable, had arrived early and had already had two or three portions of Nudel-soup before Brahms put in an appearance. "Stiff and cold they faced each other across the table," related one of those present. It was an uncomfortable situation and the well-meaning conspirators were highly disappointed. Finally Brahms broke the silence and called for the bill-of-fare. With a forced display of good-nature he cried out: "Now let's see what there is to eat!" He glanced along the list of courses, suddenly looked up, and ordered: "Waiter, bring me smoked ham and dumplings!" Instantly Bruckner joined in, crying, "That's it, Doctor! Smoked ham and dumplings. At least that's something on which we can agree!" The effect of this remark was instantaneous. Everybody shook with laughter. The ice was broken and the remainder of the evening proved to be friendly and jolly.

A real understanding between the two was, of course, impossible. It was a case of temperaments diametrically opposed, conceptions of art basically at variance, in short, an apt illustration of Kipling's phrase "And the twain shall never meet."

Bruckner explained the situation thus: "He is Brahms (hats off!); I am Bruckner; I like my works better. He who wants to be soothed by music will become attached to Brahms; but whoever wants to be carried away by music will find but little satisfaction in his work." Brahms himself had declared before joining the Hanslick camp: "Bruckner is the greatest symphonist of the age."

Once after listening to a Bruckner symphony Brahms approached the

composer, saying: "I hope you won't feel hurt about it, but I really can't make out what you are trying to get at with your compositions." "Never mind, Doctor," answered Bruckner, "that's perfectly all right. I feel just the same way about your things."

In 1890, warned by repeated attacks of laryngitis and general nervousness, he begged leave to spend a year free from conservatory duty. His request was granted, but with no pay. He now drew the long-dormant *First Symphony* from its dusty shelf and set to work polishing it. Several years before, Hans Richter, happening to be present when two of Bruckner's pupils played a four-hand arrangement of the work, in his enthusiasm snatched up the orchestral score and wanted to run off with it, when Bruckner called out anxiously, "But the ragamuffin has to be cleaned first!" From that time the *First Symphony* was known in Bruckner circles as the "Ragamuffin"—an apt nomenclature, indeed, when one remembers the impudence of the opening bars.

Hermann Levi, already familiar with it, was particularly worried that the aging master might make radical changes in the process of revision and wrote to him: "The *First* is wonderful! It must be printed and performed—but please don't change it too much—it is all good just as it stands, even the instrumentation. Please, please, not too much retouching." An eloquent tribute to the genius of the early Bruckner is this verdict from the lips of the greatest of Wagnerian conductors and certainly one of the finest musicians of his time.

During these vacation days the master would review with longing the happy days before his Viennese trials began. Wondering what had become of the pretty Josephine Lang with whom he had fallen in love twenty-five years before, he decided to look her up. She had married long before and he was delighted to find in her beautiful fourteen-year-old daughter the living replica of her mother whom he had loved so long ago. Kissing the girl, he called her: "My darling substitute." In her company all reckoning of time past or present was lost for him and his heart beat once more as swiftly as the vacation moments flew by.

On December 21, 1890, the first and second printed versions of the *Wagner Symphony* were performed consecutively in Vienna. Hanslick admitted that here and there four or eight bars of exceptional and original beauty might be heard, but that the bulk of the work was "chaos." One wonders whether the man was really so old-fashioned that he could only read confusion out of the super-order which the world now knows as Bruckner's symphonic form, as vast and as centripetal as a great empire.

About Hanslick there seems ever to be popping up a ghost of doubt, "Was the man, after all, sincere?" If so, he certainly deserved the immortality Wagner gave him in the figure of Beckmesser. It is good for us to keep in mind that Beckmesser or Hanslick, the stubborn reactionary, is an eternal type to be found in every generation and in every field of activity.

On the above occasion the critic Helm, long faithful Hanslick assistant, left the opposition and stepped over to Bruckner's side beating his breasts for his past sins. The valiant Kalbeck still stood firm and incorrigible. He offered this recipe in lieu of criticism: "Stand the *Allegro* of Beethoven's *Ninth* on its head and see the *Finale* of this Bruckner Symphony tumble out."

Vienna was by then thoroughly convinced of Bruckner's quality. A group of wealthy Austrians met to take financial measures necessary to free the composer from his arduous academic duties. Though pride at first led him to misunderstand the motive for this, the master soon realized that nothing but regard for his genius had prompted it and gratefully accepted the offer, deeply moved. Thus he was set free to do with the last five years of his life as he wished. His new found leisure permitting, he would often make trips to Germany to hear his works performed.

\*                     \*                     \*

Once a chambermaid in a Berlin hotel pressed a note into his hand on his departure for Vienna, in which she expressed great concern for the bodily welfare of her "dear Mr. Bruckner." Naturally, he responded at once, but insisted (this was a matter of principle with him) upon being introduced to the girl's parents. With them an understanding was quickly arrived at and a lively correspondence entered upon, until Bruckner, despite the admonition of his horrified friends, had made up his mind to marry the girl. He insisted, however, that she be converted to Catholicism and this proved in the end the only stumbling block to one of the most curious matches on record. Fortunately, the girl would not sacrifice her faith even for the privilege of nursing her "beloved Mr. Bruckner." He was seventy-one years old when this adventure with Ida Buhz, the solicitous maid, came to an end.

Then there was also his "affair" with the young and pretty Minna Reischl. Add to a pair of roguish eyes a thoroughly musical nature and it is easy to see why the aged lover lost his heart to this girl. She, of course, must have been merely amusing herself at Bruckner's expense, because when she went as far as to bring the composer home to her parents, these sensible people of the world at once awakened him out of his December dream. When he came to Linz shortly after, his acquaintances guessing the truth, teased him, saying: "Aha! So you have been out marrying again!" With Minna, however, who afterwards married a wealthy manufacturer, Bruckner remained very friendly until the end.

In the autumn of 1891 he was created "Honorary Doctor" of the University of Vienna, a distinction which gave the ingenuous composer much happiness. Not long before this he had received from the emperor Franz Joseph an insignia of which he was inordinately proud and which he was very fond of displaying, much as a child will a new toy. This weakness of his for glitter, a characteristic as a rule incompatible with

true greatness, is yet easily to be reconciled with his childishness and the long years spent in a land where titles and decorations were regarded as the highest marks of honor.

The summer of 1893 saw him the central figure at the Bayreuth *Festspiele*. His arrival was enthusiastically greeted by a host of musicians and music-lovers. In the confusion of welcome the trunk containing the sketches of the *Ninth Symphony* disappeared, but after many anxious hours it was located at the police-station, to the composer's great relief. Daily he made his pilgrimage to the grave of the "Master of all Masters." The critic Marsop, once an enemy of his, says he saw Bruckner approach Wagner's grave reverently, fold his hands and pray with such fervor that the tears literally streamed down his face. Perhaps, Bruckner already felt that this visit to Wahnfried might be his last.

In the consciousness of the more enlightened Viennese his name now occupied a place beside the great masters who had lived in the "city of music," and as he passed along the street, voices could be heard whispering with awe: "There goes Anton Bruckner!"

He lived in a small, simple apartment of two rooms and kitchen, tended by an old faithful servant, Kathi, who for twenty years had spent a few hours each day caring for the bachelor's household. In the blue-walled room where he worked stood his old grand piano, a harmonium, a little table, and some chairs. The floor and most of the furniture were littered with music. On the walls hung a large photograph and an oil painting of himself. From this room a door led to his bedroom, the walls of which were covered with pictures of his "beloved Masters." On the floor stood a bust of himself which he was pleased to show his friends, who relate that he would place his hand upon its brow, smile wistfully, and say: "Good chap!" Against the wall stood an English brass bed presented to him by his pupils. This he called "My one luxury." At home he would go dressed even more comfortably than on the street, merely donning a loose coat whenever a guest was announced. Kathi knew exactly at what hours guests were welcome. If the master was composing no one was permitted to disturb him. At other times he went in person to meet the caller at the door.

Bruckner worked, as a rule, only in the morning, but sometimes he would get up during the night to write down an idea that had suddenly come to him. Possessing no lamp, he did this night work by the light of two wax candles. When the faithful Kathi saw traces of these in the morning she scolded him severely, warning him to be more careful about his health. When she insisted that he compose only in the daytime, he would say contemptuously: "What do you know about such things? I have to compose whenever an idea comes to me."

Sometimes, other answers failing him, he tried naively to impress her with his importance, crying: "Do you know whom you are talking to? I am Bruckner!" "And I am Kathi," she retorted and that was the end of the argument. After his death she said of him: "He was rude, but good!"

On the eighteenth of December, 1892, occurred the most impressive performance of his career, when the Philharmonic played his *Eighth Symphony*. Realizing the unprecedented depth of this work, a profundity which only movements of the most colossal proportions could cope with, Bruckner had been much worried concerning the welcome it would receive from the public. The performance, however, was superb and aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Just before the *Finale* the exasperated Hanslick rose to take his leave and received an ovation such as only the consummate villain of the play is given upon a particularly effective exit.

Bruckner's condition at this time was already causing his doctors much concern and it was only owing to the extreme importance of the occasion that they permitted him to be present.

At the close of the symphony, which had been the sole number on the program, the applause was tremendous and threatened never to end. Bruckner, after countless bows to the audience, turned and bowed to the famous orchestra which had at last been won over to his side. It was a true triumph, the first unqualified victory he had ever gained in Vienna. The critics called it the "crown of nineteenth century music," "the masterpiece of the Bruckner style." Hugo Wolf wrote: "The work renders all criticism futile; the *Adagio* is absolutely incomparable." Even the "holdout," Kalbeck, at last admitted, "Bruckner is a master of instrumentation," and "the symphony is worthy of its sole position on the program."

Bruckner was most unhappy that increasing illness often made it impossible for him to hear his own works, the performances of which were becoming ever more frequent. He had been put on a strict diet. "Even my favorite Pilsner beer is forbidden me," he complained to his former teacher Kitzler. His badly swollen feet rendered organplaying out of the question and he had to remain in bed most of the time. Nevertheless it was this same suffering Bruckner who wrote the rollicking *Scherzo* of the *Ninth Symphony*, perhaps the most vital of all his lighter movements.

The end of 1893 saw such an improvement in his condition that he was even permitted a trip to Berlin. This change for the better was, alas, only temporary, for the following days brought such an enduring relapse that he could not attend the first performance of his *Fifth Symphony* in Graz, under that young eagle of the baton, Franz Schalk, April 8, 1894. A devoted pupil of Bruckner, Schalk had fervently embraced the enormously difficult undertaking of love involved in the study and production of this mighty work, with its irresistibly inspiring climax. Only the presence of the ailing master was lacking to render the occasion as happy as it was musically important.

During the summer Bruckner was sufficiently recovered to return to the rustic surroundings of his earlier years, but his seventieth birthday was celebrated quietly, by order of the Viennese doctor who had ac-

accompanied him. Telegrams of congratulation and best wishes streamed into the little town of Steyr from all corners of the earth. Articles about him and his work appeared in all the newspapers. The people of Linz bestowed on him the key of the city; he was elected honorary member of countless musical organizations. In short, not a single sign of esteem the earth might show its kings of tone was now withheld from the ailing genius. The glory he had richly earned twenty years before now came to him when the greatest joy he could reveal at the realization of his universal recognition was a wistful smile in which life-long spiritual pain lurked behind the ghost of a belated happiness.

Unexpectedly, what seemed a swift recovery, in the fall of 1894, found him once more ascending the platform at the university to resume his lectures on musical theory. Only a few such days of grace were granted his shattered body by relentless Fate, for two weeks later he stood for the last time before his beloved students. From then on his health declined steadily and even his mental condition suffered from erratic spells. He was compelled to abandon his *Ninth Symphony* at the close of the third movement, an *Adagio* which, he told friends, was the most beautiful he had ever composed. From sketches found among his posthumous effects we know it had been his intention to add to this glorious work a purely instrumental *finale*, perhaps in the manner of the closing portion of his *Tragic Symphony*.

Yet, little though he realized it, when the last note of this *Adagio* dies out there is no expectation unfulfilled. It is as if he has confessed all, poured out his very soul in this music, so that the work he despaired of ever finishing, the work he died thinking incomplete, now strikes the listener as a perfect symphony-unit needing no prescribed *finale*.

On January 12, 1896, he heard his *Te Deum*, its performance in Vienna having been recommended by no other than Brahms himself, who at last seems to have changed his attitude towards the man he had opposed for years. This was the last time Bruckner ever heard one of his own works. The very last music he listened to in public was Wagner's *Liebesmahl der Apostel*. It was much like a musical farewell-greeting from the Master he had esteemed above all others in his lifetime. During the summer of that year Bayreuth was prepared for the worst, for a strong rumor was afoot that Bruckner was dying. Yet his gigantic vitality outlived the season. Not till October 11 did the dreaded moment come. It was a Sunday. In the morning he had occupied himself with the sketches for the *Finale* of the *Ninth Symphony*. There seemed nothing alarming about his condition. At three in the afternoon he suddenly complained of feeling cold and asked for a cup of tea. A friend who was with him helped him to bed, but no sooner did he appear comfortable, when he breathed once or twice heavily and all was over.

At the burial service Ferdinand Loewe conducted the *Adagio* of the *Seventh Symphony*. Hugo Wolf was refused entry into the church on the ground that he was not a member of any of the "Societies" partici-

pating. Brahms, a very sick old man, stood outside the gate, but refused to enter. Someone heard him mutter sadly: "It will be my turn soon," and then he sighed and went wearily home.

In accordance with Bruckner's implicit wish his remains were taken to St. Florian where they lie buried under the mighty organ that had been his best friend and into the golden majesty of which he had on innumerable occasions poured the troubled confessions of his tragic life.

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NBC ORCHESTRA UNDER STEINBERG BROADCASTS BRUCKNER'S  
FOURTH (MARCH 4, 1939)

... What distinguished the occasion was the inclusion of a Bruckner symphony — the *Romantic* — for the first time in an NBC Symphony program. Mr. Steinberg led it with authority and sympathy, and the men responded alertly to his wishes. . . .

LOUIS BIANCOLLI, *New York World Telegram*

... Mr. Steinberg brought not only enthusiasm but unusual insight to his interpretation. One would say that he wrang from the symphony all that was best in it, and that Bruckner was fortunate in this representation. The tempi seemed to one who is not an admirer of this symphony admirably chosen, and fortunately not dragged. Some have taken the opening movement, for example, more slowly. It gains much by the energy that the brisker pace imparts, and it is to be added that within the frame of the prevailing tempo Mr. Steinberg established all the appropriate varieties of movement and of dynamics. . . .

If the first movement is the strongest of the four that make this Bruckner symphony, there are other places which must be harder to convey to an audience, as the slow movement. The different movements and their interpretive demands made clear the knowledge, the temperament and sincerity of this leader. . . .

The audience was very appreciative of Mr. Steinberg's efforts. The impression is that the players of the orchestra also held him in esteem.

OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*

... This was the first time that any music by Bruckner has figured in these concerts. . . .

Mr. Steinberg, who made his debut in this series in the closing concert last spring, disclosed himself in this performance as a conductor thoroughly versed in his technique, with authority and imagination, and able to obtain a convincing realization of his interpretive wishes in the performance by the orchestra, which was characterized by laudable clarity, expressive power, tonal mass and imposing sonority. Warm applause followed the symphony. . . . A group of shorter pieces closed a program warmly applauded by an audience of very good size.

FRANCIS D. PERKINS, *New York Herald Tribune*

Bruckner's *Romantic* Symphony—No. 4 in E flat major—can have had few more admirably conceived and executed performances than which occupied almost an hour of Saturday night's concert by the NBC Symphony. . . .

The interpretation and the playing of the symphony yielded every ostent of conviction. Mr. Steinberg was a fiery evangelist for the Bruckner gospel. He got warmth of tone as he got virtuosity from the players. The brasses built their successive climaxes stirringly. In the intensity of the performance was no sacrifice of clarity. . . .

O. T., *New York Sun*

## The "Peace Conference of Amsterdam"

### *Holland Honors Mahler and Mengelberg*

(The following article is Chapter 9 of "An American Musician's Story" by Olga Samaroff-Stokowski, published by W. W. Norton & Co. Inc., N. Y., 1939. The Bruckner Society of America, Inc., wishes to express its appreciation to the author and publishers for permission to publish this chapter.)

THE formal engraved invitations to the Amsterdam Mahler Festival in 1920 were imposing. The programs of the concerts which festival guests were invited to attend strongly suggested inevitable musical indigestion. The whole thing had an official tinge that led experienced and wary musicians to suspect a possible overdose of social entertainment which, however pleasant in itself, might prove to be taxing in addition to the extensive musical program. Nevertheless, when Mrs. James Lanier urged me to accept the invitation and to join her in making the journey, I decided to go.

The Mahler Festival was a celebration of Willem Mengelberg's twenty-fifth anniversary as orchestral conductor in Holland. In the course of that quarter of a century he had won the gratitude of the entire country and occupied a secure place as the leading figure in its musical life.

It was rumored that the first plan to celebrate his twenty-fifth anniversary was the proposed gift of a hundred thousand gulden to be raised by popular subscription. When Mengelberg was sounded out with regard to this possibility, he promptly said that he would much rather organize a Mahler festival on a grand scale and perform all the important works of the Viennese master in a series of concerts to which musicians from all over the world would be invited.

If this rumor is true — and the source from which I learned it seems reliable — no orchestral conductor ever gave a more striking proof of devotion to the music of a composer in whom he believed.

Throughout his career as conductor, Mengelberg had been the steadfast champion of the music of two contemporary composers — Richard Strauss and Gustav Mahler. He performed their works when they were still the objects of hot controversy or derision. He continued to repeat these works until they had a large public following in Holland. His decision to organize a Mahler festival was the logical climax of an important part of his life's work.

Mahler was dead. His fame as a composer was growing, but he still needed champions. Richard Strauss had already won his niche in the hall of fame, but many still denied such a place to Mahler. This was partly the result of enmities he had incurred in life, but the memory of his extraordinary personality was fresh in the minds of those who had known and revered him as a man.

The years during which Mahler was conductor of the New York Philharmonic do not form a very creditable page in the musical history of

the city. Doubtless he was irascible and difficult, but he was a great man, and New York never gave him his due.

He had not been long in America when the Charles Steinways invited me to meet him and his wife at dinner. I was so excited over the prospect that I arrived a full half-hour too soon. Mrs. Steinway greeted me with the words:

"I am seating you beside Mahler at table tonight, but do not expect him to speak. He cannot be made to talk at dinner parties."

Mr. Steinway gallantly murmured something to the effect that "Olga ought to be able to draw him out," but Mrs. Steinway was not disposed to flattery. She reaffirmed her conviction that Mahler would remain silent, and she added mischievously, "If my husband is right and you *do* make him talk, I will give you five dollars."

I responded to the challenge, but when Mahler arrived my courage sank. There was something so remote about him at first glance that I could scarcely imagine his taking part in any ordinary conversation. When we sat down to dinner, he never even glanced at me. Oysters on the half-shell received his undivided attention. He did not seem quite so much interested in the soup, however, so during that course I ventured a timid introductory remark. Without looking up he said: "*Ja*," and then relapsed into silence.

I racked my brains for a provocative subject of conversation, but nothing I could find in the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom elicited any response. Mrs. Steinway began to look distinctly triumphant.

Finally, I remembered that before dinner, when Mahler appeared to be utterly oblivious of everybody present, he had taken *The Brothers Karamazoff* off the bookshelf and turned over the pages as though searching for a special passage. I decided that the Dostoyevsky masterpiece was this drowning woman's last straw. But I also knew that if I did not succeed in establishing a controversial basis of conversation, I would merely get another "*Ja*." So I boldly asked him if he did not consider *The Brothers Karamazoff* a much-overrated book.

"Not at all," said Mahler fiercely, putting down his knife and fork. "You ask that because you do not understand it." He thereupon launched into a long discourse on the subject of Russian psychology and Dostoyevsky's supreme understanding of it, while I settled down to the enjoyment of my dinner (and my triumph!), only throwing in an occasional provocative question when Mahler paused to eat a mouthful.

The signals exchanged between me and the Steinways must have mystified anybody who saw them. Mr. Steinway kept looking at his watch and lifting his glass to me. He teased his wife unmercifully when Mahler followed me out into the drawing-room and spent the rest of the evening looking for passages in *The Brothers Karamazoff* with which to illustrate his points and complete my conversion. I have often wondered what would have happened if he had known we were discussing one of my favorite books.

Before I left, my crestfallen hostess presented me with six crisp new dollar bills. She felt that five would not be enough in view of the length of the conversation!

Playing a concerto with the Philharmonic under Mahler's direction was a privilege I repeatedly enjoyed. The first time I was soloist in one of his concerts on tour was in New Haven. By that time he and I had become good friends, and I had conceived a great liking for his lovely wife who was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She was not with him on this particular occasion and he felt the need of company at supper after the concert. I had lured my dear friend Miss Dehon to accompany me to New Haven. It sometimes amused her to "go on the road" when I played in cities near New York. When Mahler asked us both for supper she pleaded fatigue and went back to the hotel. Probably she had visions of shop talk in German, for Mahler spoke very little English, so she deserted me.

Being in a university town, Mahler expected to find gay cafés filled with students in multicolored caps. When we had searched in vain for something more enticing than a corner drug store, and our hotel had refused to serve what we wanted at such a late hour, his dismay was pathetic.

"*Was für eine Stadt!*", he murmured bitterly. "What kind of students do they have here? No wine, no songs, and not yet midnight!"

It did not seem to comfort him at all when I assured him that Yale students did sing at other times and had pretty much what they wanted to drink on occasions. . . .

He only shook his head. The night-life of New Haven was evidently a great disillusionment to him, and he remained pessimistic about the *joie de vivre* of the American university student.

The only thing I could suggest was to take refuge in the hotel sitting-room I shared with Miss Dehon. I knew she usually kept something in the way of nourishment on hand in case we should be hungry before going to bed. We found her still up and, thanks to her, we feasted on milk and crackers as we talked far into the wee small hours. Mahler's taciturnity was reserved for strangers and social functions. When he was at his ease with friends he was a brilliant conversationalist with a somewhat mordant wit.

It later proved to be fortunate that Miss Dehon and Mahler made friends that night in New Haven over the milk and crackers. When his health began to fail before his final departure from America he lay in bed for weeks at the Netherlands Hotel, weary from his struggles with people and conditions he could not understand, and hurt by the hostility of the New York press. As his strength waned and he sensed that the end might not be far distant, he strove desperately to finish his last symphony, sitting up in bed with his manuscript before him and looking like the ghost of his former self.

He always disliked American hotel food and during these trying

weeks it was almost impossible to induce him to take any nourishment. His wife, beside herself with anxiety, told me about this and I repeated it to Miss Dehon who had inquired about his condition. After that Miss Dehon constantly sent him soup and dainty dishes prepared by her own splendid Swedish cook. I frequently acted as messenger and brought him these things. They helped to sustain him until he left for Europe, where death overtook him.

It is perhaps as well that he did not live to witness the horror of war. Mahler was an idealist and he would have suffered mentally and emotionally more than most men. But I feel convinced that he would have rejoiced to know that the first big festival of his works would also be the first international meeting of musicians after the war. It was a Parisian journalist who baptized the Mahler Festival "The Peace Conference of Amsterdam."

A letter to my father describes the festival better than I could from memory.

Dearest Father,

The first day of the festival has made me glad I came. In one sense I was glad before today, because Harriet Lanier has proved to be a most delightful traveling companion. Some of my New York friends thought I was crazy to share a cabin with her on the boat. She has the reputation of being a fire-eater, and I will admit that Harriet loves a good fight more than most people. But she is really an enchanting person. She looks like a French marquise, exquisite, delicate and always marvelously dressed. Her pugnacity invariably strikes me as comical because it is so foreign to everything about her. Imagine a Tanagra figurine shaking its fist and you can understand what I mean. Perhaps I cannot take her pugnacity seriously and that is the reason why we get on so well. Her house in New York is a gathering place for musicians and artists of all kinds. When one crosses the threshold, one is in France. Everything in the house — except her valuable collection of *Chinoiserie* — is French, even to the monograms on her lovely bed-linen which I particularly enjoy when I stop with her. When I visit her I usually take my breakfast on a tray beside her own bed, for nothing amuses me more than to watch her open her mail. Then it is that Harriet, looking like a piece of Dresden china with the lace frills of a boudoir cap shaking as she gets excited, waxes pugnacious if somebody in a letter or a concert review dares to criticize anything about her "Friends of Music" or Bodanzky.

She has really done a wonderful piece of work in creating the Friends of Music. It is modeled on the historic Friends of Music in Vienna and Bodanzky makes wonderful programs that enable us to hear music nobody else in New York attempts to perform. He and Harriet pay not the slightest attention to popular taste. They continue to perform caviar programs — unfamiliar music, rarely heard compositions, anything in which they take an artistic interest. Their subscription concerts have won a high place in New York musical life and their audiences are the best — in quality if not in numbers — in the city.

Of course, there is a deficit. Harriet either raises the money or pays it herself. She is wonderfully generous.

The only thing she cannot endure is criticism of the people and things she believes in. She would make a marvelous dictator. She would abolish free speech at once, I am sure, and free thought if she could.

If anybody dares to suggest that Bodanzky is not the greatest living conductor, war is declared at once. After some adverse reviews in the newspapers she tried to keep the New York critics out of the concerts of the Friends of Music, but somebody managed to pour oil on the troubled waters — luckily for Bodanzky.

She seems to have arrived at some sort of inner compromise by which she will permit herself to enjoy Mengelberg's conducting during the Mahler Festival without feeling it is disloyal to Bodanzky. But, really, it is such fun being with her on this trip, and she has been so considerate and charming that I spend my life writing postcards to the people who predicted we would not be on speaking terms by the end of the ocean voyage.

We found great bunches of tulips, sent by the festival committee and Mengelberg, in our hotel rooms. Bottenheim immediately came to inquire whether he could do anything for us. Bottenheim is Mengelberg's personal manager and his devotion to his conductor is quite as passionate as Harriet's adherence to Bodanzky. Every time Harriet and Bottenheim are together, I tremble lest they drift into an argument about the relative merits of their respective idols. It would surely end in bloodshed. Fortunately they will both be too busy and too preoccupied during the Mahler Festival for such an encounter.

Bottenheim is in his element these days. He beams and radiates enthusiasm as more and more distinguished guests arrive and give him more and more trouble. He is indefatigable in looking after people, and seems to enjoy working over a mass of details that would reduce any ordinary mortal to a state of despair.

I asked Mengelberg for permission to attend his morning rehearsals with the orchestra. I wanted to hear the relatively unfamiliar Mahler works more than once. He sent me a card that would serve as a general "open sesame," and I got myself up very early yesterday morning. Flat boats loaded with flowers floated on the canals and I enjoyed the walk to the *Koncertgebouw-Hall*. The *Koncertebouw Orchestra* has suffered less from the war than others, and is probably the best in Europe today.

Mengelberg arrived at rehearsal in the same kind of brown velveteen jacket he wore in the green room after conducting *Philharmonic* concerts in New York. I got out the orchestral score with which I had fortified myself and was all prepared for study and enjoyment when, alack, Mengelberg began to harangue the orchestra in Dutch. He talked and talked. It was a veritable torrent of Dutch. I, of course, understood nothing. Mengelberg had rehearsed the orchestra so much before the festival that he now only needed to remind the players of certain things. I heard very little music during the morning — just a few stray passages that needed polishing. In future I am going to sleep late!

Mengelberg has the reputation of talking more at rehearsal than most.

conductors, and he sometimes says very droll things. One of his orchestra men told me the following story:

During the rehearsal of the *Liebestod* from *Tristan*, he rapped sharply on his desk and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, wake up! We are performing the music of *Tristan und Isolde* and you are playing like married men!"

When we reached the hall for the opening concert of the festival last night, it seemed as though all the flowers I had ever seen on the canal barges in the morning had been massed on the stage. There was a perfect riot of color and the floral decorations created a most appropriate atmosphere of festivity.

The Prince Consort was there to represent Queen Wilhelmina, and he and his suite provided another colorful note with their uniforms and orders. Every few minutes some internationally famous musician would enter the hall. The composer Arnold Schönberg arrived, followed by a group of pale young men. We were told they were his pupils. So might a philosopher in ancient Greece have wandered about with his disciples.

Casella, the modern Italian composer, sat near us, and Schnabel and his wife were across the aisle. I cannot begin to list all the musicians who are here, but it was quite dramatic when Florent Schmitt, the Parisian composer (who in spite of his German-sounding name is very French), and Abendroth, the German conductor from Cologne, met in Mengelberg's dressing-room and shook hands for the first time since 1914.

If all the performances are as good as those in the first concert, the festival will be a rare musical experience.

In retrospect certain musical impressions of the Mahler Festival stand forth very clearly in my memory, the most vivid being *Das Lied von der Erde*, with Cahier's wonderful singing of the contralto part; the *Kindertotenlieder*; the Second Symphony and, above all, the Eighth Symphony. The performance of the latter reminded us vividly of the first American performances of the work under Stokowski's direction in Philadelphia in 1915. When we hurriedly left Munich at the outbreak of the World War in 1914, taking with us no personal belongings beyond what we could carry in knapsacks, Stokowski carried the huge score of Mahler's Eighth Symphony under his arm all the way to Philadelphia. He encountered great difficulties in producing the work because a considerable sum had to be raised to underwrite the performances. Once more the Boks came to the rescue. The enlarged orchestra, the huge chorus, children's chorus and soloists were very costly. Stokowski would only undertake it if he could have sufficient rehearsals. The organization of this "Symphony of a Thousand," calling upon the largest instrumental and vocal forces employed in any symphony, the building of a stand to accommodate nearly eight hundred singers, and endless incidental details involved an enormous amount of work besides the expense.

Such musical enterprises are easier in Europe than in America because people are more docile and disciplined. In Philadelphia the chorus members taken from every walk of life seemed to have a veritable

army of relations who stormed the stage door and tried to get into the hall during rehearsals. The doorman — who was generally known as "the Czar" — eventually became so fierce that it was all the musicians themselves could do to get in.

We had eleven sold-out performances in Philadelphia. Trainloads of New Yorkers came over to hear the symphony, and I spent weeks organizing what was needed for their comfort and entertainment. An additional performance at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York was given under the auspices of the Friends of Music. Harriet Lanier and I reminisced for hours after hearing the Eighth Symphony in Amsterdam, and agreed that nothing could ever obliterate the impression made upon us by the first performance in Philadelphia. The opening phrase, "Veni Creator Spiritus," which we then heard for the first time had literally left us breathless. It was a memorable experience. In Amsterdam I had the kind of enjoyment which comes from being familiar with every note of the score.

It was very clever of Mengelberg to organize morning concerts of modern chamber music during the festival, on days between big Mahler concerts. They provided variety and contrast. Some of the musicians who were guests of the festival thereby took an active part in the proceedings, and the composers of the different European countries had their first chance — since the war — to come together in an intimate way and compare notes, so to speak.

Mengelberg asked me to play the Piano and Violin Sonata of Richard Strauss with the violinist Alexander Schmuller. Although the extreme modernists even then rejected Strauss's music as antiquated, Mengelberg was determined to have a Strauss work on the programs. In these chamber music concerts, and in the conversations and discussions that went on during the Mahler Festival, one was made aware that the World War formed a great divide between musical life as we knew it before 1914 and the new post-war period. Barriers were down musically as well as morally. Freedom from rules was just as dear to the musical composer of 1920 as freedom from convention was to young radicals of the period, who snatched recklessly at the joy of life in a sort of revolt against the suffering into which the world had been plunged by the war.

The only thing that aroused my indignation in Amsterdam was the tendency of some of the so-called "modern" composers to try to pull the great masters of the past off their pedestals. Neither the piling up of simultaneous semitones nor the Schönbergian building of chords on fourths worried me in the least, but when I heard conversations in which the speakers scoffed at Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner, my ire was aroused. Today one inevitably begins to compare modern achievements with those of the giants of the past, sometimes belittled by "modernists" of the post-war experimental era, and the result is not exactly favorable to the scoffers — at least that is the way most musicians feel in 1939. Undoubtedly we have been through a transitional period and we are still

too close to it to form lasting convictions that have any value. It will probably have its importance in musical history, but we can point to very few modern masterpieces of any real significance.

One rabid "modernist" was standing beside me in Amsterdam just before I went on the stage to play the Strauss Piano and Violin Sonata. He asked me how I had liked the preceding number. It had been an atonal piece of unrelieved cacophony and I was forced to admit that I had not greatly enjoyed it. He then said very sarcastically: "Never mind, you will now have a great success in E flat!" It was evident that he considered a composition in a fixed tonality as beneath contempt. These experiences interested me because I have always had a lively artistic curiosity and much more receptivity for the new than most musicians of my generation. I am also optimistic about the future. The day is near when we shall have become accustomed to the strange new harmonic idiom of the twentieth century. The period of experimentation is nearing its close and soon composers will begin to express themselves without attaching undue importance to mere innovation.

During the entire Amsterdam festival I had a strong feeling that Mahler closed a great period. For this reason the festival was truly significant, quite apart from Mengelberg's jubilee, and as the first important international musical event after the war it also deserved to be called, at least in a musical sense, "The Peace Conference of Amsterdam."



#### DAS LIED VON DER ERDE IN CHICAGO, STOCK CONDUCTING

JANUARY 10, 12, AND 13, 1939

Those who contend that the mood of a composition is never precisely definable and that one single piece of music (for example) may *equally* represent emotions of solemn joy or pangs of tragic grief should listen to Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* and ask themselves whether four of its six movements could express anything but stark pain. The two delicate landscapes which Mahler offers us in this great symphony might conceivably bear titles other than those they own (though surely an atmosphere of the Orient cannot be ignored as one studies them); but across the other pages of this work, the composer has written with tone, "Suffering" beyond chance of misinterpretation. Here a man who has sounded many black depths of life becomes autobiographical. But in a larger sense he describes the hurt that touches, at some time, all hearts. And it is only in his final acceptance of suffering that he loses contact with many who listen to *Das Lied von der Erde*. For, alas! no animating surge of hope crowns that acquiescence. He but dreams "of the luminous blue of distant space!"

The orchestra was at the height of its form last night and Dr. Stock gave a masterly reading of the score. The soloists, Enid Szanthy and Charles Kullmann proved themselves artists sensitive to the Mahler idiom and they as well as Dr. Stock received many salvos of applause from the audience.

MARY R. RYAN

#### RCA VICTOR RECORDINGS

Bruckner's *Ninth* and Mahler's *Ninth* will be available in record form. Bruckner's *Ninth* will probably be available in January. No date for the release of the recording of Mahler's *Ninth* under the direction of Bruno Walter has as yet been set.

## Mahler—Last of the Romantics

BY WINTHROP SARGEANT

TO future historians of music the year 1911 is likely to loom as a very important turning point. To contemporary observers it probably seemed much like any other year. Several great musical figures—among them Richard Strauss and Debussy were enjoying their hey-day. Never before had world-wide intellectual ferment seemed to promise more for the future of art. Never before had there been so many composers, so many skilled executants, such teeming musical audiences. But as we look back at it from the perspective of nearly thirty years, 1911 seems to mark, more definitely than any other date, the end of the great romantic period of music, and the beginning of something else. That year a great drought seemed to dry up the creative source of the romantic movement. People went on composing, but the work of those composers who were big enough to set styles and lead movements, underwent a sudden and strangely unanimous change.

Before 1911 Richard Strauss had turned out one vital composition after another, reaching a peak of creative achievement in *Elektra* (1909). In 1911 he finished *Rosenkavalier*. Since then Strauss has continued to write, but little of what he has written has the sweep, or originality, of his earlier work. It was in 1911 that Sibelius, after three lyric, full-blooded symphonies, produced his bare, enigmatic fourth. The weight and importance of his later work are still to be determined by posterity. By 1911 the best of Debussy's work had already been done. In 1911 Arnold Schönberg finished the last work of his post-Wagnerian romantic style (*Gurre-Lieder*) and plunged thereafter into the dry, abstract mathematics of atonality. In 1911 Igor Stravinsky dropped the conventions of the great classical-romantic musical language, and wrote his boisterous Russo-Parisian ballet *Petrouchka*. Stravinsky was to become more famous, but whether he was ever to write better music is a question. Today, despite manifestos, credos, theories, and all sorts of aesthetic propaganda, it is becoming more and more doubtful, sad as it is to admit it, whether any music of overwhelming importance has been written since that time.

Just why the particular year 1911 should have rung down the curtain on a whole phase of music, and musical philosophy, is hard to understand. But it is evident, if one considers the changing currents of European thought during the whole period from 1900 on, that music was bound to be deeply affected somewhere along the line, and that the effects were likely to disturb the very core of romantic mysticism which had given nineteenth-century music its enormous vitality. As the heroic conception of life was replaced by the realistic, the metaphysical by the scientific, it is natural that composers should begin to regard their art with changed eyes. When the philosophy of materialism was applied to

music, music became purely a matter of substances, combinations, geometric patterns, abstract architecture, aural sensations. And some musicians began seriously to write purely cerebral or purely sensual music, and to explain their own, and other people's music as purely and simply a matter of ingenious combinations of sound. Whether, in accepting this view, they did not throw overboard much that could have given their own work value, is still for future musical audiences to decide. But in applying the materialistic yardstick to the great musical masterpieces of the past they overlooked the very factor that, in the last analysis, made those masterpieces great. True, the abstract architecture of great music makes an impressive study for those interested in technique. But far transcending this in importance is the message that all this architecture was built to convey. For, if we take the word religion in its broadest possible sense, the greatest masterpieces of European music from Bach to Strauss were all essentially religious poems, written in a complex, but widely understood, language of sound.

It was, of course, only a coincidence that Gustav Mahler died precisely in the fateful year 1911. But the coincidence had a certain amount of poetic justice about it. Mahler was, in a curiously inevitable way, the last of the romantics. Strauss' romanticism was always well mixed with a slightly cynical strain. It was often sexual rather than religious. And it was turned off abruptly in what seemed the prime of his creative life. As a romantic, Schönberg hardly got a start. Stravinsky was anti-romantic from the first. Sibelius will, I suspect, be placed ultimately as a sort of symphonic landscapist, a somewhat less important figure than present-day Sibelians think him. For Mahler alone, of that generation, it was permitted to reach full stature while the romantic attitude still survived as a potent source of musical inspiration.

Mahler's peculiar position as the last fully-formed link in a dying tradition goes a long way, I think, toward explaining that troubled, poignant, yet grandiose quality which has made him difficult for some music-lovers to understand. For his music not only expresses the fervor of romanticism; it is permeated as well by a gloomy premonition of the approaching death of the romantic world-view. Technically Mahler was a symphonist of what the late Paul Bekker has aptly described as the Austrian (as distinct from the German) school. His structural methods were descended from the large, simple, linear, melodic style of Bruckner, a style that was Schubert's before it was Bruckner's, and Haydn's before it was Schubert's. To this extent Mahler was a traditionalist. But here the similarity between Bruckner and Mahler ceases. Bruckner's romanticism was serene and unquestioning, the product of a world that was spiritually at peace. Mahler's is already troubled by a changing conception of life. His methods, his equipment are those of the grand manner. But Mahler himself is an intellectually restless man of the twentieth century. What to the relatively simple Bruckner was a self-evident truth, is to the complex and doubting Mahler, a receding vision, a

vision which only a passionate profession of faith will keep alive. Hence, the strenuous "will to believe," the atmosphere of "eternal seeking," the sense of something escaped and forever lost, that permeate so much of his music.

In religion Mahler was an eclectic, instinctively religious as are all real musicians, but too sophisticated and cosmopolitan to accept any religious creed in its primitive form. When asked about his religion he once replied, "I am a musician, that covers everything." His broad, philosophical attitude toward religion made him sympathetic at the same time to the purely doctrinal fervor of Klopstock, the romantic mysticism of Goethe, the negative, and quite un-Christian, poetic passion of Nietzsche, and the pastel-shaded nostalgia of Li-Tai-Po. It also gave him his intense respect for the writings of Dostoievsky, a respect that was so great that it led Richard Specht to consider Dostoievsky one of the most important influences in Mahler's intellectual life. Specht, in his biography, quotes an interesting anecdote from Paul Stefan — about Mahler and Schönberg sitting one day in a park in Vienna chatting with a group of students. Mahler after holding forth at length about his favorite subject, Dostoievsky, was surprised to learn that none of the younger men had even heard of the great Russian novelist. "But Schönberg," he expostulated, "What's the idea? Let the young people who study with you read Dostoievsky too. That is more important than counterpoint!" The episode, which occurred comparatively late in Mahler's life, shows that he was still as concerned as ever about the novelist who had influenced his earliest symphonies.

The religious, ritualistic subject matter of such works as the *Second* and *Eighth Symphonies* is thus the product of no simple, unquestioning piety, but of a complex, sophisticated twentieth-century mind. Mahler still retained some of the strong sap of the romantic movement. But he was troubled by the illusory quality that romanticism was assuming in the twentieth-century world in which he lived. He himself stated that the only valuable experiences in an artist's life are those that occur before puberty. In Mahler's time the world of magic, of the fairy-tale, of the supernatural, of mythical symbols, was already becoming foreign to the adult mind. And that world, upon which nearly every great composer or poet of the past had drawn for his inspiration, remained real, or perceptible, only to the imaginatively unfettered minds of children. The composer, who is the purest and most imaginative kind of poet, was being forced to draw most of the poetic juice of his art from childhood memories. Mahler's preoccupation with children's jingles, folk-like tunes, grotesque military themes, hobgoblin atmospheres, the *Knaben Wunderhorn*, his often deliberately naive religious imagery, were all, I think, symptoms of this struggle to recreate a remembered world far richer in poetic values than the machine-age adult's humdrum world of reality.

It is also, I think, this feeling of the slipping-away of the romantic

view that gives so many of Mahler's works that deeply nostalgic, poignant sense of something forever receding, or lost. I am thinking more particularly of such things as the song *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*, and *Der Abschied* from *Das Lied von der Erde*. No composer in the whole history of music has expressed, as Mahler has, the loneliness of the individual human soul peering out at eternity.

In the sense that much of his music reflects states of mind and even sometimes describes concrete ideas, Mahler was a "literary" composer. And nothing, it seems to me, is more absurd than the attitude of listeners who approach a Mahler symphony in the abstract without even bothering to find out the ideas and symbols that Mahler himself associated with it. Nor does it seem to me that being a "literary" composer is being a lesser composer. Nearly all the great composers from Berlioz on, and many before him, were "literary" composers. There are those, of course, who prefer to think of the *Ring des Niebelungen* as abstract music, with a troublesome and incomprehensible libretto about vague and unimportant mythological beings. There are those who enjoy Bach's *B Minor Mass* and pretend that its connection with Christian ritual is irrelevant. But such people, I think, are eating the frosting and missing the cake. There is, in reality, very little important music that is purely "absolute."

When audiences understand more about the ideas behind Mahler's symphonies, I think they will find him, not only a great symphonist, but one of the most interesting minds, one of the most imaginative artists, of the early twentieth century. Mahler, in his time, like Mozart in his, used music to express the most poignant poetic experiences of contemporary humanity. If Mahler's poetry is more remote, less fluent, harder to get at, it is at least partly because poets in Mahler's day had to dig deep into the subconscious for their poetry.



#### SEVITZKY BROADCASTS MAHLER *ADAGIETTO*

In a program broadcast by the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra on February 15th, Fabien Sevitzy conducted the *Adagietto* from Mahler's *Fifth* with an understanding that must have given much pleasure to his radio audience.

#### THIEDE CONDUCTS BRUCKNER'S *FOURTH* (FEDERAL SYMPHONY OF MASS.)

A reader reports:

"The Federal Symphony Orchestra of Massachusetts conducted by Alexander Thiede, formerly assistant concert-master for Stokowski in Philadelphia, performed Bruckner's *Fourth* Symphony in Boston on May 14, 1939. There has been noticeable improvement in the orchestra under Mr. Thiede; he was fortunate in having an excellent horn section. The cuts used by Wilhelm Gericke, made by Bruckner himself, were adopted for this performance. Mr. Thiede's reading was inspired. He knew the score thoroughly and his beat was precise and sure."

# Bruckner's Symphonic Tetralogy (IV-VII)

BY GABRIEL ENGEL

## INTRODUCTION

PERHAPS the first fact that strikes one in considering Bruckner's Symphonies Nos. IV-VII is their uniformity of mode. That these are his only symphonies in major keys (there were seven in minor, including his two preliminary efforts) renders an apparent coincidence merely more curious. Even the fact that the *Quintet* and *Te Deum* (the sole non-symphonic compositions of the decade occupied by the Symphonies IV-VII) are also in major, while the three Masses (all written during the preceding decade), are in minor, may be dismissed as purely accidental. Yet the present writer, moved by Bruckner's naive claim that in setting down his symphonies he was the mere tool of an irresistible inner Voice, decided to examine the scores themselves to determine whether the four symphonies in major are not linked by some definite inner community hitherto unsuspected.

It is general knowledge that most of the thematic life of the Bruckner symphonies radiates from the principal or central theme-groups of the opening movement. Placed side by side, the central themes of the four symphonies in major are readily seen to be of one family. They possess in common vital melodic characteristics distinguishing the central theme of no other Bruckner symphony. Might not these four then have been the product of a single sustained inspiration whose complete unfolding required expression in four successive integral creations?

The long chain of dark-tinged compositions preceding the *Fourth* (there were nine of these including the Overture in G Minor) makes the radiant sunrise which begins that symphony all the more amazing. It is literally the sunrise in Bruckner's soul, suddenly liberated from a stubborn, sullen spell beneath a gloomy sky. He had striven in vain to dispel that gloom. A highly significant fragment of a *Symphony in B-flat Major* penned before his *Second* tells of that effort. Clearly forecasting the *Fifth* in thematic content, this cast-off symphonic scrap not only shows Bruckner's early yearning for a jubilant, major Muse, but also reveals in embryo the very song he felt himself destined to sing.

When just a graduate pupil, though already approaching middle age, he had his first view of Wagner's new orchestral language. It proved so powerful a revelation that he composed his highly original *First Symphony* and First Mass in the resulting burst of inspiration. Yet that had only partially freed his voice. When he had finished his dramatic *Third Symphony*, he plucked up the courage to bring it to Wagner in person, then head-over-heels in his *Ring* plans at Bayreuth. The great man's annoyance quickly changed to genuine interest when he was finally persuaded to open the score. Careful examination led to warm expressions

of praise by Wagner. He would be delighted to accept the dedication of so fine a symphony. Yes, he would even produce it himself. This generous gesture proved a galvanizing touch to the discouraged symphonist. In the overwhelming flood of elation that resulted all the pent-up bitterness of the preceding years disappeared.

The *Fourth Symphony* appears to have been a direct sequel to the joyful upheaval that took place in Bruckner's spirit upon that occasion. The sunrise of Nature that opens the *Romantic* is truly the sunrise in Bruckner's soul. It is at the same time a fervent paean of gratitude for his new-found spiritual freedom and an infinitely broadened human perspective.

#### FOURTH SYMPHONY (ROMANTIC)

Toward the close of his arduous career Bruckner, at length become famous, was awarded an honorary degree by the University of Vienna. He was puzzled by the Greek word "Melipoeos" inscribed upon his diploma to designate the particular nature of his excellence. Scholars whom he asked to interpret the term were divided between "tone-poet" and "tone-craftsman." Bruckner preferred the latter, though more prosaic translation, insisting that the former smacked too much of "program" music.

It is likely that the few touches of realism (bird-calls, wood-murmurs, etc.) in the *Romantic* were influenced by the sensational apparition of Liszt's symphonic "poems" in the concert world. Yet Bruckner was not a romanticist of the stamp of Weber or Schumann. In reality, he was even less a romanticist than Beethoven who warned against a too literal story-background interpretation of the *Pastorale*, his lone symphonic venture beyond the strict borders of absolute music. Although a festive *Scherzo* and a "Storm" *Finale* are present in both the *Pastorale* and the *Romantic*, these are only marks of an external community not reflecting the fundamental dissimilarity of the underlying messages in these works. Beethoven's conception of nature and man views them as separate entities, the former a species of recreation, a source of spiritual refreshment for the latter. In Bruckner's *Romantic*, however, there is heard not the echo of the joys of Nature reflected in the soul of man, but rather the voice of Nature itself. As the solo horn sounds the opening theme midst an ecstatic tremolo in the strings, it seems as though the very lips of Nature open in fervent, hymn-like song.

This utterly simple melody, created out of a single interval (a fifth) is one of the most expressive of Bruckner's many superb melodic inspirations. Veiled in deep mystery by the distant murmur of strange, supporting harmonies, it breathes the grandeur of a majestic *adagio*. The veil lifts as new voices (woodwind, strings) take up the theme in imitative dialogue. With broad pulse unaltered, it attains a summit of sonority, generating fresh motivation as it rises. This ascent, portrayed in gracious melody, framed in an unusual rhythm (alternate groups of two

plus three quarter-notes) forms the second portion of the opening theme-group. Quickened by successive recurrences of this rhythm (generally called "Bruckner Rhythm" because it plays so prominent a role in his symphonies) the pulse of the music speedily approaches true *Allegro* character. There ensues a veritable burst of jubilation midst a wealth of melodic fragments in "Bruckner Rhythm," rising and falling as though sounded antiphonally from heaven above and earth below. The whole universe seems to glory in this sunrise! Re-echoing at increasing distances the music subsides, merging with the cosmic mists whence it first issued. Thus, without a trace of welding, are joined into a perfect thematic unit three distinct melodic conceptions. There is about this theme-group a magnificent spontaneity of unfolding beside which the mincing, obviously clever thematic carpentry of more often performed masters pales. Poetically alone is the achievement of this unity simple to grasp. The spiritual message underlying the entire theme-group is like an unbroken spell. Even when the last echoes of the theme-group have died away there persists a hymn-like aura, which surrounds the new theme, the song of the birds. This *Zizibee* (titmouse) love-duet, one of the most famous of Bruckner's numerous double-themes, may also be regarded as an apt mirroring of the yearning of man's soul for union with Nature.

So plastic is the structure of the entire movement, so natural and inevitable the advent of each fresh idea, that one readily understands why the *Romantic* has been the most popular Bruckner symphony with music-lovers for over half a century. The composer himself, perceiving its unusually felicitous union of clear-cut form and simple, ingratiating melody, came to regard it as the ideal introduction to his gigantic later symphonies. Poetically, at least, it is the actual introduction to the three symphonies which followed, exploring and exploiting thoroughly the spiritual and cosmic depths merely glimpsed in a swift, brilliant revelation in the *Romantic*.

The *Andante*, as usual with Bruckner, presents a typical adventure of the spirit on earth, involving ever-present pain and suffering. A song of unrequited love, one of the most wistful of symphonic slow movements, it remains nevertheless fundamentally an expression of affirmation. Even the most inconsolable melancholy of the opening theme, eloquently voiced by the cellos, is interrupted by a motive of hope and surcease, whispered by the violins. Bruckner's genius for instrumentation unerringly selects the poignant voices of the violas for a telling role in this section. The final, irrefutable promise of contentment is expressed in a lofty revelation midst nobly mounting utterances by the trombones.

Strikingly descriptive is the *Scherzo*, with its stirring fanfares of hunting horns. The irresistibly rhythmic *Trio* is an idealized Upper-Austrian peasant dance, fragrant with delicate harmonic turns, carried out in the subtle spirit known before Bruckner to Schubert alone. This *Scherzo*, the second composed for the *Romantic*, was doubtless substituted for

the original in order to strengthen the romantic atmosphere of the entire work. It is certainly a delightful creation, perfect in every detail. The fitness of its interpolation has been universally acknowledged.

It seems almost superfluous to warn listeners not to give too literal attention to Bruckner's own explanation of the content of the *Romantic*. The tones in which the symphony is set are far too vast and deep for any such naive picturing as: "A citadel of the Middle Ages — Daybreak — Reveille is sounded from the tower — The gates open — Knights on proud chargers leap forth — The magic of nature surrounds them." Surely this is all childish after-thought on the part of a man whose creativeness was purely musical, whose acquaintance with literature was limited to Gospel and the prayer book.

Particularly in the *Finale*, framed in elaborate sonata-structure, is revealed the superficial inadequacy of the description "Romantic" for this work. The ominous conflict with which it begins has an import far deeper than the too obvious explanation, "The woods in the grip of a storm." It suggests rather the decisive struggle in which the spirit, beset with earthly fears, overcomes all obstacles on the path to eternal contentment.

Bruckner's *Romantic* is a symphony of Nature — Nature as viewed by a true mystic. Perhaps no composer has given this concept of Nature clearer verbal shape than the Bruckner disciple Gustav Mahler, whose innate mysticism stamped him as a fervent Catholic long before his formal conversion to that creed. The devout Bruckner might have shrunk in horror from Mahler's pantheistic doctrine of the spiritual union of Nature with Man, but essentially it was the same as his own.

Mahler said: "That Nature embraces all that is at once awesome, magnificent, and lovable, nobody seems to grasp. It seems so strange to me that most people, when considering Nature in connection with Art, imply only flowers, birds, woods, etc. No one seems to think of the mighty underlying mystery, the god Dionysos, the great Pan."

#### FIFTH SYMPHONY (TRAGIC)

The first notes of Bruckner's *Fifth* are played by plucked strings; the second theme is introduced in the same instrumental color. In fact, plucked strings play a notable part in so many salient moments of the work that it was nicknamed the "Pizzicato" Symphony. Many know it as the "Church" or "Faith" Symphony because of its abundance of "Chorale" fragments. Bruckner sometimes called it the "Fantastic," but fearful of programmatic misinterpretation, preferred to speak of it merely as his "contrapuntal masterpiece." Perhaps no name describes the symphony more aptly than the "Tragic," proposed by Goellerich, the composer's authorized biographer.

Better acquainted than anyone else with the circumstances surrounding the origin and execution of the work he was able to penetrate beyond such externals as style and color to its spiritual roots. He saw the

*Fifth* as the deeply personal expression of a genius doomed to utter loneliness by the scorn and neglect of a misunderstanding world. Neither the *Third* nor the *Fourth* had succeeded in obtaining a hearing. The only performances of Bruckner's earlier works were those advertised as "Bruckner, conducting," meaning to most, "Stay away; Bruckner, the silly ass, is paying to hear his own dull twaddle." Goellerich realized also the abject misery into which protracted celibacy had plunged the physically unattractive Bruckner. The victim of a long series of pitiful jiltings, he was already past fifty. Goellerich refused to be misled by the unrestrained rejoicing that climaxed the *Finale* of the *Fifth*. He knew that in art, as in life, the deepest tragic undertones often lurk beneath the most extravagant jubilation. He caught in the *Adagio* the true spiritual keynote of the work. Its brooding main theme was the despairing utterance of abandoned genius. Through the mighty blare of triumph trumpeted forth by redoubled brass in the *Finale* he saw the transfigured image of the man who found the strength to wrest peace from his agonized soul through renunciation.

In the *Fifth* the characteristics generally regarded as typical of Bruckner's symphonic style find their most convincing expression. Far more than any of his other symphonies it is a polyphonic work, the composer's proud description, "my contrapuntal masterpiece," testifying to the extraordinary care with which he had fashioned its many-voiced strains.

Double-themes previously employed by Bruckner as separated incidents of only local significance assume in this work a progressive, cyclic role. Thus from the first and second theme-groups in the opening movement he has drawn two sharply contrasted motives and united them to form the remarkable double-theme which begins the *Adagio*. The pulse of the upper melody (four-four) conflicts with that of the lower one (six-four). The result is more than a mere bit of subtle rhythmic counterpoint; it is an unforgettable tonal portrait of spiritual desolation. In the *Scherzo* the two motives part once more, each assuming the leading role in one of the two divisions of the movement. In the *Finale* they are welded together again, inseparable at last in the framework ideally suited to the exploitation of the double-theme — the double-fugue.

The principal motives of the *Fifth* haunted Bruckner many years before he felt his mastery of their possibilities equal to their symphonic shaping. A manuscript fragment of a *B-flat Symphony* sketched in the fall of 1869 reveals in essence the pizzicato introduction to the first two theme-groups and a main theme with the same rhythmic contour as that of the *Fifth*, not to mention the downward octave-leap which is perhaps the most striking characteristic of the *Finale*.

The *Fifth* begins on a note of almost hushed awe, like the mystic invocation to a Muse too lofty for more familiar hailing. The listener senses at once that he is about to experience a mighty adventure of the spirit. This concise *adagio* introduction, the only one in all the Bruck-

ner symphonies, is an integral portion of the symphony because it presents the very origin of the main ideas to be exploited. They are heard in the process of creation: tone, to rhythm, to harmony, to melody. The mysterious measured plucking of the basses intensifies the initial air of spiritual uncertainty portrayed by the other strings as they grope upward one by one towards the light. The interruption by a softly uttered chorale fragment is the first glimpse of the only path leading to that Light — Faith.

At first hardly more than an element of devotional coloring it assumes firm thematic shape in a reinforced repetition. Like a halo it hovers over the sturdy motive which immediately takes form beneath it. Issuing out of the main theme of the *Romantic* this majestic, march-like fragment ascends step-wise, its merged romantic-religious flavor suggesting some heroic figure, perhaps the Knight of the Grail, Bruckner's favorite legendary figure. The same motive inverted opens the *Allegro*, whose purpose is to present the scene of conflict between the opposing forces introduced in the *Adagio*. Their hostile banners are unfurled in an elemental outburst of defiance, a characteristic motive formed by two violent octave-leaps, framed in a zigzag line, suggestive of some ominous, irresistible force. The slow introduction occupies only a few measures, yet presents all the source material out of which the gigantic symphony is to be reared. The rest is a record of amazing economy of means, involving almost incredible melodic resourcefulness and structural mastery. The themes of the exposition section of the first movement are in every detail subtle derivations from the motives already presented.

No other great composer since Bach had steeped himself to such a degree in the language of polyphony. The classicists, denied more than a fragmentary acquaintance with the works of Bach (most of which were then unpublished) were wary of injecting more than an occasional brief polyphonic passage into their predominately homophonic symphonies. The wonderful polyphonic *Finale* of Mozart's *Jupiter* is an exception which only strengthens this assertion. True, Wagner had made a special, intensive study of polyphonic problems before proceeding to set *Die Meistersinger* to music. His unerring sense for appropriate dramatic color told him that an effective tonal portrayal of the atmosphere of Hans Sachs' day must be rich in polyphonic color. Yet when the tone-poet of the *Romantic* turned to the composition of his "contrapuntal masterpiece" he brought to it a lifelong devotion to polyphonic expression. So sure was his grasp of the intricacies of contrapuntal dialect that he had become famous for his ability to improvise masterly fugues, and even double-fugues on the organ. The language of polyphony, which he had cultivated with tireless devotion, had virtually become his musical mother-tongue. To other nineteenth-century composers it was an antiquated "study" language, necessary mainly for cultural purposes; to

him it was a living language, capable of expressing a world of vivid emotion.

The heroic source motive already mentioned made its appearance in the opening *Adagio* in major guise. Inverted and quickened, but still in the brighter mode, it was the first to enter the scene of conflict represented by the initial *Allegro*. Transformed into minor it next assumes the dominant voice in the melancholy double-theme of the slow movement. In the *Scherzo* it is reborn, though still in minor. Appearing now as a carefree, lilting melody, it records the lifting of the veil of gloom from the hero's soul. Its final incarnation as the triumphant climax of the *Finale* has already been discussed. This cyclic use of a central motive as the dominating theme of a work in many movements is the realization in symphonic form of one of the principal ideals of the polyphonic era. Common usage in the Masses of Palestrina's time, it expired in the *Suites* of the later seventeenth- and early eighteenth-century composers, to be suddenly revitalized, with a significance greater than it had ever had, in the *Fifth* of Beethoven. Bruckner's unbounded love for that symphony may well have produced in him the longing to emulate its doctrine of thematic evolution. Yet his extensive experience with sacred musical usage before composing his symphonies accounts sufficiently for his cyclic employment of the same source motive in the main theme of each movement. This practice, already noticeable in his *First*, becomes more striking and purposeful with each symphony. Yet even in the *Romantic* it is still a more or less exact recurrence of the same melodic idea at the beginning of each movement, linking all four with a readily identifiable bond of unity. In Bruckner's *Fifth*, however, the idea has been resolved into its melodic, rhythmic, and harmonic elements, which prove far more fertile and pliable material for cyclic use.

The song of earthly sorrow which begins the *Adagio* of the *Fifth* is aptly framed in the poignant tones of the oboe. A lyric interpolation in keeping with the earnest dramatic burden of the entire work, triumph over suffering through renunciation, it yields gradually to strains of increasing hope. Brighter and brighter grows the light surrounding the uplifted spirit. Finally the very gates of heaven seem to open as the golden voice of the trumpet sounds its radiant message of indomitable Faith, scattering the last cloud of doubt.

In his conception of the *Finale* as the scene of highest dramatic intensification Bruckner went beyond his forerunners, endowing the symphony with the crowning stamp of formal integrity. They had been content (doubtless, believed it necessary) to let the opening movement bear the brunt of dramatic emphasis. In their eyes an extended symphonic close, with involved content, framed in the most massive form, would impose upon the patience of the listener already fatigued with concentration on the previous movements. Beethoven's *Fifth* is the outstanding exception to this convenient practice by the classic masters. An

ardent student of the inmost wonders of that symphony Bruckner was convinced from the outset that the *Finale* should present the resumption and successful termination of the spiritual conflict entered upon in the opening *Allegro*. The carefree, dance-character with which the classicists had infused their *Finales* seemed to him ineffectual settings of *Scherzo* moods in pseudo-*Finale* garb. He strove to make the *Finale* the most dramatic and majestic section of the symphony. It must scale summits of power loftier than any attained in the previous movements, a goal of supreme spiritual triumph, resolving and clarifying all that had gone before. This Bruckner *Finale*-conception, already impressively formulated in the *Third*, bore its most splendid fruit in the *Fifth*.

The *Finale* of the *Fifth* is the vehicle of Bruckner's deepest and most dramatic expression, equalled in power perhaps by the last movement of his *Eighth* alone. Beginning with a brief introductory retrospect, somewhat in the manner of the last movement of Beethoven's *Ninth*, it soon plunges into the herculean accomplishment still necessary to the final resolution of the conflict. These are the two opposing forces, originally heralded in the opening *Adagio* introduction, now making their final decisive appearance: one, a disturbing, rebellious influence, characterized by octave-leaps and a rough, sharply pointed rhythm; the other, a sturdy chorale, infinitely more heroic in this last transformation than in its original guise in the opening *Adagio*. Each in turn is the subject of a fugue, the unfolding of which suggests a tale of tremendous spiritual struggles, revealing the Soul (as hero) gathering added strength with the advent of each fresh subsidiary theme. At length the tide of conflict is turned, the goal of all this striving glimpsed. In hushed awe the Soul pauses suddenly before the dazzling revelation. Out of the silence rise golden voices singing the song of eternal promise. At first sounded in impressive grandeur by the brass it is softly re-echoed in accents of deep devotion by the strings. Thus on a note of unshakable affirmation begins the celebrated double-fugue, presenting the final inseparable union of the conflicting themes.

#### SIXTH SYMPHONY (PHILOSOPHIC)

The *Fourth* and *Fifth* were still unperformed. The *Third*, conducted by Bruckner himself, had proved a pitiful fiasco. Loneliness, increasing illness, and financial trouble filled the composer's cup of misery to overflowing. He realized that in work alone could he find consolation and the courage to carry on. The cheerfulness dominating the first movement of the *Sixth*, largely written during a long period of painful sickness, is eloquent of the philosophic resignation that had taken possession of Bruckner's soul. In content this movement is definitely related to the *Romantic*. It too is steeped in the glory of the cosmos, but to this reformulation of the message of the union of Man and Nature Bruckner has brought a more human quality. The vast spiritual wealth amassed in the *Fifth* has yielded interest in a calmer, more disciplined touch. The

sunrise in the *Romantic* is more radiant with ecstasy, but that in the *Sixth* has a deeper, more individual magic. It is shot through with delicately varied instrumental and dynamic shades and subtle melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic nuances.

Bruckner regarded this symphony as his most daring and original expression. It abounds in phrases framed in "Bruckner Rhythm." The very opening notes, struck off by the violins in sharp staccato, present this rhythm in lively form as a pulsating background for the main theme. The latter, drawn softly from the deep strings, begins like a sighing question concerning the ultimate mysteries of existence. The first component of this theme, borrowed from the main theme of the *Romantic*, suggests a definite community of content between these two symphonies. When the next theme-group is introduced by a doleful strain in square rhythm over a plucked accompaniment in triple-rhythm cited from the *Adagio* of the *Fifth* we know also that the *Sixth* is to be a philosophic sequel to the intensely dramatic struggles of the spirit portrayed in the preceding symphony. The air of gloom surrounding the opening bars of this song-theme is but the shadow of a momentary reminiscence, swiftly dispelled by the cheery sway of the gracious melody which bursts from it.

Even the third theme-group, a pounding unison passage in "Bruckner Rhythm," bristling with warlike inclination, vainly searches every plane of tonality for a scene of conflict, only to succumb to the lure of the calm, richly harmonized episode terminating the exposition. This air of peace, firmly maintained throughout the statement of the themes, continues to dominate the development section, devoted to a eulogy of the wonders of Nature. Familiar song-themes rise on ever-broadening wings, the tide of melody surging irresistibly upward toward a climax. The sophisticated concert-goer, on the alert for some subtle bridge leading to the recapitulation, suddenly realizes that he is in the midst of the restatement. Yet nothing abrupt has occurred. In the opening movement of this work, for the first time in symphonic literature, the climax of the development and the beginning of the recapitulation coincide. That this remarkably effective innovation in sonata-form was no mere flying chip in Bruckner's workshop is convincingly proven by its increasingly successful reappearance in his subsequent symphonies.

The slow movement begins with a yearning love-song, the bright counterpart of the melancholy *Ständchen* presented in the corresponding section of the *Romantic* and intensified to utter gloom in the *Fifth*. A brief shadow crosses the sunny path of this three-voiced melody when the oboe intrudes its counterpoint of plaintive sighs. A mournful phrase in the horns threatens to revive some painful memory of unrequited love (Bruckner's life abounded with instances); but the new-found spiritual power, philosophic resignation, easily turns aside all imminent bitterness. The second theme is a soaring, untroubled love-song. The central portion of the movement is occupied with a resourceful contra-

puntal exploitation of the opening theme, its varied restatements resulting in a subtle mingling of rondo and sonata form.

The magic play of elfin spirits characterizes the strikingly impressionistic *Scherzo*, the first of a series of Bruckner *scherzi* to portray the witchery of Pan interwoven with the very roots of Nature. The *Trio* unfolds a fresh aspect of this extraordinary gayety. The woodwind advances fragments of melody based on the opening theme of the *Allegro*, while mischievous harmonic interruptions issue from plucked strings or horn groups in sharply punctuated rhythm.

The comparatively calm atmosphere prevailing over the *Finale* is doubtless accountable to a considerable degree for the extreme rarity of performances granted this symphony. Yet the absence of conflict in the closing movement is consistent with artistic integrity. Since the opening movement advanced no conflict, the *Finale* has none to resolve. Lacking the dramatic character of other Bruckner closing sections it remains nevertheless a *Finale* conforming in essential respects to the accepted meaning of the term. All its thematic factors (and there is an unusually rich store of these—fanfare, chorale, march, and song) move swiftly and smoothly along as though controlled by some mysterious inductive power. Drawn together at last, they become merged into the jubilant reentry of the opening theme of the symphony. Thus, in a convincing Q.E.D., is complete fulfilment attained.

#### SEVENTH SYMPHONY (LYRIC)

The long, soaring song-theme which opens the *Seventh* is without parallel in Bruckner's symphonies. Yet it is closely related to the main theme of the *Romantic* in harmonic and instrumental color (string tremolo on the tonic). The voice of the horn also introduces this later utterance. The melodic line in both cases is dominated by the same notes (*sol* and *do*). The scope of the later theme, however, is far wider. For the source of its additional melodic elements one need but examine the opening bars of the *Fifth* and *Sixth*. There is present in these a graceful turn similar to the one at the apex of the later theme. In short, the broad-winged melody at the beginning of the *Seventh* sums up the chief thematic elements of the three preceding symphonies, integrating them in a new, final expression of unforgettable beauty.

Beauty of song is the ideal proclaimed at the outset and unwaveringly maintained throughout the *Seventh*. Its extreme popularity (equal to that of the briefer *Romantic*) is directly due to the natural, sustained flow of its melodies. Its huge proportions result from the use of larger thematic structures in place of the concise motivated blocks characterizing the three earlier works of the tetralogy. Particularly because of this is its structure likely to be misunderstood by those who cling too firmly to the antiquated "tenets" of sonata-form. Fortunately, an orderly array of beautiful ideas, possessing all the vital characteristics necessary to the maintenance of interest in an extended orchestral composition

(abundant melodic, harmonic, rhythmic, instrumental, and dynamic variety), will always prevail over any objections that may be raised against such a work from a purely academic viewpoint. Hugo Wolf's enthusiastic recognition of Bruckner's genius rested mainly upon his admiration of the first three movements of the *Seventh*. Years elapsed before he acknowledged the last movement worthy of the others. His long failure to admit the structural integrity of the *Finale* merely reflected the usual reluctance of one revolutionary genius to estimate the accomplishment of another without a standard yardstick.

The successful employment of longer, singing themes represents the very fulfilment of Bruckner's dynamic principle of thematic construction, involving the complete subjugation of form to content. The first theme, a homophonic composite of three ideas, is like an invocation to Song. The second, predominately polyphonic, is a more mobile melody, its peacefulness disturbed only by restless fundamental harmonies. Spinning itself out in little rhythmic turns it evades cadence repeatedly. Not even a complete restatement in inversion alters the innate restlessness of this "Wanderer" theme. The third theme-group consists of two contrasted melodies, one a sharply rhythmic idea of satirical cast, the other a yearning concept of pastoral flavor.

Of all these themes only the satirical one is a really hostile element, hindering the undisputed sway of song in the development. In that section the appearance of the opening-theme exclusively in inverted form is a subtle piece of artistry. It saves the exact restatement of the theme for the recapitulation, where it appears completely fresh. Again, as in the *Sixth*, the climax of the development and the return of the main theme coincide, the superior thematic freshness just mentioned rendering this phenomenon in the case of the *Seventh* more effective.

For the reappearance of the main theme in his *Adagio* Bruckner adopted the general features of the classical variation form as broadened by Beethoven. He abandoned as unsuited to his message the uniformly floreate passages widely cultivated by his forerunners in varying their slow themes. He believed these to be, even when most charming and felicitous, artistically hampered by the too obvious display of technical skill which produced them. To forestall any possible sacrifice of artistic integrity on this score he injected a touch of sonata-form into his *Adagios* through the interpolation of concise passages of thematic development. For his source material he used elements of themes already presented. These "borrowed" fragments he re-created into delightfully fresh melodic shape by a fascinating process scarcely glimpsed by the classicists — that species of unhampered development known to students of sonata-form as "free fantasy."

The gigantic, earnest *Adagio* of the *Seventh* is universally famous as a "funeral ode" in honor of Wagner whose death occurred while Bruckner was still at work upon that movement. Bruckner asserted that a sudden foreboding of his great friend's imminent death was the inspiration

for this *Adagio*. The inexpressibly mournful opening theme, set for a choir of Bayreuth tubas, eloquently corroborates his claim. Yet the actual "funeral music" (according to Bruckner himself) does not begin until close to the end of the long movement, where it is ushered in by a jarring cymbal crash. "At this point," said Bruckner, "the shocking news of the master's death reached me."

Two broad-winged songs (rather than themes) totally contrasted in mood, alternately sway the entire musical content of this *Adagio*. The first, the funeral theme, progresses from stately solemnity to majestic affirmation on the impressive three-chord "Resurrection" motive from the *Te Deum*. The development of this motive becomes the climactic event in the movement. Climbing steadily from plane to plane, the spread of its wings constantly broadening, it becomes a mighty universal "Credo" sweeping aloft to the very gates of heaven. The second theme is a radiant melody sung by the Cherubim, its unique combination of simple charm and soaring nobility a worthy complement to its austere companion. That these melodies alone (the *Adagio* was first performed separately) possessed sufficient magic to make Bruckner world-famous at a single hearing describes them more aptly than might whole volumes of analysis. Some experts venture the claim that in the *Seventh* the *Adagio*, not the *Finale*, is the focal movement. This unstudied view may well have been fostered by those who nicknamed Bruckner the "Adagio Composer."

After this contemplation of Eternity the *Scherzo* comes like a rude awakening to earthly things. The opening theme, a bit of bizarre realism for Bruckner, sounds its drab Reveille, a melodic paraphrase of the crowing of the cock. In a moment all is feverish motion; constantly increasing, the agitation results in a wild dance-orgy. The *Trio* is an idealized, nostalgic *Laendler*-melody, eloquent of Bruckner's yearning love for his Upper-Austrian homeland.

A majestic dome-like structure is the *Finale*, the very order of its themes suggesting an arch. The opening theme is a martial concept, literally the lyric initial theme of the symphony arming for battle. Martial rhythm underlies even the prayerful chorale-theme that follows. One of the world's most famous conductors, mistaking Bruckner's intentional subordination of the chorale for ineffectual instrumentation, rescored the melodic line for brass, whereupon at least one leading American critic (this was almost a decade ago) insisted that the symphony had been made to sound better than Bruckner had written it. A "third" theme, in reality the opening theme at last fully armed, completes the array of spiritual forces involved in the conflict about to take place. The development section, involving the most resourceful manipulation of this given material from gentle playfulness to titanic grandeur, is a miracle of inspired artistry.

## SOPHIE KARST SINGS MAHLER SONGS OVER WNYC

On February 17, 1939, Sophie Karst sang a group of songs by the much neglected composer, Gustav Mahler. The program consisted of *Lieder aus der Jugendzeit* and two of the *Wunderhorn Lieder*. The singer revealed a beautiful voice, and interpreted the songs in such a manner as to leave the listener with the hope for other Mahler programs. She was ably assisted at the piano by Herman Neuman.

## STOCK AWARDED KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL OF HONOR

After a performance of Bruckner's *Ninth* in Chicago on March 23, the Bruckner Medal of Honor was presented to Frederick A. Stock by Dr. Martin G. Dumler of Cincinnati, President of the Society, in recognition of Stock's long continued efforts to create a greater interest in and appreciation of Bruckner's music. Dr. Stock is one of the oldest Bruckner pioneers in this country. According to Mr. Eugene Stinson of the *Chicago Daily News*, "this was the 25th occasion on which Mr. Stock had listed for performance one of the six Bruckner symphonies known to Chicago."

## RODZINSKI AWARDED KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL OF HONOR

After a performance of Bruckner's *Eighth* in Cleveland on March 16th, the Bruckner Medal of Honor was presented to Artur Rodzinski by Adella Prentiss Hughes, Vice President of the Musical Arts Association, on behalf of the Bruckner Society of America, Inc., in recognition of his efforts to create a greater interest in and appreciation of Bruckner's music in this country. Dr. Rodzinski gave the first Cleveland performance of Bruckner's *Seventh* last season and introduced the *Eighth* to Cleveland audiences this season. The Cleveland Orchestra under Rodzinski's direction broadcast the *Seventh* over an NBC hook-up in March 1938.

GUSTAV MAHLER — EXCERPTS FROM *THIRD SYMPHONY*

*University Symphony and University Girls' Glee Club, Conducted by Thor Johnson, in Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor, January 23, 1939.*

... The climax of last night's concert was as overwhelming as it was surprising. Few people in the audience had ever before heard any of the music of Gustav Mahler's *Third Symphony*, and the performance of the fifth and sixth movements from this tremendous work brought to all a musical experience so fresh and so powerful that "Why have we not heard this before?" was upon every tongue. Tumultuous and sustained applause left no further doubt as to the heartiness of Mahler's Ann Arbor reception, and repeated demands for more will no doubt lead to a performance of the *Symphony* in its entirety sometime in the future.

And, even as concerns the two movements already heard, such a performance would be most welcome, because the parts can not really find their true effect save as a part of the whole. While the fifth movement, with its pealing bells and exultant voices singing *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, was utterly charming by reason of its tunefulness and the freshness of its orchestral coloring, it still lacked the stature it would have attained had it come as a scherzo-like contrast after the meditative, *gedankenvoll* alto solo of the preceding movement.

As it was, it remained for the final movement to sweep one aloft to regions truly sublime. Such infinite peace as that of which the movement at first discourses could flow only from the soul of the profoundest of philosophers; and when at the end this peace rises to triumph and exaltation, one knows that it is something more than flesh and blood speaking, speaking with a passion beyond and above that of mere men. Mahler himself is but the prophet, his colossal orchestra but the voice, of that universal force, that cosmic soul, which is Nature. As Wagner immortalized in sound the passions of men and women, gods and goddesses, Mahler here apotheosizes in music the vital spirit of the universe.

WILLIAM J. LICHTENWANGER, *University of Michigan and Michigan Daily, Ann Arbor, Michigan*

NBC ORCHESTRA UNDER WALTER BROADCASTS MAHLER'S *FIRST*

(APRIL 8, 1939)

. . . Still, the symphony is sufficiently intelligible without the programmatic hints other than those which a listener can derive from the music itself, and offers many measures of freshness and charm especially in the first movement, and in the sturdy *ländler* rhythms of the third. It is true that Mahler's copious melodic invention does not express itself in all the themes with equal distinction, and that impressions of lengthiness are noticeable at times, mainly in the finale. . . . Nevertheless, despite certain drawbacks, this is a disarming work.

Mr. Walter, who was a close friend of Mahler, directed an interpretation marked by insight and persuasive eloquence, as well as the customary high standards of performance which mark this orchestra's work, and was ardently applauded by the large studio audience. . . .

FRANCIS D. PERKINS, *New York Herald Tribune*

. . . The symphony written when the composer was twenty-eight, ranges curiously over widely scattered realms of feeling, which in some instances are incongruously patched together, in others welded with strikingly dramatic effectiveness. The first two movements reveal clearly the Brucknerian influence in the folkish quality of the themes, in their square cut, diatonic mould. A simple response to nature motivates the entire first movement, while a pictorial quality, evident throughout the work, is here pointed by frequent imitations of bird calls and the pastoral tranquility that predominates. . . .

. . . This is obviously an imperfect work of a youthful hand. But it is useless to deny the prophecies of genius in its abundant vitality, its power and eloquence, its genuine compulsion. Discounting its glaring inconsistencies, its frequent naïvete, its frequent reminiscences of Bruckner, Wagner and Tchaikovsky, it is, after all, the music of a man who had something to say.

G. G., *New York Times*

. . . It is a work that contains many elements of popularity, in spite of a diffuse and over-long finale. The performance as directed by Mr. Walter, a veritable disciple of Mahler, was a masterpiece of understanding sympathy and eloquence in which the orchestra followed the conductor with exemplary care.

PITTS SANBORN, *New York World Telegram*

## GUSTAV MAHLER: SONG SYMPHONIST

BY GABRIEL ENGEL

It is perhaps the best life of Mahler extant. . . . The reading public owes a debt of gratitude to the Bruckner Society for issuing this comprehensive brochure; it tells all that is necessary and it is informative.

HARVEY GAUL, *Pittsburgh Post Gazette*

(Price \$1.00 plus 6 cents postage)

## LIST OF PERFORMANCES—SEASON 1939-1940

## BRUCKNER

*Seventh Symphony*—Boston Symphony (Koussevitzky) October; Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y. (Barbirolli) December; Kansas City Philharmonic (Krueger); St. Louis Symphony (Golschmann).

*Fifth or Seventh Symphony*—Philadelphia Orchestra (Ormandy).

## MAHLER

*Adagietto (Fifth Symphony)*—Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y. (Barbirolli).

*Das Lied von der Erde*—Boston Symphony (Koussevitzky).

*Second Symphony*—Cincinnati Symphony (Goossens).

*Ninth Symphony (Finale)*—Boston Symphony (Koussevitzky).

*Kindertotenlieder*—Zighera Chamber Orchestra.

# Symphonic Chronicle

## *A Record of Critical and Popular Reaction*

GUSTAV MAHLER  
SECOND SYMPHONY—  
SECOND MOVEMENT

*Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, Conductor. December 9, 1938.*

... We owe Mr. Reiner a debt of thanks for giving the first time in Pittsburgh part of a work of Gustav Mahler, one of the titans of musical art whose contributions to orchestral literature were way ahead of their time and are only beginning to be recognized for their true worth. The piece played on this occasion was the second movement of the Second Symphony.

This beautiful extract of one of the greatest symphonies ever penned refutes the accusation that Mahler's music is dull. Here is lovely music, full of inspiration and exquisite form, that leader and orchestra projected in a way that evoked demonstrations of approbation. We hope that this morsel of Mahler is but the forerunner of performance of this entire Second Symphony and others of this composer's impressive output. We should like to listen to a cycle of Mahler works similar to that of Beethoven being given here this year. . . .

RALPH LEWANDO, *Pittsburgh Press*

By far the most interesting feature of last night's Pittsburgh Orchestra concert in Syria Mosque was the audience. It was a lengthy program, one that might become tedious to the best listener; yet those thousands of music lovers sat enrapt and were enthusiastic to the end.

Fritz Reiner is bringing us up to date. We heard one movement from a Mahler symphony, the Andante from his Second Symphony composed some fifty years ago, the first fragment of such a work to be played here, although Mahler himself played for us thirty years ago.

For those who know Mahler songs, the charm of this andante is no surprise. . . .

J. FRED LISSFELT,  
*Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick A. Stock, Conductor. Soloists: Enid Szanlho and Charles Kullmann. January 10, 12 and 13, 1939.*

... He worked furiously away in that summer of 1908 and succeeded in creating an authentic masterpiece. The music's message is one of darkness and despair, but this darkness and despair are expressed so well that the resulting product becomes something superlatively fine. Mahler at the time (only three years before his death) had mastered the technical side of his art as few men have done. He knew how to bend both voices and instruments to the expression of countless subtleties of feeling.

In the passages of rueful gayety his methods are as successful as in the more doleful sequences. The gayety is made to seem full of thoughtfulness, as though a man in the middle of a headlong reel should occupy his mind with speculations as to whether he would ever live to dance another one.

The performance had intensity and directness. . . . Mr. Stock conducted with a fine feeling for the idiom of the difficult music. . . .

EDWARD BARRY, *Chicago Tribune*

... Dr. Felix Borowski, eminent musician and program annotator, tells us that Mahler was a sick, depressed man—suffering from a heart ailment, later fatal—when he wrote this music. Burdened with a broken heart, Mahler reflected an embittered, hopeless spirit in his outlook on life, and found his personal views echoed in the fatalistic utterance of century-old Chinese poetry. He used them as the basis of a freely-styled symphony to point in pathos of sound the forlorn, nostalgic meaning of the words as they too lived more beautifully in chanted, intoned lyricism of song.

In mirroring his morose views on man's finite existence, Mahler has per-

versely achieved immortality himself, it seems to me! . . . For with exquisite sensitivity—he reflects so many thoughtful moods, not always brooding, but generally foreboding.

JANET GUNN, *Chicago Herald Examiner*

. . . Mr. Stock's purpose has not been to give the work a casual and isolated hearing; he plans to keep it a recurrent item in the orchestra's repertoire.

And that is good news. Mahlerites consider it the composer's masterpiece; certainly it is a peculiarly personal work and a peculiarly successful one. . . .

"Das Lied von der Erde" was composed at the end of Mahler's days; it has its moments of gigantic energy and projection but it is a score in which everything is fundamentally at peace and in which Mahler's genuine love of the orchestra moves freely, boldly and beautifully in an exceedingly rich and evocative instrumentation. The work invites repose of spirit and its performance on Tuesday was both vocally and orchestrally superb and fitting. . . .

EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago Daily News*  
1/11/39

. . . The aim of Chinese poetry is to suggest sentiment in the vivid and concentrated glimpse of small human activities. The most Chinese aspect of Mahler's score is that he, too, holding fast to the literal, writes music that gives off vivid and concentrated glimpses of small orchestral activities.

For the texts are the paramount reality of "Das Lied von der Erde." The music strikes their mood and gives their incidents illustration, but the charm of the score as a whole is its suggestion of evanescence, its minute use of a large orchestra and its wonderful use of graphically conceived material for the sake of suggesting a vague, haunting and unwordable nostalgia in which the heart yearns to find the substance of its own longing.

This is music which invites affection even before one has completely grasped it and in which, with its insistent recurrence of motifs, and its distinct suggestion of a perfect timing and a perfect proportion, it seems well worth while to lose oneself, as Mahler himself may very likely have done.

EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago Daily News*  
1/13/39

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
*LIEDER EINES FAHREN DEN  
GESELLEN*  
HUGO WOLF—FIVE SONGS

*Zighera Chamber Orchestra, Bernard Zighera, Conductor; Cleora Wood, Soloist. Boston, January 18, 1939.*

. . . It may well be that in such smaller forms as those of the "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen" and the "Lied von der Erde" (itself a cycle of songs rather than a symphonic unit) Mahler's enormous talent found more satisfactory expression than in the pretentious and sometimes blatantly pompous symphonies. A delightful intimacy of expressive vocal line, a charming transparency of orchestral texture, an aptness and economy of instrumental color make these songs exceptionally well suited to chamber-orchestra performance. . . .

STEPHEN SOMERVILLE, *Christian Science Monitor*

. . . The finest by all odds of this music was the "Songs of a Wayfarer" by that still much-debated figure of a generation ago—Gustav Mahler. . . .

While a good deal of tonal archeology now goes on with forgotten composers before Bach, listening experience in the case of Mahler is hard to come by because his works are badly and unjustly neglected. A neat commentary on our state of musical civilization! "The Songs of a Wayfarer," written when he was about twenty-three and stimulated by a brief love affair, seem to be lyric masterpieces and show that Mahler even at twenty-three was already a master of orchestration who had developed a style of his own.

The melodic naivete of these four songs came unmistakably, as others have said before, from Mahler's love of folk-song. This quality stands in contrast to the technical complexity and sophistication which he must have possessed when quite young. To Mr. Zighera, who conducted most sympathetically, and to Miss Wood for her beautiful singing is offered the heartfelt gratitude of at least one listener. . . .

. . . A large audience applauded most cordially.

C. W. DURGIN, *Boston Globe*

. . . It was particularly interesting to listen to these familiar Wolf Lieder with

first rate orchestral accompaniment. Neither "Gebot" nor "Verborgenheit," perhaps, gains by the transcription; but how much more vital are the lively songs, like "Er ist's" and "Ich hab' in Penna," and how effective is the woodwind in "Auf ein altes Bild!" Here the orchestra points Wolf's ideas.

To those who have sometimes groaned under the weight and tedium of Mahler's symphonies the earlier "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen" must have come as a welcome surprise. They are extraordinarily lovely and passionate songs, without the depth that Wolf commanded in his finest creations but well worth more than the very rare hearings that they receive. Miss Wood was at her best in these and well deserved the applause that she received. . . .

ALEXANDER W. WILLIAMS, *Boston Herald*

Thanks to Cleora Wood's singing of Mahler's "Songs of a Travelling Journeyman," an inspired performance of inspired music, the concert of the Zighera Chamber Orchestra at Jordan Hall last evening, which might otherwise have gone the agreeable way of such events, became an important occasion. These songs with orchestra, two of which found their way into Mahler's "First Symphony," were written when that much misunderstood composer was but twenty-three and, although their harmonic idiom is simple indeed, as compared with that of "The Song of the Earth," they are still very much alive today; and there is in them the poignancy that is Mahler's own.

Last sung here at a pair of Symphony Concerts in 1915, these songs, if memory serves, made not the impression then they did last evening. Credit for this significant accomplishment goes not only to the singer but to the orchestra of Symphony men and to Mr. Zighera, who here displayed unsuspected eloquence as conductor. Not before has he given us music which required of him the degree of sympathy and understanding so necessary in the interpretation of this dramatic and highly personal music. . . .

. . . There was the usual socially distinguished audience, and from it Miss Wood received something of an ovation after the songs of Mahler.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

. . . But one would not have parted easily with the other vocal-instrumental selection, Mahler's "Lieder eines Fahren-

den Gesellen." . . . It was rather the intrinsic music that engrossed the listener, music of a poignancy, simplicity of statement and wonderful command of the orchestral medium that set Mahler apart from almost every other composer in the history of music. The mood of resignation, in depicting which Mahler was so great a master, is in these four songs, as in "Das Lied von der Erde" and some of the symphonies. . . .

A distinguished audience that filled most of the seats in Jordan Hall applauded the performers, particularly Miss Wood with gusto.

MOSES SMITH, *Boston Evening Transcript*

#### ANTON BRUCKNER: SECOND SYMPHONY

*Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Goossens, Conductor. January 20 and 21, 1939. (First Performance of Bruckner's SECOND in Cincinnati.)*

. . . His failure to take hold outside of Austria and Germany may be explained in several ways. Prejudice had as much to do with it as anything. . . .

In any event, it has been a long time on its way to Cincinnati—more than sixty-five years, in fact. Judging by the way this genial work sounds at these concerts, I see no reason why it should not appeal to concert audiences.

Bruckner poured some of his choicest melodies into the mill when he ground out this symphony, and he put a variety of color into the scoring. More than that he was brief—for him, that is. The symphony, with the cut sanctioned by the composer and the short one made by Eugene Goossens, the conductor, for this performance, does not run much longer than thirty-five minutes. . . .

Bruckner's Second Symphony is lyrical in character, made up as it is for the most part of song and dance tunes. Evidently the composer was enjoying life at the time when he wrote it. The slow movement, an andante, instead of being infused with pain as many of his adagios are, sounds like a prayer and closes quietly with a blessing—the Benedictus from his Mass in F-minor. His South German nationality crops out in portions of the first and last movements, but conspicuously in the Landler-like scherzo.

When a musical scholar like Donald Francis Tovey makes the statement that Bruckner's symphonies always begin with

"Rheingold" harmonic breaths and end with "Goetterdaemmerung" climaxes I feel that he has tossed off a neat phrase but in doing so has libeled Bruckner.

In the Second Symphony, at any rate, Wagnerisms make themselves rather scarce. All of the commentators of course pounce upon Rieni's prayer *motiv* which may be heard in the first movement. There is little else except possibly the fortissimo passage at the end of the slow movement. The influence, if any, comes from Franz Schubert, I would say. Listen to the second theme of the first movement.

If the Vienna Philharmonic musicians found the symphony unplayable, the members of the Cincinnati Orchestra do not. As a matter of fact they manage it with almost as much fluency and smoothness as something that has been long in their repertory. . . .

FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

The last few days have found me in feverish communion with the available literature on the life and music of the Austrian composer, Anton Bruckner. This to prepare myself for my initial contact with his C-minor Symphony and fortify myself for this notice which I had approached with considerable trepidation. I read of controversies: as to who really composed Bruckner symphonies, Bruckner or his pupils; I read with misgiving of his length, his peculiarly Germanic appeal, his mysticism, his profound religious approach, his laborious mannerisms and pedantic technicalities, his fragmentary construction; I read that some considered him the equal of Brahms and others a bore equal to none. I read and my step was heavy as I climbed to my seat in Music Hall Friday afternoon for the Cincinnati premiere of this work, Eugene Goossens conducting and Martin Dumler, president of the Bruckner Society of America, on hand to see that his master got a square deal.

Consider then my surprised delight to find the confused and ponderous observations above fade in the pleasures of a composition which struck me as only mildly scholastic, as calmly religious, not passionate or profound, as genial and serene, as melodious and not too exciting in its orchestration and above all not "intellectual" in its content. Mr. Goossens made two generous deletions in the last movement and he cut the "grand pauses" to a single beat, thus materially

shortening this work which is one of Bruckner's shortest symphonies to begin with. Mr. Dumler looked pleased; so did the audience and even so casual a Brucknerite as myself was immediately impressed by the organ-like beauty of the slow movement. . . .

GROVERMAN BLAKE, *Cincinnati Times Star*

### ANTON BRUCKNER: THIRD SYMPHONY

*Indianapolis Symphony, Ferdinand Schaefer, Conductor. First time in Indianapolis February 3 and 4, 1939.*

. . . The Bruckner symphony is a masterpiece of such strength and beauty that we can only wonder why it is seldom heard. Finely planned on a magnificent scale, heroic in concept and deeply religious in mood, it is at once a mighty drama of life and a fervent profession of faith. Its style, once too novel for the comfort of a conservative audience, is still striking but no longer daring enough to disturb the idealistic impressions it so eloquently conveys. It is music with a stirring appeal to the emotions, as well as a challenge to the listening mind. It is uplifting music and great. The adagio is a glowing gem, the finale an arch of triumph. The orchestra's task, then, was considerable and it responded to the admirable simplicity and directness of Mr. Schaefer's conducting with a warm, expressive reading. Mr. Schaefer's spry, sparse gestures elicited the lustrous qualities of tone for which the young orchestra is already celebrated. . . .

CORBIN PATRICK, *Indianapolis Star*

. . . Many a time it happens that the works of great composers are neglected because the works are not worthy of the effort it takes to play them. That unkind charge can not be placed against the music on this week-end's concerts, however. . . .

Bruckner has been almost entirely neglected hereabouts so that his name is far better known among local concertgoers than any of his music. The Third Symphony is characteristic of a certain period of his career for it is intensely melodic, although the melody is not "sung" in the traditional manner, and it is intensely romantic. . . .

WALTER WHITWORTH, *Indianapolis News*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
EIGHTH SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor. Boston, February 4 and 5; New York, February 10, 1939.*

... The combination proved very successful at yesterday's concert. Bruckner appears to be making his way with Boston audiences. No doubt the propaganda for him has had its effect; but without question his music has a strong direct appeal to many listeners. It is not difficult to understand why it should, especially at this period of enthusiasm for Wagner, who was Bruckner's chief admiration. Many of Bruckner's themes are salient, his writing is clear and his structures solid. In this Eighth Symphony there are some lovely pages, particularly in the Adagio. . . .

The performance yesterday may well have made new converts to the Bruckner fold. It was magnificent in its sonority and its expressiveness. It is doubtful if anywhere else in the world so fine a report of Bruckner's symphony could be made today. . . .

L. A. S., *Christian Science Monitor*,  
Boston

... The Boston conductor has been one of the apostles of the Brucknerian (as of the Mahlerian) tradition, and both he and the music are beginning to reap just reward. At yesterday's concert the Symphony, which, even after liberal cutting, consumed more than an hour of exhausting attention, was followed by a long round of applause and even cheers — rare phenomenon from a matinee audience. . . .

These objections, like others, are familiar. In the end, perhaps it is the very quality of naivete that constituted the essence of Bruckner's genius. For it was accompanied, fortunately, by a grandeur of imagination rarely encountered in the history of music. A man with such an imagination had to work not only with big themes but also — as a corollary with widespreading movements. Certainly the adagio, for example, has inordinate length. But if Bruckner had attempted to compress his ideas into a movement of more usual proportions he would have missed fire. Again it was possible to observe that length and huge orchestra and grandiose expression were the neces-

sary implications of the man's thoughts. MOSES SMITH, *Boston Evening Transcript*

... Already Dr. Koussevitzky has restored the Austrian symphonist to the place he once held. It is now his opportunity to make that position stronger even than before. By token of the aforementioned enthusiasm yesterday and of the applause that greeted the more easily assimilated Seventh Symphony, when it was last played under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction, Boston is eager for the particular emotional, spiritual and musical experience that a Bruckner Symphony can provide.

With Bruckner there are three stumbling blocks: the Symphonies are long; they achieve real momentum only in the always masterly Scherzos, the greatest since those of Beethoven, and there is likely to be a want of continuity. Nevertheless, these objections do not seem to weigh very heavily with our audiences — even the chief objection, that of length.

Despite much-to-be-regretted cuts, particularly in the Adagio, the Eighth Symphony consumed yesterday over an hour. In this restless, nervous age we are supposedly impatient of operatic and symphonic longuers. But it does not seem to work that way. The public dotes on Wagner and, when given a chance, it rises to Mahler and Bruckner, as the audience rose yesterday to the latter's Eighth and last season to the former's Fifth.

And why? Because in these works there is a notable depth and richness, an earnestness and elevation, a wealth of moving melody, of satisfying harmony and of glowing, resplendent sonorities — things in which the music of our own day is, as a rule, sadly lacking.

If there ever was a time when the world needed art as a means of escape, that time is here and now. And escape is something which Hindemith and Stravinsky and their swarm of imitators hardly offer us. They give us, instead, what we already feel, not what we wish we felt. . . .

WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

... Bruckner unquestionably had the strongest of emotional inspirations in writing this symphony, with its long and moving adagio. That is the core and meaning of the piece, and the first movement, scherzo and grandiose finale do but surround and encase it. If the

adagio, then, does not move you, be assured that the symphony as a whole does not contain much meaning for your ears.

With yesterday's splendid performance and Dr. Koussevitzky's persuasive interpretation one would have to be fantastically out of the mood not to sense the power of the Eighth Symphony. Bruckner's faults are not inherent flaws, not abscesses of the soul; they lie on the surface and should not fend us off from the music. . . .

ALEXANDER WILLIAMS, *Boston Herald*

. . . The playing left nothing to be desired. In gorgeous tone, nuance, climactic building up, sustained balance it was gripping from the first chord. The serenely eloquent adagio was superbly unfolded. . . .

L. B., *New York World Telegram*

The deeds of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its builder and leader, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, grow with the doing, if not with the telling. To the sensational effect, now historic, which this conductor and orchestra achieved when they played the Eighth Bruckner Symphony last Friday night is to be added the record of the performances yesterday of an adorable symphony of Mozart; the repetition from an earlier New York program of Hindemith's "Symphonic Dances"; the performance of Ernest Bloch's "Schelemo." . . . We now maintain that Dr. Koussevitzky owes his New York audiences at least two other repetitions. One is of the delicious humor of Prokofieff's children's tale of "Peter and the Wolf," with Richard Hale as Narrator. The other is of the Bruckner Eighth Symphony.

OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*

No doubt as much to his own surprise as to that of any member of the audience, Serge Koussevitzky enjoyed a remarkable success last night in Carnegie Hall with the playing of the Bruckner Eighth Symphony by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It might even be whispered that the conductor had thought seriously of revising the evening's music by substituting a Haydn symphony and Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" for the mammoth work (an intention conveyed by a slip in the program-book). But when the concert began it was with the Bruckner Symphony, whose last notes, an hour later, were followed by a prolonged demonstration.

It was reasonable to attribute some of this enthusiasm to the extraordinary response of the players to the vivifying direction of Mr. Koussevitzky, which was of an intensity and concentration to animate the musical equivalent of an Egyptian mummy. Nor could it be overlooked that in preparing the work for performance, Mr. Koussevitzky had cut close to twenty minutes from its various movements, presumably pages of repetition and prolixity.

In any case, it was an hour of Bruckner to which the audience listened and responded. Mr. Koussevitzky's treatment of the work gave it an impression of unity and cohesiveness that is not usually granted to works by this composer. There was genuine eloquence and rapt musical beauty in the adagio, where Bruckner's head was truly among the stars, and a boldness of utterance in the finale that might usher in the crack of doom. Some doubts remain about the first movement, which becomes entwined in its own complexities at several points, but in consideration of the fresh impact of the work as a whole, it might be well to rest the case of Bruckner, until further evidence of this relevance is presented. . . .

IRVING KOLODIN, *New York Sun*

. . . Last night the Eighth lasted over an hour. If Brahms and Beethoven symphonies are considered as tonal canvases, the Bruckner C minor demands comparison with the mural. It is a thing of vast proportions and deep perspectives. Its huge framework contains structures of rhythms and color, a variety of technical resources, an amplitude and intensity of musical expression that are so far beyond the scale of nineteenth-century symphonic form as almost to seem unrelated to its precursor. . . .

. . . The interpreter's task is to adjust those emotional torrents to the ears and minds of mere mortals, who are limited by reason and reality to credible degrees of ecstasy. He must do this by viewing the work from a high perspective, and by shaping its musical thought into a natural growth. It was thus that Dr. Koussevitzky led us, almost by the hand, to rarefied heights that revealed the symphony to its farthest horizons. For his accomplishment he was rewarded by the acclaim of a rapt and deeply moved audience.

It was music and music-making that almost dwarfed the succeeding perform-

ance of the Mussorgsky-Ravel "Pictures at an Exhibition" to mere virtuosity.

G. G. *New York Times*

. . . The eighth symphony has the drawbacks customarily associated with Bruckner's work in this form, such as length, occasional iterativeness, and unevenness of inspiration. But on repeated hearings these become of less consequence; there is largeness of style and vision as well as temporal length, persuasively sincere eloquence, whose most convincing expression is in the great *adagio* with its meditative lyric depth, tenderness and the moving grandeur of its climaxes. . . .

FRANCIS D. PERKINS, *New York Herald Tribune*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
FOURTH SYMPHONY

*The Bridgeport Federal Symphony, Fritz Mahler, Conductor; February 23, 1939.*

. . . The composition exhibited a variety of emotional effects and musical patterns; soft, mournful tones blending with hushed staccatoes. From gentle, misting music, the melody grew to pelting rains of sound-storm. There seemed to be a continuous see-saw of lyricism and solemnity. With distinct artistry, Mahler built up a series of climactic moments of dramatic intensity.

The piece, made up of sustaining, buoyant sound patterns, was well chosen to hold an audience. A variety of moods mingled gaiety, spring passion, and solemn ceremony. The fine coordination of the musicians, and their unity with the conductor were remarkable. At the end of the composition, the audience applauded with enthusiasm. . . .

*Bridgeport Telegram*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
EIGHTH SYMPHONY

*Cleveland Orchestra, Artur Rodzinski, Conductor. March 16 and 18, 1939.*

Dr. Artur Rodzinski received a medal last evening at Severance Hall for directing the Cleveland Orchestra in a first performance here of the Anton Bruckner Eighth Symphony.

And Dr. Rodzinski deserved it. We mean that in the right sense. There are

some, undoubtedly, who might suggest that the audience should have a medal, too. But we do not agree with them.

We found the Bruckner music tremendously interesting, gorgeous at times, dramatic, full of conflict and contrast. It is the outpouring of a master of orchestration. And Dr. Rodzinski and the symphonists—the maestro quite visibly indisposed—gave it a virtuosic performance. . . .

ELMORE BACON, *Cleveland News*

. . . The fact that the symphony is about fifty years old and that it never before had been presented in Cleveland is another indication of the difficulty that Bruckner's music has had in gaining recognition.

Yesterday's performance ought to win Bruckner numerous new friends. As the final notes of the restless, somber first movement died away, it was easy to feel that one was in the presence of a spirit of no common rate. In the long *adagio* the composer combines a Schubertian sweetness and a Wagnerian magniloquence to convey a remarkable impression of calm and exaltation.

Perhaps my as yet unconsecrated ears will be pardoned for having a few reserves as to the last movement. Though I carefully followed every note of the performance with the score, it was impossible to overcome a feeling of undue discursiveness and discontinuity.

The performance showed off the extraordinary accomplishments of the Cleveland Orchestra. If any special praise is to be bestowed it would be upon the brass players for their fine work in their long and taxing parts. All credit to Messrs. Puletz, Davidson and Dittert and their respective sections; also to the players of the so-called tuben, the special, low horns which both Bruckner and Wagner often specify for their scores.

Bruckner's music is now the beneficiary of an active propaganda. At the close of the symphony, Adella Prentiss Hughes, vice president of the Musical Arts Association, addressed the conductor. Speaking in behalf of the Bruckner Society of America, she said: "In the absence of our acting president, Mr. Lewis B. Williams, I now have the privilege and the pleasure of presenting to you the medal of the Bruckner Society of America, which has enrolled the name of Artur Rodzinski among the illustrious conductors who are so well serving its cause." . . .

ARTHUR LOESSER, *Cleveland Press*

... So much adverse criticism has been written concerning Bruckner that the uninitiated will turn away without giving a hearing. It is well to add that many who have written in such manner have not heard enough of him to be able to judge sensibly. Although we may be able to detect influences of Wagner, Beethoven or Schubert, his music is highly individual. There is an exaltation in the spirit of his scores which grows out of his intense religious convictions, approaching at times a feeling of mysticism. His symphonic writings are pure music, untouched by programmatic influences of his time.

A powerful characteristic of Bruckner's music is his simulation of organ registration and effective use of the wind instruments; and the chorale treatment, which forms such an important thematic part, is a direct outgrowth of his religious root. . . .

At the close of the concert Dr. Rodzinski was presented the medal of honor of the Bruckner Society of America in recognition of his efforts to create a greater interest in and appreciation of the music of Anton Bruckner in America. The presentation of the four-inch bronze medal was made by Adella Prentiss Hughes, vice president of the Musical Arts Association, in the absence of Lewis B. Williams, acting president.

STEWART MATTER, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

#### ANTON BRUCKNER: NINTH SYMPHONY

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick A. Stock, Conductor; March 23, 24, 1939.*

... The serious Bruckner was never more serious than in this last work—especially in the slow movement with which it now ends. The performance last evening did justice to the urgency and nobility of his thought. The music was long of line and possessed of an austere beauty of texture. . . .

EDWARD BARRY, *Chicago Tribune*

... The symphony chosen for the occasion was the Bruckner Number Nine D Minor (unfinished), a work of considerable length and profundity, albeit its too obvious ponderosity, except for the Scherzo which is a gem of imaginative beauty, in its striking percussive effects. To the

three big B's in the symphonic world should be added the names of Anton Bruckner and Hector Berlioz. Stock whipped his men into the finest shape to regale us with this considerably important Bruckner work, and permitted Dr. Martin G. Dumler of Cincinnati to confer another honor upon our chief, in recognition of his efforts to foster the Bruckner music in the United States. A medal, which Stock can add to his decorations, was handed to him by the president of the Bruckner Society of America.

HERMAN DEVRIES, *Chicago American*

... This was the twenty-fifth occasion on which Mr. Stock had listed for performance one of the six Bruckner symphonies known to Chicago. The ninth has been most frequently performed of all; this was its eleventh listing. Its rotund and majestic beauties are clearly recognized; the extravagance of its thematic invention is accepted as having a necessary part in the work of a composer whose mind was extraordinarily simple, sought nevertheless for amplitude and never lost touch with beauty. The bigness of the score must delight Mr. Stock, who played it with magnificent breadth, intensity and eloquence.

His power as an expositor of Bruckner's music has been equalled by his determination to make public the works of a master whom many feel to be unjustly neglected. . . .

EUGENE STINSON, *Daily News, Chicago*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: EIGHTH SYMPHONY

*Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and Festival Chorus, Eugene Goossens, Conductor. Soloists: Helene Kessing, Hilda Burke, Josephine Antoine, Lillian Knowles, Elizabeth Brown, William Hain, Julius Huehn, Norman Gordon. Cincinnati, May 3, 1939.*

... This monumental work, which draws upon all the powers of contrast found in a mixed chorus, as boys' choir, an octet of soloists, an augmented orchestra, organ and piano, contains some of the greatset climaxes known in choral literature. . . .

... The prelude to the last chorus, which makes use of the treble register instruments, is indeed an inspiration and

effectively introduces the thrilling close. Mahler's "Eighth" is a sublime work of art.

HOWARD W. HESS, *Cincinnati Times-Star*

One of the oldest musical institutions in the country is Cincinnati's May Festival, which this year enjoyed the attention of a nationwide audience when the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony presented a representative portion of one of its most interesting programs (WABC).

Research would disclose, no doubt, that there is scarcely a representative choral work that has not been offered in Cincinnati long before it has earned a place in the regular concert-hall repertory. On this occasion (Wednesday evening) the work was Gustav Mahler's eighth symphony, a profound and moving score which is virtually unknown here. Certainly it would be an adornment of the World's Fair musical festival if such a performance, already rehearsed and ready for presentation, could be imported. But it does not seem that such attractions will be available.

Whether or not Eugene Goossens is known in his native England as a Mahler conductor (a species of leader as specialized, so we are told, as a Berlioz or a Bruckner conductor) his broadcast performance was incisive, comprehending and communicative. The orchestral playing and the choral singing were thoroughly good, and he was also fortunate in having such excellent soloists as Lillian Knowles, William Hain, Julius Huehn and Norman Cordon.

IRVING KOLODIN, *The Sun (New York)*

... Following the intermission a performance of the Mahler symphony was given that was nothing short of stupendous. . . .

To Mr. Goossens belongs the major meed of praise; for, to conduct two such difficult works successfully, and with such a degree of artistry, demands musicianship of high degree. The orchestra gave excellent support, and this concert will doubtless prove to be one of the highlights of the entire festival.

LILLIAN T. PLOGSTEDT, *Cincinnati Post*

... Like most of the other of Mahler's symphonies, this one is cumulative in its effects and the final fulfillment of the original appeal does not take place until the last bars of the rhapsodic second part. But it is the first movement which

governs the other and contains in the great double fugue the most powerful if not the most moving section in the work.

At short range, however, I find that I was most taken by the way in which Mahler managed to keep the music soaring high toward the end of the "Faust" scene until it could finally go no higher. Then after a gradual descent came the entrance of the ecstatic chorus, beginning "All things of mundane worth."

Mahler was a marvelous architect, and he designed his symphony symmetrically and logically. That much Eugene Goossens's firmly balanced direction made clear beyond any doubt.

He whipped the first movement along at a good energetic pace which kept the chorus and soloists on the jump. At this pace big double fugue mounted to a hair-raising climax. The members of the chorus once more came through magnificently.

Mahler gave one of the most beautiful of all the solos to the baritone in the second part. Here Julius Huehn again rose to the occasion. Another grateful solo fell to William Hain, who followed suit. Norman Cordon, well known in Cincinnati as an opera singer, made much of the stubborn bass solo. Hilda Burke, Josephine Antoine, Lillian Knowles, Elizabeth Brown, and Helene Kessing also took care of their assignments most competently. All in all, a memorable performance.

FREDERICK YEISER, *The Enquirer, Cincinnati*

#### ANTON BRUCKNER: SEVENTH SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor, October 20-21, 1939.*

... We in Boston are indebted to Dr. Koussevitzky for comparatively frequent performances of two or three symphonies each by Bruckner and Mahler. . . .

Lyrical, harmonically, and in its brave orchestration, the Bruckner Seventh is great music. Bruckner was inspired; he had noble visions. Proof exists in the distinguished nature of his themes. . . . When the sheer living beauty of his music is considered, however, strict analysis is shown up as whiskered pedantry. . . .

C. W. D., *Boston Globe*

. . . Not yet can one write of a Bruckner performance without mention of the music itself, so baffling is the combination of strength and weakness that these extraordinary symphonies present. But this much may be said: if the Finale of the Seventh comes as an anticlimax, after the Adagio, it is difficult to imagine a movement that would not have made that unfortunate impression. The Scherzo, one of the few really superlative scherzi since Beethoven, is perfectly in place as foil to the preceding movements. . . . Dr. Koussevitzky's reading of the first movement was masterly to a degree, while, throughout, the ear was ravished by the orchestral sound. Here was the wonderful Bruckner brass at its finest.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
*ADAGIETTO (FIFTH SYMPHONY)*

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, John Barbirolli, Conducting. October 26-27, 1939.*

The Mahler piece, a soaringly eloquent meditation streaked with melancholy, came in for sensitive treatment. The audience's warm response should encourage Mr. Barbirolli to carry on his explorations in Mahler territory.

L. B., *New York World-Telegram*

Glowingly played by strings and harp, the Mahler symphonic segment had about the substance—and the sentiment—of a Strauss song much extended.

OSCAR THOMPSON, *The New York Sun*



FRITZ MAHLER BROADCASTS *ADAGIETTO* FROM MAHLER'S *FIFTH*

On February 5, 1939, the Philadelphia Federal Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Fritz Mahler performed the *Adagietto* from Mahler's *Fifth* Symphony. On February 6th Mr. Mahler broadcast the Mahler excerpts over Station KYW, Philadelphia.

IN MEMORIAM

|                          |      |
|--------------------------|------|
| Harriet B. Lanier        | 1931 |
| Mrs. Joseph Leidy        | 1933 |
| Max Loewenthal           | 1933 |
| Egon Pollak              | 1933 |
| Jakob Wassermann         | 1933 |
| Otto H. Kahn             | 1934 |
| H. T. Parker             | 1934 |
| Ludwig Vogelstein        | 1934 |
| Emanuel de M. Baruch     | 1935 |
| Max Smith                | 1935 |
| Josef Stransky           | 1935 |
| James P. Dunn            | 1936 |
| Ossip Gabrilowitsch      | 1936 |
| Henry Hadley             | 1937 |
| Mrs. A. S. Hubbard       | 1938 |
| Emma L. Roedter          | 1938 |
| Major Theodore Bitterman | 1938 |
| Lawrence Gilman          | 1939 |
| Artur Bodanzky           | 1939 |

December 10, 1939

Mr. Robert G. Grey  
New York City

Dear Mr. Grey:

For the past two years I have taken a serious interest in the music of Anton Bruckner and Gustav Mahler. I have tried to foster this interest both by hearing as often as possible their works performed at concerts or on the few recordings that are available to us. Unfortunately, I find that such great music as these two composers left us is heard all too infrequently. I must be content for the present with listening to the *Fourth* and *Seventh Symphonies* of Bruckner, *Das Lied von der Erde* and the *Second Symphony* of Mahler. Recently the Boston Orchestra performed Bruckner's *Eighth Symphony*, and just this last week they played the last movement of Mahler's *Ninth*. You are probably well aware of how few hearings this beautiful, but neglected, music is given.

To most people Bruckner and Mahler are merely names. To others, the fact that a symphony lasts over an hour scares them away. However, others who have sat through an hour or more, and have opened their ears to these long compositions, are always impressed. Yesterday the audience, when hearing the closing strains of the "Adagio" of Mahler's *Ninth*, was so affected that all coughing was suspended and not a person could be heard moving in his seat. Naturally there were a certain number of people who after the performance, despite the fact that they were tremendously moved, resumed their stuffy attitude and decried the movement as long and trying to create an effect of seriousness which music cannot arrive at. Now, it is foolish to try to find fault with a piece of music which has almost hypnotized you. Nor would it be fair to say that either Bruckner or Mahler wrote faultless music. What I am aiming at is to prove that both Bruckner and Mahler are so despicable to some people merely because past generations found fault with them. I feel sure that more frequent hearings will gradually cause a great change in attitude.

Of course, it is obvious that there are difficulties in trying to give a symphonic programme, if one number is to last more than an hour. Most people have not got the patience to sit through a Wagnerian music-drama. Yet, when they have done it once, they never again complain that it is long. I am a staunch admirer of Wagner—that's what made me open my ears to Bruckner—and I am fully aware of the long, and almost drawn-out second act of *Die Walkuere*. But there is real music in that act. If something is long and has little music of note in it, then we have reason for leaving it aside. This criticism has been leveled at Bruckner, and unfairly. I defy anybody to tell me that any of the four movements of either the *Fourth*, *Seventh*, or *Eighth Symphonies* of Bruckner lack what we call music. People today tend to play up the faults of music to such an extent that they are inclined to overlook the virtues. Most music on first hearing fails to leave a real favorable impression. Two years ago, for the first time, I heard Sibelius's *Seventh Symphony*. It bored me so much that I said I never would hear it again. About six months later I had the occasion to listen to it again. It was a real musical treat. The trouble is that most people don't take the trouble to hear a composition a second time if they didn't like it at first. That's the main reason why the public is still so cold to the works of Mahler and Bruckner.

But there is one good way of remedying the situation and of making possible more hearings of this neglected music. And the conductors, one and all, are coming around to realize that it is the best solution possible. They have come to the conclusion that it is too taxing for the people to hear the hour-long symphonies of Bruckner. So they take one or two movements from a symphony and present it or them at a concert. The movement may last ten or twenty minutes and is easily digestible. I know the majority of the public will be impressed to such an extent that they will have the curiosity to listen to the rest of the symphony.

After all, consider the popularity of some operas today. How often do singers choose arias from operas and present them on radio programmes. The people are attracted by these songs and wait for the day when they shall be able to see the rest of that opera. The same situation is the case with many a symphony—the *Second Movement* of the Tschaiakowsky *Fifth* and the first movement of the Beethoven *Fifth*, just to mention a couple of examples. I know that the same success would result if we would be allowed to hear "selections" from Bruckner or Mahler symphonies. Barbirolli seems to have realized the situation; that explains the *Adagietto* of the Mahler *Fifth*. The same goes for the *Adagio* from the Mahler *Ninth* played by the Boston Orchestra.

I am very anxious to spread interest in the works of Mahler and Bruckner. I am trying to get the younger people to listen to these neglected masterpieces, and I only wish the day were near at hand when we could look forward to the musical season with the assurance that both Bruckner and Mahler would be given the hearings they deserve.

Sincerely yours,  
HOWARD MENDEL  
Cambridge, Mass.

*o-o-o-o-o*

#### MAHLERIANA

A particularly notable addition to The Bruckner Society's collection of Mahleriana is an impressive bust of the great symphonist by Victor Frisch, acquired through the generosity of Mrs. Artur Bodanzky, widow of the celebrated conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House. To Bodanzky, a devoted Mahler disciple, this image of his master had been a constant source of inspiration throughout the years. As Honorary Member of The Bruckner Society, he would surely have approved the presentation of his cherished Mahler bust to the American organization, one of whose chief aims is spreading the gospel of Mahler's art.

#### ST. LOUIS PREMIERE OF BRUCKNER'S *SEVENTH*

The first performance of Bruckner's *Seventh* in St. Louis, and incidentally the first symphony by the Austrian master given in that city in twenty-seven years, took place on Dec. 1 and 2, 1939, Vladimir Golschmann conducting the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra in a truly enjoyable interpretation. Contrary to the usual expectation of audiences, which have never listened to Bruckner before, not much cared to listen because of prejudicial warnings as to length and dullness, the concert-goers of St. Louis were most pleasantly surprised with the extreme melodiousness of the work. Mr. Golschmann must have felt much encouraged in his praiseworthy efforts to popularize Bruckner's symphonic art. It is to be hoped that as a result of this successful Bruckner revival in that city other symphonies by him will be given in St. Louis in the near future.

Copies of CHORD AND DISCORD are available in the principal public and university libraries in the United States.

# Chord and Discord



THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

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**BRUCKNER AND MAHLER**

BY BRUNO WALTER

**WHY MAHLER TOO?**

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

**SOME AMERICANS DISCOVER BRUCKNER AND MAHLER**

BY PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP

**MAHLER AS A POTENTIAL PUBLIC FAVORITE**

BY WILLIAM PARKS GRANT

**TRIUMPH AND FAREWELL: Bruckner's *Eighth* and *Ninth***

BY GABRIEL ENGEL

**OVERTONES**

**SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE**

---

**November 1940**

**TENTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER**

"MY TIME WILL YET COME"



THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL



1935 was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of Gustav Mahler. 1936 marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death.

This splendid Exclusive Medal of Honor by the internationally famous American sculptor, Julio Kilenyi, is the Bruckner Society's proud contribution to American recognition of the Mahler significance of the years 1935 and 1936.

The Mahler Medal of Honor is awarded to conductors who accomplish most towards furthering the general appreciation of Mahler's art in the United States.



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AMONG American artistic developments of recent years the rebirth of interest in the music of Bruckner and Mahler is second to none in significance. When *The Bruckner Society of America* was founded on January 4, 1931, performances of these two composers by our major musical organizations were not merely rare, but also ineffectual, because American music-lovers had no adequate approach to the proper appreciation of the art of either Bruckner or Mahler. Therefore the *Society*, having adopted as its chief aim the fulfillment of this void, published the first biographies of these composers in English and issued a magazine, *CHORD AND DISCORD*, devoted almost entirely to discussions of their works. This periodical, distributed *gratis*, is now on file in every important public and university library in the United States. Thus the everyday music-lover's interest in Bruckner and Mahler grew by leaps and bounds. For the first time candidates for degrees in music and philosophy chose Bruckner and Mahler as subjects for their theses. Encouraged by these signs, outstanding conductors now gladly programmed (as often as they could) the symphonies which they had formerly presented almost furtively, if ever, as though offering forbidden fruits. In recognition of their achievements *The Bruckner Society of America* awarded them exclusive medals of honor designed by the noted American sculptor, Julio Kilenyi. Recently the RCA Victor has published recordings of complete Bruckner and Mahler symphonies. The *Society* may now point with pride to the fine progress initiated through its organized efforts.

The first Honorary Chairman of the *Bruckner Society of America* was Harriet Bishop Lanier. As President and guiding spirit of the original *Society of the Friends of Music* she applied herself in Bruckner's behalf, bringing about a performance (the first in New York) of the master's *F Minor Mass* by that organization under the direction of that outstanding Mahler disciple, Artur Bodanzky. The performance of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*, however, also scheduled by her for that season (1931-1932), was destined never to take place. She died suddenly and with her passed the *Friends of Music*, that splendid, unique body that had for many years heroically and effectively served the cause of little-known, much-neglected serious music in America.

After the death of Mrs. Lanier, Dr. Martin G. Dumler of Cincinnati, widely esteemed for his liturgical compositions, was elected Honorary Chairman and then President of the *Bruckner Society*. A life-long Bruck-

ner enthusiast, his pioneering efforts had resulted in the first American hearing of Bruckner's *F Minor Mass* as far back as July 15, 1900. In fact, Dr. Dumler himself participated as one of the singers upon that occasion. Throughout the ensuing years he devoted much of his time towards furthering the appreciation of Bruckner's music in this country. Mahler he knew personally, and he paid deepest homage from the outset to the Bohemian's genius in the fields of conducting and composition. It was largely through his instrumentality that Mahler's stupendous *Symphony of a Thousand* attained performance during the Cincinnati *May Festivals* of 1931 and 1939 under the direction of Eugene Goossens.



#### LIST OF SCHEDULED PERFORMANCES — Season 1940-41

##### BRUCKNER

*Fourth Symphony* — St. Louis Symphony, Golschmann conducting.

*Eighth Symphony* — Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Walter conducting; Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting.

##### MAHLER

*Second (Resurrection) Symphony* — Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting.

*Das Lied von der Erde* — Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Walter conducting; Cleveland Symphony, Rodzinski conducting.

*Kindertotenlieder* — Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting; Enid Szan-  
tho, soloist. Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington.

#### NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP — See page 12.

GABRIEL ENGEL is a graduate of Columbia University. He was a Pulitzer Scholar. He is the author of *The Life of Anton Bruckner* and *Gustav Mahler, Song-Symphonist*. Since its inception, he has been the Editor of CHORD AND DISCORD. He has contributed to the *Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians*.

WILLIAM PARKS GRANT was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1910. He has a Bachelor of Music degree (with honors) from Capitol University, Columbus, Ohio, and a Master of Arts degree from Ohio State University, 1933. Mahler was the subject of his Master's Thesis. He has written articles for *Musical Courier*, *Musical Record*, *The Etude*, and CHORD AND DISCORD. He has taught in the public schools of Ohio, and is at present in the Music Department of John Tarleton Agricultural College, Stephenville, Texas. Among his compositions are a ballet, a symphony, a song-cycle, a symphonic poem, piano pieces, etc.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, born in Brookline, Massachusetts, is Music Editor of the *Boston Post*. He succeeded Olin Downes. Mr. Smith's musical compositions include orchestral and chamber music works as well as songs and piano pieces. He became a member of the faculty of Faelten Pianoforte School in Boston after his graduation from that school. He was assistant critic on the *Boston Transcript*. In 1922 he became teacher of theory and composition at the New England Conservatory.

BRUNO WALTER, the world-famous conductor, is noted for his Bruckner and Mahler interpretations. He is a disciple of Gustav Mahler. During his career he has conducted at Cologne, Hamburg, Pressburg, Berlin, London, Leipzig, Paris, New York, Los Angeles, etc. He was one of the leading conductors at the Salzburg Festivals.

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# CHORD AND DISCORD

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Vol. 2, No. 2

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## Bruckner and Mahler

BY BRUNO WALTER

THROUGHOUT its ten years of existence the Bruckner Society of America has striven manfully and efficiently in behalf of Bruckner and Mahler. Therefore, in connection with its decennial retrospect, I gladly respond to its plea for an expression concerning these masters. To combine propaganda for Bruckner and Mahler into a single plan is to express the conviction that the success of the one helps the other's cause, that they belong side by side because of their artistic kinship.

I should not have agreed to write about Bruckner *and* Mahler did I not regard that little word "and" highly pertinent. Its appropriateness is borne out by Mahler's own words. I often heard him call Bruckner his forerunner, asserting that his own creations followed the trail blazed by his senior master. Of course that was over forty years ago, in the days of Mahler's *Second*, the symphony which, more vividly than all his other works, reveals his affinity with Bruckner. Yet from the *Third Symphony* on, his development was marked by an ever increasing deviation from Bruckner's course. I cannot recall Mahler making the same remark during later years. Nevertheless, down to his latest works, we meet with occasional features which might be called Brucknerian. Thus it is worth while attaining a clear idea of the nature and degree of their relationship.

Much has been written concerning Bruckner. To the literature on Mahler I myself have contributed a book. Yet (as far as I know) a comparative study of Bruckner and Mahler is still to be made. Therefore I shall attempt in these comments to measure their relationship, to thrash out the features which unite and separate them. We shall find them alike in many important respects, but different, even opposite, in others of not less consequence. We shall find them so related, that understanding the one includes a certain degree of access to the other; yet so different, that affection for the one may seem consistent with total inaccessibility to the other. Certainly, to understand and love both requires a very complex musical disposition and an unusually broad spiritual span.

My comparison cannot limit itself to details of actual musical crea-

tion. The spiritual sources of their works, the personalities of both masters, are vital to the theme of our survey, not merely because they are more amenable to words than music itself, but because the light they shed upon the music is indispensable in an essay striving for knowledge. To demonstrate really and clearly the relationships between these composers' works, there is only one way; through performances. Renouncing for once this (to me) most agreeable method, resorting to words, though aware that no bridge leads straight from them to music, I must also seek to approach my subject indirectly. The mystic connection between the inner life of a composer and his music makes it possible to discover his soul in his work. Understanding his heart lays bare an inner path to his music. Hence I hope a discussion of the individualities of both masters will enable me to fill in some of the gaps inevitable to an essay on their works alone.

#### WHAT JOINS THEM

Nine symphonies composed by Bruckner, as well as Mahler, in the course of about thirty years, constitute the chief product of their creative power. The nature of the themes, developments, combinations, is (in keeping with their creator's nature) truly symphonic. Remarkable coincidences in the periodic progress of their work are the decisive step from the *Third* to the *Fourth* and the change of style between the *Fourth* and *Fifth* symphonies. The *Fourth* of each opens a new field of expression scarcely glimpsed in his previous works. A warm, romantic light rises over Bruckner's hitherto heroic tone-world; a tender fairy-tale-like idyll soothes Mahler's tempestuous heart. For both the *Fifth*, with its intensification of the polyphonic style, inaugurates the period of mature mastery. The laconic idiom of restraint, the art of mere suggestion, involving economy of means and form, is not theirs. Only in a number of his songs do we find Mahler's contradictory nature master of this style too. Otherwise both share in common the urge to yield their entire beings symphonically through unrestrained expression in huge dimensions. Their symphonies resemble each other also in the special significance of the finale in the total-architecture.

Broadly spun, essentially diatonic themes and a counterpoint directly joined to the classical tradition characterize both. To be sure, Mahler's later polyphony trod more complex, daring, and highly individual paths. To both (and to them alone) the church chorale comes as naturally as the Austrian *Laendler*. The utmost solemnity and folk-like joviality constitute the opposite poles in both their natures. They are linked with the classicists, the way leads through Schubert. Their association is strengthened, among other things, by the fundamentals of their harmony, their style of cadence and (all their deviations notwithstanding) their fondness for symmetry and regular periodic structure. Even the later Mahler, no matter to what regions his formal and harmonic boldness led him, maintained clear periodic structure and a firm

tonal foundation. Both revel in broadly built climaxes, in long sustained tensions, whose release requires overwhelming sonorous dynamics.

In their gay or lyric moments we often meet with a typically Austrian charm recalling Schubert, though in Mahler's case it is frequently mixed with a Bohemian-Moravian flavor. Above all, however, Mahler and Bruckner are (though in different ways) religious beings. An essential part of their musical inspiration wells from this devotional depth. It is a main source of their thematic wealth, swaying an all-important field of expression in their works; it produces the high-water mark of their musical surf. The tonal idiom of both is devoid of eroticism. Often inclined to pathos, powerful tragedy, and emotional extremes of utterance, they attain climaxes of high ecstasy. Clear sunshine and blue sky seldom appear in the wholly un-Mediterranean atmosphere of their music. "Romantic" was the name Bruckner gave his *Fourth*. In a related sense we find Mahler's earlier work romantic, aside from his un-Brucknerian diabolism. Yet in the later works of both the romantic note is rarely sounded.

Highly characteristic seems to me one negative manifestation of their relationship. Moved by their tremendous experience of Richard Wagner to an undying faith in his art, they show (aside from a slight influence over Bruckner's instrumentation) no Wagnerian traces in their work, or at most, so few, that the impression of their complete independence is in no wise affected thereby. Their individuality was of so sturdy a nature (astonishing in that epoch of musical history) that despite the open ear, open heart, and unreserved sympathy they lent the Wagnerian siren-song, they did not succumb to it. Of course, being essentially symphonists, they were equal to the threat of the dramatist against their self-termination, for the inspirational sources of their creation, as well as their native urge toward formal construction, differed fundamentally from his. Neither of them felt drawn to the stage, a phenomenon particularly remarkable in the case of Mahler, whose reproductive genius for the opera, expressed through incomparable interpretations, opened new paths in that field, actually instituting a tradition. Two abortive attempts of his early youth are his sole original contributions to the theater. Otherwise he never wrote for the stage, unless we include his arrangement of Weber's "Three Pintos."

Like Bruckner he took root in absolute music, save when he drew his inspiration from poetry, as in his songs. Yet was his work really rooted in absolute music? Is his *First Symphony* (originally named "Titan" after Jean Paul's novel) with its "Funeral March in the manner of Calot," are the *Second* and *Fourth* with their vocal movements, the *Third* with its (later) suppressed sub-titles, genuine symphonic music in the Bruckner sense? Indubitably Mahler's music differs from Bruckner's in the degree of absoluteness intended. It was induced and influenced by more specific imagery, fantasy, and thought than Bruckner's music, which rose from less tangible, darker spiritual depths. But does this

really involve an essential difference? Is not Beethoven's *Pastorale*, despite the "Scene at the Brook," "Rustic Festival," and "Storm," absolute symphonic music, its lesser absolute intention notwithstanding?

Let us conjure up the basic process of musical creation. The composer suddenly has a musical idea. Where there existed apparently nothing before, save perhaps a mood, an image, there is, all at once, music. A theme is present, a motive. Now the shaping hand of the composer grasps it, unfolding and guiding its trend. Fresh ideas come streaming in. Whether or not more definite imagery plays a role in the creative process, the decisive factors governing the result remain the "grace" of basic musical creation and the power of symphonic construction. That "grace" and that power were granted Mahler, as well as Bruckner. Therefore, despite the thoughts and visions that influenced his creation, he also took root in absolute music.

After all, do we know whether Bruckner, or for that matter even Mozart was not visited by imagery and thoughts during the creative process, or, whether many of their ideas, looming up out of the subconscious, did not take turnings over some conscious path, thereby acquiring more vivid coloring and more subjective character? In Goethe's *Elective Affinities* the image of Otilie fills Eduard's eyes during a conjugal meeting with his wife Charlotte, while the latter beholds the captain's image. Though the offspring of this union bore external traces of these wandering visions, it was nevertheless the child of Eduard and Charlotte, sprung from their natural union. Deep mystery surrounds the genesis and pure music may result, despite the influence of extra-musical ideas upon the act of generation. Yet if the composer's intention is really descriptive, i.e., if he makes the music the means of portraying an idea or image, then, of course, he has himself blocked the path to pure music.

To Mahler as well as Bruckner music never was the means of expressing something, but rather the end itself. He never disregarded its inherent principles for the sake of expression. It was the element in which both masters lived, impelled by their nature toward symphonic construction. Mahler's enchanted creative night was filled with violently changing dream-forms; Bruckner's was dominated by a single lofty vision. Since Bruckner (so far as I know) had, until his death in 1896, acquired no acquaintance with Mahler's work, whereas the latter was well versed in Bruckner's art, it remains to be considered whether it was not this influence, acting only upon the younger composer, that aroused the impression of the kinship felt by Mahler himself. Without a certain relationship, however, no influence can be exerted. Moreover, Mahler's individual tonal language reveals no sign of dependence, whether similarity or reminiscence. Yet we find in one of his main works, the *Second*, indications of a deeper, essential kinship and meet with occasional "Bruckner" characteristics down to Mahler's very last creations. Nevertheless he was as little dependent upon Bruckner as Brahms upon Schu-

mann, many of whose "characteristics" haunt the work of Brahms. To both Bruckner-Mahler may be applied the Faust-verdict concerning Byron-Euphorion: to each of them was granted "a song his very own," i.e., originality.

#### WHAT DIVIDES THEM

Bruckner's nine symphonies are purely instrumental works. Mahler, on the other hand, enlists words and the human voice for his *Second*, *Third*, *Fourth*, and *Eighth*. Besides the symphonies Bruckner composed three *Masses*, the *Te Deum*, the *150th Psalm*, smaller devotional vocal works, and (to my knowledge) two male choruses. Of an entirely different stamp was Mahler's non-symphonic creation. He wrote *Das Klagende Lied*, set to his own narrative poem; the four-part song cycle *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, the words also by himself; songs with piano accompaniment and with verses from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*; during a later period, orchestral songs set to poems by Rueckert, among them the *Kindertotenlieder* cycle; and finally his most personal confession, *Das Lied von der Erde*, with verses by the Chinese poet Li-Tai-Po. We see Bruckner, therefore, aside from his symphonies, concentrated almost entirely upon sacred texts, while Mahler is inspired by highly varied fields of poetic expression. In his symphonies, *Das Urlicht* from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and Klopstock's "Resurrection Ode" furnished him with the solemn affirmative close of his *Second*, Nietzsche's *Midnight* yielded the questing, foreboding fourth movement and verses from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* the answering fifth movement of the *Third*. From the same collection Mahler chose a poem of child-like faith to give symbolical expression to his own hope of celestial life. In the *Eighth* the hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus" and the closing scenes of *Faust* constitute his confessions of faith.

Thus the record of his vocal creations is at the same time a clue to the story of his heart. It tells of his struggles toward God, through discovery and renewed quest, through ever higher intuitions and loftier yearnings. Yet over this dominant note, the "Ostinato" of his life, resound many other tones, defined by accompanying verses: Love and death, lansquenet life and a spectral world, the joy of life and its woe, humor and despair, savage defiance and final resignation, all these find individual and convincing expression in his musical eloquence. If I wished to present the difference between the two masters in the shortest imaginable formula, I would say (conscious of the exaggeration of such a summary): at bottom Bruckner's spirit was repose, Mahler's unrest. With Bruckner the most impassioned movement has a foundation of certainty; not even Mahler's inmost depths remain undisturbed. Bruckner's scope of expression is unlimited, though it has but few main subdivisions; with Mahler these are prodigal in number, embracing all lights and shades of a weird diabolism, a humorous buffoonery, even resorting to the eccentric and banal, besides countless expressive nuances ranging

from childlike tenderness to chaotic eruption. His heartfelt, folk-like themes are as Mahlerian as his sardonic cacophonies, whose lightning apparitions render all the darker the night of his musical landscape. Mahler's noble peace and solemnity, his lofty transfiguration are the fruits of conquest; with Bruckner they are innate gifts. Bruckner's musical message stems from the sphere of the saints; in Mahler speaks the impassioned prophet. He is ever renewing the battle, ending in mild resignation, while Bruckner's tone-world radiates unshakable, consoling affirmation.

We find, as already stated, the inexhaustible wealth of the Bruckner music spread over a correspondingly boundless, though in itself not highly varied realm of expression, for which the two verbal directions, "feierlich" (solemnly) and "innig" (heartfelt), most often employed by him, almost sufficed, were it not for the richly differentiated *scherzi* that remind us of the wealth of the humoristic external ornaments of impressive Gothic cathedrals. Even Bruckner's orchestra undergoes scarcely any change. With the *Seventh* he adds the Wagnerian tubas, in the *Eighth* the harp, but he does not alter his instrumental methods as such. Beginning with the *Fifth* the character of his harmony and polyphony no longer varies, though (to be sure) it is sufficiently rich and inspired to require no change.

Mahler renewed himself "from head to toe" with each symphony: the *First*, his "Werther," as I once named it; the *Second*, a kind of "Requiem"; the *Third*, which one might be tempted to call a pantheistic hymn; the *Fourth*, a fairy-tale *idyll*. From the *Fifth* to the *Seventh* imagery and ideas yield to absolute-musical intentions. Even though each of these three symphonies has its own individual atmosphere, they stand considerably closer to each other in style and general content than the widely separated first four. They share in common a musically more complex, polyphonically more profound idiom, richer in combinations, imparting a new, stronger impression of Mahler's varied emotional life. The human voice is the main instrument in the *Eighth*. A magnificent, specifically choral polyphony determines the style of the hymn-like first movement, while in the Faust-scenes the composer adapts his musical idiom to the Goethe-word and the demands of lyric singableness through a sort of simplification. In *Das Lied von der Erde* we meet with still another Mahler, inaugurating a third creative period, with a new manner of composition and orchestration. On this highest plane is born the *Ninth*, the mighty symphonic presentation of the spiritual sphere of *Das Lied von der Erde*. The sketches toward a *Tenth* bring to a sudden end this sharply defined course of creative evolution, the outstanding feature of which was its rich differentiation. This applies also (as already stated) to his instrumentation. An inborn, extremely delicate sense of sound, an ear open to orchestral possibilities lead, at the beck of expression and clarity, to unique mastery over the orchestra. From wealth of color and charm of sound to an objective exposition of his in-

creasingly complex polyphony, this is the path Mahler's orchestral technique, changed and intensified by the increasing demands of each work, had to travel.

Each orchestral song, from the very earliest, reveals an individual instrumental combination, mainly of an amazing economy. The symphonies, with the exception of the *Fourth*, are inhabited by orchestral masses over which an unbounded tonal fantasy holds sway. In contrast to Bruckner he was compelled to struggle ceaselessly for the solution of orchestral problems, increasing with each new work. In this respect he always felt himself, as he complained to me, "a beginner."

The great stress in Bruckner's music rests upon the idea, in Mahler's upon the symphonic elaboration of the idea involving processes of forming and transforming which in the course of years scaled the highest peaks of constructive power. It is characteristic of the difference between the two composers that their opponents attack the form in Bruckner's, the substance in Mahler's work. I can understand these objections to some extent without, however, acquiescing in them. From Schenker comes this charming thought: that "even a little bouquet of flowers requires some order (guiding lines) to make it possible for the eye to encompass it at a glance," i.e., to see it as a bouquet. "Form" is such order, premeditated, organic association, complete, strict unity. Our classic literature contains matchless examples of organic unity. Yet we have art works of undoubtedly highest value (I mention Goethe's *Faust* as the most significant instance) the genesis of which resisted this strict organic unity of form, gaining more in richness thereby than they lost in lucidity. I confess that for many years, despite my love for Bruckner's tonal language and his wonderful melodies, despite my happiness in his inspirations, I felt somewhat confused by his apparent formlessness, his unrestrained, luxurious prodigality. This confusion disappeared as soon as I began performing him. Without difficulty I achieved that identification with his work which is the foundation of every authentic and apparently authentic interpretation. Now, since I have long felt deeply at home in his realm, since his form no longer seems strange to me, I believe that access to him is open to everyone who approaches him with the awe due a true creator. His super-dimensions, his surrender to every fresh inspiration and new, interesting turning, sometimes not drawn with compelling musical logic from what has gone before, nor united to what follows, his abrupt pauses and resumptions: all this may just as well indicate a defect in constructive power as an individual concept of symphony. Even though he may not follow a strictly planned path to his goal, he takes us over ways strewn with abundant riches, affording us views of constantly varying delight.

Mahler's striving for form succeeded in bringing transparent unity to the huge dimensions of his symphonies. His was a conscious effort towards order. All his singularities of mood, his excesses of passions, his outpourings of the heart are seized and united according to a plan dic-

tated by his sovereign sense of form. He once told me that, because of the pressure of time (his duties as director left him only the summer months for composing) he may perhaps not have been, at times, sufficiently critical of the quality of an idea, but that he had never permitted himself the slightest leniency in the matter of form. Yet the objection to his thematic art finds no corroboration in this confession, for that objection refers, as far as I know, only to so-called "banalities," i.e., intentional ironic turns, meant to be humorous and dependent for acceptance or rejection upon the listener's capacity for humor. It is not in these that Mahler perceived a deficient quality. He referred to a few transitional lyrics in later works, which struck him as perhaps not select enough, though they would scarcely disturb anyone's enjoyment of the gigantic whole.

The relative beauty of themes and the value of musical ideas cannot be a subject for discussion. I limit myself to the declaration that, after life-long occupation with his works, Mahler's musical substance seems to me essentially music, powerful and individual throughout, beautiful when he strives for beauty, graceful when he strives for charm, melancholy when for sorrow, etc. In short it was truly the material suited to the rearing of such mighty structures, and worthy of the sublime feelings it served to express. Mahler was, like Bruckner, the bearer of a transcendental mission, a spiritual sage and guide, master of an inspired tonal language enriched and enhanced by himself. The tongues of both had, like that of Isaiah, been touched and consecrated by the fiery coal of the altar of the Lord and the threefold "Sanctus" of the seraphim was the inmost meaning of their message.

### *THE PERSONALITIES*

The favor of personal acquaintance with Bruckner was not granted me, but that Vienna, into the musical life of which I entered as a young conductor, was still full of the most lively memories of him. I came in touch with "Bruckner circles," which abundantly supplemented Mahler's narratives of his own Bruckner-experiences. I gathered from reports of pupils and friends of the master, from numerous anecdotes, so vivid a picture of his personality, his atmosphere, his mode of life, his conversation, his habits and eccentricities, that I feel as if I had known him thoroughly. One drastic difference between Bruckner and Mahler struck me even then: no feature in Bruckner's personal make-up reflected the greatness and sublimity of his music, while Mahler's person was in full harmony with his work. What a contrast in the very appearance of the two masters! Gustav Mahler's lean figure, his narrow, longish face, the unusually high, sloping forehead beneath jet-black hair, eyes which betrayed the inner flame, the ascetic mouth, his strange, irregular gait — these impressed one as the incarnation of the diabolical conductor Johann Kreisler, the famed musical self-reflecting creation of the poet E. T. A. Hoffmann. Anton Bruckner's short, corpulent, com-

fortable figure, his quiet, easy manner contrast as strongly as possible with such romantic appearance. But upon the drab body is set the head of a Roman Caesar, which might be described as majestic, were it not for the touch of meekness and shyness about the eyes and mouth, giving the lie to the commanding brow and nose.

As might be expected from their contrasting exteriors the two men themselves differed. Bruckner was a retiring, awkward, childishly naive being, whose almost primitive ingenuousness and simplicity was mixed with a generous portion of rustic cunning. He spoke the unrefined Upper-Austrian dialect of the provincial and remained the countryman in appearance, clothing, speech, and carriage till the end, even though he lived in Vienna, a world-metropolis, for decades. His conversation never betrayed reading, whether literature or poetry, nor any interest in scientific matters. The broad domains of the intellectual did not attract him. Unless music was the topic he turned his conversation to the narrow vicissitudes and happenings of every-day existence. Nevertheless his personality must have been attractive, for almost all reports agree upon the peculiar fascination exerted by his naivete, piety, homely simplicity, and modesty, bordering at times on servility, as borne out by many of his letters. I explain this attractive power of his strange personality to myself as due to the radiance of his lofty, godly soul, the splendor of his musical genius glimmering through his unpretending homeliness. If his presence could hardly be felt as "interesting," it was heartwarming, yes, uplifting.

It was entirely otherwise with Mahler, who was as impressive in life as in his works. Wherever he appeared his exciting personality swayed everything. In his presence the most secure became insecure. His fascinating conversation was alive with an amazingly wide culture reflecting a world of intellectual interests and an uncommon capacity for swift, keen thinking and expression. Nothing of importance ever thought, accomplished, or created by man was foreign to him. His philosophically trained mind, his fiery soul grasped and assimilated the rich, nourishing intellectual diet without which so Faustian a being could not exist, yet which could as little satiate or appease him as it had Faust. A firm consciousness of God that knew no wavering filled Bruckner's heart. His deep piety, his faithful Catholicism dominated his life, even though it is rather his work that reveals the true greatness of his faith and his relationship to God. Not only his *Masses*, his *Te Deum*, his devotional choral works, but his symphonies also (and these before all) sprang from this fundamental religious feeling that swayed Bruckner's entire spirit. He did not have to struggle toward God; he believed. Mahler sought God. He searched in himself, in Nature, in the messages of poets and thinkers. He strove for steadfastness while he swung between assurance and doubt. Midst the thousand-fold, often chaotic impressions of world and life he tried to find the ruling prime thought, the transcendental meaning. From his Faustian urge for knowledge,

from his commotion by the misery of life, from his presentiment of ultimate harmony stemmed the spiritual agitation which poured from him in the shape of music. Change characterized Mahler's life; constancy Bruckner's. In a certain sense this is also true of their work. Bruckner sang of his God and for his God, Who ever and unalterably occupied his soul. Mahler struggled toward Him. Not constancy, but change ruled his inner life, hence also his music.

Thus their work and their nature were in many respects akin, in many at variance. Yet both belong to that wide, august circle of friends who never abandon us to languish in grief or solitude, but offer us solace in all pain. Theirs is a precious legacy that for all time belongs to us. Those friends are always present. Their spirits dwell in our book-chests, music-cabinets, in our memory, at our beck and call day and night. Our two masters have long since been received into this circle because they continue the work which the great musicians of the past have left. Great was the difference between the two, as I have shown; but conjure up one and the other is not very distant. Along with Bruckner's music (aside from the described more concrete connections) there vibrates a secret Mahlerian undertone, just as in Mahler's work some intangible element is reminiscent of Bruckner. From this intuition of their transcendental kinship it is clearly permissible to speak of "Bruckner and Mahler"; therefore it is possible that, despite the differences in their natures, despite the very incompatibility of important features of their work, my unqualified and unlimited love can belong to them both.



PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP AWARDED KILENYI  
BRUCKNER MEDAL OF HONOR

After a performance of Bruckner's *Romantic* by the State University of Iowa Orchestra, Iowa City, Iowa, under the direction of Philip Greeley Clapp on February 28, the Kilenyi Bruckner Medal of Honor was presented to Professor Clapp, Head of the Music Department, by Dr. Earl E. Harper, Director of Fine Arts, on behalf of the Society in recognition of Clapp's long continued effort to create a greater interest in and appreciation of Bruckner's music in the U. S. A. Clapp, a Bostonian by birth, conducted the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra during Kunwald's illness in 1913. His works include the tone poems *Norge* and *A Song of Youth*, Symphony in E Minor (played by the Boston Symphony) the orchestral prelude *In Summer* (performed by the St. Louis Symphony), Symphony in E Flat (performed by the Boston Symphony) songs, etc. He wrote a number of essays and reviews on Bruckner and Mahler in the *Boston Transcript* and lectured on the works of these composers before professional groups and in the classroom. The performance of Bruckner's *Fourth* was the first performance of a complete Bruckner symphony by a university orchestra in the U. S. This season Professor Clapp plans to include Bruckner's *Seventh* and possibly the *Fifth* as well as Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* on his programs.

LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN IN DENVER

According to John C. Kendel (*Musical America*, issue of May 10, 1940) Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* "made a distinct impression on the audience." Suzanne Sten was the soloist and Fritz Mahler the guest conductor of the Denver Symphony Orchestra.

## Why Mahler, Too?

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

TWENTY years or so ago there was, generally speaking, no such musical figure as Bruckner'n'Mahler, the bicephalous composer of formidable symphonies, variously regarded with dislike, indifference and high esteem. The pairing of composers seems to be an ineradicable human or, perhaps, critical instinct. But at the close of the nineteenth century and in the first decades of the twentieth such pairing was commonly not of Bruckner and Mahler but of Brahms and Bruckner and of Mahler and Strauss. The north German was linked with the Austrian, his unwilling rival in the Vienna of the eighties and nineties, and the Bohemian with the Bavarian, as one of the outstanding representatives of the then new German school.

In his *The Symphony Since Beethoven* Felix Weingartner thus grouped them. He suggested that if Brahms and Bruckner could have been rolled into one we would have had once more a "great composer." And appraising Mahler and Strauss he was decidedly more sympathetic toward the former. In 1897 he had conducted a partial premiere (three movements out of seven) of Mahler's *Third Symphony*. Shortly afterwards he wrote, in the first edition of his twice-revised brochure: "Mahler's most striking characteristic is the remarkable breadth of his themes. . . . Another very favorable characteristic of Mahler is the thoroughly musical nature of his compositions, in spite of the programmes which he gives. He is a musician through and through." And he adds, "In many ways he is like his teacher,<sup>1</sup> Bruckner, only he understands better how to work with his themes and how to build up his movements" (translated by Carl Ambruster). In the light of modern critical opinion all that Weingartner has to say on Brahms and Bruckner, Mahler and Strauss is worth reading. His disparaging attitude toward Brahms was, however, considerably modified in the third edition of his work (1909).

But why the present situation? How has it come to pass that Bruckner and Mahler now need championing, while propaganda for Brahms and Strauss would be a quite superfluous endeavor? Undoubtedly, if Bruckner's far more formidable, more radical symphonies had been accepted as readily as those of his younger contemporary, it still might be "Brahms and Bruckner." And if the symphonies of Mahler had made their way as speedily as the tone poems of Strauss, these two composers would still be the Haydn and Mozart or Bach and Handel of the early twentieth century.

Brahms, as we all know, would never have labored in Bruckner's behalf, since he had scant respect for him as composer. Strauss, on the other hand, was one of the earliest supporters of Mahler. Yet regardless of the attitudes, wishes and intentions of the two men, Brahms has proved to

<sup>1</sup> Mahler, though a disciple of Bruckner, was never his pupil.

be Bruckner's worst enemy and Strauss has impeded a cause that, personally, he was only too glad to further. If the less perplexing symphonies of Brahms had not been ready at hand to fill a needed place in the repertory, those of Bruckner would certainly have been more eagerly investigated. And, as Leigh Henry has pointed out, the brilliant talent of Strauss blinded the world to what seemed the more sober radiance of Mahler. Furthermore, both Brahms and Strauss enjoyed the advantage of a greater terseness of utterance, and hence of an easier assimilability. Even in Strauss versus Strauss, brevity has been of assistance. We hear more *Don Juans* than *Don Quixotes* or *Domesticas*, more *Tod und Verkarungs* than *Heldenlebens*, and it is certainly arguable that this preference is not wholly a matter of relative merit.

And so Brahms and Mahler failed to gain ground as rapidly as their rivals, while the first World War tended to increase this disparity. In this country, of course, all four were classed as modern German composers and therefore dropped for a time from the current symphonic repertory. Brahms was the first to be restored to it and Strauss soon regained his former position, but for some time little attempt was made to rescue Bruckner and Mahler from the temporary oblivion into which they had fallen, a state of affairs partly attributable to the persistent hostility and obscurantism of certain reviewers.

In the case of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to cite one example, Mahler's music was brought back to the repertory considerably earlier than that of Bruckner. Pierre Monteux — of all conductors — introduced Mahler's *First Symphony* to Boston in 1923, while Bruckner was not returned to Symphony Hall until six years later, when Serge Koussevitzky revived the *Eighth Symphony*, which had slumbered on the library shelves since 1909. The last few years have gone a long way to place both composers in the position they rightfully should occupy in American musical life, even though conductors and audiences still stand in need of considerable persuasion if the former are to be rescued from their inertia and timidity and the latter from their apathy and prejudice. No doubt, because of efforts already made, critical antagonism has perceptibly waned.

Thus there are plenty of superficial reasons for a Bruckner-and-Mahler society in this country. Nevertheless, the fact still remains that the two composers have more points of difference than of similarity. It is perfectly possible to hold to the one and despise the other, even though it is equally possible to like or dislike them both.

Assuming the resemblances arising from a common musical ancestry and the fact that Mahler was, in a sense, the heir of Bruckner, what have the symphonies of Bruckner and Mahler in common, outside their general largeness of design and the prevalence in both of long-spun, song-like, diatonic themes? About as much, or as little, as the men themselves. Mahler wrote self-consciously; Bruckner, instinctively. Mahler's music variously reflects his philosophic attitude toward life, his *Weltschmerz*,

pessimism and sardonic irony, his avowed escapism in the recollections of his childhood. Even his religious mysticism was something wholly distinct from Bruckner's childlike faith. In one sense or another, Mahler's instrumental music was almost always programmatic, however much he may have tried to throw the listener off the scent by asking him to hear it as music *per se*. Bruckner, on the other hand, wrote with almost no external preoccupation. His own "poetic" interpretations of his music, as in the case of the *Romantic Symphony*, the *Adagio* of the *Seventh* or the *Scherzo* of the *Eighth* were in the nature of afterthoughts, and not always especially happy ones. When Mahler uses thematic material from his songs, it is with a far more literal intent than was the case with Bruckner's symphonic borrowings from his sacred choral music in the *Adagios* of the *Second* and *Seventh*. Incidentally, in the matter of form Bruckner, for all his minor irregularities, was, as compared with Mahler, a hidebound traditionalist. Like Mozart, he was the product of one century, while Mahler, like Beethoven, straddled two.

It might even be said that in their divergence in the matter of the programme Mahler is calculated to repel the absolutist and Bruckner to attract him, that Mahler makes his greatest appeal to the listener who is only too willing to line music up with human experience. Just now that tends perhaps to narrow his audience, since abstract music is again very much in the saddle. Your neo-classicist will have much in common with Bruckner, though he may shrink from his very uncontemporary lushness and magnificence. For Bruckner's symphonies are quite as general in their implications as those of Brahms, or Schubert's *C-major*, and far more so than Beethoven's *Eroica*, *Fifth*, *Pastorale* and *Ninth*.

It was these last-named works, however, that were Mahler's points of departure. We hear the *Pastorale* in the opening of the *First Symphony* and parts of the *Third*, which was also nature music; the funeral march in the *Eroica* finds many echoes in Mahler. And of Beethoven's innovations in regard to the use of voices in the *Ninth* Mahler made the most, carrying that essentially unsymphonic procedure farther than it had ever been carried before or probably will ever be carried again. In his *Second*, *Third*, *Fourth* and *Eighth Symphonies* we find voices; solo, choral or both. Moreover, if Bruckner had written *Das Lied von der Erde* — and we can as easily imagine him writing *Pierrot Lunaire*, *Wozzeck*, or *Elektra* — would he have thought to call the work a symphony?

The man of the world and the peasant, the cosmopolite and the provincial, the man of intellect and wide reading and the man who, though lettered, was still far from learned, the man of family ties and the celibate (even though an unwilling celibate) could not in the very nature of things write the same sort of music. There is in reality no such composer as Bruckner'n'Mahler. In fact, only the English-speaking countries have ever imagined that there was.

RCA VICTOR RECORDING  
BRUCKNER'S NINTH

The Austrian composer's symphonies are too seldom played in this country, and the publication of this particular symphony, in many ways his greatest, should do much to dispel the opinion still disseminated by those who refuse to recognize Bruckner's genius, that his symphonies are formless monstrosities, merely because their architectonics differ from those of Beethoven's or Brahms's.

There is unfortunately not sufficient space at my disposal to expatiate on the structural aspect of Bruckner's symphonies. This has been done in masterly fashion by Ernst Kurth in his *Bruckner*, a two-volume book of 1,350 pages, in which the ninth symphony alone is analyzed in a chapter seventy-six pages in length. The author calls attention to the Gothic character of the first movement with its stupendous principal unison theme, a theme which Lawrence Gilman in a conversation with me once admitted he considered to be the most wonderful ever conceived by any composer. The other-worldly, mysterious mood of the opening pages, which culminate in the unfolding of this cataclysmic D minor subject, are no whit inferior in inspiration to the opening pages of Beethoven's ninth symphony. However Bruckner's world was a totally different one from the German master's. He was first and last a mystic with a vision which permitted him to reveal sublimities which have led Tovey to compare his creations with "Paradise Lost."

The scherzo of the ninth symphony has been described by Kretschmar as the most "sinister, gruesome scherzo in the symphonic literature." Ernest Bloch told me long ago that he was convinced that it was the most magnificent movement of its kind, and that any composer could have been proud to affix his signature thereto. It is in the final adagio movement, however, that the symphony reaches its apex. Those commentators who can only see in Bruckner a Wagner epigone would do well to peruse Kurth's book. In reference to the opening theme of this adagio, he calls attention to the basic differences in the harmonization of Bruckner's theme from that of the "Tristan" motive from which some claim it derives. There is nothing in Bruckner's chords of the erotic intensity immanent in "Tristan"; they are on the contrary oppressive and stifling; they enmesh the melody in an anguished hold. There could have been no fourth movement to this symphony, for in this adagio we have the utterances of a man who has left all earthly thoughts behind him and has turned his gaze to celestial spheres. To have attempted a finale, with its inevitable mood of resurgence would have been unthinkable. Bruckner has taken his farewell from the world which treated him so shamefully in tones which radiate a peace which transcends any known to ordinary mortals.

JEROME D. BOHM, *Herald Tribune*

. . . The availability of the original score has roused a certain curiosity about the Austrian master; but since critical discussion and public apathy still continue in a dubious knowledge of the music itself, the present excellent recording is doubly welcome.

Bruckner is long-winded, pompous, magniloquent. Agreed: but so is Wagner. . . .

. . . In the last analysis, this is not the work of a symphonist in the Beethoven sense of the word; but Bruckner is one of the great voices of the nineteenth century, and his music cannot be brushed aside by an epithet or a yawn.

GAMA GILBERT, *New York Times*

The most interesting recent release is that, by Victor, of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony in D minor, played by the Munich Philharmonic Orchestra under Siegmund von Hausegger. . . .

There had been some talk that Bruckner was failing in his later years, but the symphony as it stands is fully as inspired as his other works. . . .

It consists of a first movement, with a long introduction, a scherzo and trio and an adagio and it is recorded on seven disks (fourteen sides). "Bruckner at his best" should be the verdict on hearing it. His scherzos are always good and this is no exception. The adagio has that nobility and simplicity which are endearing qualities of the composer. The Ninth Symphony (Loewe version) was last played by the Boston Symphony in 1914, and we should lose no more time in hearing the original. Mr. Koussevitzky, with his wonderful ear for orchestral sonorities, would have a field day with this work.

ALEXANDER WILLIAMS, *Boston Herald*

## Some Americans Discover Bruckner and Mahler

BY PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP

NEW music faces peculiar risks. An author, a painter, a sculptor may communicate his ideas directly to his public; even a playwright may publish his play as a book "which he who runs may read." The composer of new music is for some time at the mercy of conductors and executants, who may vary considerably in skill but who vary little in relying upon habit rather than study in rehearsing new material. The public itself, though also habit-bound to a considerable extent, is more subject to moments of spontaneous appreciation than professional performers, whose power of sympathetic response often becomes calloused by long hours daily of grinding out rehearsals and concerts; but your musical layman is too well aware of his own naivete to relish being caught in the act of openly admiring the wrong thing, and thus is disposed to keep his real opinions about a new piece to himself pending a verdict from the critics, whose capacity for musical enjoyment is even more jaded than that of professional players.

One might suppose that, since nobody could make a living by performing music or discussing it unless someone else had first provided some music to perform and discuss, a composer's status with performers, critics, and managers would be as honorable, if not as that of a mother in a maternity hospital, at least as that of a father. Actually it is not even that of a charity patient. True, the musical middlemen cannot get along without compositions to perform and discuss; but the concert repertory is already large, and they can get along quite well without your new piece or mine. The composer seeking a hearing for a new composition thus finds himself in the position of a beggar, and, if the new work is a symphony or otherwise demands time and care to rehearse and perform, he may be treated as if he had demanded a dinner when he should have whined for a cup of coffee.

Conductors, executants, and managers are not wholly to blame for this. The composer has lived with his work from conception to completion, and to him it seems clear and fairly important; to those upon whom he must depend for performance it is quite unfamiliar and consequently none too clear, while its importance has still to be demonstrated. The conductor must prepare a full programme well in a limited time, and may even then displease his public; the executants must work extra hard on unfamiliar material, and may even then displease the conductor; the manager must keep deficits within the limit of his guarantor's devotion to civic uplift. Early rehearsals often go badly, and composers have been known to be touchy. In the end "the profession" comes to feel toward composers as the early American settlers felt toward the Indians, that the only good ones are dead.

Composers, however, are a stubborn breed. Even to complete a score demands that the composer must have won many victories over himself, and the man who conquers himself is at least partly qualified to fight for his convictions. He will undoubtedly have to do so, inasmuch as what seems essential to him in shaping the individuality of his composition may seem irrelevant and objectionable to persons who hastily judge him not by what he is trying to do and say but by the measure of his conformity to what others have done and said. It is by no means true that composers are always right and their advisors always wrong; nevertheless it is true that competent composers have ruined more scores by taking advice than by rejecting it — for example, Beethoven would not yield a jot in any of his symphonies, but weakened many passages in *Fidelio* because his inexperience in the theater led him to accept the counsel of “practical” men, as the score of *Leonore* will attest; and who can fail to prefer the recently restored originals of some of Bruckner’s symphonies to the versions which his kind friends previously made available to the world? True, the composer of today’s novelty is probably no Beethoven or Bruckner, and may not even be fully competent; the best he can do is to compose as well as he can and gamble on what he finds within himself rather than upon what benevolent or malevolent people try to put into him. After all, a marksman may or may not hit his target, but his chances are at least better if he aims at it; even a dead shot has to learn by practice, while ordinarily good marksmen develop their less eminent skill by the same means.

If a composer is so fortunate as to secure a hearing, what is the chance that his work is really heard? — Even if the conductor has not noticed that there are chords of C major on pages nineteen and twenty-seven of a sixty-page score and triumphantly made a cut from the former to the latter, and even if the performance is eloquent as well as faithful, the public inevitably can derive only a vague impression from a single hearing. A book may be reread, an art gallery or a play revisited; a musical novelty is usually performed once and then let severely alone for a long time. Before the public has even a second chance to hear a composition it will have been reviewed, usually without enthusiasm, by a reviewer who himself has heard it only once — or perhaps less than once in America, where reviewers sometimes have to review two or more simultaneous concerts. It is a brave concert-goer indeed who will openly defend a composition which a critic has disparaged either by censure or condescension. What chance then has a composer or a composition in the face of perfunctory performance and reviews?

If history is evidence, he has a remarkably good chance. Most of Beethoven’s symphonies were first performed by inferior orchestras as items of interminable programmes in poorly lighted and heated halls without ventilation before very mixed audiences, and after the slaughter was over the critics made mincemeat of the *corpus delicti*, yet somehow they managed to survive. One is forced to conclude that vigorous music

has about it something provocative which draws people back to it, if only for the satisfaction of redemonstrating how bad it is. Inevitably, since good music improves upon acquaintance, it is more important to assure that it is performed from time to time than to assure perfection in the first performance. A typical orchestra and audience are likely to include between them at least a few discerning individuals who discriminate in some measure between a work and its presentation, and sooner or later some one of these is likely to concern himself to present adequately a composition which seems to him to possess merits which a garbled performance may have belied. Furthermore, the composer is probably helped rather than hindered in communicating at least a part of his musical ideas to the general public by the fact that a majority of this same public consists not of "experts" seeking to classify everything within hearing but of laymen seeking musical enjoyment; to the latter even a masterpiece, unless it is very familiar, affords an alternation of attractive and perplexing passages rather than uninterrupted delight, so a novelty may fare as well as an unfamiliar classic with this large element in any audience provided it includes some striking themes or motives and some impressive climaxes.

True, your layman is susceptible to prestige suggestion, and will tolerate fewer perplexities in the compositions of Jones than in those of an acknowledged master whom he is supposed to admire; and this type of prejudice extends to such phases as the sense of duty which impels most European laymen to reject all contemporary work by foreigners, and Americans to reject everything native. However, there are innocent tricks of the trade by which even these prejudices may be offset: for example, the composer may be present and take a bow at the production of his novelty. This is highly effective, even though some of the personalities thus exhibited might be less enjoyable at close range. Many concertgoers who could not have borne twenty-four consecutive hours in the apartment under Beethoven's, and could not have finished a half-hour's conversation with him except by leaving the room or getting thrown out, must have sensed his fundamental nobility when they saw and heard him play or conduct, even while they pitied him for his deafness and smiled at his eccentricities. In the end his presence at the performance of his works undoubtedly served to make many a casual listener remember the compositions themselves more vividly, and not a little more favorably.

Undoubtedly the fact that Bruckner and Mahler were known personalities in the communities which first heard their symphonies had much to do with keeping the latter before the public. The symphonies themselves were relatively long and difficult, involving a great deal of rehearsal time, and some of them involved the expense of extra executants and instruments not commonly used in symphonic instrumentation. The critics did not fail to point out these obvious unconventionalities, the more since they were as obviously befuddled to record the con-

tent of what they were supposed to have heard as any medical student hearing a man's heart and lungs through a stethoscope for the first time. A vocational psychologist of today might have hesitated to exhibit either personality as possessing any sure popular appeal, for Bruckner impressed many people as quaintly rustic and Mahler as cantankerous. That power and individuality which a few friends of each knew he possessed nevertheless communicated itself to the intuitive faculties of the general public, most of whom knew these men only by sight, much sooner than to the majority of those who were supposed to be well acquainted with them professionally, with the inevitable result that both men had a considerable following among the laity long before any professional colleague dared openly to admit merit in their music. Controversy still raged concerning them in their own land as long as they lived, and after they died; but this controversy, even while they were still living, did not "dispose" of them but rather "established" them — their music is still performed, and their personalities are still more vividly remembered than those of many more recent men whose vogue exemplifies the maxim, "Easy come, easy go."

If in Europe the difficulty of winning the public to appreciate a style of symphony unfamiliar because really new was partly offset by identifying the new style with personalities vivid if unconventional, in America the new style has had to gain ground more slowly because the personalities in question were not at first real to most of the musical public. Bruckner never visited America. Mahler made two visits here as a conductor; but circumstances too familiar to the readers of CHORD AND DISCORD to be retold here finished his American career before it was fairly started. First impressions of these composers, so far as the older generation of American concertgoers is concerned, are necessarily derived from certain dutiful and labored presentations of their symphonies back in the days when every American symphony orchestra had a German conductor of the pre-Wagnerian outlook. All honor to these usually ultra-conservative but artistically conscientious conductors of an earlier day that they risked their positions by giving Bruckner and Mahler at all; the fact remains that these early performances were infrequent and often dull, and thereby made few friends for Bruckner and Mahler. The generation of conductors represented by Karl Muck and Frederick Stock, on the other hand, have given eloquent performances of symphonies by both composers, and to these must be added Mahler's few performances of his own works while in this country, together with Leopold Stokowski's highly successful series of performances of Mahler's *Eighth*; but the critics and the public had already been prejudiced against the whole style by earlier and less able presentations, and the expense of augmenting orchestras for the large instrumentation demanded by some of the works was too great to permit frequent performances, with the result that a few years proved too short a time to build up a Bruckner-Mahler public before the first World War for a while di-

rected American attention elsewhere. After the War most American orchestras were directed by conductors trained in France, Italy, or Russia, and few of these at first undertook to add Bruckner or Mahler to their repertory or ours; it is a pleasure to recognize as exceptions the fine Bruckner and Mahler performances which Bruno Walter and Frederick Stock continued to present from time to time.

Meanwhile a new generation of concertgoers sits in our symphony halls, and a majority of these younger music-lovers would seem to be little acquainted with Bruckner and Mahler, or to respond but coolly to performances of works by these composers which now occur more frequently as the younger conductors have added these composers to their repertory. What chance is there that an enthusiastic Bruckner-Mahler public may develop here? The only possible answer must be in terms of opportunity for young music-lovers to become well acquainted with the works of these composers by listening to the works themselves rather than to what hostile critics or elderly concertgoers say against them. In this connection the experience of some young Americans, one born in a city with a symphony orchestra and the others several hundred miles from any musical center, may be interesting and could be typical.

John Doe was born during the late eighties in an eastern city which was justly proud of its symphony orchestra. Older members of his family were season-ticket holders, and John heard occasional concerts even while he was a very little fellow; at fifteen he was promoted to the proud status of a season-ticket holder in his own right. For years the quiet old gentleman who sat in front of him followed the programme score in hand, and John's parents told him that this same old gentleman had loaned his large collection of scores to the public library for reference. John learned to read scores, first by looking over the old gentleman's shoulder while the orchestra played, and then by going to the library and poring over the scores more slowly; later, when he could read scores fluently, he went to the library as soon as the programmes were announced and studied them before their performance. John's family were diffident about addressing the old gentleman, as he was a rather prominent personage; but the old gentleman recognized John at the library, and gave him plentiful encouragement and helpful suggestions. When John became a season-ticket holder he could already read a score like a book.

During John's first complete season the orchestra played Bruckner's *Ninth Symphony*. The performance may have been more than a bit dry, but the excellent programme notes were quite the contrary. John's inborn love of music combined with his pride in being so grown-up as to possess a season-ticket to make him the most receptive of listeners, and the statement of the programme notes that Bruckner had been misunderstood both for his music and for his devotion to Wagner, whom John already admired, made John a Bruckner enthusiast on the spot. His elders and betters said he would get over it, but he never did: certainly the elo-

quent performances of Bruckner which he later heard under Muck, Fiedler, Nikisch, Loewe, Schillings, Mengelberg, Toscanini, Stock, Walter, and many others were not calculated to cure him!

At about the time of his first exposure to Bruckner John read a review of European composers then contemporary, in which Mahler was favorably compared to Richard Strauss. John had heard a good deal of Strauss and had greatly enjoyed his music, but he had heard or read no Mahler. Fortunately the library loan collection included Mahler's *Second Symphony*, the monumental and dynamic quality of which was self-evident even without a performance; John did not physically hear the work until several years later, but he practically committed it to memory within a few months of his first glimpse of the score. When the donor of the scores discovered this, he added several more Mahler symphonies to his collection, and John was soon closely familiar with them. Two or three years later the orchestra performed Mahler's *Fifth*, with what effect upon John the reader may imagine. As the family purse could hardly finance musical pilgrimages to New York, John had to miss hearing Mahler as a conductor in this country, but later he heard him in Europe direct a number of general programmes as only he could direct, and finally he heard both the initial performances under Mahler's own baton of the colossal *Eighth*. I am afraid that John even today is as incurable a Mahler as a Bruckner addict.

In due course John found himself in charge of the music department of a Middle Western state university, and, again in due course, after developing certain other musical fields which had to be built up first, saw his way clear to broaden the scope of an already meritorious student orchestra. The student members came from very different environments from that which had enabled John to attend symphony concerts and study scores during his childhood and adolescence; in most of the communities from which these students came to the university symphony orchestras were not only out of sight and hearing, but totally out of mind, as witness the fact that few of these students had even availed themselves of the opportunity to listen to symphony concerts by radio. That this was due to lack of direction rather than lack of interest was soon demonstrated by the enthusiasm with which the really musical contingent in the student body responded to whatever musical opportunities were offered by the University. Moreover, the interest in high school bands which had followed the first World War as a matter of course had in certain of the large high schools grown into an interest in school and community orchestras; and, while most of these orchestras were wary of attempting entire symphonies even from the earlier masters, and certainly were not even talking about Bruckner and Mahler, girls and boys often came to the University with four years of fairly good fundamental routining in a pretty respectable orchestral repertory, and a good proportion of these had sufficient natural curiosity and technical foundation to study with enthusiasm and success

the standard symphonic literature from Haydn and Mozart to Brahms and Tschaikowsky.

In survey courses John had played whole Bruckner and Mahler symphonies to successive classes whose members had responded to these much-abused composers with an enthusiasm which suggested that Bruckner and Mahler today need not be difficult to hear unless prejudice derived from critical readings makes them so. By coincidence the score and parts of Bruckner's *Fourth Symphony* proved to be quickly available at a moment when many of the orchestra members were studying Bruckner in one of the survey classes; a good phonographic recording had become available shortly before this, and there had been good radio performances within the year by two leading orchestras. The moment seemed propitious to "read Bruckner's *Fourth* for practice"; and the reading went so well that, not long after, an orchestra consisting of half-a-dozen faculty members and more than ninety students presented the work in a public concert. The audience was no less enthusiastic than the performers: it should be stated here that this audience, mostly local and non-professional, had become intelligently and attentively familiar with the usual classical literature at performances by the University Symphony Orchestra and with a considerable body of modern symphonic material through annual visits of a fine professional orchestra, but had not been so preoccupied with musical affairs elsewhere as to commit the natural error of reading reviews of metropolitan concerts. Many of these lay enthusiasts listened regularly to the NBC and Philharmonic-Symphony broadcasts as well; but musical interest in the community was wholesomely individual and unorganized, with notable freedom from "study programmes" and other such second-hand attempts to learn music by garbling and gabbling. In short, a lay audience pretty well acquainted with Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, Brahms, Tschaikowsky, and Franck, and not unacquainted with Bach and Handel on the one hand and Strauss, Debussy, Ravel, and Sibelius on the other, but quite innocent of the supposed critical "authority" of Hanslick and later pontiffs, found Bruckner's *Fourth Symphony* delightful, and a few months afterward responded warmly to his *Quintet* for strings. The inquiry is now to be heard from these same students and their public, "When will the Orchestra play some Mahler?"

And why not? — Bruckner and Mahler are logical successors of earlier masters, just as these in turn took what their predecessors left them and added their own individual contributions in terms of personality and outlook. Shakespeare to the contrary, there is probably no ethical reason why an unmusical person should concern himself with music at all; but the man who has "music in his soul" will do well to nourish his spirit by listening to what the composers have to say to him rather than to the chatter with which uncreative men try to explain and evaluate it. We justly ridicule certain governments for demanding that music shall

express political ideas, yet we permit ourselves to be bullied into supposing that it must exemplify esthetic canons, which are themselves too often only the expression of professional politics. The experience of John and his pupils at least shows that Bruckner, and probably Mahler, may awaken a spontaneous and valid response among people whose only "preparation" is that of listening to other fine music, without prior critical or academic mortification of the flesh and spirit of the sort commonly considered indispensable among the would-be elite. There seems no reason why other American music-lovers might not come honestly by a love for Bruckner and Mahler by similarly direct means — get them played by students and their teachers without the formality of critical baptism.

Of course, to state that playing and hearing a composer rather than reading about him may lead a group to appreciate him does not imply that there are no difficulties in getting acquainted with Bruckner and Mahler. For instance, there is the undoubted fact that their symphonies are longer than average. If a man feels that his own time is too valuable to devote from fifty to ninety minutes consecutively to one work by one composer, after all he has his own life to live and his own time-table to draw up and follow if he can; the chances are that, if he likes music well enough to listen to it attentively, and listens to it attentively enough to like it, he will enjoy a long symphony every now and then — as witness the recent "discovery" of Schubert's *C-major Symphony* by our public. What is most important to the layman is that he shall not try to improve his musical digestion by dosing himself with critical poison. Even so, the factor of actual rehearsal time may be formidable in the sight of a professional conductor with from six to eight hours available in which to prepare one, two, or even three full programmes; all the more reason, then, why part at least of the performances of works by our two exponents of "heavenly length" should be entrusted to such amateurs as have the time and devotion to expend in working up a good performance.

Quite clearly the economic question of extra players is more easily answered in the amateur than the professional world. In pre-War Germany and Austria extra players of good skill were usually available from the nearest army post at a very nominal fee; today in America the extra players must be paid full rates, which nobody begrudges them if they get the engagement — unfortunately it is usually simpler to play something else, in which case Bruckner and Mahler are not played and the extra men are no better off than ever. Competent amateurs may not be plentiful; but, if they are available, compositions for large orchestras may be played without pecuniary bankruptcy, at least.

Technical difficulty is not a great stumbling-block in Bruckner to an orchestra, whether professional or amateur, which has developed sufficient skill to play the Wagner preludes well. True, Bruckner often forgets that he has not an organ at his disposal, and demands of wind-players a capacity and control of breath which many amateurs cannot

develop in such scanty time for individual practice as most of them can command; "John" reports that he found it helpful to include in his orchestra a few extra wind players, not for promiscuous and noisy doubling, but to relieve the solo players altogether in ordinary *tutti* and to double with them in a few of the more overpowering climaxes. With a little help of this kind conservatively administered, players in an orchestra will find Bruckner's technical idiom not unlike that of Beethoven, Schubert, and Wagner, while the conductor will find that Bruckner "comes out" with clarity and orchestral balance considerably more readily than Brahms and certain others whose difficulties players have gladly mastered by sustained hard work.

Mahler, on the other hand, often does demand virtuoso technical powers of his players, and, in addition, demands the full exercise of these powers during the entire duration of symphonies long enough to occupy an entire programme. In the nature of things an amateur player of whatever skill has some other occupation which takes most of his time, and thus cannot devote long hours consecutively to instrumental practice; it would be much easier to find a group of amateurs who could work up and play separately each passage in a Mahler symphony than to find a group every member of which could physically carry the entire work through consecutively without getting fagged below the threshold of efficiency, simply because most of them would not be hardened by long individual practice to the point of playing at the absolute top of their bent for ninety minutes running. "John" has not yet produced a Mahler symphony with amateurs, but he has a plan. — When most of his wind players had just completed a week's trip with the University Band in which they played three concerts daily, he took advantage of their temporary condition of athletic prowess to present a two-hour programme drawn from Wagner's *Ring*. In the future he hopes to capitalize some similar opportunity in terms of one or two movements of a Mahler symphony, preferably in a year when relatively few of the principal players are due to graduate; the year following might be the auspicious moment for the entire symphony, with the advantage that some of it would have already been carefully rehearsed at the time of the first venture. Before presenting any Mahler symphony in whole or in part John plans to present some of the songs with orchestra as an introduction to Mahler's style for both orchestra and audience.

As the world is going now, the chances are that we in America must depend more and more upon ourselves to prepare and perform the music which we wish to hear. It is even possible that the world must depend upon us for a while to keep the best music of the past two centuries in actual performance anywhere. Even if this last is not the case, it is surely not too much to say that European music during recent years has tended decidedly toward the expression of disillusionment and despair under a thin defensive veneer of indifference and nonchalance; let no man blame artists who have had to endure recent living conditions

abroad if they find themselves unable or indisposed to sing the aspirations and ideals of a brighter day, yet those aspirations and ideals are as needful as ever and must be sung and sung again. That young Americans are performing the greater music of a more hopeful era because they enjoy it and thrive on it is a phenomenon too precious to be neglected, and that their instinctive and uncorrupted response to what is high and noble extends to Bruckner and Mahler is but added evidence that now is a good time to adjourn preaching, for practice has begun.



#### WNYC AND WQXR BROADCASTS

One of the noteworthy features of the WQXR broadcasts of Bruckner was the performance of Bruckner's *Quintet (Adagio)* by the Vienna Chamber Orchestra (Carl Bamberger, Conductor) on March 15th. Recordings of Bruckner and Mahler works were broadcast regularly by both stations. In February the Municipal Station put all available Bruckner and Mahler recordings on the air.

#### SEVITZKY BROADCASTS BRUCKNER'S "TE DEUM"

On March 20, the Indianapolis Symphony, the Indianapolis Symphonic Choir, and soloists (Fabien Sevitzky conducting) broadcast Bruckner's *Te Deum* over C. B. S. This was the second broadcast of this work over the Columbia Broadcasting System. The orchestra, chorus, and soloists acquitted themselves well under the authoritative leadership of Sevitzky. Additional broadcasts of Bruckner's music would certainly be welcome.

#### KINDERTOTENLIEDER PRESENTED BY CONVERSE CLUB CHAMBER ORCHESTRA, BOSTON, MASS.

(Stanley Hassell, Conductor; Evelyn M. Duncanson, Soloist; May 9, 1940)

. . . The "Kindertotenlieder" (which may be translated as "Songs on the Death of Children") were composed in 1902, inspired by verses of the poet Rueckert. As he wrote his five songs Mahler reportedly was obsessed with the thought that his own first child might die young, which actually occurred before five years had passed.

A first hearing of music so tenderly wrought, yet in an idiom of much complexity, can give one only a notion of its beauty. One's first impression is of sheer loveliness of sound, the combination of soprano and unusual orchestral tint — especially of the woodwind instruments — which Mahler favored.

Mr. Hassell must be complimented upon his enterprise in preparing music of extreme difficulty that demands a skilled and well-rehearsed orchestra and a singer of utmost musicianship.

JORDAN HALL, *Boston Globe*

"Better late than never" might well be said of the performance by the Converse Club, at Jordan Hall last evening, of Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder," freely translated as "Songs on the Death of Children," composed nearly 40 years ago and never before heard in Boston, though Dr. Koussevitzky once privately threatened a performance and Bernard Zighera actually announced one for last winter. As explained in these columns last Sunday, the performance by the Zighera Chamber Orchestra went by the board because the only available score was in use in New York at the time.

The singer last evening was Evelyn Duncanson, soprano, and of her, as of Mr. Hassell and his orchestra, it may be said that she brought to her task earnestness and devotion. . . . We are, however, greatly indebted to Mr. Hassell for Boston's introduction to a singularly moving work and one without precise parallel anywhere.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

# Mahler as a Potential Public Favorite

BY WILLIAM PARKS GRANT

## I.

ONE of the conspicuous musical developments of the past decade has been the emergence of the music of Sibelius from obscurity to what might be termed popularity (in the best sense of the word) and with it a corresponding favorable critical re-valuation as to its importance. In 1930 the Sibelius repertory was fairly well confined to *Valse Triste*, *Finlandia*, and the piano *Romance in D-flat*, none of which are very important or characteristic of their composer. About that time the writer heard a perfectly competent professor of music history hold up Sibelius as an example of a composer who had "died," as far as importance of output was concerned, many years previously, along with Richard Strauss and Stravinsky, of whom his opinion is still generally the accepted one.

About 1931 appeared the first of the long series of phonograph recordings of Sibelius works, originally sponsored by the Finnish Government, later continued by the Sibelius Society. The public and critical reception of these recordings was more than favorable; soon Sibelius's name became a common one on concert programmes.<sup>1</sup> Although Olin Downes and Cecil Gray<sup>2</sup> had long since called attention to the importance and neglect of the Finnish master, it was now admitted generally that he had surely been badly undervalued and the music-world set in to make up for lost time. Sibelius rapidly passed Stravinsky, Richard Strauss, and the late Maurice Ravel as the name most frequently mentioned as "the greatest living composer." His symphonies were accepted on an equal footing with those of Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms. Thus Sibelius has had the satisfaction of living long enough to see himself become a "classic," and, although the Sibelius repertory still has not been thoroughly explored, quite a number of his works are now frequently heard on our concert programmes. A cynic might observe that he has become so well known that even the newspapers, the Hollywood glamour-merchants, and *The Saturday Evening Post* know who he is. During the recent Russian-Finnish War his *Finlandia* was sometimes used as a signature-piece for radio news-bulletins (with little thought of the then-existing neutrality regulations), and news items about him often appeared in the daily papers.

<sup>1</sup> Although whisperings about conductors who "cannot read an orchestral score" are doubtless false, it is none the less pertinent to note how frequently the first recording of certain compositions has led to epidemics of performances of those pieces throughout the country. But it would be stubborn and foolish for a conductor to refuse to use recordings in studying new pieces.

<sup>2</sup> See *A Survey of Contemporary Music* (1924), pages 184 to 193.

## II.

How can we account for this sudden rise in favor and importance? Two reasons suggest themselves.

*First:* Sibelius's music was made *available*. Beethoven and Mozart would not be the favorites they are today if artists restricted themselves to but half-a-dozen of their works and performed these only on rare occasions. The older readers can remember how Brahms, Wagner, Debussy, and Richard Strauss surmounted public and critical indifference and hostility because performers who had faith in them *insisted* on programming their works.<sup>3</sup> Furthermore, Sibelius's works were made available in that form which permits many hearings and adequate familiarity — namely, phonograph records. This is surely the "acid-test," and these compositions wore well.

*Second:* In 1930 extreme dissonance was the most conspicuous feature of modern music. The ultra-moderns considered the increasing use of dissonance synonymous with originality, the use of a common triad hopelessly old-fashioned. A music-world weary of dissonance heartily welcomed this music which was so thoroughly individual, yet not merely eccentric, different, but not painful to the ears, enigmatic, yes, but understandable eventually. It was seen that the axiom that the path of musical progress and originality was the path of more and more dissonance was a false notion, that esoteric music could quite possibly be the work of a self-conscious charlatan, rather than "a new soul-experience" or "the music of the future." The very thing the world had wanted was found right under its nose, for Sibelius's name had long been familiar. Today, partly due to the Sibelius influence, extreme dissonance is decidedly "dated."

## III.

If the music of Sibelius can achieve such a conspicuous rise in favor, the music of Mahler is capable of a similar accomplishment. It could quite possibly even eclipse the music of Sibelius in popularity because it is much easier to understand. The music of Sibelius is by no means easy of approach; it is stark, bleak, cold, ascetic, and enigmatic. But the music of Mahler is warm, rich, tender, poetic, friendly, human, and open. He takes us into his confidence; we get acquainted with him quickly. Sibelius is something of a "composer's composer"; he writes primarily for himself, like Beethoven in his later works. Mahler strove to make his music easy to understand for the layman of little musical experience and in this writer's opinion, succeeded, though it should by no means be inferred that his music is shallow. Surely, if Sibelius can become such a favorite, Mahler can at least equal him.

Paradoxically the music of Sibelius, who is considered a nationalistic composer, is much farther from the folk-song than the music of Mahler,

<sup>3</sup> Even as late as 1910 a Wagner opera with Toscanini conducting brought but a poorly-filled house at the Metropolitan. If Toscanini were to conduct *Tristan and Isolde* at the "Met" today, standing-room would be sold out well in advance.

who is looked upon as an international and eclectic composer. Taken as a whole, Sibelius's output contains more than a few compositions of trivial value — most of them fortunately obscure; Mahler's output is more uniform in value, for there are no skeletons in the Mahler closet. Sibelius is doubtless more thoroughly original, as very little of his mature music shows the influence of another composer; yet Mahler, despite frequent evidences of the influence of Wagner, Beethoven, Bruckner, Schubert, and numerous others, still leaves the final impression — which is what counts — of being different from anything one has ever heard, for his music is unconventional, zestful, and refreshing, even though it is by no means modern.<sup>4</sup> It is, however, an important — though neglected — link between the Wagnerian school and certain modern schools. It is quite possible that the neglect of Mahler has increased the difficulty of our approach to the music of Schönberg and his followers.

The question may next be asked: "If Mahler's compositions were given more frequent performances, can we be positive that they would increase in public favor?" Of course, no one can say definitely, but we do know that before the Reign of Force became dominant in Europe, Mahler's popularity made excellent progress in Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Holland, due to frequent performances. That he has never had an adequate hearing in most other countries is admitted even by his critics. So it is entirely possible that some day a Mahler performance may no longer be an unusual event.

In these times of strife and turmoil, it seems only natural that music of an escape-from-reality type will be more and more in demand. One of the composers whose music is best suited to supply such a demand is Mahler. Good examples of compositions of his which are steeped in such a mood are the *Second Symphony* and the exquisite song *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*.

A hesitating conductor might point out the length of Mahler's symphonies and the large number of instruments they require and shake his head. But length has not interfered with the popularity of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, Wagner's operas, Handel's *The Messiah*, or Bach's *Passions* and *B-minor Mass*. Several fairly recent best-selling novels were conspicuous because of their length; one, made into a film lasting four hours, is being shown to crowded houses. Eugene O'Neill has written some nine-act plays which have been quite successful. No, contrary to common opinion, this is not entirely an age of brevity, but even if it were, Mahler's songs, which are not at all long, would be as much favorites as those of Schubert or Brahms, if given a fair chance.

The size of Mahler's orchestras is considerably more of a bogey-man, at least in a country not yet fully recovered from the depression and

<sup>4</sup> It was worthwhile to point out here that *any* music, no matter how old, which is individual and unconventional, is always viewed with favor by the enthusiasts for modern music. Much of Bach's music was far ahead of his time; hence his ever increasing importance.

where a deficit is the normal result of the orchestra season. There are two answers to this. The first is that if the demand existed strongly enough, the large resources could be supplied. Wagner's *Ring* and Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* are favorites in the opera-house, even though the demands are large. The second answer may be found again in Mahler's songs, all of which call for a small orchestra. Whimsical, humorous, naive, tragic, introspective, and mystic by turns, most of these lovely works were originally written with orchestral accompaniment rather than piano, as is the case with almost all other songs. How often when a fine guest artist sings *Lieder* at an orchestra concert we realize that the accompaniment, originally for piano, sounds clumsy or unidiomatic when transcribed for orchestra. For such occasions Mahler's songs, woven so perfectly and so inevitably for voice and orchestra, would surely fill a real need.



#### HOWARD BARLOW BROADCASTS BRUCKNER'S *NINTH*

On June 9, The Columbia Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Howard Barlow broadcast Bruckner's *Ninth* over the Columbia chain. Mr. Barlow's reading did justice to Bruckner's last symphony. Those who heard the performance probably wonder why Mr. Barlow had not broadcast a symphony by this master before, for his interpretation proved beyond any doubt that one doesn't have to be known as a world famed Bruckner specialist to catch the spirit of this devout composer's music.

#### STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA ORCHESTRA PERFORMS BRUCKNER'S *FOURTH* (February 28, 1940)

It is our privilege to report today that Doctor Clapp and his musicians brought us Anton Bruckner's Symphony No. 4 with such warmth of tonal expression, with such understanding and interest in their music that the large audience was able to glory in the beauty, the color and the inventiveness of the composer's score rather than to become restive as might easily have been the case with so lengthy a work.

If nothing more, Doctor Clapp revealed by the performance how well he has trained his musicians, and also he disclosed how completely he has brought to them an understanding of and appreciation for the work of Bruckner, a composer who certainly should be heard frequently regardless of how long his compositions may be.

RON TALLMAN, *Iowa City, Iowa, Press-Citizen*

. . . After the intermission came the seldom heard Fourth Symphony of Anton Bruckner, subtitled "Romantic." It took more than a little courage for Dr. Clapp, the orchestra's conductor, to program a Bruckner symphony, and especially to program it for a non-professional orchestra. Bruckner is easy for neither player nor listener and, while the "Romantic" is not Bruckner at his intellectual peak or most difficult, it is, nevertheless, an excellent work with which to begin an acquaintance with him.

It is not my purpose to give a detailed analysis of the "Romantic" movement by movement. Suffice it to say that the four movements of the symphony are linked together by a subtle transformation of the theme stated by the horns at the opening of the first movement. The horn call was used to suggest the pastoral, the military, the hunt, the dramatic.

And to Dr. Philip Greeley Clapp, who has labored so long in the service of Bruckner and in the developing of an orchestra which can turn out so excellent a performance of a Bruckner symphony, especial thanks.

THOMAS SCHIERREBECK, *The Daily Iowan*

# Triumph and Farewell: Bruckner's *Eighth* and *Ninth*

BY GABRIEL ENGEL

## THE EIGHTH

THE resourceful generation of fresh thematic life out of a few given motivated sources; the exploitation of such cumulative content through a vital polyphonic idiom; the logical federation of a whole vast symphonic structure, culminating in a grandiose climax, the welding of the principal themes of all four movements into a single choir of triumph — these are some of the salient features which, already familiar in earlier Bruckner symphonies, attain supreme representation in the *Eighth*. In this symphony, at last, is unfolded in full grandeur the sublime Christian epic of human suffering, humility, and transfiguration through Faith that had been the gist of Bruckner's symphonic problem from the outset. Not the somewhat theatrical *Third*, not even the *Fifth*, that mighty, austere utterance of his middle years had pierced so deeply into his soul for its roots. The tragic implications of the *Fifth* were mere passing clouds beneath the radiant sun that shone steadfastly over Bruckner's tetralogy in major keys. The portentous opening movement of the *Eighth* ushers in a change in his spiritual world no less drastic than the sudden sunrise of the *Romantic*. The *Fourth* seems literally to have sprung from Bruckner's ecstatic happiness in Wagner's recognition; the *Eighth*, conceived immediately after Wagner's death, is an eloquent witness of the grim impress made upon Bruckner's spirit by that event. The rude shock of the cymbal clash climaxing the "Adagio of Premonition" in the *Seventh* was more than Bruckner's realistic record of the moment of his great friend's passing; it was also the herald of a rude awakening in his own creative world, a dawn less rosy, but affording a closer, more human view of life.

Three score years had passed him by. Neglected and obscure he suddenly felt himself more alone than ever before. Yet he was remarkably robust despite his sixty years. More than ever he was impelled by the urge for symphonic creation. The contemplation of Death, looming before him like a grim spectre, and the realization of abject solitude, conjuring up the panorama of a life-long struggle against adversity, determined the tragic, introspective content of his new symphony. C-minor, the key of Beethoven's own "Fate" Symphony, the key which Bruckner himself had adopted for his *First* and *Second*, beckoned to him out of the dim past with the promise of new, more significant revelations. Even the pointed rhythmic contours of the main theme of the *First* seemed once more to bristle with life unbounded, clamoring for expression. Thus reaching back to this initial work and gathering up in the course

of retrospect the essential wealth of all the intervening symphonies, Bruckner consciously made his *Eighth* an intensely personal expression, almost his spiritual autobiography in tone.

The tragic caste and unusual length of the opening section made inadvisable the traditional juxtaposition of a correspondingly grave, extended slow movement. Faced with the same problem in his *Ninth* Beethoven had interposed a fleet, stirring *Scherzo*, thus not only relieving the spiritual tension aroused by the first movement, but also freshening the listener's mind for the further weighty revelations of the slow movement to follow. Therefore Bruckner also decided to accord his *Scherzo* second place in this symphony.

The first movement in its original form was completed in the latter part of 1884 in Vienna. Before continuing on to the *Scherzo*, Bruckner experienced a miracle. The *Adagio* of the *Seventh*, given its premiere at Leipzig on December 30, was hailed by experts as a symphonic masterpiece. At once the elderly, shy professor of counterpoint became the most discussed figure in the realm of serious music. He had long since reconciled himself to a life of obscurity, sighing, "Surely I am the most incurable idealist to go on composing at all." Nevertheless his happiness in this wholly unexpected world-fame was unbounded. He re-experienced this brilliant triumph over long prevalent adversities in the fictitious person of the typical Upper-Austrian rustic "Michel," whom he subsequently named as the hero of the *Scherzo* of the *Eighth*.

Most, if not all, of the naive "Michel" story, was a mere afterthought, much as the narrative background Bruckner attributed to the *Romantic*. The original manuscript at the point of the first entry of the "Michel" motive bears the notation "Almeroth." Carl Almeroth, a lovable, genial Upper-Austrian provincial, was one of Bruckner's dearest friends. A native of the charming little town of Steyr, where Bruckner composed the *Scherzo* and later movements of the *Eighth*, he (and not the symbolic "Michel") was the character the composer intended to embody in this lumbering, sturdy, good-natured motive. Doubtless it occurred to Bruckner afterwards that Almeroth's nature was typically Austrian. Thereupon he evolved the rest of the "Michel" background for the symphony, carrying some of the incidents over into the *Finale*. As a valid commentary on the Promethean happenings mirrored in the score it is certainly inadequate. Not unless one is willing to concede Bruckner that peculiarly Mahlerian trait of symbolism is the miraculous transformation of "Michel" to "St. Michael," allegedly celebrated in the closing triumph of the symphony, in the least plausible.

Letters Bruckner wrote to the critic Helm and the conductor Weingartner years after the work was finished are the chief authorities for the details of the "Michel" legend. Said Bruckner to the former with special reference to the *Scherzo*, "My Michel typifies the Austrian folk-spirit, the idealistic dreamer, not the German spirit, which is pure *Scherz* [jest]." Thus unconsciously, perhaps, Bruckner made his "Michel" a

self-portrait. During the years (six in all) he spent in shaping and re-shaping the symphony the figure of "Michel" virtually came alive for him. If the setting of any passage containing the "Michel" motive proved particularly troublesome he would exclaim in vexation, "Look out, Michel! Better not annoy me too much!"

A representative portion of Bruckner's commentary on the *Scherzo* follows. "Michel, pulling his cap down over his ears, presents his head, crying, 'Punch away! I can stand it.'—Wearied by the shower of buffets he would like to sleep, but recurring blows keep him awake. He swings about him desperately, scattering his enemies, and emerges victorious through his persistence.—[Trio] Michel dreams of the country—He longs for his sweetheart—He prays—Sighing, he wakes to rude reality."

In the *Finale*: "Michel, from a place of concealment, steals a view of the pomp and ceremony [The meeting of the emperors]—He is pursued and captured by Cossacks—The trombones begin a funeral chorale for him—He squirms away and, chuckling, disappears high up in the flutes."

The absence of reference to "Michel" in Bruckner's remarks concerning the first and slow movements is added proof of the synthetic nature of the whole legend. One is reminded of his inability to "remember" the imagery underlying the *Finale* of the *Romantic*. Many poetic commentaries, some perhaps even contradictory, might be adduced to "illuminate" the content of the *Eighth*. So vast is its scope that cosmic imagery alone may conjure up an even remotely adequate verbal parallel. Like Beethoven's *Eroica* it defies and beggars explanation. It stems from the inmost depths of absolute music, the arcana of which no verbal abracadabra may pierce.

The very identity of the tonic is veiled as the opening theme is first presented in lightly sketched outline against a mystic background of string-tremolo tinged with sustained horn-tone. What a strange, yet masterly theme this is! Occupying scarce three full measures in animated tempo, it consists of the four source motives of the symphony, one of them the mere rhythmic pattern formed by the union of the other three. This rhythmic profile, closely akin to that of the unison outburst at the beginning of Beethoven's *Ninth*, at once commands the centre of attention. Set forth in relief through a series of uninterrupted recurrences it is the vehicle upon which the three tonal motives grope upward through modulations to the light of definite tonality. Since all the thematic life of the symphony is drawn from these motives, they are eminently worthy of analysis. They are (a) Two tones a second apart. This interval dominates the heroic passages. (b) Two tones a sixth apart. This interval, notably prominent in Bruckner's most heartfelt inspirations, governs those particularly expressive moments of the *Trio (Scherzo)*, *Adagio*, and *Finale* given over to songs of yearning. (c) A lyric group of five closely-knit tones, the chief melodic element of the first theme-group and the source of numerous subsequent passages

filled with tender ecstasy. The first movement, *Adagio*, and *Finale* close with this motive. (d) The rhythmic framing of *a*, *b*, and *c*, already described. To the relentless persistence of this grim motive is due in great measure the deeply tragic undertone of the opening movement. Especially impressive is its appearance as pure rhythm (on a monotone in the brass) at the last climax of this section, the passage Bruckner aptly named "Death's Annunciation."

The lyric motive (*c*), at first the sole melodic phrase, at once spreads its wings. Inverted and augmented it bursts into flight, preparing the atmosphere for the "Bruckner Rhythm" (that irregular combination of two plus three quarter-beats particularly characterizing many of Bruckner's thematic ideas after the *Romantic*). Descending in a stream of impassioned phrases this first predominately melodic expression of the symphony resolves in a graceful cadence midst imitative echoes (woodwind) bearing the motive's original rhythmic contour.

The mode of thematic structure in this opening group, aside from the vastly richer motivated sources of the later work, is essentially that of the *Romantic*, a steadily rising edifice of uniform theme-blocks. Furthermore, this process in the *Eighth* goes on in a highly dramatic atmosphere. Levi, the great conductor who pronounced this work "the crown of nineteenth century music," was the first to recognize the perfect centralization of the gigantic framework embracing a world of subtle and delicate details of construction. Wellesz, an unexcelled authority of our own day, choosing the opening theme-group of the *Romantic* and Brahms' *Third*, has shown the superior sensitivity of Bruckner's symphonic creative process over that of his German contemporary. How much greater a disparity could he have shown between them had he chosen Bruckner's immeasurably more masterly *Eighth*!

In the *Romantic* the advent of "Bruckner Rhythm" is sudden, spontaneous. In the *Eighth* it is heralded in advance. We glimpse its profile in the course of the opening theme-group. When it emerges full-blown, shaping the pure lyricism of the second group (song-group), it calls for no intellectual readjustment on the listener's part. The preparation, however, was not of the traditional "bridge" variety, but a new sort of process, resulting from the self-evolving dynamism inherent in the motive *c*.

The second theme-group is a song of ardent aspiration, its nobility precluding all eroticism. Anxious questions rising from the strings receive only partially reassuring answers in the less impassioned woodwind voices. Lingering sighs of doubt, skilfully drawn from an inversion of the song-theme, are stilled by the air of trust and solace spread by a fresh melodic structure previously unheard. Thus the intellectual factors swaying the first theme-group have been balanced by their emotional counterparts dominating the second.

There is an additional feature in the human make-up which determines man's heroic nature: the will — the spiritual force that makes

for human tragedy or triumph, depending on the degree in which its possession invokes resistance to adverse, destructive influences. This heroic element is the ruling quality of the third theme-group. A restless, staccato counterpoint in the strings provides the background for an increasingly animated interchange between horns and woodwind. Energetic motives, derived from the preceding theme-groups, enhance the power of the ensuing string-unison, striving upward toward a great climax by chromatic stages. Another striking motive, a broad downward-leaping seventh in trumpets and woodwind, adds to the growing agitation. Trumpet fanfares, obvious heralds of heroism are merely corroborative proof of the militant nature of this last group, bringing the exposition of the themes to a stirring conclusion.

The development section presents the titanic conflict of the three main factors: the mind, the heart, the will. The logical unfolding of such a struggle involves a climax of inextricably united elements, rendering ineffectual a traditional recapitulation of separate theme-groups. The air of suspense, mounting steadily through the violent encounters unfolded during the extended development, is maintained unabated throughout the recapitulation. Not until the last climax, at the very threshold of the *Coda*, is there a moment of relief, and then only a sombre one, described by the composer as the "ticking of the clock of Death." This intensification of suspense until the end is a formal doctrine already effectively formulated in earlier Bruckner symphonies, but never so convincingly as in the *Eighth*.

Two summits stand out along the rising skyline of the development. The first, the product of united thematic elements of the first two theme-groups, is finally scaled by means of a grandiose combination of these elements in inversion and augmentation. The second, attained just before the *Coda*, is that realistically dramatic moment which Bruckner in a new moment of foreboding, happily not realized until more than a decade later, described as his own "Death's Annunciation." The stark profile of the opening theme, grimly bereft of all musical quality save pulse, is a vivid tonal portrayal of the inexorable pounding of Fate upon Life's door. What avails it to continue the despairing struggle against a force beside which the united strainings (development section) of mind (first theme-group), heart (second theme-group) and will (third theme-group) sink to pigmied insignificance? The *Coda*, an epilogue of utter resignation, presents a sudden contrast, intensifying the tragic implications underlying the whole movement.

The *Scherzo*, like all these lighter, fleeter-footed Bruckner movements in triple-rhythm, presents no formal problem. In a mystic atmosphere of whispered-string-tremoli pierced by horn-tone, the celebrated "Michel" motive (already discussed) lumbers good-humoredly into the changed, rustic foreground. Inverted the motive becomes still more droll. "Michel is sleepy," explained Bruckner. A delicious bit of instrumental realism is the stinging effect of plucked strings combined with humming, bee-

like horn-tones, portraying the rude manner in which "Michel's" sleep is disturbed by unpleasant outer influences. The *Trio*, in double rhythm (two-four) is to some extent "Michel's" *Traumerei*, filled with his daydreams of his rustic homeland. Is it not Bruckner's own dream of longing, reaching back from the imprisoning huddle of the metropolis, the home forced upon him by circumstances, to the wooded, mountainous freedom of his native Upper Austria? Fragments of yearning, folk-like strains, conjure up passing visions of the scenes of his childhood. The occasional arpeggiated voice of the harp, most rarely heard in Bruckner's orchestral family, intensifies the nostalgia of "Michel's" daydreams.

Three motives combine to produce the opening theme of the *Adagio*, the wonderful movement which arose, said Bruckner, "from looking too deep into the eyes of a girl." The first, a long-drawn sigh, reflecting yearning, and the second, a broad, diatonic descent, reflecting devout humility, form a question answered by the third, an upward mounting broken major-triad, bright with the promise of splendors about to be revealed. This sublime slow movement, the longest in symphonic literature, rises to unprecedented heights of devotional ecstasy over which the celestial voice of the harp hovers like a halo.

Upon a syncopated background of softly pulsing strings over a tonic organ-point of twenty measures, is unfolded the heartfelt initial melody. So naturally have familiar motivated elements been fused into this new melodic line that their presence, readily identifiable, nevertheless makes the impression of complete spontaneity. Out of an atmosphere of restrained melancholy, the latent depth of its pathos betrayed alone by the impassioned accents of the violin G-string's upper range, the prayerful theme mounts steadily, merging with the vision of splendor (referred to as the third motive). There follows now a song of fervent gratitude, a most natural supplement of the foregoing melody. Unmistakable in their inmost Brucknerian quality are the hymnlike fragments of chorale characterizing this passage. Ecstatic harp tones radiate from its melodic summit.

In the second theme-group the impassioned yearning and the devotional fervor dominating the two themes of the preceding group, respectively, are fused into an ardent song of hopeful longing. Against a background literally trembling with portentous expectation (string-tremoli) the full tuba choir proclaims the promise of Eternity. Again a hymnlike utterance, a resetting of the first part of this group, is the soul's grateful response to the message from Above. A brief interlude in triple rhythm prepares the scene for the return of the initial theme.

The restatement of themes already set forth, inevitable to symphonic form, is nowhere a severer test of the composer's resourcefulness than in the *Adagio*. Here, where the spirit of song must hold undisputed sway, the license that is the spice of the development section in sonata form is out of place. Certainly an atmosphere of deep contemplation and communion is ill-suited to the swift dramatic changes common to symphonic

first and last movements. Yet the necessary restatement of themes in the *Adagio* (in the manner of the classicists), the most skilful, elaborate ornamentation notwithstanding, involves some sacrifice of content to formal convenience. This was one of the vital weaknesses of traditional symphonic structure to the betterment of which Bruckner earnestly applied himself from the outset. No further evidence of his success in this respect is needed than the fact that his three last *Adagios*, the most extended slow movements in existence, nevertheless maintain the listener's interest so well throughout that they are universally recognized as great masterpieces. How Bruckner was able to accomplish this mighty feat can hardly be explained by emphasizing the richly varied motivation of his broad-winged themes. To point to the life-long, unswerving devotion to the grammar and poetry of polyphony that made it possible for him to recombine and reshape motives into thematic structures of constantly fresh interest is to advance a fact which, however, fails to pierce the essential truth, the inscrutable working of genius itself.

In the first restatement of the opening theme the bright, answering portion is intentionally omitted. The motives of yearning are reared to a tremendous climax, as though the whole cosmos were appealing for salvation. A world of subtle polyphonic detail is heralded by the echoing horn that follows closely upon the main melodic line. Reshaped and recombined the already familiar motives attain richer significance, revealing glimpses of loftier summits yet to be scaled by the indomitable spirit.

For the final restatement, embodying the triumph of the spirit, is reserved the thorough exploitation of the motive of splendor, thus far intentionally omitted. Here the horn fanfare of the first movement is reborn in a more heroic guise, unmistakably reminiscent of the Siegfried-theme. Bruckner explained this as a tribute to his great friend Wagner, as yet scarcely cold in his grave. The very Heavens seem to open to the overwhelming climax ushered in by this remarkable passage. The *Coda*, reminiscent of the beginning, presents for the last time the initial sighing motive over a sustained organ-point on the tonic. Gone, however, is the fleeting shadow of doubt that darkened the motive's first appearance. Yet the movement ends upon a note of devout humility. Resigned, but swayed by unshakable faith in Eternity, the glories of which it has beheld in revelation, it awaits the great release, the fateful signal of the "Clock of Death."

The unlimited thematic richness of the *Finale* shows that Bruckner had steeped his soul in the motivated life of this symphony more intensely than in any preceding work. In the increased subtlety and resourcefulness of its melodic derivations from the central motives already extensively exploited in the foregoing sections it is truly the crowning movement of the symphony. Bruckner did not merely compose the *Eighth* — he lived it. An inkling of the inspired abandon with which he set down this *Finale* may be gathered from the ejaculation "Hallelu-

jah!" written in his hand at the point of climax in the manuscript marked by the simultaneous entry of the main themes of all four movements.

Some of the "Michel" storied implications of the *Finale* have already been mentioned. Even Bruckner must have realized that the transplanting of his jolly legendary character into this scene of political pomp (the meeting of Franz Josef and the Czar at Olmütz) was stretching plausibility a bit too far. Nevertheless he naively conceals "Michel" where he may view the grand ceremony. Is not this "Michel" in reality the new Bruckner — as childlike as ever, but now a world-famous musician, a public figure in Austria, proudly bearing the decoration of the emperor's own order? His worship of rank and pomp can only be understood as closely akin to his devout participation in every detail of the church ritual. The emperor was to him a temporal symbol of divinity.

The harmonic foundation of the opening bars has a transitional effect, qualifying the abrupt change from *Adagio* to *Finale* character. Motives of a warlike nature serve as the backbone of the first theme-group. Prominent among these is a regular, rhythmic stamping, like the clatter of horses' hoofs suggesting the approach of squadrons of cavalry. Impressive instrumental coloring, horns, trombones, and tubas dominating, reflects the pomp of the occasion. Jubilant fanfares herald the great triumph now in sight. The "Michel" motive, wide-awake and armed for battle, is welded to the rest, lending the thematic scene freshness and jollity.

The second or song-group, rich in chorale fragments, is characterized by an air of prayerful devotion. This religious fervor is of a more impassioned nature than that of the chorale passages of the *Adagio*. It has a more rapid tempo and a vital supporting melodic line formed by a familiar motive descending inverted. The expressive voices of the solo horn and the violins in low register lend it increased pathos.

The third theme-group presents a remarkable paradoxical combination of underlying significances. Gracious melodies filled with the promise of peace spread reassuring wings over the disturbing burden of a martial rhythm in the strings. "A weak spot," some might say, "Remember, Bruckner was an organist." One is reminded of another example of "weak" instrumentation in the *Finale* of the *Seventh* which a great conductor of our own day "improved" by the transmutation of gut to brass. There has never been an orchestral master who could speak with greater authority than Bruckner on the most appropriate tonal setting of devotional subtleties. His "weak" scoring was dictated by an unerring instinct for the true instrumental color and an abhorrence of mere effect. Perhaps the conductors who tampered with Bruckner's scores half a century ago should not be judged too unkindly. In the theatrical shadow of Wagner most became Wagnerian. Bruckner, whose unique originality none could understand, they clothed in Wagnerian garb. It is high time the practice were condemned.

The contrapuntal skill with which the development is reared to an overwhelming climax, the simultaneous union of the principal themes of all four movements, beggars description. Heroic, warlike settings of familiar themes plunge the section into mighty conflict. The din of battle mounts, subsides, and mounts again to greater heights of fury. One moment we seem to be in the very midst of battle, next we catch its echoes from the distance. Chorale fragments are hurled into the breach to maintain unimpaired the heroic spirit. All depends on its ultimate triumph. The most impressive passage of the movement is the *Coda*, the overwhelming record of that triumph. A last powerful, austere presentation of the opening theme in the trombones; an equally heroic last appearance of the "Michel" motive in broad augmentation in the trumpets; and the tonal stage for the great triumph is set. The gloom of the initial key, C-minor, has been transformed (as in that other great symphony of Fate, Beethoven's *Fifth*) to the bright splendor of C-major. Now in the utmost imaginable splendor resounds the consummately welded choir of the symphony's four principal themes, a veritable apotheosis of Bruckner's polyphonic genius, rivalling in fitness that inspired march-Finale of Beethoven's *Fifth*, the inevitable peroration of the symphony's supreme homophonic master.

#### THE NINTH (FAREWELL)

During the five years he devoted to the composition and revision of the *Eighth* Bruckner enjoyed unusually robust health. It was not until his sixty-fifth year, the time of his first sketches toward a *Ninth*, that the chronic trend of a dropsic condition, the dread ailment which had carried Beethoven off at the summit of his creative power, evoked the foreboding that his days were numbered.

Thereafter his existence was swayed by a single longing: to be spared just long enough to finish his *Ninth*. With the inexorable advance of the disease this longing turned to prayerful obsession, in the despairing grip of which even his awe-inspired humility towards God underwent a singular transformation. The physician who regularly attended him at the Belvedere Palace (a belated, ironic luxury which the emperor had granted him near the end) has communicated some impression of the doomed man's religious attitude. Wrote Dr. Heller, "Often, I found him on his knees in profound prayer. As it was strictly forbidden to interrupt him under these circumstances I was compelled to listen to the most curious extempore interpolations in the traditional text. He would suddenly exclaim, 'Dear God, let me get well soon; you see I need my health to finish the *Ninth*.' A fervent, triple Amen and a number of resounding thwacks with both hands upon his calves announced the conclusion of his touching appeal."

The faith which plays a paramount role in the spiritual content of the *Ninth* is beyond formal creed and ritual. Its essence is a direct kinship between man and God. Being of a universal nature it requires a

universal medium of expression. This alone explains the almost total absence in the *Ninth* of Bruckner's characteristic chorale idiom.

Far more apt a name for this symphony is "Farewell" than "Unfinished," for when the last note of the *Adagio* has died away there remains no expectation of further revelations to come. Those familiar with this close only in the Wagnerized "Loewe" version may regard such a view sceptically. There Bruckner's intention has undergone a drastic change echoing the end of *Parsifal*, its air of resignation suggesting a sinking back to earth. In the original manuscript Bruckner's *Adagio* is marked by no such descent. Ascending ever higher it merges in an ecstasy of affirmation with Eternity. Though the futile, tortured strivings of his last hours to formulate a suitable *Finale* show that Bruckner himself considered the symphony unfinished, posterity has come to view its three movements as a consummate framework for one of the noblest, most inspiring revelations in tone.

The very opening bars present a synopsis of the symphony's content. Brooding contemplation of the ultimate mystery, Death and the Hereafter, is suggested in this celebrated passage. Like a solemn chant is the initial motive, softly intoned by a choir of eight horns against a portentous background (tremolo). The grimness of its sombre rhythm is accentuated by hollow, choked trumpet-tones. Its mournful pathos midst austere majesty suggests man's last backward glance from the threshold of the Unknown. One terrifying instant of perplexity, and then the parting soul leaps aloft to meet the dazzling revelation of Eternity. Words cannot describe the splendor here attained by the horns, which have burst their unison fetters to form a golden halo of harmony. Descending they sound like jubilant angel voices bearing a wondrous message down to earth. Their cadence is the spreading of its gracious burden over all mankind. Such is the mystic underlying significance of this richly motivated introduction to the first theme-group. Yet the presentation of these motives has achieved a symphonic purpose far more important than the mere formulation of a musical passage, however beautiful. It has released the elemental forces from which the main theme is to evolve.

The breathless pause at this point is a vivid record of personal reaction, the reaction of one who has beheld a miracle and is completely overwhelmed. As sometimes in a poem a fresh stanza will issue from an echo of the preceding verse, so the transfigured cadence of the opening passage lingers on in the episode that follows. Enharmonic transformations on ascending planes of tone and volume reflect the growth of tremendous tension in the face of a new, awe-inspiring disclosure. Downward leaping octave-intervals and descending groups of three quarter-notes anticipate the dominant features of the approaching theme. An ominous roll in the timpani intensifies the air of agitation. The thundering unison that bursts forth with cosmic power from the summit of this dynamic interlude suggests the very Voice of the Almighty. Was not this

the Voice of the trumpet-theme of the *Third*, speaking in the same key and rhythm, though subdued and diminished by infinite distance? Yet there It was but the Herald of a miracle to come. Here It is the Revelation Itself. Thematically it consists of two parts, a gigantic descent by octave-leaps and a broad, diatonic return aloft, gradually accelerated. The whole cosmos trembles with the irresistible force of its reverberations (timpani-roll), while plucked strings sound waning fragments of familiar motives, gradually releasing the overwhelming tension.

Out of one of these fragments, a descending sixth, is born the song-theme introducing the second group, a prayerful melody in the violins, unmistakably Brucknerian in the pure spirituality of its yearning. A gracefully encircling figure enhances its charm and expressiveness. Like the corresponding song-theme of the *Seventh* it is supplemented by an inversion of itself. Directed aloft it now points the way to a summit of jubilant ecstasy, the goal of the entire prodigally polyphonic song-group.

The character of the third theme-group is without precedent in Bruckner's symphonies. Hitherto it had been the vehicle of heroic elements, destined to sustain the conflict during the development. In the *Ninth*, however, the third theme begins on a note of infinite world-weariness, a longing for ultimate peace so overwhelming that it seems to span the whole universe. Though it culminates in a song of lofty aspiration, its kinship to the main theme of the song-group is not a close one, despite a slight physical similarity due to a community of motivated sources. Spiritually the later theme is a more impassioned expression. It might even be described as a broad paraphrase of the former, conceived in free fantasy. Thus on a note of high optimism the exposition is brought to a close.

The development presents a thorough exploitation of the themes and their motives on a gigantic scale. Its plan, like that in the opening movement of the *Eighth*, is an ascent over a gradually rising range of mountain-tops to a supreme summit. Darkness, the gloom of the earthbound, hovers over the first of these peaks. Occasional glimpses of radiance caught through the clouds intensify, by contrast, the dominant gloom. The motives employed are exclusively those of the introduction to the first theme-group.

In the next paragraph the grand unison theme of the first theme-group is the center of attention. It now becomes the material for a huge tonal structure, skilfully enriched with all the resources of the polyphonic master. The austerity of this passage is enhanced by the persistent reappearance of the gloomy opening motive in march-like guise. In the overwhelming climax attained by the exploitation of these elements the formal recapitulation is outstripped and absorbed. No formal consideration can hinder the onward and upward sweep of this dynamic, self-evolving expression. There is no let-up until that barrier-like moment of supreme tension, necessitating an abrupt pause. "For breath,"

explained Bruckner. Yet these full pauses of his at such moments are so inevitable, that this laconic explanation, true enough as far as it goes, must be regarded, along with the rest of his "explanations," as but an infinitesimal formulation of a cosmic underlying truth. The awe-inspired melodic fragments which first venture to open their timid lips after this pause, like those in the opening theme-group, reflect the tremendous impressiveness attained in the foregoing passage. Thematically there is in the augmented triplets a marked resemblance to certain parts of the *Adagio* of the *Fifth*. Actually they are directly derived from the unison-theme in the first theme-group. Not before the re-entry of the song-group does the listener become conscious of the identity between the climax of the development and the recapitulation of the first theme-group, already accomplished. From the shadow of the third theme's world-weariness issues the *Coda*, the most austere passage of the whole movement. The mournful, brooding initial motive and the startling upward-leap that followed it constitute this last paragraph's thematic bases. Increasingly terrifying in its grimness, it abandons the soul at the threshold of the Unknown.

[As in the *Eighth* (and for the same reason) Bruckner placed the *Scherzo* second among the movements of the *Ninth*.]

What could be more eloquent of his spiritual fortitude than this last *Scherzo*, created in a moribund atmosphere of searing physical pain? It is from every viewpoint his most vital expression in the lighter vein, surpassing all his earlier *Scherzi* in rhythmic variety, harmonic charm, instrumental color, and perfection of welding.

"When they hear that," chuckled Bruckner, "they won't know what to make of it; but by that time I'll be in my grave." He referred to the daring features with which the movement literally bristles. The heated arguments aroused among experts by the very opening harmony proved the accuracy of his forecast. Some claimed that it was derived from the celebrated harmonic outburst at the beginning of *Tristan*. Others insisted that it was a new discovery, *sui generis* in the grammar of tonal combination. Certainly none doubted the originality of its effect, framed in the unique rhythm that made it the veritable echo of Bruckner's gleeful laughter of anticipation. The source of this rhythm is in the opening theme-group of the symphony, where it appears as a supporting element in the trumpets during the grand unison theme. Its cachinnation dominates the entire movement, even the *Trio* section. There it acquires a new, taunting significance through inversion. It runs a mad, cross-country chase over every nuance of the *Scherzo*-mood from elfin playfulness to robust jollity. Alluring "Laendler" fragments burst from the spirited dance, imparting to it a distinct Upper-Austrian, folk-like flavor.

The *Trio* is a nimble, airy sequel, exploiting in lightning tempo an inverted portion of the opening scherzo-theme. A brief, witty, motive (that of the laughing rhythm inverted) dogs the heels of this whirling

creation, teasing it mercilessly as it seeks to retard its giddy flight. Irresistibly mischievous also are the singular supporting harmonies and the vivid instrumental coloring, plucked strings and solo flute venturing fleet arpeggiated interpolations. Even midst this carefree, rhythmic abandon there is a moment for pure song. A nostalgic memory of youthful bliss forever vanished finds expression in a melody of ardent yearning poignantly framed in the sorrowing voice of the oboe. The traditional return of the *Scherzo* portion rounds out the movement.

The *Adagio*, in some respects the most human as well as the most austere of Bruckner's slow movements, opens with a motive of infinite yearning midst utter loneliness. In the impassioned voices of the violins this motive, a rising minor ninth sinking back chromatically into a descending octave, seems the very essence of melancholy pathos. It suggests the weary, earth-bound soul, poised before its flight into the Unknown, putting the ultimate question, "Is Death the end?" Brooding sighs issue from its perplexed cadence, ascending insistently toward the light of Revelation. They culminate in a radiant E-major tonic harmony, a glimpse of the splendor of the Hereafter.

Portentous implications latent in the opening motives are stressed in the further exposition of this first theme-group. Terrifying in its austerity is the climax, a veritable apotheosis of the interval of the ninth. A series of boundlessly poignant outcries by the horns is answered by savagely blaring trumpet-fanfares against an orchestral background seething with agitation. This passage was significantly described by Bruckner as the "Motive of Fate." It is the symphony's most impressive embodiment of the startling upward-leap in the horns at the beginning of the first movement. There the span was but an octave, stern and inscrutable in its sharply rhythmic framework and unmixed instrumental coloring. Raised to a ninth, its eloquence enhanced by polyphonic setting, it plays an outstanding role in the thematic life of the *Adagio*. In major guise it is the exalted chorus of Fate beckoning from the gateway of Ineffable Glory.

A natural sequel to this is the ensuing, noble, placid melody which Bruckner named the "Farewell from Life." Its gravity is accentuated by a portentous roll in the timpani and a tremolo in the deepest strings. Austere chains of harmonized sixths in horns and tubas betray its unmistakable Brucknerian character. One beautiful theme follows the other in this sustained song theme-group, spreading burdens of wondrous solace, faith, and gratitude. The degree of pure lyric ecstasy here attained is matched only in the soaring section of the *Adagio* of the *Seventh*. In its sustained character, however, the singing quality of this last *Adagio* is supreme.

Until his last hour on earth Bruckner worked desperately over his futile sketches towards the *Finale*, which he was destined to abandon, a mere sphinxlike fragment. The quavering, incoherent pen-strokes on his note-paper near the end (the present writer is the proud possessor of

one of these precious pages) are eloquent of the unconquerable determination which still swayed his soul when his body had almost ceased to live and even his mind was fast merging with the super-earthly haze of mortal dissolution. Scattered words from the Lord's Prayer, decipherable among the pathetic scrawl, indicate the unshakable faith of the man in whose life and work the power of prayer had played so important a part.

Hugo Wolf was one of the last to see him alive. Though the faithful "Kathi" (Bruckner's house-keeper) told him at the door that the master was no longer rational, he begged permission to look at him once again. He tip-toed gently to the half-open door of the sick-chamber. In a simple bed, deep among a heap of pillows, lay Anton Bruckner. His face was extremely pale, his features shrunken, his lips transfigured by a smile. His gaze was fixed immovably upon the blanket which he struck rhythmically with his fearfully emaciated right hand, as though he were with his outstretched forefinger beating time to a music he alone could hear. Perhaps it was the *Finale*, which the master, already severed from all that was earthly, was taking with him to Eternity.

The American sculptor Kilenyi, when designing his celebrated Bruckner medal, was moved by the spiritual kinship between Dante and the composer to endow his conception of Bruckner's features with Dante-esque character. Surely the writer may be pardoned if he carries this analogy into the realm of poetry by applying to Bruckner a portion of Michael Angelo's sonnet-tribute to Dante.

"Into the dark abyss he made his way;  
Both nether worlds he saw, and in the night  
Of his great soul beheld God's splendor bright,  
And gave to us on earth true light of day:  
Star of supremest worth with its clear ray,  
Heaven's secrets he revealed to us through our dim sight,  
And had for guerdon what the base world's spite  
Oft gives to souls that noblest grace display."



MAHLER'S *ADAGIETTO* PERFORMED BY NEW YORK  
UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA (December 19, 1938)

I am sure you will be interested to know that the rather youthful members of our orchestra played the *Adagietto* with the utmost fervor and intensity, and that their audience was apparently deeply stirred by their rendition.

MARTIN BERNSTEIN, Associate Professor, *New York University*

GOLSCHMANN ON BRUCKNER

. . . After the enthusiastic response of our public both Friday and Saturday, it is difficult to understand why Bruckner is not played more often. If there was a surprise for the public, it was to discover that the supposedly very "severe" Bruckner could be so enjoyable, even at first hearing. December 5, 1939.

VLADIMIR GOLSCHMANN, Conductor, *St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.*

## Overtones

### BRUCKNER SYMPHONIES GETTING MORE ATTENTION

*Barbirolli and Eugene Ormandy Especially to be Congratulated*

BY PITTS SANBORN

The following article appeared in the New York *World-Telegram* on February 3, 1940.

Just as MacDowell's music for the piano has come in hereabouts for a sudden revival this winter, so have Bruckner's symphonies. For years Bruckner seemed to be winning the local battle against prejudice. Willem Mengelberg, Leopold Stokowski, Bruno Walter, Otto Klemperer, Arturo Toscanini were prominent conductors who led his symphonies here. Then came a lapse.

Lately however, both John Barbirolli and Eugene Ormandy have turned their attention to the eccentric Viennese composer of symphonies attaining the sanctified number of nine, and be it stated at once that Mr. Barbirolli won a particularly long feather for his conductorial cap by his sympathetic handling of the Seventh of them in its integrity.

Mr. Ormandy in the case of the Bruckner Fifth, in B-flat, a performance that to my regret I was unable to hear, did some editing. A note in the program of the visiting Philadelphia Orchestra outlined this phase:

"Mr. Ormandy plays the Fifth Symphony from a score which is, in a way, of his own editing. After Bruckner completed the work he allowed two of his followers, Franz Schalk and Ferdinand Loewe, to revise it. He was, indeed, too good-natured to say 'No' to quite drastic changes. That edition was eventually published and it is the one commonly used.

"But Bruckner, before his death [Note well, not after!], expressed a preference for his own unedited score. The original version, a few years ago, was issued by the Bruckner Society of Vienna. Mr. Ormandy has compared the two and has, for this performance, retained some of the Schalk-Loewe amendments and made various orchestral adjustments of his own where they seemed best to serve the purposes of Bruckner."

Now, the editing of Bruckner's scores is doubtless a question that only a specialist can treat of with complete authority, but, for the sake of the vast number who are not intimately acquainted with them, it may be pointed out that Bruckner, throughout much of his career, at any rate, seemed not only to acquiesce in such editing as Schalk, Loewe and Nikisch did, but actually to welcome it. As conductors those men steadily championed his works, and Schalk and Loewe, at least, had been among his devoted pupils at the Vienna Conservatory.

What, however, is more important for us than matters of pedantry

and purism is the fact that symphonic conductors in America are turning once more to Bruckner. There is something curiously anachronistic about any prejudice that lingers against his symphonies on the part of American audiences. In Austria and Germany they have been for decades as securely established as the symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms, and it seems positively comical that anybody at this date should regard them as caviar.

Naturally it is permissible to dislike one or all of them. Aphthorp used to cite a Boston man who declared he was "born hating Weber," and I have heard a man in our own town, perhaps with an echo of the Bostonian asseveration, say that he was "born hating Chopin."

And if you want more, consider in what terms Tschaikowsky in his day and Sibelius more recently have paid their respects to Wagner. Didn't Tschaikowsky observe that a ballet by Delibes was worth far more than *Der Ring des Nibelungen*?

In a letter to Mme. von Meck he speaks of the Delibes ballet *Sylvia*: "I knew it before from the piano arrangement, but in the wonderful performance of the Vienna Orchestra it completely charmed me, especially the first part. My own *Lake of Swans* is simply trash in comparison with *Sylvia*. In short, I have known nothing in the last few years that has charmed me so much except *Carmen*. Perhaps Russia and the rest of Europe will soon have a new word to say. But in Germany music is positively on the decline, and Wagner is a great representative of the decadence."

Thus, that a few persons may honestly dislike Bruckner is no excuse for assuming an ineradicable prejudice in the majority. As a matter of fact, what the majority needs to arrive at a real appreciation of Bruckner is a greater number of adequate performances. Then he will probably be accepted as frankly and freely as are Schubert and his artistic foeman, Brahms. It is positively grotesque that in the United States anyone should even think of Bruckner as a musical (or unmusical) freak.

Mr. Ormandy deserves particular thanks for setting Bruckner's Fifth before us, edited or unedited. The symphonies we are usually invited to hear are the Fourth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth, to the neglect of the others. The Ormandy example should be followed of dipping into a neglected shoal. And, be it remarked, that to the best knowledge and belief of the present writer Bruckner's First Symphony has never so far been performed in this country at all!

NOTE: The first performances of Bruckner's *First* by a major orchestra in the United States were given by the Chicago Symphony under the direction of Frederick A. Stock on February 1 and 2, 1940.

## WALTER SEES BRUCKNER AS A PROPHET

BY LOUIS BIANCOLLI

The following is part of an article published in the New York *World-Telegram* on February 10, 1940.

Mr. Walter agrees with those who call Bruckner The Fourth B. He believes in the power and uniqueness of his genius. He regards Bruckner as a prophet, a seer. He has defended him eloquently in four languages.

Tonight he takes over the NBC Symphony Orchestra for five concerts. On his program is the Romantic Symphony, No. 4, of Bruckner. Listening to Mr. Walter on Bruckner and art is post-graduate work in higher thinking. All the writer did was listen and learn the other day at the Dorset.

Mr. Walter said that Bruckner was the rare combination of peasant and prophet, that in so far as he belongs to the earth he is a peasant and in so far as he belongs to the spirit he is a prophet. Reconciling this duality in art was Bruckner's great problem.

He had to find for himself the organic form into which the dimensions of his personality would fit. For that reason we are obliged to adjust ourselves to a new form in art, a form capable of holding the enormous range of Bruckner's humanity. Which explains why it takes time and effort, years of reverent study and communion with the essence of Bruckner, for a conductor to reach full understanding.

“Bruckner is very near to my heart,” Mr. Walter said; “it took us a long time to get acquainted with each other. In fact, I can say that I began to feel at home in Bruckner only after my fiftieth year. I may add that each year I get closer to him.

“I derive personal excitement in conducting a Bruckner symphony. More than excitement; it is a kind of fulfilment. On the contrary, it does not exactly excite me. It is a sort of affirmation of so very much that is in me.”

He said Bruckner's music rests on a rock-bottom security, a childlike piety and assurance of the will of God. This made him a prophet. Inspiration gave Bruckner the language to speak his prophecy. As with every prophet, the power to feel the message and the power to speak it went hand in hand.

Mr. Walter does not regard Wagner as a prophet. Beethoven he does, in another sense. For him the great “cosmoses” in music are Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, like Shakespeare and Michelangelo in other fields. Mozart, who is also close to his heart, he calls “a saint in music.”

“People think of me as a kind of specialist in Mozart,” Mr. Walter said; “I reject that. I am just a musician. Yet in a very special way

Mozart is very dear to me. I mean his miraculous capacity to say incredibly much with incredibly small means."

He confessed he "shrinks" from the use of comparatives and superlatives in art. He refuses to regard geniuses as "greater" or "greatest." One genius can never be the measure of another, according to him. Every genius creates his own yardstick and measures himself by it.

"The question, 'What is genius?' can be answered as follows," he believes: "A creative power of such wide range that it creates a standard or criterion of its own. I might go further. With the greatest of creative minds even the individual masterpiece cannot be used as the measure of another creation of the same mind. We must not judge Wilhelm Meister by Faust or vice versa.

"The reason is that the genius is forever renewing himself. This is the determining factor. When some people expressed disappointment in the Pastoral symphony, Beethoven asked angrily, 'Did they expect another C minor? This is something entirely new.'

"One test in distinguishing talent from genius is this great and varied productivity. Each work seems a new step, a renewal of the artist, a second birth."

After the creative impulse Mr. Walter feels that it is given only to the genius to work out the original inspiration, but the impression left by the completed work of art must be one of "painless effortlessness." He is fond of quoting Nietzsche, who observed of Carmen that it was "music without sweat."

"Schiller once said that the gods put sweat before perfection," Mr. Walter recalled; "that is true. Effort and industry must go into art. But we must not feel it. The finished product must be graceful, free, natural, complete, without trace of labor. We must not see the beads of perspiration. Such is art."

## REACHING FOR THE STARS

BY NORA WALN

The following is taken from Nora Waln's novel, *Reaching for the Stars*, and is published here by permission of the author and of Little, Brown & Co.

The Friends of Music had their own Singverein, an amateur choir of high artistic standard which was started in 1858; also a music school of which Hugo Wolf, Gustav Mahler, Joseph Joachim, Hans Richter, and Arthur Nikisch were pupils. Anton Bruckner was one of the teachers. The aim of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde from the day of its foundation was to make music on a grand scale. The friends of music, gathered in Vienna from every German land; made every concert while we were there an event.

The Philharmonic Orchestra gave us beautiful music. The "Musica

Viva" and "Ravag" are not forgotten. There was so much that is memorable that twenty volumes would be needed to tell about it adequately. The concerts that return most often to my mind are the following: "Missa Solennis," conducted by Toscanini; a performance of a symphonic poem, "Penthesilea," written by Hugo Wolf when he was twenty-three, given by the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde under the baton of Kabasta; the Philharmonic, led by Klemperer, first violinist Herr Rose, playing Bruckner's Fifth Symphony; and that triumph of Walter and orchestra with Gustav Mahler's magnificent composition beginning with a funeral march and ending with a joyous rondo.

In Vienna I heard such music as I had never heard before, and can never hope to hear again. This was the music at the German sunset of that day of European civilization which was called at its dawn "the Renaissance"; was known at its high noon as "the age of reason"; and moved to its twilight through "the liberal experiment." Night had fallen on Germany when we arrived there. We reached Austria while the sun was yet coloring the clouds with brilliant light.

In music, in architecture, and in the spirit of the people living there, Vienna fulfilled my dreams.

In the realm of mind and spirit, Germany was a garden of the earth. For a hundred and fifty years the stars sang to these people. Armed strife, famine, and pestilence followed in the wake of their Reformation; but when dogmatic rigidity gave way to the practice of Christian love, Johann Sebastian Bach was born to them, gifted with pious genius to distill from their pain lessons in tolerance and compassion. Beethoven composed eternal symphonies while Napoleon conquered and lost in the material world. When Disraeli was busy adding "Empress of India" to the Queen of England's titles, Liszt was arranging a choir score for Herder's "Prometheus." And through one of their number, a German-Jew, they were given *Das Lied von der Erde*—the saddest, most beautiful music with which heaven has ever blessed mankind.

## SUGGESTION TO BOSTON SYMPHONY

*Why Not Excerpts of Unknown Bruckner, Mahler Works?*

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

This article is a reprint from the *Boston Post* of December 3, 1939.

Those few supporters of a seemingly forlorn cause, who believe that Gustav Mahler is the most unjustly neglected of symphonists, will receive with mixed emotions the announcement that Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct at this week's Symphony Concerts the Adagio-finale from that composer's Ninth Symphony. Surely a quarter-loaf is better than none, but why is Mahler treated in a way that Brahms or Tchaikovsky would not be treated by any conductor of a symphony orchestra today?

Is it because they wrote better symphonies? In the opinion of this reviewer, they did not; but they had the sense to write shorter ones. Mahler's music possesses all the elements of popularity, save a comfortable terseness.

However, one must always be grateful for small favors, and since Dr. Koussevitzky is in a mood to play Mahler in fragments, here are some suggestions. The Second Symphony, unheard here since 1918, is a long and elaborate work, requiring in the Finale a large chorus and enlarged orchestra. The Symphony as a whole would have to be done, as Dr. Muck did it, at a special concert, but the Andante and Scherzo, two of the most delectable movements in symphonic literature, might well be performed by themselves. Mr. Stock in Chicago has been known to play the two central movements from the Seventh Symphony, a work wholly unknown here; and it would be better by far to hear the Third and Fourth piecemeal than never to hear them at all.

Again, if Mahler in sections, why not Bruckner also, since his symphonies, too, run to inordinate lengths? In Holland last summer your correspondent heard that master's Second which has not been played in Boston, although it dates back to the early '70s. The two middle movements, an Adagio of great beauty and a charming Scherzo, could easily be separated from their context, if the whole Symphony seemed impracticable in this land of impatient listeners. And any move to freshen the fast staling and constantly narrowing standard repertory should be welcomed.



#### BRUCKNER'S *TE DEUM* AT OBERLIN

One of the oldest singing societies in northern Ohio, the Oberlin Conservatory Musical Union, joined forces with the Oberlin Conservatory Orchestra last night at Finney Chapel for a concert under the direction of Prof. Maurice Kessler. Nearly 300 student musicians participated in the program, which featured a performance of the rarely heard "*Te Deum Laudamus*" of Anton Bruckner.

Here is a work of large scale and serious import which should be better known here, and probably would be, had not Bruckner's talent been somewhat eclipsed by the greater brilliance of Wagner and Brahms. Bruckner's religious and dramatic impulses seem to run parallel with the result that the more devotional this work becomes the more intense and vivid are its climaxes. The great "*In te, Domine speravi*" works up to one of the most powerful conclusions any work of this sort could have, and probably represents Bruckner at his best.

But if the music itself was a revelation of Bruckner's genius, the manner in which it was performed was also a revelation of the unusual competence of this group of students and of Kessler's ability as a conductor. I was prepared to find excellent musicianship in his work and sincere penetration of the music at hand. But that he could so completely communicate his mature conceptions with this student material came as a total surprise. Not only did he carry the group with him in a fluent, balanced and well-proportioned interpretation, but he obtained some dynamic shading that professionals could be proud of.

The Bruckner work came last on the program. Preceding it were the Bach Cantata based on Luther's chorale, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*," and the Adagio from Bruckner's string quintet. The cantata began with a brass choir playing the chorale from the balcony in the rear of the hall. The orchestra is blessed with an unusually

large number of cellos and basses for a school organization, and this gives it gratifying solidity.

Vocal soloists were Janet Enycart and Jane Ann Edwards, sopranos; Margaret Tobias, alto; Frank Numbers, tenor; Richard Atkins and Arthur Wyman, baritones. Among the instrumentalists who did outstanding work were Robert Koff, violin; Dorothy Mudge, cello; Margaret Ruby, English horn; Gordon Jones, cemballo, and Leo Holden, organist.

HERBERT ELWELL, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, December 11, 1939.

MY DEAR MR. GREY:

January 18, 1940.

This work as well as the Adagio from the Quintet convinced my audience completely of what I had said many times concerning Bruckner and I am going to conduct more of his works in the near future. Following our performance and specifically reflecting upon the Adagio, Dr. Ernest H. Wilkins, President of Oberlin College, wrote the enclosed poem and dedicated it to me. I think it would be appropriate to have it appear in the next number of Chord and Discord, and with this in mind, I have Dr. Wilkins' approval and his permission to send it to you.

I wish that I could tell you of the enthusiasm of my students in the Chorus and Orchestra, of their complete cooperation in this performance, of their sincerity and seriousness in helping me towards the realization of my ideal. It was an experience I shall never forget, as long as I live.

Sincerely yours, MAURICE KESSLER

Note: *Te Deum* and the *Adagio* from Bruckner's *Quintet* were performed under the direction of Mr. Maurice Kessler, at Oberlin College, on December 10, 1939.

#### THERE SHALL BE PEACE

There is a light that is but darkness vanished;  
 There is a song released when storm is o'er;  
 There is a joy that follows sorrow banished,  
 As death recedes and life is life once more.  
 Yet light's true fullness is in noontide splendour,  
 Beauty aglow, truth wondrously revealed;  
 The richest melody, now strong, now tender,  
 Only the overflowing heart can yield;  
 There is a joy that surges from the treasure  
 Of joy found possible beyond belief,  
 Beyond the bounds of all contrasting measure,  
 Beyond the memory of ancient grief.  
 There is a peace that is but the cessation  
 Of the crashing carnage of insatiate war,  
 That is but in war's absence — every nation  
 Holding it's breath lest all be as before.  
 There shall be peace, all casual peace transcending,  
 Radiant with love and resolute for right,  
 Creative, world-encircling, never ending:  
 There shall be peace of joy and song and light.

Written after the performance of the Adagio of Bruckner's *String Quintet* by Dr. Ernest H. Wilkins, President Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, and dedicated to Maurice Kessler.

#### BRUCKNER QUINTET IN CINCINNATI

On January 7, 1940, the Bruckner *Quintet* was performed at a private musicale at the home of Mrs. Helen V. B. Wurlitzer. The Bruckner Society of America Inc. believes this to have been the first performance of the *Quintet* in Cincinnati. The performance was one that revealed a thorough understanding of the work on the part of the artists: Leo Brand, I violin; Ernst Pack, II violin; Herman J. G. Goehlich, I viola; August Loendlin, II viola; Arthur Bowne, Cello. For an encore Bruckner's *Intermezzo* was played by the same group.

NBC ORCHESTRA, WALTER CONDUCTING, BROADCAST  
BRUCKNER'S *FOURTH* (February 10, 1940)

... The slow section, with its funeral rhythms, is vaguely reminiscent of Beethoven's "Eroica," as the second subject of the opening movement is reminiscent of an important theme in Schubert's B-flat piano trio. On the whole the spirit of Schubert hovers over Bruckner, even to the influence of the former's fondness for "heavenly length," and the structural looseness of his essays in sonata form. In orchestration Bruckner cannot escape, indeed he embraces, the influence of Wagner.

Mr. Walter's reading of the "Romantic" was one that compelled one's interest throughout. It was justly paced, it exploited to the full the breadth and beauty of the themes, and in the final brassy apotheosis it achieved a radiant and majestic climax. The orchestra played superbly, the horns in particular.

SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF, *New York Post*

... These were fortunate choices. Mr. Walter knows well the traditions and the psychological characteristics of these two symphonies, which stem from the Austrian territory and Austrian spirit of earlier days at the same time that they reflect the powerful individualities of their respective composers. And Mr. Walter and his orchestra appeared rarely in the vein.

The glory of the "romantic" symphony is the first movement, so long drawn out, yet packed with inspiration and of a glowing richness of musical imagery and indeed, it is "romantic"! The opening horn calls are in themselves an evocation of the romantic. Their reappearance in the later pages of the first movement and the way in which they haunt the composer's mind in fashioning certain of the motives of both the second and last parts of the work, do much to hold the entire symphony together and to give it the prevalence of mood which is implied by its popular sub-title.

... Walter was warmly welcomed by the visible audience in the studio H-8 and no doubt that welcome was echoed millions-fold by the multitudes who listened in.

OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*

... However, the warmth of Mr. Walter's response to this gargantuan work, his feeling for the fortunate tempo in each of its four movements, gave one the impression that it was the most assimilable of his symphonies. Its themes almost aroused the pleasure of recognition as they came back, and in the intimacies of the slow movement, a conviction that the composer was actually a poet as well as aspiring to be philosopher.

IRVING KOLODIN, *New York Sun*

... The "Romantic" symphony, like the other works in this form from this still debated pen is generous in its length and not economical in its structure and its use of thematic material, but this rehearing suggested that the length is a matter of largeness of scale and thought as well as of temporal extent.

... The immanent spirit of the performance, its color and justly wrought proportion of the tone of the various participating choirs, tempi which contributed to the realization of the expressive moods of the work, were among the elements which contributed to the convincing nature of this interpretation. The music was throughout vividly revealed, in its measures of extensive lyricism, in the atmosphere of the scherzo, with its inevitable suggestions of the hunt, or in the imposing proclamation of the unison fortissimi of the brass choir.

... There was a warm ovation for the conductor after the eighteenth century work and a still more extensive one after the Bruckner symphony.

FRANCIS D. PERKINS, *New York Herald Tribune*

Bruno Walter's first appearance of the season as conductor of the NBC Symphony Orchestra's Saturday night broadcast was an outstanding feature of the week end.

Mr. Walter's program comprised two numbers, the D major Symphony, B. & H. 86, of Haydn and Bruckner's Fourth Symphony (Romantic). Though the Haydn work was read with understanding and sympathy, the great experience of the evening was the performance of the Bruckner.

For once there could be question of structural weaknesses and unmeaning repetitions. For once the listener could realize completely that Bruckner's purpose and idiom

are so distinctly his own that to attempt to estimate his work by the rules that apply, for instance, to his arch-enemy Brahms, is inept and futile.

Mr. Walter's whole heart and soul were in his exposition of the symphony, and so transporting, so other-worldly, was the result that one felt impelled to exclaim "There is only Bruckner and Bruno Walter is his prophet!"

PITTS SANBORN, *New York World-Telegram*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER — *LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN*

*Zighera Chamber Orchestra, Bernard Zighera, Conductor: Cleora Wood, Soloist. Boston, January 8, 1940.*

... Another high point of the concert was the co-operation of the Boston soprano, Cleora Wood and Mr. Zighera in Gustav Mahler's "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen." The first song, which contrasts the feelings of the rejected lover with the merry wedding music which sounds between his despairing comments, was dramatic in its effect. But the initial gaiety of "Ging heut morgen ueber's Feld" and the tragic accents of "Die zwei blauen Augen" were most sensitively and movingly conveyed by both Miss Wood and Mr. Zighera. As usual Miss Wood sang meticulously with clear tone and high pianissimi that were of rare beauty. But the care she expended on voice production by no means prevented her interpretations from being charged with emotion.

EDWARD DOWNES, *Boston Evening Transcript*

... To the writer, the high point came in the cycle "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen" ("Songs of a Wayfarer") by Gustav Mahler. The soloist for these was the Boston soprano Cleora Wood, whose singing of them a year ago is still fresh in memory.

Mahler's originality of writing for orchestra, and his talents for contrasting voice and instruments are a distinctive characteristic of this early work. Even more important is the sheer beauty of the Mahlerian melody. So perfectly does Mme. Wood sing the music and interpret the text, it seems almost as if the songs might have been written for her.

JORDAN HALL, *Boston Globe*

... When Miss Wood first sang the Mahler songs with this group, we felt that she had penetrated to the core of both text and music. Last night she confirmed earlier impressions of her artistic approach to them. There was dramatic feeling for the text of Nos. 3 and 4 which made their performance outstanding. The audience gave Miss Wood, Mr. Zighera, and the orchestra an ovation.

*Christian Science Monitor*

... Mahler's pre-symphonic music shares sincerity with his longer works and has in addition great charm. The "Songs of a Wayfarer" are perfect examples of late romanticism, the kind of vocal music that found its highest expression in Hugo Wolf. In these Miss Wood was the admirable soloist and took the role of the love-sick wanderer in her stride.

ALEXANDER WILLIAMS, *Boston Herald*

#### PREMIERE OF BRUCKNER'S *FIRST* IN CHICAGO UNDER STOCK'S DIRECTION

*February 1 and 2, 1940*

More years ago than I care to estimate, I heard my first Bruckner symphony. I have forgotten which one it was. But I do recall perfectly that it was offered by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra as simply as though it were a work of Beethoven or Brahms. The elements of greatness were in it — it needed no fanfare of sensational publicity.

Through the intervening years an identical policy in the presentation of Bruckner's works has prevailed. It has resulted in a slow but thorough shaping of the attitude of music lovers towards the genius of St. Florian. In this first week of February 1940, we of Chicago may at last acknowledge fairly that we not only sense the splendor of Bruckner's *First Symphony* (heard under Dr. Stock's spirited direction for the first time in this city) but that we look forward with anticipation to future reappearances of Bruckner compositions on the programs of the Orchestra. In other words, we know now beyond peradventure, that we really like Bruckner.

MARY R. RYAN

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN SYMPHONY PERFORMS  
BRUCKNER'S SEVENTH (ADAGIO)

(January 21, 1940, Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor. Thor Johnson, Conductor)

The first performance of the day, so far as Ann Arbor is concerned, was that of the majestic slow movement from Anton Bruckner's Seventh Symphony. This movement, sometimes spoken of as funeral music, is lofty and dignified, noble and uncompromising in its treatment of sorrow. There is nothing in it of the pessimism or self-indulgent grief of the dirge; the calmness and yearning of the opening theme, the wistfulness of the lyrical second theme, are based on hope, not on resignation. The splendid sonorities which Bruckner achieves through his rich use of the low brass, alternating with the strings, are the more distinctive for the half-diatonic, half-chromatic mellowness of their coloring.

By its very breadth and spaciousness this music can easily appear dragged-out and repetitious. Mr. Johnson's conception very properly took account of the movement as a whole; he was careful to keep the music flowing, to treat it dynamically rather than to dawdle and sentimentalize over every phrase and every section. The magnificent C major climax was approached with ever-increasing intensity and overwhelmingly achieved, after which the sombre majesty of the concluding measures formed a beautifully satisfying conclusion. The response of the audience was spontaneously enthusiastic and gave evidence of a strong interest in future Bruckner performances.

WILLIAM LICHTENWANGER, Music Editor, *Ann Arbor Daily News, Michigan*

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS SINGS *LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN*

. . . With Mr. Carroll Hollister as accompanist, Mr. Thomas sang songs by Schubert, Brahms, Mahler and Wolf. Though one may have wondered at the absence of Schumann from this good company Mr. Thomas sang Mahler's "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen" so well that one did not mind the substitution of the still controversial symphonist for the undisputed master of German song. Richard Strauss, too, might have contributed a song or two to yesterday's list. But since the afternoon was Mr. Thomas' and not this reviewer's it behooves us to take what we can get and inquire rather into the baritone's art than his choice of material. . . .

SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF, *New York Post*, February 26, 1940.

AN INTERVIEW WITH BRUNO WALTER

The following is a portion of an article which appeared in the *New York Herald Tribune* on March 31, 1940:

One of his major offerings next winter will be Gustav Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," which he presented with the Philharmonic in December 1934. His programs also can be expected to include at least one symphony by Anton Bruckner of whose music Mr. Walter has long been regarded as one of the foremost interpreters. When he first came here, he recalled, in the early '20s he found that Bruckner was kind of a bogey for the general public. In the meantime, however, he has noticed a steady growth in the appreciation of the Austrian composer's music. When he conducted the fourth symphony in this season's first program with the N. B. C. Symphony Orchestra on Feb. 10, he received a remarkable amount of enthusiastic letters from radio listeners throughout the country.

Mr. Walter remembered a similar steady growth in the general appreciation of Bruckner's music in the composer's own country. A like development marked his own attitude toward Bruckner, whose interpreter, he thought, must grow old in order to gain a complete understanding of his work. "As a young man," said the conductor, "I could not get near to him. I was deeply attracted by his inspiration, but puzzled by his form. My relation to Bruckner has steadily grown; it becomes more and more close every day." He commented eloquently on the tranquility of mind expressed in Bruckner's vast musical form; his following of an inner vision rather than thinking of nervous people. He is a composer who stands solidly on his own feet, not seeking out audiences, but saying, as it were, "You must come to me."

He does not favor cutting Bruckner's symphonies, feeling that such omissions are

injurious to their form; that complete performances seem actually shorter than those abridged to save a few minutes. The interviewer recalled a similar impression made upon him by Maurice Evans's uncut production of "Hamlet." Mr. Walter also favored the composer's original versions over those edited by Ferdinand Loewe and Franz Schalk. In the adagio of the seventh symphony the original score has no percussion instruments, giving it a distinctly organlike character, but the revisers added a "criminal beat of cymbals." In the ninth symphony Loewe regarded several measures of silence merely as so much empty space, and wrote in some music.

#### BRUCKNER'S *QUINTET* AT FINE ARTS FESTIVAL

(UNIVERSITY OF IOWA) July 17, 1940

Music held the stage at the memorial union Tuesday evening for the third successive night of the fine arts festival as faculty and student musicians presented a well-balanced and enthusiastically received program of chamber music.

The Bruckner quintet, played by Prof. Arnold Small and David Robertson, violins, Otto Jelinek and Mrs. Julia Mueller, violas, and Prof. Hans Koelbel, cello, is a sometimes vigorous, sometimes melancholy and always interesting work. In the hands of these artists its well-rounded melodies sang out brilliantly and in the moments of its less melodious portions, the musicians played with an understanding and capability that evaded the discordant aspect which the music so easily might have acquired.

Particularly appreciative was the playing of Professor Small, who handled the diversified first violin part with true artistry, giving to the music the brightness, the highlighted eminence that it required.

RON TALLMAN, *Iowa City, Iowa, Press-Citizen*



#### BRUCKNER CHRONOLOGY

- 1824: Born, Sept. 4, Ansfelden, Upper Austria.
- 1835-7: First systematic musical instruction (harmony and organ-playing) under J. B. Weiss, at Hoersching.
- 1837-40: Choir-boy at St. Florian.
- 1841-5: Village-schoolmaster's assistant at Windhag and Kronsdorf.
- 1845-56: Teacher at St. Florian.
- 1851: Appointed organist at St. Florian Monastery.
- 1855-61: Studied counterpoint under Simon Sechter.
- 1856-68: Cathedral organist at Linz.
- 1861-3: Studied form and instrumentation under Otto Kitzler.
- 1865: Attended world-premiere of *Tristan* (Munich); beginning of friendship with Wagner.
- 1868: Appointed professor of harmony, counterpoint, and organ-playing at Conservatory of Vienna; made Vienna permanent residence.
- 1869: Concertized in Paris and Nancy as organ virtuoso.
- 1871: Concertized in London.
- 1875: Appointed lecturer in harmony and counterpoint at University of Vienna.
- 1876: Attended world premiere of *Ring* at Bayreuth.
- 1882: Attended world premiere of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth.
- 1886: Decorated by the Emperor with the medal of the "Franz-Josef Order."
- 1890: Retired from academic duties with honorary pension.
- 1891: Granted honorary doctor's degree by University of Vienna.
- 1896: Died, Oct. 11, Vienna; burial, St. Florian.

## BRUCKNER'S PRINCIPAL COMPOSITIONS

- Symphony No. 0* (D Minor) 1862-4  
*Overture* (G Minor);  
 "Study Symphony" (F Minor) 1863  
*I Mass* (D Minor) 1864  
*I Symphony* (C Minor) 1865-6  
*II Mass* (E Minor) 1866  
*III Mass* (F Minor) 1867-8  
*II Symphony* (C Minor) 1871-2  
*III Symphony* (D Minor) 1872 (First version)  
*IV Symphony* (E-flat Major) 1874 (First version)  
*V Symphony* (B-flat Major) 1875 (First version)  
*Quintet* (F Major) 1879  
*VI Symphony* (A Major) 1879-81  
*VII Symphony* (E Major) 1881-3  
*Te Deum* (C Major) 1883-4  
*VIII Symphony* (C Minor) 1884-6 (First version)  
*IX Symphony* (D Minor) 1891-4  
*150th Psalm*, 1892.

## BRUCKNER WORLD PREMIERES

Conductor's names in parentheses.

## SYMPHONIES

- I — 1868, Linz (Bruckner) First version.  
 1891, Vienna (Richter) Second version.  
 II — 1873, Vienna (Bruckner) First version.  
 1872, Vienna (Bruckner) Second version.  
 III — 1877, Vienna (Bruckner) First version.  
 1890, Vienna (Richter) Second version.  
 IV — 1881, Vienna (Richter)  
 V — 1894, Graz (F. Schalk)  
 VI — 1883, Vienna (Jahn) Adagio and Scherzo only.  
 1899, Vienna (Mahler) Complete.  
 VII — 1884, Leipzig (Nikisch)  
 VIII — 1892, Vienna (Richter)  
 IX — 1903, Vienna (Löwe)  
 Quintet — 1881, Vienna (Winkler)

## MASS

- I — 1864, Linz (Bruckner)  
 II — 1869, Linz (Bruckner)  
 III — 1872, Vienna (Bruckner)  
*Te Deum* — 1885, Vienna (Bruckner) without orchestra.  
 1886, Vienna (Richter) with orchestra.

## PIONEER BRUCKNER PERFORMANCES IN AMERICA

## SYMPHONIES

- I — 1938, Brooklyn (Kosok)  
 1940, Chicago (Stock)  
 II — 1902, Philadelphia (Scheel)  
 1903, New York and Chicago (Thomas)

- III — 1885, New York (Seidl) First published version.  
 1901, Chicago (Thomas) Second published version.  
 IV — 1887, New York (Seidl)  
 1897, Chicago (Thomas)  
 V — 1901, Boston (Gericke)  
 VI — 1912, New York (Stransky)  
 VII — 1886, Chicago, New York, Boston (Thomas)  
 VIII — 1896, Chicago (Thomas)  
 IX — 1904, Cincinnati and Chicago (Thomas)  
 Quintet — 1899, Chicago (Spiering)

## MASSES

- I — 1900, Chicago (Middelschulte)  
 II — 1936, New York (Raymond Nold — Church of Saint Mary the Virgin)  
 III — 1900, Cincinnati (Arthur J. H. Barbour)  
 1931, New York (Bodanzky)  
 Te Deum — 1892, Cincinnati Festival (Thomas)

## BRUCKNER ON THE AMERICAN RADIO

(First Nation-Wide Broadcasts)

- VII Symphony*: New York Philharmonic (Toscanini) Mar. 8, 1931 and Jan. 27, 1935  
 CBS  
 Boston Symphony (Koussevitzky) Mar. 7, 1936 NBC  
 Cleveland Orchestra (Rodzinski) Mar. 16, 1938 NBC  
*V Symphony*: New York Philharmonic (Walter) Jan. 15, 1933 CBS  
*VIII Symphony*: New York Philharmonic (Walter) Oct. 29, 1933 CBS  
*Quintet* (Adagio): N. Y. Philharmonic (Lange) Feb. 11, 1934 CBS  
*IX Symphony* (original version, American premiere): New York Philharmonic  
 (Klemperer) Oct. 14, 1934 CBS  
*Te Deum*: Eastman School of Music (Genhart) 1937 CBS  
*IV Symphony*: NBC Orchestra (Steinberg) Mar. 4, 1939 NBC  
 NBC Orchestra (Walter) Feb. 10, 1940 NBC



## MAHLER CHRONOLOGY

- 1860: Born, July 7, Kalischt, Bohemia.  
 1866: First musical instruction (piano).  
 1875-8: Attended Conservatory of Vienna.  
 1877: Friendship with Bruckner begun.  
 1878: Arranged Bruckner's *Third* for piano. (This was the first Bruckner symphony ever published, in any form.)  
 1880: First professional employment. (Conductor Summer Theatre, Hall, Upper Austria.)  
 1881: Opera conductor at Laibach.  
 1882: Opera conductor at Olmuetz.  
 1883: Heard *Parsifal* at Bayreuth. (This was the earliest inspiration for his *Second Symphony*.)  
 1884: Opera conductor at Kassel.  
 1885: Opera conductor at Prague.  
 1886-8: Opera conductor at Leipzig.

- 1888-91: Opera conductor at Budapest.  
 1891-7: Opera conductor at Hamburg.  
 1892: Conductor, German Opera troupe in London.  
 1897-1907: Conductor and Artistic Director at Viennese Imperial Opera.  
 1902: Married Alma Maria Schindler. Children: Maria Anna, 1902-7; Anna Justina, 1904-.  
 1907: Conductor at Metropolitan Opera House, N. Y.  
 1908: Conductor of Philharmonic Society of N. Y. (Until shortly before his death.)  
 1911: Died, May 18, at Vienna; burial at Grinzing (Viennese suburb).

#### MAHLER'S PRINCIPAL COMPOSITIONS

##### *SYMPHONIES*

- I in D Major ("Titan") 1888.  
 II in C Minor ("Resurrection") 1894.  
 III in D Minor (1896).  
 IV in G Major ("Ode to Heavenly Joy") 1900.  
 V in C-sharp Minor (1902).  
 VI in A Minor ("Song of the Night") 1905.  
 VIII in E Major ("Symphony of a Thousand") 1907.  
 IX in D Major (1909).  
 X (Unfinished) 1909.

##### *SONG-CYCLES AND SONGS*

- Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen (1884).  
 Lieder und Gesänge aus der Jugendzeit, Part I (1885).  
 Same, Parts II and III (1892).  
 Kindertotenlieder (1902).  
 Five Songs from Rückert (1902).  
 Das Lied von der Erde (1908).

##### *CANTATA*

- Das Klagende Lied (1898).

#### MAHLER WORLD PREMIERES

##### *SYMPHONIES*

- I — 1889, Budapest (Mahler).  
 II — 1895, Berlin (Richard Strauss) 3 movements.  
 — 1895, Berlin (Mahler) Complete.  
 III — 1897, Berlin (Weingartner) 3 movements.  
 — 1902, Krefeld (Mahler).  
 IV — 1902, Munich (Mahler).  
 V — 1904, Cologne (Mahler).  
 VI — 1906, Essen (Mahler).  
 VII — 1908, Prague (Mahler).  
 VIII — 1910, Munich (Mahler).  
 IX — 1912, Vienna (Walter).

Das Lied von der Erde — 1911, Munich (Walter).

Das Klagende Lied — 1901, Vienna (Mahler).

Kindertotenlieder — 1905, Vienna (Mahler).

## PIONEER MAHLER PERFORMANCES IN AMERICA

## SYMPHONIES

- I — 1909, New York (Mahler).  
 II — 1908, New York (Mahler).  
 III — 1922, New York (Mengelberg).  
 IV — 1904, New York (Damrosch).  
     — 1911, New York (Mahler).  
 V — 1905, Cincinnati (Gericke).  
 VI — Still unperformed in America.  
 VII — 1921, Chicago (Stock).  
 VIII — 1916, Philadelphia (Stokowski).  
 IX — 1931, Boston (Koussevitzky).  
 Das Lied von der Erde — 1921, New York (Bodanzky).  
 Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen — 1915, Boston (Draper).  
 Das Klagende Lied — Still unperformed in America.

## MAHLER ON THE AMERICAN RADIO

*First Nation-Wide Broadcasts*

- V Symphony*: 1932, N. Y. (Walter). — CBS  
*I Symphony*: 1933, N. Y. (Walter).  
*II Symphony* (2nd movement): 1934, Philadelphia (Reiner).  
*II Symphony* (complete): 1934, Minneapolis (Ormandy).  
*IX Symphony*: 1936, Boston (Koussevitzky). — NBC  
*Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*: 1940, New York (Rapee; Soloist: Jan Peerce).



RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL (ERNO RAPEE, CONDUCTOR; JAN PEERCE,  
 SOLOIST) BROADCASTS *LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN*

On March 10 Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* were sung by Jan Peerce and broadcast over a nationwide hook-up by the National Broadcasting Co. Mr. Peerce revealed a thorough understanding of the song cycle. His diction was, as always, exceptionally clear, which, though of great importance, is not one of the distinguishing characteristics of too many singers. Peerce succeeded in communicating the mood of each song to his listeners. The performance gave additional evidence not only of the singer's fine voice but the none too common attribute — intelligence. The orchestral portion was well done. Perhaps Mr. Rapee will include Mahler songs on his Sunday programs from time to time.

ADAGIO (Bruckner's *Quintet*) BROADCAST OVER WOR,  
 WALLENSTEIN CONDUCTING

On September 17, 1940, *Symphonic Strings* under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein broadcast the slow movement of Bruckner's *Quintet* over Station WOR. This was not the first time that Mr. Wallenstein conducted this excerpt. The rendition was so beautiful that music lovers — especially Brucknerites — cannot help but hope that Mr. Wallenstein will see fit to shorten the intervals between broadcasts of excerpts from Bruckner's works.

# Symphonic Chronicle

## *A Record of Critical and Popular Reaction*

### ANTON BRUCKNER: SEVENTH SYMPHONY

*St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, Vladimir Golschmann, Conductor. First performances in St. Louis, December 1 and 2, 1939.*

... It was a first performance in St. Louis—although no one could say why. Bruckner's avowed Wagnerism means no more than that he knew drama was at the heart of the symphony. If Wagner's music dramas are "visualized symphony" this is "eye-blinded drama." An old story in music. All symphonists know that fact.

Not for more than twenty years has St. Louis heard any Bruckner. Mr. Golschmann's presentation might have been precluded, reasonably, by Mendelssohn's comment on his revival of Bach. What happened was that we were introduced, not to a Wagnerian, but to a Schubertian world. . . .

Out of life flow these melodies. Bruckner may be what you will, but the melodies are compelling. They make you share his strange visions, his mysticism. Frankly, he happens to be verbose, as other romantics—Wagner, Schumann, Beethoven, even. He is "long" or "long winded" to our modern ears, which have made us, more than any people of historic record, the slaves of time. No matter. Although a European and a Catholic, he is far closer in spiritual and imaginative kinship to our American Walt Whitman than to Wagner. Just as musically he is much closer to Schubert's C minor than to any of Wagner's works. . . . *Globe Democrat*

... Mr. Golschmann's chief contribution of the day was the first presentation here, in the fifty-five years of its existence, of Bruckner's Symphony No. 7 in E major. This proved a valuable addition to the repertoire and was played with the requisite sonority and drive.

Bruckner, who was a great composer who needed an editor, has been the subject of the most frenzied worship by a small but militant group of devotees. They maintain that he is the most neglected of great men, with the possible exception of Mahler. However that may be, his music is rich in invention and occasionally quite splendid in effect. . . .

*Star Times*

### GUSTAV MAHLER—FINALE: NINTH SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor. December 8 and 9, 1939.*

... There are two sides to the question of performing isolated movements from symphonies; as a general practice it is not to be recommended. Few would pass by the pleasure of listening to the great Schubert Symphony, yet could not that masterpiece, presented at the Symphony concerts only last April, have been postponed so that all of Mahler's Ninth might be played?

Mahler's music cannot be discussed logically or calmly. Either you are emotionally stirred or you are bored. Though divorced from its context, the sublime finale made its effect yesterday. A spiritual affinity exists between the Ninth Symphony and Mahler's later, perhaps greatest composition, "The Song of the Earth." Each is "other-worldly," the voiced emotion of a tired man who welcomed an end of life, music of a transcendental radiance akin in more respects than that of mood to the last quartets and piano sonatas of Beethoven. . . .

*C. W. D., Boston Globe*

... Mahler is said to have had premonitions of his rapidly approaching end when at work on his Ninth Symphony and it is true that the finale of the work is steeped in a mysticism that might easily indicate a pre-occupation with another world which, to him, was becoming increasingly real. . . . He (Koussevitzky) directed the flow of Mahler's melodic inspiration with a passion and an insight that communicated the composer's vision to the audience. It was particularly in the ethereal closing pages of the work, where Mahler's music has become almost disembodied thought, that Koussevitzky cast a spell upon his listeners from which they were loathe to waken. . . .

*E. D., Boston Transcript*

... Since Schubert's Symphony was played at Symphony Hall no longer ago than last April and is very well known besides, and since Mahler's Symphony (as a whole or in part) had not been heard

here since the spring of 1936 and is a work that richly deserves to be better known, it would seem to have been the part of logic and reason to play the whole of this Symphony and one movement of Schubert's. But that is not how things are arranged nowadays. The pieces that are already most familiar receive the most performances. As someone has paraphrased the Biblical injunction: "that that has gets."

It could be further argued that, although the Mahler Finale stands isolating better than would the other three movements, it is not, all things considered, the most effective of the four. Like the last movement of Mahler's "Song of the Earth," this Adagio is a farewell to life, written when the composer knew that his days were numbered. Also like parts of "The Song of the Earth," it voices a mood otherwise unknown to symphonic music and sends one to the last quartets of Beethoven for analogy in any other field of music. . . .

WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
SEVENTH SYMPHONY

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., John Barbirolli, Conductor, January 10 and 12, 1940.*

Of the tripartite program offered by the Philharmonic-Symphony in Carnegie Hall last evening, though the second number was Beethoven's C major piano concerto with Sergei Rachmaninoff as the soloist, the paramount and unforgettable feature happened to be the Seventh Symphony of Anton Bruckner.

It was good to hear this magnificent work at all—Bruckner is again becoming a rarity in New York—and it was better still to hear it so excellently performed. John Barbirolli conducted as though he loved the symphony and his whole heart were in his task. He caught and transmitted the big design of the work, its heroic sweep and grandeur. Would that he might now do for us Bruckner's Eighth!

Listeners not especially familiar with the Seventh were perhaps surprised to observe that the Scherzo with its haunting F major Trio, is hardly less engrossing an achievement than the famous Adagio that precedes it.

And they may also have been surprised to detect a brief resemblance in the Adagio to a passage in the opera *Thais*.

Yet it is exceedingly improbable that Massenet, though writing in the next decade, had any acquaintance with this symphony.

PITTS SANBORN, *World Telegram*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
FIRST SYMPHONY

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick A. Stock, Conductor, February 1 and 2, 1940.*

NOTE: *This was the first performance of this symphony in Chicago and by a major orchestra in the U. S. The first performance was given by the Brooklyn Civic Orchestra in Brooklyn, N. Y., under the direction of P. Kosok. Nov. 12, 1938.*

A major symphonic work three-quarters of a century old received its first Chicago performance only last evening. The work is Anton Bruckner's first symphony. The performers were Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the place, Orchestra Hall.

Splendor of orchestral dress and wealth of idea are the symphony's outstanding characteristics. As in his more familiar works, Bruckner here does wonders with the brass choir, achieving a mystical religious quality by the simple grandeur with which he makes these instruments speak.

Yet the themes themselves, so far as we can consider them independent of their beautiful vesture, are provocative enough to free Bruckner from the suspicion that he was using an extraordinary knowledge of instrumentation to conceal poverty of melodic invention. There is a soaring, ecstatic quality in the adagio's first subject and a bucolic vigor in the theme of the scherzo.

EDWARD BARRY, *Chicago Tribune*

Mr. Stock and the Chicago Symphony added Bruckner's first symphony to their repertoire with the concerts of Thursday evening and Friday afternoon.

The work was written in the composer's forties and revised when he was sixty-five. There is nothing in it that is immature, uncertain or heterogeneous and one thing that the performance made clear was how little, for all Mr. Stock's diligence, we really know Bruckner in America, or in Chicago, where America knows him best.

The C minor symphony is bold, of large design and simple design, in the typical Bruckner manner. It is also beautiful in Bruckner's intimate and original way.

What is unfamiliar in it is not what is new, for all that is new in it is characteristic of the composer as we know him in his later symphonies. What is truly unfamiliar is what Bruckner has to say, for unquestionably music was personal discourse with him.

The simplicity of Bruckner's structural sense permitted him an elaborateness of procedure which at first acquaintance seems both labored and precious. These qualities were foreign to his nature and they must be foreign to his music. He was, after all, a teacher, and technicalities were his daily bread. If he did not compose like a professor at least he could not help thinking like one, and the erudition of his style in large part sprang from a graciousness in a soul that knew no disguise.

The first symphony, then, has Bruckner's typical breadth, insistence and deliberateness of spacing combined with energy of statement. Its thematic material constantly reaches to a chromatic excess or else resorts to invigorating octaves. Its instrumentation is resplendent without being showy. Everything it contains is noble; all its workmanship is masterly.

In essence it remains aloof; Bruckner has said exactly what he meant to say, and as I say his cast of thought makes the telling intimate, yet what he tells is wholly impersonal, in the manner of a sage or a visionary.

Mr. Stock gave a magnificent performance of the work and it was received with the greatest admiration and interest. . . .

EUGENE STINSON, *Chicago Daily News*

. . . Like most works of import, the Bruckner "First Symphony" needs frequent hearing before one can thoroughly grasp its inner meaning and the magnitude of its musical value. Frederick Stock made it possible for us to appreciate the noble beauties and harmonies so soulful and so filled with melodies that grow with greater glow shadowed by gray draperies that open to disclose multicolors that even gloom cannot hide. . . .

HERMAN DEVRIES, *Herald American*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: FIFTH SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor, Boston, March 1 and 2, 1940.*

If the Fifth Symphony of Gustav Mahler has a few more such cordial receptions as

it enjoyed at the Boston Symphony concert yesterday afternoon it will cease to be "debatable" music. As this reviewer observed the last time it was heard here, just about two years ago, "Little by little the music of Mahler makes its way." Even those who are less than whole-souled Mahlerians could hardly begrudge the popular success yesterday of both score and interpretation.

An odd fact about listening to Mahler is that the more you hear the less you are pre-occupied by what first seems to be the "banality" of his melodies, the square-cut rhythms and the thundering sonorities he obtained from a very large orchestra. As you become acquainted with Mahler, dominating impressions are first wonder at the complex mind which produced so involved, so technically difficult a music, then admiration and affection for the noble cast of his romantic imagination. And after a while even the exhausting concentration demanded is less and less a matter of effort.

Mahler was perhaps the last creative artist whose spirit was shaped by the visionary ideals of the nineteenth century (a period, incidentally, that has taken many an undeserved hard word): his music can be grasped only through understanding of those ideals. If you seek merely for technical skill, impersonal correctness, mastery of form, for sophistication or cleverness in Mahler, bewilderment and disappointment are your inevitable reward.

Only when one has some idea of the emotional side of Mahler is it possible to recognize his sense of grotesquerie was not clumsy humor, that his long-drawn slow movements, his lush melodies and intricate harmonies were not a manifestation of pompousness. All these were simply the natural way of expression for a son of the nineteenth century whose heart was as full of warmth as his mind dwelt upon beauty. Mahler had, of course, his weaknesses, most conspicuously the length at which he wrote.

Yesterday's performance was a marvel of romantic fervor. Perhaps Mr. Koussevitzky dragged the adagio; what did that matter in the total effect? The orchestra served both Mahler and Koussevitzky well; count the performance an event of the season. When, by the way, are we to hear again "The Song of the Earth," Mahler's greatest masterpiece?

C. W. D., *Boston Globe*

. . . Certainly the Fifth Symphony, by which he was represented yesterday, par-

takes of the grandiloquence that characterized both "Ein Heldenleben" and the "Symphonia Domestica" of Strauss, between which it stood in point of composition. Through the Eighth Symphony this tendency toward bigness was to progress, until in that so-called "Symphony of a Thousand," expansion of means could hardly go farther. Yet it was Mahler himself who, in "The Song of the Earth" and the Ninth Symphony, started the reaction against what Henry T. Finck used to deride as Jumboism in music.

A true child of its time, then, is this "Giant" Symphony, which starts in the gloom of C-sharp minor and ends in the brightness of D major, a key that with Mahler was always synonymous with exuberance of spirit. Now that music has gone as far from this largeness of utterance as it conceivably could, witness Stravinsky's "Card Game," as the *reductio ad absurdum* of the contrary tendency; audiences might either be repelled or attracted by it. Judging from the reception accorded yesterday's performance, as well as the two others under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction, it is decidedly a case of attraction.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

#### ANTON BRUCKNER: FIFTH SYMPHONY

*Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. Philadelphia, January 5-6, 1940; New York, January 23, 1940.*

. . . Mr. Ormandy erred in the first place by placing the symphony last on his program, following the intermission, and prefacing it with two of his own transcriptions of Bach's chorale-preludes, "O Mensch, bewein' dein Suede gross" and "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme," and with Brahms's first piano concerto in D minor. The religious nature of Bach's music and the slow moving pace of two movements of the Brahms concerto already satisfied the audience's desire for profound music, so that by the time the Bruckner symphony emerged, with its devotional atmosphere, the mind was too fatigued to absorb it fully, even in the abbreviated form in which it was vouchsafed.

That Mr. Ormandy should have erred thus is all the more to be regretted, since he disclosed a genuine sympathy with the Brucknerian idiom and achieved some moving, if all too fleeting, moments in his conception. The orchestra played su-

perly investing the music with consistent tonal richness and glowing transparency of texture.

. . . Mr. Serkin was received with great warmth by the sizeable audience, the greater part of which remained to applaud liberally after the Bruckner Symphony.

JEROME D. BOHM, *Herald-Tribune*

An interestingly devised program by Eugene Ormandy gave a prominent place to the Fifth Symphony of Anton Bruckner at the concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last evening. And a most welcome bit of programme it was, for Bruckner goes altogether too long with scant attention from our leading symphonic batonists.

The version of the work used by Mr. Ormandy was the result of the collaborative revising efforts of himself plus those of Schalk and Loewe, and because the symphony is of exceeding length Mr. Ormandy found it wise to omit certain repetitions.

The piece abounds in the beauty of speech. Though it is shot through with sudden contrasts, so much so that at times it seems almost episodic in nature, the marvelous juxtaposition of thematic ideas, steeped as they are in brave and expressive phraseology, is not the least rewarding of its many arresting features.

Niemann tells us that this is a symphony based on a "program of religious significance, manifested by his (Bruckner's) choice of chorales for thematic material." Perhaps so, but that would not fully explain the wealth of purely human emotions turbulently striving and straining for utterance in the complex pattern of the composition.

A sympathetic performance was the portion of the large gathering in the auditorium last evening. There may have been moments of rhythmic indecision—strange doings for such an ensemble as the Philadelphians—but the general results spoke well for frequent hearings. . . .

Applause was the order of the evening.

R. C. B., *World Telegram*

To play Bruckner requires a certain amount of courage; . . . For some reason conductors are fond of playing them (Bruckner's Symphonies). . . .

Of course, Bruckner is sometimes genius, else he would not have survived this long. The trouble with his flashes of inspiration is that one is so enchanted

with the momentary beauty and rightness of his music that one is apt to blame oneself for doubting the long, uninspired stretches, the childish reiteration, the blattancy, the unaccountable sallies, the pedestrian, pretentious ideas.

Mr. Ormandy judiciously pruned the Fifth Symphony, but the matter goes deeper than mere curtailment. However, it seems hardly possible that so many conductors are wrong about Bruckner, and the next performance of one of his symphonies will find this reviewer again

a doubter anxious and eager to be turned into a believer.

SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF, *N. Y. Post*

. . . Mr. Ormandy made cuts, omitting some repeats, and this perhaps would be disturbing to lovers of the composer. But on the credit side was a spacious, eloquent performance. Mr. Ormandy appears to believe in Bruckner and directs him accordingly. The orchestra responded with brilliant playing.

HOWARD TAUBMAN, *New York Times*

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|                          |      |
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| Max Loewenthal           | 1933 |
| Egon Pollak              | 1933 |
| Jakob Wassermann         | 1933 |
| Otto H. Kahn             | 1934 |
| H. T. Parker             | 1934 |
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| Josef Stransky           | 1935 |
| James P. Dunn            | 1936 |
| Ossip Gabrilowitsch      | 1936 |
| Henry Hadley             | 1937 |
| Mrs. A. S. Hubbard       | 1938 |
| Emma L. Roedter          | 1938 |
| Major Theodore Bitterman | 1938 |
| Lawrence Gilman          | 1939 |
| Artur Bodanzky           | 1939 |



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# CHORD AND DISCORD

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## Their Time Shall Come

BY PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP

IN the days when our leading orchestras used to present Bruckner and Mahler respectively on the First and Second Five-Year Plan — that is to say, every five years a Bruckner symphony was played but not repeated and a Mahler symphony announced but not played — an elderly pew-holder in one of our symphonic World's Series was suddenly asked for her verdict upon the local *première* of Bruckner's *Ninth Symphony*. Her reply, given with every appearance of the righteous indignation which the occasion demanded, was "Why! I never heard anything like it before!"

Undoubtedly the good lady was mistaken. Bruckner himself was of course incapable of slavishly imitating the classics and at the same time totally breaking away from them; the allegation that he did so emanates solely from the critics, to whom such miracles are a mere matter of routine. Bruckner no more lacked artistic ancestry than any other good composer, and indeed was at no pains to conceal the identity of some decidedly eminent forebears: this very *Ninth* exhibits several instances of marked family resemblance to another *Ninth* in the same key by an earlier composer of such established repute that the proudest and the humblest may dare to admire him publicly.

The point in quoting the dear old lady's dictum is not that it might have been true, but that it was succinct. In eight words she summarized completely and clearly a full half of all that thousands of reviewers have been able to say against Bruckner in mountains of reports, essays, brochures, and tomes. The other half had already been said for them in the greatest of Shakespeare's plays by the character probably most congenial to them — Polonius's "Too long! Too long!"

Nowadays, when Bruckner and even Mahler are semi-occasionally performed and hemidemisemi-occasionally repeated, a growing contingent among our concert-goers persists in applauding these composers with apparent enthusiasm and in asking to hear more of them. Since with these composers as with not a few of their predecessors this growth in response and sympathy clearly emanates from the lay public rather than from the critics, the more maternal of the latter are fussing about like the hen which hatched ducklings, while their more pontifical brethren are inveighing against the legitimacy of all musical enjoyment born without benefit of clergy.

To attempt to explain all this by concluding that the public has become educated for Bruckner and Mahler is as false as it is flamboyant. Who is thus educating the public? Those conductors who persist in preparing and performing eloquently the few presentations which we are permitted to hear fully deserve to be honored as educators no less than as artists, but Polonius and Company see to it that these presentations are

too infrequent to assure real familiarity with the style and works of these men. Praise is due also to those manufacturers who have enabled us to hear many of these symphonies in phonographic recordings, and to such agencies as the Carnegie Foundation for including some of these recordings in their donations to schools. The schools themselves, even those which pride themselves on the representative character of their courses in "appreciation" (horrid word!), have in the aggregate showed themselves very backward in presenting Bruckner and Mahler to their students, possibly because few Americans who are old enough to teach have had opportunity to enjoy adequate personal experience of either composer, and can find little in the literature of reference which would be likely to promote friendly understanding. Certainly the critical bloc has done little to encourage sympathetic study of this music: the rank and file of the reviewers are content to know that "Simon says thumbs down," while the critical bloc-heads still employ the oracular utterances of our anonymous dear old lady and Shakespeare's familiar male granny respectively as the first and second theme-songs in the exposition, development, and recapitulation of their perennial hymn of hate.

In spite of this, Bruckner and Mahler, though as yet not "standard repertory," are in a position to say, with Mark Twain, "Reports of my death are greatly exaggerated"; and their music, which for long has been summarily dismissed by our musical censors as abstruse and repellent, is now feared by these same censors as insidiously seductive music. Awestruck as we may be at the spectacle of our guardians and protectors fighting to save us from music which at one and the same time is innocuously futile, dull, dreary, unintelligible, interminable, and yet so full of popular appeal as to constitute an esthetic if not a social menace, we should reserve our highest faculties of wonder, love and praise—or holy horror if that is our diathesis—for the climatic discovery that these musical termites have already penetrated and are undermining the temple itself; in a word, that Bruckner and Mahler have "wormed" their way into favor of a considerable number of professional musicians who a few years ago were reviling their names. True, not all of these have publicly declared themselves; but it is evident, that many who not long ago were openly and loudly attacking these composers now secretly enjoy them, and may even be suspected, like Nicodemus, of nocturnal converse with their new Messiahs—probably by studying their scores, since nowadays one occasionally meets a musician who seems to have some knowledge of the symphonies themselves.

Historically there is nothing new if a composer whose works require time, effort, expense, and interpretative acumen to prepare for performance is at first neglected, then misunderstood as a result of controversy in which the critics befuddle themselves and most of the public, and eventually receives his first tardy recognition from that element among the laity which naively forms its first impressions of new music by listening to it instead of reading about it. This cycle is typical, even though

the individual case histories differ in detail. Much of Bach's music was neglected as long as Bruckner's and Mahler's. Beethoven enjoyed some recognition during his lifetime; to-day his symphonies, a few of his overtures and concertos, the early string quartets, half a dozen piano sonatas, and one violin sonata—which last is still listened to as music in spite of Tolstoi's silly novel—are so much in demand that performers do not even bother to keep up practicing the later quartets, the *Missa Solemnis*, and much else which is just as fine but much more difficult to play. Haydn and Mozart are known by and admired for only a few of their masterpieces. Wagner was accepted by the public before he was even half-approved by the critics. The situation of Berlioz and Liszt closely parallels that of Bruckner and Mahler; almost universally disapproved of by the critics, the public has never had opportunity to become familiar with the greatest works of these composers. Tschaiikowsky has long been a popular favorite, and is critically accepted, but not approved. With Brahms the tables were turned, but with little better result; he was critically approved before he was even half-enjoyed by the laity, which now demands constant repetition of his symphonies, but expresses no curiosity whatever concerning his chamber-music and other important works.

There is nothing astonishing or scandalous in the fact that new works of art have to find a public before becoming known and loved by the public, but it is scandalous that "experts" should try to make a scandal of every natural and wholesome element in the entire process of artistic creation and communication. If nobody had ever composed a symphony, or if nobody wanted to hear a symphony except its composer, clearly there would be no livelihood for symphonic analysts and apologists. As it is, "he who can does; he who cannot teaches." A considerable army of inkfish who, like Pudd'nhead Wilson, seem to believe that "to do good is noble, but to show others how is nobler and less trouble," is at hand to demonstrate that composition takes so little brains, and appreciation so much, that no decent member of society should undertake either except under the guidance of an expert whose principal qualifications seem to be total incapacity either to compose music or enjoy it. From these wise-aces we learn, contrary to the evidence of our senses and our sense, that there are but three B's in music and must never be a fourth; that Schubert's development sections are poor because his themes are too melodious; that Berlioz's *Scene in the Country* cannot possibly be based upon Beethoven's *Scene by the Brook* because the essence of romanticism is total repudiation of classicism; that Wagner's chromatics are so plentiful because of his excessive interest in the ladies rather than because of his legitimate interest in treating improved wind instruments as flexibly as Mozart had already treated the strings—one wonders why we are not concurrently told that Bach wrote the *Well-Tempered Clavier* solely to annoy those school-girls who "don't like sharps"; that Brahms' chromatics, *per contra*, are quite all right because he wrote nineteenth-century horn and trumpet parts in an eighteenth-century notation—and

much else designed ostensibly to help the layman but actually to deliver him into the hands of the critical profiteer. If the notion that evaluation must precede perception seems to place the cart before the horse, the advantage seems to be that under this dispensation neither the horse nor the passengers are likely to get anywhere faster than their custodians can follow them.

The real crux of the matter is that it is not so easy to analyze the urge which prompts and directs musical communication as it is to analyze the forms which this communication assumes. It is thus tempting to persons of the kibitzer temperament to analyze what they can, and then to deny the importance if not the very existence of the many things in heaven and earth undreamed of in their philosophy—or even dreamed of and feared. After all, the expounder of musical faiths is situated not unlike the father confessor in *Gentle Alice Brown*; if his parishioners behave themselves, how can the priest make a living? So long as the urge to compose music is irresistible in some people and the impulse to listen to it is persistent in others, and so long as neither phenomenon is scientifically understood by anybody, any glib person who can analyze a minor factor in the process of communication may offer the part for the whole and successfully pose as an authoritative interpreter of esoteric mysteries if he can but keep his victims mystified. This he usually does by exploiting the natural modesty of the practitioner and the learner, who are usually only too painfully aware of their own fallibility; by arrogating to himself a spurious “authority” based upon superior powers of observation which he does not possess, supplemented by profound study which he has not performed, a charlatan may set himself up as prophet and sage before people who acknowledge him great because he makes them feel small.

The composer is perhaps less frequently deceived by this sort of thing than the layman, because he knows from practical experience of musical composition that the “analyst” does not know what he is talking about;—one recalls Bruckner’s comment on Hanslick—“He really understands Brahms as little as he understands me.” But, unless a composer has studied and practiced literary as well as musical composition, he cannot say as much for his compositions in words as they can say for themselves in tones, and is wise not to venture into the enemy’s country unless he is well supplied with verbal as well as tonal ammunition. Even if, like Wagner and Schumann, a composer has a good supply of verbal ammunition and plenty of target-practice in using it, the chances are against his verbal strategy being as adroit as his musical strategy, as the most devoted admirers of these two masters must reluctantly admit. Meanwhile the critic’s mechanized invasion of the composer’s country may not actually exterminate the composer, but it often does hinder his communicating with his public by keeping the latter in a state of intimidation sufficient to the critic’s purposes. Unless a composer is as lucky as Brahms in finding a critical sponsor who is willing to overlook his real merits

in order to use him in musical politics, he is likely to starve or be obliged to snatch time for composition from the pre-occupations of some extraneous form of livelihood almost as hazardous: Bruckner lived by teaching counterpoint and playing the organ, Mahler by conducting, and Wagner by borrowing money and forgetting to return it—to name but three composers who found it necessary to devote more than one life to their real ideals, and even then, like the Apostle Paul, to “die daily.”

The lay music-lover, on the other hand, seems a much better “prospect” for critical exploitation. Since he has no experience at composing, he can easily be persuaded that composers perpetrate symphonies by some process of automatic writing without knowing what they are doing, and might then foist them in a half-baked condition upon suffering humanity, were not critics at hand to compel them to spruce up their atrocities to conform with approved practice. When these same critics proceed to tell the layman that he needs to study, which is probably true, he is again easily persuaded that cultivated musical laymen are those who have learned to listen to music by learning not to listen to it but to the people who “know the answers.” Even the fact that most critical evaluations seem little more than devaluations, may fail to awaken his healthy suspicions, since he has been taught to distrust his own naive enthusiasms as being insufficiently “discriminating” to admit him to that elite coterie to which every good democrat aspires. Even if he sometimes wonders why the only good composers are long since dead it will probably be some time before he discovers that only dead composers may be depended upon not to write something new and upsetting. The critical Gestapo will certainly not tell him this, but instead will tell him that good music is that which stands the test of repeated hearings—a pretty instance of the devil quoting Scripture; for repeated hearing is indeed the test of such good music as is heard repeatedly, but not of that which the censors permit to be heard seldom or not at all.

History records plenty of cases in which the critics have chased an art into prolonged doldrums by sincere or pretended attempts to maintain or elevate standards by rationalizing inflexible criteria and imposing censorship upon creation and communication. That art is in healthiest condition whose lay adherents are not too ready to sell their birthright of independent perception for a mass of critical *potage du jour*, and that study of art is most to be encouraged which offers laymen the opportunity to develop their natural powers of perception by direct observation and enjoyment of works of art, leaving what they think about it very largely to their individual capacity for thinking. In view of the marked propensity of many people to think very little or even hardly at all, this may seem to be a dangerous program; the point is that direct contact with works of art is more likely to set people thinking than exposure to a body of doctrine, simply because art is dynamic to anyone who enjoys it, while dogma is narcotic to devotee and sceptic alike. Besides, the point is not whether art or dogma can make everybody think—we know already

that no agency can do that! The point is that people who are thoughtful by nature are encouraged by expression to develop their thoughts, whereas repression tends partly or wholly to arrest such development. To object that the thoughtful layman does not express himself in art but lazily depends upon the artist to do it for him is a mere quibble; true, if he relies upon critics to think for him they will require him to refrain from thinking for himself, but if he avails himself of the artist's powers to express his thoughts better than he can express them for himself he does so only by living himself into the artist's presentation—a very different mental process indeed from that of merely trying to memorize a series of assertions. Even so lowly a work of art as a dance-tune, if it is a good one, is dynamic enough to make a man want to move his feet; a symphony, if it is a good one, stirs higher faculties in the realm of thought and feeling. There is no question, of course of "thought" in the sense of syllogistic reasoning—even though design, including tonal design, has the logic of form, or of "feeling" in the sense of sentimental emotional wallowing—such absurdities need not be discussed here; but the motivation and achievement of a happy and useful life demand an integration of sound thinking and warm feeling which music seems to nourish and help to sustain in many people. At least, the growing lay demand for and response to the music of two composers whom some "serious musicians" still regard as altogether too serious suggests that the critical priesthood has underestimated the extent and intensity among the laity of a musical appetite for something more than mere polite entertainment.

This is by no means to argue that "the public" is always right and "the critics" always wrong. Individuals differ among themselves, and even the same individual differs from day to day. In easy times plenty of otherwise thoroughly decent people underexercise their psyches just as they underexercise their bodies, and, even if they escape becoming permanently too soft or too hard in a world where trivial possessions and experiences may be had for the taking, they do for the time being drift into the habit of seldom exerting their brains outside of business affairs and of asking little more to occupy their time than an abundance of often inconsequential amusement. When life seems secure and pleasant, a man need not be a very bad fellow to adopt the view-point, "Give me the luxuries and I will manage without the necessities": if he happens to be musical he may be quite sincere and hearty in his enjoyment of really good music provided he is familiar with it and provided its mood seems prevailingly cheerful, with or without an occasional pathetic touch, just for variety; but while he is in this easy-going mood he will probably find tragedy disturbing and prolonged earnestness a bore, and though he will feel cheated if a concert fails to afford a few strong climaxes to give him a "thrill," he will quite probably welcome these merely as casual turns in a colorful miscellany, and miss them altogether if they occur as denouement which he has been too inattentive to follow.

In times of stress, on the other hand, naturally thoughtful people who may have seemed easy-going in easy times suddenly prove themselves sound at the core by resuming the neglected practice of serious reflection, while others who may have previously shown no symptoms of thinking at all suddenly become thoughtful almost over-night. Some of these of course become disillusioned and embittered, and turn to cheap and trivial amusements for "escape"; but others discover in themselves a craving for spiritual sustenance of which they have not been conscious in easier days, and some of these seek and find it in what for brevity may be called the "music of aspiration." People who formerly considered their time too valuable to sit through the *C-major Symphony* of Schubert\* find a longer time not too much to devote to Bruckner's spiritual vision and Mahler's dramatic heroism in a world where the need of both has suddenly become plain to plain people. Mahler is reported to have said, "My time will come"; one wonders whether his active and powerful mind discerned that this "time" would be a time of such stress as to call out the best in many men to counteract the worst in others.

It remains to be seen whether this spontaneous public demand for spiritually sustaining music is good only "for the duration of the emergency." The First World War disclosed that music may be a powerful agency for sustaining the morale of soldiers, just as doctors have long recognized its therapeutic value with invalids. Is music merely a sick man's diet? The "unmusical" would have it so, and the custodians of the "standard musical repertory" would at least like to relegate "Bruckner 'n Mahler" to this category; but is there much more in such objections than an envious desire to deprive others of enjoyment which the objector cannot share? The fact that more people are thoughtful nowadays than in easier times is no evidence that thinking should be reserved for emergencies; the fact that many a sick man has to build up his health on a diet of meat and vegetables is not evidence that when he is well he should go back to "pie and pizen." Some people are thoughtful, some eat wholesome food, some commune with the finest art, some even live decent lives at times when the only compulsion is from within. Perhaps in reality they add no cubits to their stature by taking thought; perhaps, on the contrary, "the Kingdom of Heaven are these." At least those of us who for the better part of a lifetime have found Bruckner and Mahler true guides, philosophers, and friends in sunshine and shadow may be pardoned for being a bit sanguine over the realization that at last a lot of apparently good people are getting acquainted with them and are "coming back for more."

\* If music is of good quality, it seems to me that the question of its length must be answered by each listener individually in terms of the value of his time to himself. As a young fellow, I was once refused an interview with a Personage on the ground that his time was worth ten dollars a minute. Later I saw him waste two hundred dollars at this rate watching a dog-fight. As my own time was then worth about thirty cents an hour, I could of course afford the whole spectacle. I am better paid now—but not so highly that I cannot afford time for long symphonies.—P.G.C.

## WILL MINNEAPOLIS BE MAHLER MUSIC CAPITAL?

By CURTIS SWANSON

Reprinted from *The Minnesota Daily*, the official newspaper of University of Minnesota

Students who attend today's *Union Listening Hour*\* have an opportunity denied many people in the world today—the chance to listen to Mahler's music. In an article in the current *New Republic*, Otis Ferguson emphasizes the fact that one of the most unfortunate results of the "cultural blackout" of Europe, is the banning of Mahler's music in German-dominated countries.

Like Mendelssohn, Mahler was a Jew, and all his compositions have come under the Nazi axe. His nine symphonies and his monumental *Song of the Earth*, which is being played today, are no longer heard in the European concert halls. The two great centers of Mahler music were cities which have become "ghost towns" of Nazi Europe, Vienna and Amsterdam.

Ironically, the performance of Mahler's music has encountered almost as great opposition in America. His music has perhaps aroused more heated controversy than that of any other modern composer. The Bruckner Society is the most militant of all musical organizations; its aim is to propagate and fight for greater appreciation of Bruckner's and Mahler's music.

One of the most enthusiastic of all Mahlerites is our own Dimitri Mitropoulos, who was presented with the annually awarded medal of the *Society* last winter. In an impromptu speech at one of the concerts, he suggested that he would play much more of this composer's music, if the "front office" were more interested. A recording by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra of Mahler's *First Symphony* will be released shortly. The highlight of next year's season will be the first Minneapolis performance of the *Song of the Earth*.

Bruno Walter, who again will conduct a concert here next year, is another great exponent of Mahler in this country. He knew Mahler personally, studied under him, and introduced many of his compositions. Eugene Ormandy also received the *Society's* medal while conductor of the *Minneapolis Orchestra*. If the interest which has been shown in past years continues, it may be that Minneapolis will become the unofficial Mahler capital—an inland Salzburg or Bayreuth of musical America.

\* Refers to a University program of recorded music.

## NYA SYMPHONY (FRITZ MAHLER, CONDUCTOR)

BROADCASTS MAHLER'S *FOURTH* OVER WNYC

On June 15th, the NYA Orchestra under the direction of Fritz Mahler performed Mahler's *Fourth*. Miss Willa Stewart sang the soprano solo and Moses Smith of the Columbia Phonograph Co. was the commentator. Weather conditions were very bad; much static prevented listeners-in from really hearing the performance on their radios.

More frequent performances of Mahler by NYA orchestras would certainly be welcome. Mr. Mahler has on several occasions included songs and excerpts from Gustav Mahler's symphonies on his programs. One wonders why NYA orchestras do not play works by Bruckner and Mahler more frequently. In this connection it is not out of place to remind program-makers that insistent applause at concerts given by the State University of Iowa Orchestra caused Prof. Philip Greeley Clapp, its conductor, to repeat *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* and the *Adagietto* from Mahler's *Fifth* and that a performance of Bruckner's *Fourth* was so successful in 1940 that the same orchestra under Clapp's direction included Bruckner's *Seventh* on its 1941 programs. That symphony too stirred the Iowa City audience as did Stock's performance of Bruckner's *Third* at Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa. Further proof of the interest in Bruckner and Mahler on the part of the growing generation, unaffected by prejudice aroused against these composers because of hostile criticism of bygone days, is the formation of a Bruckner-Mahler study club at the University of Minnesota. It is not only college students that are responding to Bruckner's and Mahler's music. *Subscription audiences of different cities* are expressing their approval by vigorous applause and occasional shouting which is ascribed in certain quarters to Brucknerites and Mahlerites. Radio audiences, too, are apparently making their wishes felt, for it was because of the many requests by the radio audience that Bruno Walter put Bruckner's *Eighth* on the air last fall.

## Bruckner's *String Quintet*

BY GABRIEL ENGEL

COMPOSED during the earlier half of 1879 Bruckner's *Quintet for Strings*, scored for two violins, two violas, and cello, represents his sole contribution to the literature of chamber-music. It was written at the request of Director Josef Hellmesberger of the Viennese Conservatory, who told Bruckner that he wished for his celebrated "quartet-evenings" the unique privilege of introducing to the world a piece of chamber-music by one hitherto known only as the composer of gigantic symphonies. Unaware of the hypocrisy behind this "flattery" the ingenious Bruckner plunged happily into this, for him, unusual task and after several months finished it. Evening after evening passed by to find the promised performance of the *Quintet* postponed "until next time," on the ground that Hellmesberger's "fingers pained him." Finally the truth dawned on Bruckner. It was merely a repetition of his sad symphonic experiences with the ruling Viennese musical circle. The members of the Hellmesberger quartet would have nothing to do with this fresh display of Bruckner's scorned huge-dimensional style. In their opinion, just as his symphonies were not real symphonies, this so-called *Quintet* was not real chamber-music. They would be laughed at by the initiate in the Viennese "holy of holies" of true chamber-music, if they programmed such a monstrosity. At length the promised performance was canceled. The *Quintet* was first performed in 1880 in Cologne. It was first heard in Vienna in 1881, semi-privately, during a meeting of the "Academic Wagner Society." In 1885, when musical Europe was ringing with Bruckner's name, the Hellmesberger group valiantly performed the *Quintet* they had openly rejected years before.

Bruckner long sought in vain to find a publisher for the work. Hans Richter, a sincere though rather timid admirer of Bruckner's genius, took the manuscript with him to London. He returned not only without word of publication or performance, but also without the manuscript! When growing fame rendered publication of Bruckner's works comparatively easy, the master, having neglected to make a duplicate copy of the *Quintet*, wrote to Richter demanding the return of the manuscript. When it arrived Bruckner discovered with dismay that the *Intermezzo* (the second movement) was missing. A feverish correspondence with London proved unavailing. The *Intermezzo* had disappeared! Bruckner was left no other choice than to publish in its place a *Scherzo* which he had written, also at Hellmesberger's request, after the *Quintet* was completed. In 1891 the missing *Intermezzo* turned up in the possession of one of Richter's acquaintances. A waif, it languished in silence until 1904, when it also received its first hearing during a meeting of the Viennese Wagner Society.

*FIRST MOVEMENT: F-MAJOR (GEMAESSIGT)*

The principal melody of the opening theme-group enters at once over a tonic organ-point. A genuinely romantic idea in triple rhythm, it is introduced softly in the first violin. Of the light, lyric texture native to chamber-musical expression, it has, nevertheless, the broadly soaring melodic line of Bruckner's symphonic cantabile passages. An important element of the theme, a regularly ascending broken-chord, assumes an individual role in the cello. In a resolute, staccato transformation it becomes the rhythmic and harmonic backbone of an ardent supplementary theme in the first violin. The cadence of this melody, a brief, characteristic motif, is the source of the vigorous rhythmic life in the ensuing passage. Its dramatic possibilities are gradually revealed by the different instruments, at first alternately, then in combinations of increasing strength, attaining a powerful climax in a peculiarly Brucknerian unison utterance.

The song theme-group begins with a fragrant melody of delicate texture in the bright, ethereal tonality of F-sharp major. A rather unusual harmonic phenomenon for classic sonata form, this chromatic rise, in place of the traditional dominant change, is nevertheless amply sanctioned by Schubert. In reality Bruckner has merely delayed the entry of the dominant to achieve increased richness of harmonic color. Skilfully he leads the song theme-group over paths of unflinching fresh harmonic interest, until the expected haven has been reached. The statement of the themes closes in the dominant (C-major).

The short development section is devoted almost exclusively to the exploitation of the thematic material in the first group. The song theme-group is represented only by fragmentary particles in subordinated settings. The first violin, somewhat in the manner of improvisation, sounds the key-note of the preliminary portion. One by one the other instruments add their voices in the same free solo style. Then they begin to unite in various combinations suited to the changing contrapuntal texture of a Brucknerian development section. Component elements of the themes attain individual significance, appearing and reappearing in different guises, inverted, augmented, or diminished. A warm, comforting melody in the first violin counteracts the restlessness evoked by the exploitation of conflicting motifs. Elements of the principal theme provide material for a powerful dynamic climax. After a "general pause" the first violin sounds the opening theme in its original form, giving the impression that the recapitulation has set in, but suddenly the second viola inverts the theme. The absence of fundamental harmonies lends this resetting of familiar ideas fresh interest. New contrapuntal life arises in an imitative conversation in the violins. Finally, the first violin, in an impassioned *Cadenza* "ad libitum," leads to the real recapitulation. Here too, as in Bruckner's symphonies, a moment of high suspense marks the transition between two main divisions of a movement in sonata form.

The recapitulation, in no sense a repetition of familiar ideas, almost at once strikes out along paths of fresh revelation. A triplet figure, drawn from the opening bar of the principal theme, attains special significance, dominating the background of that theme's restatement. The other themes of the first group undergo similarly novel reshaping, a richer contrapuntal texture lending this final setting an air of fulfilment. The song-group is reintroduced in subtle tonal surroundings, enriched by enharmonic coloring.

The hand of the symphonic master is clearly evident in the structure of the summary (*Coda*). All the principal ideas are arrayed side by side and finally resolved into the tonic triad. The movement closes jubilantly with an organ-point on the tonic.

## II. SCHERZO D-MINOR (SCHNELL)

Totally unlike Bruckner's hardy symphonic *Scherzi* in its airy, refined texture, this movement also shows the composer's keen grasp of the essential difference between symphonic and chamber-music. Yet this *Scherzo* too is a dance of unmistakable Upper-Austrian flavor.

The outstanding thematic line, given to the second violin throughout the opening portion, is a curious, winding melody in *Laendler* rhythm. Above it the first violin softly plays a charming counter-theme, playfully lilted. Cello and violas mark the triple rhythm, at the same time filling out the rich harmonic texture. Most unusual phenomena in Bruckner's melodic world are the occasional syncopations appearing here. Both themes are then inverted in the violas, the music acquiring increased harmonic and contrapuntal subtlety through a more detailed execution. The complex content of this passage caused Bruckner to call for a slower tempo: "almost andante," he said in a letter. The form, as always in Bruckner *Scherzi*, is simple A-B-A, the original themes now returning to bring the *Scherzo* portion to a close.

The *Trio*, a slower, more graceful, and sunnier expression, also of *Laendler* character, traces its descent directly from Papa Haydn. The flourishes of the second violin are literally haunted by the spirit of the "father of chamber music." This delicate melodic line and the broader one it surrounds are both unmistakable sequels of the principal theme of the *Scherzo*, which also consists of two contrasted melodies. Yet how different are the two themes in effect! The remainder of the *Trio* is occupied with a more detailed discussion of the thematic elements already presented. Not even amid involved contrapuntal surroundings is the light, cheerful character of the music impaired.

## THIRD MOVEMENT: $\flat$ G MAJOR (ADAGIO)

Of truly symphonic breadth is the opening theme of the *Adagio*, introduced in the first violin. Beginning softly it soars gradually aloft on stately wings, with increasing ardor, and then descends in graceful me-

lodic curves to become the mere whispered confession of a noble soul's yearning. To find another melody of such depth and purity one would have to go to Bruckner's greatest symphonic *Adagios*. A series of prayerful sighs, drawn from a motif near the end of this theme, lead to impassioned outcries. Meanwhile the source-motif of all this longing appears inverted in the second viola.

Very softly a regular unison pulsation on *F* in the violins and second viola, almost like a living heart-beat, introduces a new brighter mood. A wonderful melody radiant with hope and confidence is sung by the first viola, while the pulsation gains strength in rich harmonies. The total absence of any supporting bass gives this moving, "tenor" theme a lofty, visionary quality. As the cello takes it up, the first violin enriches the restatement with brief, persuasive phrases of individual melodic shape.

An inversion of the opening measures of the first theme, drawn from the end of the "tenor" theme, leads to a full restatement of the former by the first violin, in an atmosphere vibrant with the pulsing accompaniment of all the other instruments. The reappearance of the principal theme at this point might lead the listener to expect a rondo form in the ensuing course of the movement. There follows, however, an exploitation of fragments of the opening theme, in the manner of a development section in sonata form. Inverted and reshaped these reveal the innate relationship of the first and "tenor" themes. The latter's origin in the inversion of the opening phrase of the former is made clear. Other features in common, of too subtle a technical nature for the present analysis, are also made apparent in the mingling of fragments of both themes. This union of similar and contrasted elements is one of the essential features of Bruckner's individual principle of thematic development.

A new, comparatively rapid, descending figure lends dramatic character to the development's unfolding. Assuming increased importance, it becomes a duet in the violas, as they clothe with the soft splendor of a benediction the farewell reappearance of the "tenor" theme in the first violin. The *Adagio* closes at the threshold of a wonderful dream. Ineffable peace hovers over the last phrase, an expressive echo of the above ornate motif.

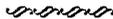
#### *FINALE: F-MAJOR (LEBHAF BEWEGT)*

A *Finale* in the true sense of the word is the closing movement, for it can be completely grasped only in the light of the preceding sections. A lively staccato motif in the second violin, over an organ-point of distant tonality, dominates the opening. The first theme-group is devoted to the restoration of the central tonality of the entire work (*F*). Yet even the most unsophisticated ear need not shrink from the complexity implied, for it is not the dry grammar, but rather the poetry of harmony that sways this pursuit of tonality. Its unsettled character lends the entire passage an air of suspense, like the preparation for some significant disclosure. In

Bruckner's symphonies such passages culminate in gigantic unison outbursts. Here the excitement subsides into a mere whisper, followed by a "general pause."

The second or "song" theme-group, slower than the first, is dominated by a swinging, *Laendler*-like figure, drawn from the *Scherzo*. This regular rhythm, given to the first viola, furnishes a firm basis for the somewhat rhapsodic melody which the first violin sings above it. The song-theme of the opening movement is clearly the source of this unusual melody. More technically considered, the two also reveal similar harmonic character. The *Laendler*-figure, broadening the span of its swing, acquires the boldness and measured sweep usually associated with fugue-themes. As the cello takes it up with strokes of full power it seems as though a fugue were really beginning. This impression is confirmed by the answer in the dominant (first viola). However, it proves to be only the herald of the highly contrapuntal development section, presenting the final decisive conflict of the work. A brief triplet motif, introduced in the second violin as a companion to the "fugue" theme, is derived from the opening phrase of the whole work. It becomes the outstanding thematic element of the development, in the course of which motifs of the song theme, as well as a prominent figure in the *Adagio*, are also exploited. The inspired contrapuntal artistry of this development beggars description. In the natural, apparently unlabored style of his polyphonic idiom, even when it is most involved, Bruckner is a nineteenth-century Bach. Yet the overwhelming effect of this *Quintet-Finale* is the result of no combination of devices, however masterly their execution. Here also, as in Bruckner's symphonies, the gradual unfolding of the spirit's indomitable rise towards ultimate triumph in the face of a world of obstacles is the underlying concept. Bruckner revelled in such passages. In the rearing of tremendous climaxes involving the utmost polyphonic skill he felt himself a supreme hero. Perhaps this unshakable confidence in his artistic power played an important role in his huge symphonic summations.

The song-theme is the first melodic integration that may be definitely identified in the recapitulation. It reappears in a richer setting, the logical result of the development. A melodious fragment of the opening theme of the *Finale* is prominent in the *Coda*. The work closes jubilantly, as it began yearningly, with an organ-point on the tonic.



#### BRUCKNER AND MAHLER AT OBERLIN AND ANN ARBOR

Bruckner's *Romantic* and *F-minor Mass* will be heard at Oberlin College under the direction of Maurice P. Kessler. Mahler's *First* and Bruckner's *Third* will be performed at the University of Michigan. Thor Johnson will conduct.

## BRUCKNER'S REQUIEM IN D-MINOR

Central Methodist Church, Detroit, Michigan, May 25, 1941. University of Michigan Little Symphony, Thor Johnson, Conductor.

Bruckner's *D-minor Requiem* was presented in Detroit, on May 25, 1941, by the Chancel Choir and the University of Michigan Little Symphony, Thor Johnson conducting. Although this was the first hearing ever given the work in that city, it was so successful that it will be given there again on May 24, 1942, the same chorus, soloists and orchestra participating.

## EFREM KURTZ CONDUCTS SCHERZO OF BRUCKNER'S NINTH AND OVERTURE AT STADIUM CONCERTS, NEW YORK, July 21 and 23, 1941

... The Bruckner *Scherzo*, new to these concerts, is a pleasing addition to the repertoire; its lightness and grace has a certain suggestion of the Mendelssohn of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music.

... The Austrian contribution, new to this series, was an overture composed by Anton Bruckner in 1863 which had to wait forty-eight years for its Viennese premiere. It is more distinguished for the skill shown in its construction and scoring than for saliency of its musical ideas, although it is interesting in its exhibition of influences which were later absorbed into Bruckner's essentially individual style. There are some hints of Wagner, more of later Germanic classicism and early Germanic romanticism, and a few touches which foreshadow the fully developed Bruckneresque idiom.

FRANCES D. PERKINS, *New York Herald Tribune*

## BRUCKNER'S FIFTH

*Saxonian State Orchestra, Karl Boehm, Conductor. Victor Recording*

With the publication of the performance by the Saxonian State Orchestra under Karl Boehm's direction of Bruckner's *Fifth Symphony in B-flat* in its original version Victor has performed an invaluable service to the music world. For the first time on this side of the ocean it is now possible to hear this superb work exactly as the composer conceived it. Not only have important pages of the *Finale* been omitted in the scores available until the recent publication of the complete critical edition of the master's works in Vienna, but as in Bruckner's other symphonies, numerous changes in the instrumentation, many of which alter entirely the sound of many portions of the music, may now be heard as they were intended to emerge by the composer.

There is unfortunately not sufficient space at my disposal this time of the year to expatiate on the wonders Bruckner has wrought here. It must suffice to state that the *Fifth Symphony* contains some of his most sublime and moving music; the product of the greatest mystic whose medium was the tonal sphere. Karl Boehm is a devout, understanding expounder of Bruckner and his interpretation realizes the composer's desires unerringly, and the fine playing of his Dresden musicians is faithfully captured and conveyed in this excellent recording.

JEROME D. BOHM, *New York Herald Tribune*, May 25, 1941

## KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO GOOSSENS

To familiarize Cincinnati audiences with the music of Bruckner, Eugene Goossens performed the Austrian master's *Fifth* in 1932, the *Sixth* (first time in Cincinnati) in 1935, the *Second* in 1939, and the *Third* (first Cincinnati performance) in 1940. In appreciation of his efforts to create a greater interest in and appreciation of Bruckner, the Bruckner Medal of Honor, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the *Society*, was awarded to the conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony. The presentation was made by Dr. Martin G. Dumler, President of the Bruckner Society of America on November 8, 1940 after a performance of Bruckner's *Third*. According to Frederick Yeiser of the *Enquirer*, "Dr. Dumler likewise expressed his satisfaction over the great performance. In accepting the award with deepest thanks, Mr. Goossens paid honor to his colleagues of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and their admirable handling of the score."

## The Symphonic Problem in Mahler's Works

BY DR. HANS TISCHLER

GUSTAV Mahler's symphonies bear a strongly individual mark. In spite of all influences and similarities (as, for instance, those that connect him with Anton Bruckner) they show several entirely new features. These innovations are not wantonly adopted, however. Every intelligent listener feels at once that Mahler needed them to express his ideas and that it is in the latter the real novelty lies.

Each of Mahler's symphonies is a drama of general ideas or principles, not of describable actions. Even where a text is added they remain essentially absolute music, for Mahler chose words that express general ideas only. Occasional descriptive phrases are purely circumstantial to those ideas, not purpose in themselves.

The dramatic idea must necessarily show itself in a series of technical features. These will be our problem and we shall discuss them presently. To be sure, some of Mahler's forerunners had already conceived the symphony as the conveyor of dramatic ideas, though never in Mahler's strict sense. Therefore a brief preliminary survey of the symphony as a music drama should be helpful.

In Haydn's and Mozart's symphonies no leading ideas are detectable. These works are generally accepted as pure or absolute music, expressing general moods only. In them the first movement is the carrier of the main mood, while the other sections, conventionally drawn from the suite-form, are merely appended. The germ of the ensuing development lay in those works where the last movement attained greater length and musical weight, showing the growing feeling for the importance of the concluding movement. An early example is Mozart's *C-major Symphony* (K. 551). Yet the first movement, here also, is the outstanding carrier of emotion, the last section being rather playful, abstract (or pure) music.

Beethoven tackled this problem with full consciousness, with the result that his last movements directly counterbalance the first ones. The two middle movements, however, are mostly detached in mood. The slow movement of the *Eroica* and the middle movements of the *Fifth* alone take definite part in a dramatic action attributable to the symphony as a whole. In the *Eroica*, moreover, only the first two movements form a dramatic sequence. (The *Sixth* with its definite program stands outside our problem.)

All the different types of the symphony, current up to our time, either originate with, or are handed down by, Beethoven. These are: (1) the program symphony (*Sixth*); (2) the symphony with an inner dramatic program (*Third* and *Fifth*); (3) the one with an inner epic program

(*Seventh*) which, in recognition of this fact, Wagner called "the Apotheosis of the Dance"; (4) the symphony of the suite type, with all its movements musically important (Nos. I, II, IV, and VIII); (5) the choral symphony (*Ninth*), which belongs to the second type also. The further development of the second type, the symphony with an inner dramatic program, is alone vital to our present discussion.

Schumann, essentially an epic genius, tried hard to weld his symphonies into dramatic units. The outer movements of his *Rhenish Symphony* (No. 3) seem to form a dramatic sequence, interrupted by the idyllic middle movements. In his *Fourth* he adopted the technique of the cyclic form, using the same themes in different movements. In this way he succeeded in clarifying the dramatic action, interrupted only by the idyllic *Romance*. Franck used the same device in his symphony which, nevertheless, still belongs to the suite type. We also would class Tchaikovsky's and Dvorák's symphonies in this category, despite their many dramatic moments scattered through single movements. Brahms' *Third* shows the same construction as Schumann's *Fourth*: the first, third, and fourth movements express the same dramatic, rather tragic idea, while the idyllic second section brings some relief, a species of structure already encountered in Beethoven's *Fifth*. Brahms' *First* goes one great step farther. The last movement is the dramatic triumph (as in Beethoven's *Fifth*). It solves the tension of the preceding movements, all of which have taken part in the action, depicting different aspects of the conflict. Their effect has been a constant brightening of the symphonic scene apart from the introduction to the final movement, which surmounts the last impediment before *dramatis persona* is victorious.

A new conception of the symphony was that of Anton Bruckner. All his nine symphonies follow one scheme; the first and final movements are the arena of the tragic conflict. (In his *First* this conflict is so violent that his art can scarcely cope with it.) The two middle movements are almost invariably a religious *Adagio* and a *Scherzo*. Detached from the drama presented in the outer movements (perhaps with one exception, the *Fifth*) they do not even aim at relieving the dramatic tension.

Such then was the historical situation when Mahler began his work as a musical dramatist. All his symphonies belong to the type with an inner dramatic program. Only once (in the *Eighth*) is this program apparently converted into an outer one by a thorough-going text. Only once it becomes an epic program (in the *Song of the Earth*, which also is, in reality, a symphony). Mahler's dramatic instinct does not permit a pause of action in his symphonies. There are no interludes inserted, except for the *Adagietto* in the *Fifth* where the tension of the other movements is so great that there was no other way of providing the necessary relief. The *Sixth (Tragic)* is completely overwhelming because the tension remains unrelieved throughout. In most cases, however, Mahler endows the action in the middle movements with a certain relief-bringing quality. The constant use of such movements is characteristic of Mahler, though

he was not the first to use them (see, for example, the third movement of Brahms's *Third*).

With Mahler the symphonic drama becomes so varied, that he is compelled to use the human voice to convey the various distinct ideas clearly to the listener. The fact that Mahler found it necessary to introduce texts in five out of eleven symphonies and to use music otherwise connected with texts in two more of them is added vindication of the following analysis of his music as dramatic in quality.

Let us now recount in order the various dramatic actions of Mahler's symphonies:

In the *First* we cannot but imagine a youth full of optimism, tackling the world. His buoyant strength meets with some hindrances in the second movement; his first great disillusionment is shown in the third. Almost insurmountable reverses, leading to dramatic conflicts in the fourth, are finally overcome triumphantly.

The *Second* shows the harder side of life, its conflicts (first movement) its irony and futility (third movement), the outcry for another, better world (fourth movement), the tragedy of solitude and enmity (last movement). Least represented is the beautiful aspect of life (second movement) and even this small part is not left undisturbed. Only the hope for the next world brightens this gloomy picture and words were indeed necessary to express this idea adequately.

The *Third*, despite the apparently epic character of its second part (movements 2-6 inclusive) is a true drama in which the conflicts are overcome in the first part so that the two following movements may be given over to beauty and gaiety. Human tragedy reasserts itself (fourth movement) only to give way to a more sublimated joy (fifth) and beauty (sixth) indicating the road that leads away from the earthly life to a heavenly one.

The *Fourth* supplements the idea of the second part of the *Third*. From earthly gaiety (first movement) the picture changes to one of more sombre, ironical hue (second movement) to be brightened once more by heavenly beauty (third movement) and joy (fourth movement). The tragic quality of the first part of the *Third* is absent here, leaving the impression of a comedy.

The following three symphonies abandon the idea of the next world. The place of action is this world only, with its grim reality.

The *Fifth*: Mourning and pain (first movement) fighting and wounds (second) irony and shadowy insecurity, coupled with a forced gaiety (third) relieved by the interlude (fourth). The fifth movement concludes the work more cheerfully, describing daily work and haste, still the best phases of ordinary human existence.

The *Sixth* again reflects harsh conflicts in all but the second movement, even that section being a rather painful, wound-scarred episode. The hero definitely succumbs to Fate in the last movement.

The *Seventh* seems to depict a hero who launches himself upon the ad-

venture of life fortified by the will to succeed (first movement). He experiences moments of pleasure (second and fourth movements) but sees the irony and sham of these (third movement). Finally he takes up the fight cheerfully and steadfastly (fifth). Outspoken, sharp conflicts are absent in this work. The mood is rather that of braving life as cheerfully as possible.

This combative, hopeful spirit is maintained in the first part of the *Eighth*. Its second part reverts to the transcendental solution of all problems. Mankind is the hero of this drama. At first dumbfounded in the face of the miracle of eternal hope, he attains manifold expression of its joy, to be finally redeemed by it.

The epic quality of the *Song of the Earth* is self-evident from its texts. A spirit of resignation, rather than of action, as called for in a drama, pervades this great work.

The *Ninth*, the nearest to pure music Mahler ever wrote, does not lend itself easily to an explanation. Yet there is no doubt that it is dramatic. The first movement seems to express the desire for beauty, happiness, and peace which cannot be achieved because of the disharmonies of life. The second makes the best of life, pretending to be cheerful. In the third the hero takes up the fight. Moods of shrieking irony, futility, and success follow each other. In the fourth the longing for beauty alternates with moments of sheer disillusionment.

The *Tenth (Unfinished)* follows the same line. Yearning for beauty and peace (first), forced gaiety (second), bitter irony (third), forced gaiety and diabolical sarcasm (fourth), and longing for peace and redemption, mingled with more fruitless conflict (fifth).

For all these pictures Mahler uses only six distinct types of movements, most of them not his invention. They are, however, absolutely personal in style and use. These types are the following: (Roman and Arabic numerals indicate symphonies and movements, respectively).

- a) Song movements: I: 3, II: 2, II: 4, III: 2, III: 4, III: 5, IV: 4, V: 4, the second part of VIII: 2, *Song of the Earth*: 2, 3, 4, 5.
- b) Characteristic pieces: II: 3, III: 3, IV: 2, Trio of VI: 3, VII: 3, X: 3. Mixtures of (a) and (b): VII: 2, VII: 4.
- c) Dance movements: I: 2, V: 3, VI: 3, IX: 2, X: 2, X: 4.
- d) Outer movements: I: 4, II: 1, II: 5, III: 1, IV: 1, V: 1, V: 2, V: 5, VI: 1, VI: 4, VII: 1, VII: 5, VIII: 1, IX: 3, X: 5. Mixtures of (a) and (d): I: 1, third part of VIII: 2, *Song of the Earth*: 1.
- e) Slow middle movements: IV: 3, VI: 2, First part of VIII: 2.
- f) Slow outer movements: IX: 1, X: 1. Mixtures of (e) and (f): III: 6, *Song of the Earth*: 6, IX: 4.

These groups of movements, considered from a harmonic-contrapuntal viewpoint, have quite distinct features, which may be summarized as follows: (The grouping parallels the one immediately above).

a) Here the harmonic motion is very slow. The fundamental chords are strongly emphasized, often in long-sustained organ-points of the tonic or tonic plus fifth. For the most part polar tonality prevails, tonic and dominant alternating without other chords, much as in folk music.

b) Alternation of major and minor is one of the main features in these movements. So are many mixtures of major and minor. Frequent unsolved chromatic bynotes and frequent use of the harmonic full-tone step downward are also characteristic.

c) This group shows simple harmonic development; modulations are mostly effected by direct leap into the new key. The fundamentals are strongly stressed, the motion of the fundamental chords much quickened. From V: 3 on, these pieces become highly contrapuntal and use wide melodic leaps, sharp disharmonies resulting from these two features. Passages in parallel 4ths, 5ths, 7ths and 9ths, not governed by a strong bass, are very frequent.

d) Here we find a further accumulation of occasional disharmonies, resulting from poly-melodicism (a type of counterpoint very characteristic of Mahler), and leading to polytonal structures as well as to chords in 4ths (VII: 1, VII: 5, VIII: 1). The tonality may be suspended either through the possibility of assigning passages to two or three different keys, or through total absence of tonality. Very frequently organ-points are used to counterbalance these features otherwise difficult to absorb.

e) These movements show many of the characteristics of (a), but possess, in addition, a large measure of romantic chromaticism in melody and bass. Significant use is made of the expressive turn (perhaps a legacy from Bruckner).

f) This group shows many of the characteristics of (d) and (e) only still more complicated. The motion of the harmonies is slow. Polar, as well as suspended tonality and polytonality are frequently used.

The moods of these six categories are very much unified, except for (a) and (e), which serve a variety of moods. (b) is employed for either a pleasant, quiet type of gaiety or humor with a dash of irony. (c) expresses in most cases a forced gaiety, marked by bitter sarcasm. (d) retains the features of the carrier of the main part of the drama: conflict, heroism, surrender or victory. (f) depicts the longing for rest, beauty, a better world.

From the viewpoint of musical form this grouping also remains valid. (a) and (e) use all types of small, simple forms. (b) and (c) are almost exclusively composed in *alternativo* forms, smaller and larger rondos, often with an admixture of sonata elements. (d) shows only large sonata forms or the most complicated rondo forms, two of which (V: 1, VII: 5) are strongly mixed with sonata elements, the third (IX: 3) being Mahler's only rondo with two *alternativos*. (f) uses (except for *Song of the Earth*: 6, apparently because of its song character) the most peculiar symphonic form: double variation, i.e., alternating variations on two themes. These variations bear a strong resemblance to sonata developments.

We see that the proper conflict form is still the sonata form. Yet the blending of sonata features with the rondo and variation forms renders these two also capable of depicting conflicts, though, to be sure, with some modifications. The rondo adds some cheer to the drama. The double variation form, applied only to slow outer movements, elevates the conflicts from the physical to the mental plane, reflecting the longing for or frustration of rest, beauty, or redemption.

The dramatic conception of the symphony led Mahler also to the significant use of certain keys. If we understand this significance several important moments at once become clear to us. The keys of A-, D- and E-minor signify a grey, nebulous, nervous, instable mood, usually preceding a great conflict or its solution. The characteristic key of conflict is, above all others, F-minor, but occasionally C-minor is also employed. B-flat and E-flat minor express depressing gravity, sometimes despair. The ultimate solution, transcendental redemption, is usually set in E-major, sometimes also in B- or E-flat major. D-major is used for a corresponding optimism relating to this world. For example, the development and crisis key of F-minor in the last movements of the *First* and *Second Symphonies* shows us that these movements are in reality further developments of their respective first movements. Generally speaking the keys of the movements serve as indicators of their dominant moods. Thus the classic scheme of keys in the symphonic cycle, as well as within the movements, is abandoned, although an occasional similarity occurs by accident. The arrangement of movements, also highly individual, is adapted anew to each work. The old suite-symphony is entirely discarded and so is its purely musical schematism. The problem of the distribution of weight is solved individually in each symphony.

The *Symphonies* I, II, VI, VIII, and the *Song of the Earth* show a more or less level construction toward the *Finale*, despite the total difference of their dramatic solutions. The *Symphonies* III and IV show a pyramid-like form, tapering away by refining the issue in a straight line. The *Fifth* finds its peak in the third movement, bow-like, while the *Seventh* has its weight equally distributed in the outer movements, the lowest point, reached in the third movement, forming an inverted bow. In the *Ninth* the material weight lies in the two middle movements, the inner weight in the outer ones. The *Tenth* was probably similar in plan, but the fifth movement is too incomplete to permit an adequate judgment.

Comparing these constructions with the key-schemes of the respective works we find that all those symphonies which are built in a straight line show a key-scheme not far removed from the classic. All of them are among Mahler's more popular works, except for the *Sixth*, the extreme tension in which is wholly unrelieved throughout. The other works take distinctly new paths in structure and key-scheme and are less popular.

This does not mean that the more popular symphonies show no new features. Their emotional scheme, as reflected by their key-scheme (see

above), is sufficiently similar to that of the classic symphonies to make them more easily absorbable.

To sum up: the basis of Mahler's symphonies is the drama of human life and struggle in its various aspects and phases. The insertion of vocal movements (solo and chorus); the augmentation of the number of movements (five in *Symphonies* II, V, VII, X and six in III and in the *Song of the Earth*); the amalgamation of three movements, all of which are completely executed, in VIII: 2; the adoption of serenades and dance movements into the symphony with a quite new, dramatic intent; the many new features in harmony and counterpoint (also instrumentation which, however, could not be considered here): all these features have the single purpose: to intensify and represent as faithfully as possible the dramatic ideas conveyed to us by symphonic music.

This conception of the symphony seems to be its last important development up to the present, unless Shostakovich's works prove to have added some new ideas to the form. Sibelius' symphonies are epic, like Brahms' *Second* and *Fourth*, most of Schumann's, Mendelssohn's, Borodin's and other Russians, as well as those by Delius and Elgar. The few scattered symphonic works of Schreker, Williams, Schoenberg and others do not as yet show a unified trend.



#### MAHLER'S NINTH SYMPHONY

*Vienna Philharmonic, Bruno Walter, Conductor. Victor Recording*

The performance by the Vienna Philharmonic in Vienna of Mahler's *Ninth Symphony* under the direction of Bruno Walter on January 16, 1938, was transferred to the disks and has been published by Victor and forms one of the most important contributions to recorded literature. This work is the Austrian composer's crowning achievement; a creation of towering greatness, which has none of those defects so disturbing even to his most ardent admirers; those too frequent juxtapositions in his earlier symphonies of treasurable ideas with others so trite that one wonders how a composer of Mahler's caliber could have put them down on paper.

Following but a year after the completion in *Das Lied von der Erde*, the *Ninth Symphony* is a continuation of the elegiac mood which pervades its predecessor. But it is purely instrumental. No use is made of the human voice as in *Das Lied von der Erde*. Its four movements do not follow the conventional sonata form, the possibilities of which Mahler had exhausted in the gigantic *Eighth* "Symphony of a Thousand." The end movements are both slow, the first an extensive *Andante*, the last broadly conceived *Adagio*. Two quick movements, a *Scherzo* and a *Rondo* "X Burleske," come between. The treatment of key relationships between the four movements is free. The first is in D-major; the second in C-major, the third in A-minor, the *Finale* in the distant tonality of D-flat.

In his instrumentation Mahler pursues an entirely different course than Strauss. Every instrument is exploited for its individual tonal characteristics. No attempt is made to combine instrumental timbres for sensuous purposes, nor are harmonic or dynamic objectives the first considerations. The greatest agility and flexibility are demanded of the brasses.

Although Mahler has cast aside the formalistic principles implicit in the classic sonata form does this not mean that he has brushed all architectonics aside, as some of his detractors would have us believe. For despite the previously unheard of, fantastic nature of the musical structure he has employed, its seemingly improvisational con-

tours are united by an order dictated by inner compulsion. Because the scheme is not that adhered to by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms, does not make it inept and illogical. Its demands on the listener's attentions are perhaps stricter. It is so much easier to follow familiar paths than to tread newer ones.

How much the modernists owe to Mahler is nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in the wildly ironic pages of the *Scherzo* and *Rondo*, where the relentlessly clashing polyphony and instrumental timbres point the way to Stravinsky and Hindemith.

But it is on none of these external attributes that Mahler depends for his overwhelming appeal to the emotions. Here even more than in *Das Lied von der Erde* he has discoursed on death; on its bitterness and consolation, in tones such as no other composer has used before or after him.

Bruno Walter's close association with Mahler and his profound sympathy with his music are too well known to require discussion here. His interpretation reveals the most intimate knowledge of the score and the discerning touch of an imaginative and ardent musician. The Vienna Philharmonic carries out his desires zealously and the recording as such is excellent, even down to an occasionally heard auditor's cough.

JEROME D. BOHM, *New York Herald Tribune*, January 12, 1941

The big news this month is the Victor recording of Mahler's *Ninth Symphony*. Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic were taken down on wax direct from a performance given in Vienna on January 16, 1938. Thus the lengthy composition enters the record lists, and all Mahlerites should be overwrought with joy.

Of course, the moment you mention Mahler you get all sorts of reactions, ranging from sheer ecstasy to snarled disdain. He has his followers and he also has his pursuers, so to speak. No middle lane, if you please, it's one or the other.

This watcher of the musical skies is of the pro persuasion. Mahler has been maligned just about enough. It's time now to evaluate his works as works and not as pegs on which to hang psychoanalytical stuff concerning his character.

This symphony is a big creation. It requires a conductor of big imagination, of big technic and, not the least important, of probing intellect. It just won't pan out for the puny boys.

In this recorded performance things do pan out, for the simple reason that Bruno Walter has long been a staunch devotee of Mahler. As a matter of fact, this composition was given its world première in 1912 in Vienna, under Walter's direction. No better auspices for a disc presentation of it could be imagined than the present ones.

Aside from all the quibble and babble, which most of the anti-Mahler stuff is, truthfully, the recording is magnificent. Since it was done at an actual concert, you will hear a few coughs, by no means discreet. And one objection might be raised against the unnatural cutting, which leaves some important phrases right in the air for a spell to be picked up on the other side or on another disc. Otherwise you will find this a great experience.

ROBERT BAGAR, *World Telegram*, January 18, 1941

### STOCK CONDUCTS BRUCKNER'S *THIRD*

Bruckner's *Third Symphony* was programmed by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra on February 20 and 21, Dr. Frederick Stock conducting. For this listener, no previous rendition of a Bruckner score approaches in beauty the present February performance. The solemn splendor of the opening movement was a fitting prelude for a *Finale* that swept over Orchestra Hall in surging exaltation. Against the tenderness and mystery stressed in the *Adagio* was set the *Scherzo*, its gaiety touched with magic.

The hour of this symphony is one long to remember. Dr. Stock's deeply sympathetic reading of the work coupled with a sincerity of performance by the men of the orchestra brought forth long continued applause from the audience. We will hope to hear the *Third* again next season.

MARY R. RYAN

NOTE: Dr. Stock conducted Bruckner's *Third* at the Cornell College Music Festival, Mt. Vernon, Iowa. A letter to the *Society* about this performance reads in part: "It was a real thrill to hear this work, and I have never heard a performance applauded so enthusiastically."

## Bruckner's *Eighth Symphony* A Profusion of Great Music

BY PITTS SANBORN

The following article was published in the *New York World Telegram* on Jan. 18, 1941

ONCE more the subject of Anton Bruckner is up for discussion. Bruno Walter, one of the chief champions of Bruckner's music, began his present guest engagement with the Philharmonic Symphony by placing the Austrian composer's *Eighth Symphony* on his initial program (Thursday evening, repeated yesterday afternoon) and will lead it yet again at the matinee of Sunday, the twenty-sixth. Thus New York is given the opportunity to hear three times in a fortnight this monumental work interpreted by a man who through experience and temperament is ordained to reveal its greatness.

Last but not one (the unfinished *Ninth*) of Bruckner's symphonies, this *Eighth in C-minor* was composed between 1885 and 1890. Hans Richter gave it its first performance on December 18, 1892, at a Philharmonic concert in Vienna. Hanslick, sworn enemy of Bruckner, had, in reviewing the work, to admit its success with the public! "How was the new symphony received? Boisterous rejoicing, waving of handkerchiefs from those standing, innumerable recalls, laurel wreaths."

The symphony was not played in the United States till Max Fiedler brought it out at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston on March 13, 1909. It was repeated "by request" at a concert of the same orchestra in Boston on the April 24 following. Meanwhile Fiedler and the Boston orchestra had brought the work to New York and presented it in Carnegie Hall on March 18. After that performance a local reviewer wrote:

"In this symphony one hears the real Bruckner, not the crabbed, half-ludicrous pedant who boasted that he was doing for the symphony what Wagner had done for the opera, and then matched Beethoven by putting forth his symphonic message in nine installments.

### LANGUAGE OF THE IMMORTALS

"The Bruckner of the *Eighth Symphony* dwells upon the heights and speaks the language of the immortals. In melodic invention, in structure, in orchestral treatment, in sustained interest this symphony is far removed from the symphonies of Bruckner heard here before. Of the garrulous, the pedantic, the unimportant, the tiresome, there is little in the work; of genuine music, great music, a wonderful profusion.

"Take the Scherzo. Call it, if you will, 'the German Michael,' the merry-making clodhopper. But what vigor, swing, strength are in it, what hearty humor! And the trio has the caressing warmth of sunlight falling peacefully upon the peasants' dance.

"Then comes the *Adagio*, said to be the longest symphonic *adagio* in existence, and by some (Mr. Fiedler among others) the greatest. Music of such lofty inspiration cannot seem long, and even after this sublime *Adagio* the *Finale* is not an anti-climax, but a true culmination in its thrilling immensities of sound."

The *Eighth Symphony* is dedicated to "His Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty Francis Joseph I, Emperor of Austria and Apostolic King of Hungary, etc., in deepest reverence." The scoring, which stresses particularly the brass, calls for this orchestra; three flutes, three oboes, three clarinets, three bassoons (one interchangeable with double bassoon), eight horns (horns 5-8 interchangeable with tenor and bass tubas), three trumpets, three trombones, contrabass tuba, kettledrums, triangle, cymbals, three harps and the usual strings.

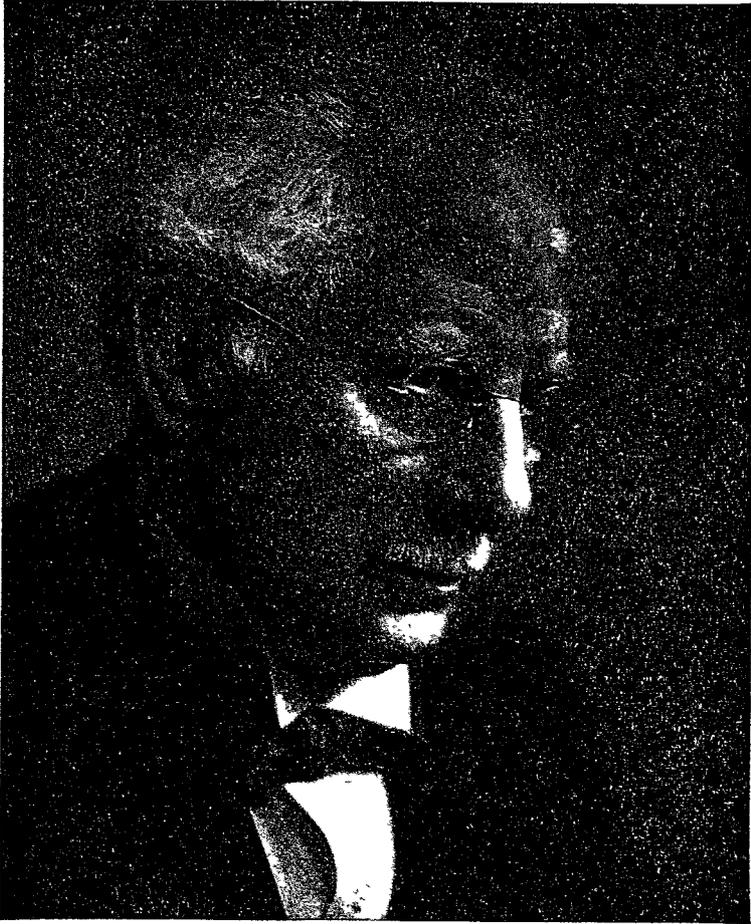
### PROMETHEUS OR FAUST?

When the symphony was first played, it seems, there was a descriptive program from the pen of some worshipful follower. Here the "Aeschylean Prometheus" was discovered in the first subject of the first movement and part of this movement was called "the greatest loneliness and silence." The *Scherzo* was dubbed "Der deutsche Michel" (The German Michael). "Michel" has been defined figuratively as "yokel, boor, clodhopper." This same annotator discovered in the *Scherzo* "the deeds and sufferings of Prometheus reduced in the way of parody to the smallest proportions."

Hanslick made the following comment: "If a critic had spoken this blasphemy he would probably have been stoned to death by Bruckner's disciples; but the composer himself gave this name, The German Michael, to the *Scherzo*, as may be read in black and white in the program." Nevertheless, the published score is without a motto.

The *Adagio*, according to the worshipful authority, portrayed "the all-loving Father of mankind in his measureless wealth of mercy." The *Finale* depicted "heroism in the sense of the Divine," the trumpet calls being "the announcers of eternal salvation, heralds of the idea of divinity." It has been alleged, however, that the beginning of this *Finale* was suggested to Bruckner by the meeting of the three emperors!

The published score of the symphony gives no indication that Bruckner had in mind any program or argument. Still, Johannes Reichert, analyzing the work for the symphony concert of the Royal Orchestra of Dresden of December 13, 1907, refers to Josef Schalk's "Vision of Prometheus Bound" in the first movement and himself finds in the music something of Prometheus or of Faust.



MARTIN G. DUMLER, Mus. Doc., LL.D.

**L**ONG respected as that of one of America's foremost composers of sacred music, the name of Martin G. Dumler suddenly attained world fame through the triumphant reviews devoted to the première of his *Stabat Mater* at the Cincinnati May Music Festival in 1935. That signal success was confirmed at many subsequent performances, stamping this composition as a work of universal art, a significant contribution of our own day to that proud, slender array of thoroughly human, super-ritual scores that have found but few worthy companions since the great devotional compositions of Bruckner.

# Te Deum Laudamus

|                                                                              |                                                                                                  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Te Deum Laudamus: * te Dominum confitemur.                                   | We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.                                       |
| Te aeternum Patrem * omnis terra veneratur.                                  | Thee, the eternal Father, all the earth doth worship.                                            |
| Tibi omnes Angeli, * tibi coeli, et universae potestates:                    | To Thee all the Angels, to Thee the Heavens, and all the Powers therein:                         |
| Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim, * incessabili voce proclamant:                    | To Thee the Cherubim and Seraphim with unceasing voice cry aloud:                                |
| Sanctus, * Sanctus, * Sanctus * Dominus Deus Sabaoth.                        | Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Sabaoth.                                                            |
| Pleni sunt coeli et terra * majestatis gloriae tuae.                         | The heavens and this earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.                                 |
| Te gloriosus * Apostolorum chorus,                                           | Thee, the glorious choir of the Apostles,                                                        |
| Te Prophetarum * laudabilis numerus,                                         | Thee, the admirable company of the Prophets,                                                     |
| Te Martyrum candidatus * laudat exercitus.                                   | Thee, the white-robed army of Martyrs doth praise.                                               |
| Te per orbem terrarum * sancta confitetur Ecclesia,                          | Thee, the Holy Church throughout the world doth confess,                                         |
| Patrem * immensae majestatis,                                                | The Father of infinite majesty,                                                                  |
| Venerandum tuum verum * et unicum Filium,                                    | Thine adorable, true and only Son,                                                               |
| Sanctum quoque * Paraclitum Spiritum.                                        | Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.                                                              |
| Tu Rex gloriae * Christe.                                                    | Thou, O Christ, art the King of Glory.                                                           |
| Tu Patris * sempiternus es Filius.                                           | Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father                                                       |
| Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem: * non horruisti Virginis uterum.       | Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb, when Thou tookest upon Thee human nature to deliver man. |
| Tu devicto mortis aculeo: * aperuisti credentibus regna coelorum.            | When Thou hadst overcome the sting of death, Thou didst open to believers the kingdom of heaven. |
| Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes, * in gloria Patris.                                | Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.                               |
| Judex crederis * esse venturus.                                              | Thou, we believe, art the Judge to come.                                                         |
| Te ergo quaesumus, tuis famulis subveni: * quos pretioso sanguine redemisti. | We beseech Thee, therefore, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood.   |
| Aeterna fac cum sanctis tuis * in gloria numerari.                           | Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints, in glory everlasting.                                  |
| Salvum fac populum tuum Domine, * et benedic haereditati tuae.               | Save Thy people, O Lord, and bless Thine inheritance.                                            |
| Et rege eos, * et extolle illos usque in aeternum.                           | And rule them, and exalt them forever.                                                           |
| Per singulos dies * benedicimus te.                                          | Day by day, we bless Thee.                                                                       |
| Et laudamus nomen tuum in saeculum * et in saeculum saeculi.                 | And we praise Thy Name forever; yea forever and ever.                                            |
| Dignare Domine die isto * sine peccato nos custodire.                        | Vouchsafe, O Lord, this day, to keep us without sin.                                             |
| Miserere nostri Domine: * miserere nostri.                                   | Have mercy on us, O Lord; have mercy on us.                                                      |
| Fiat misericordia tua Domine super nos, * quemadmodum speravimus in te.      | Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us; even as we have hoped in Thee.                                |
| In te Domine speravi: * non confundar in aeternum.                           | In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped: let me not be confounded forever.                                 |

## New Directions in Sacred Music (II):\* Dumler's *Te Deum*

### FOREWORD

THE celebrated Latin prose-poem *Te Deum Laudamus*, composed by Bishop Nicetas about the beginning of the fifth century A.D., is the product of a remarkable fusion of scattered biblical elements. Passages drawn from the Old and New Testaments, Psalms, Prophets, Gospels, and Epistles are so harmoniously blended in this hymn that it possesses the unity, vitality, and individual power of a great original poem. The pre-Gregorian character of the first portion of the traditional chant-version indicates that it was a favorite Christian song even before it was incorporated in the Roman Liturgy. Passing centuries, confirming this ancient popularity, hailed the *Te Deum* as the noblest and most inspiring of all sacred hymns.

Its fiery verses present the loftiest unveiling of Heaven's mysteries. They breathe the ineffable tenderness of the dying Redeemer's love. They illumine the whole universe with their brilliancy, flashing from Earth's Praise of God to Heaven's ecstatic shouts of adoring Cherubim and Seraphim. In jubilant trumpet-tones they proclaim the triumph of the spirit over Death and Hell. They stir man's emotions as do the verses of no later hymns, appealing not to his sentiment, but rather to his will to strive and endure. One readily believes that the *Te Deum* was the favorite hymn of the early missionaries, those men of unconquerable faith and determination, who made great ventures for God and confidently expected great rewards from Him.

Since the polyphonic era the *Te Deum* has been the occasional vehicle of elaborate choral settings suited to the pomp of special public festivals of Praise and Thanksgiving. Handel's famous *Dettingen Te Deum* is an example of such a setting, somewhat in the manner of an oratorio. The ultra-spectacular setting by Berlioz might well be called the "Te Deum of a Thousand" because of the huge numbers of participants it demands. These two, as well as some others in the grand manner, are doubtless memorable, but they are not primarily concerned with the deeper spiritual implications of the text.

A more convincing solution was furnished by Bruckner, who was not merely a highly gifted composer, but also a thoroughly devout being, who had made the mastery of every thematic nuance of the ancient chant one of the principal tasks of his artistic career. His *Te Deum*, characterized by inspired melodic re-creation in the Gregorian spirit, is therefore

\* The present is the second contribution in this field that has appeared in CHORD AND DISCORD. The first, an analysis of Dumler's *Stabat Mater*, was published in Vol. I, No. 7, upon the occasion of the successful première of that composition at the Cincinnati May Music Festival in 1935.

an epoch-making work in the realm of sacred music. Truly revolutionary also is his employment of leading motifs throughout, achieving a dramatic vitality and artistic unity unparalleled in previous settings. The world has yet to realize that Bruckner's application of the motif-principle to devotional music embodies a contribution only less significant than his revitalization of the dormant symphonic structure during the latter half of the past century.

Dumler's *Te Deum*, an elaborate festival-setting for baritone solo, mixed chorus, and orchestra, is a work by a gifted, progressive American, who has skilfully availed himself of the vast advantages of unified motivation in the composition of larger devotional settings. For the thematic elements of his *Te Deum* he has gone to the prime source itself, the ancient *Te Deum* chant-setting. A recognized master of modern orchestral idiom, he has brought to the scoring of his *Te Deum* every instrumental resource of present-day musical art appropriate to the spirit of a devotional festival celebration.

### TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

#### Chorus

A mighty unison outburst of the brass, resounding twice in succession, heralds the opening of a great spiritual festival. The proclamation, a brief theme of elemental simplicity, sweeps majestically aloft, suggesting the voice of Faith summoning all the Faithful of Heaven and Earth. This is the source-theme of the Lord's praise. Set like a resplendent jewel within its octave framework is the aspiring motif of Praise. As the orches-



tral introduction draws to a close a shadow suddenly falls over the stately harmonies, enveloping them in a darker majesty. Far more than a cadence, this is a forecast of earnest revelations also to be unfolded.

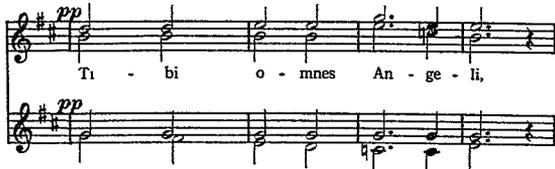
The full chorus, starting in unison, thunders forth the first verse of the text, raising the motif of Praise to ecstatic heights, as the voices separate into eight parts in a blaze of harmonic glory. Significantly the melody at-



tains an exalted climax at "confitemur," as though the dome of Heaven itself had been pierced by the invincible power of man's Faith.

"Dominum," embodying the concept of God as the Lord, is set to the inverted motif of Praise, which now gains new prominence, dominating the brief instrumental interlude that follows. A gracious counter-theme,

touched with the noble lyricism inherent in singing horn-tones, prepares the softer aura surrounding the second verse. Its burden is reverence and humility, the worship of God the Father its subject. The motif of God as the Lord, broadened in the deep brass, confirms the benevolent metamorphosis. A world of compassion lies latent beneath this verse's minor cadence. Lyric fragments in English horn and flute characterize the transition to a new radiant mood and tonality. Heaven itself is the scene



of the next verse, sung by an Angel choir. The absence of bass and tenor voices intensifies the disembodied quality of this ethereal hymn.

A yearning counter-melody in low, muted brass evokes increasingly impassioned utterance, "Cherubim and Seraphim" reinforcing the chorus. The brief motif hitherto associated with the concepts of God as the Lord and the Father undergoes a fresh transformation. Assuming vivid rhythmic character it attains full melodic integration in the dramatic orchestral interlude that follows. The subject of a poignant contrapuntal exchange between trombones and tuba it rears itself to a powerful climax on the dominant, accompanied by a string tremolo of the utmost fervor. The very gates of Heaven fly open, revealing the inef-

fable splendor of the *Tersanctus*: "Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God of Sabaoth." All that has gone before was but a prelude to this ultimate apostrophe. Unbounded jubilation sways the orchestra as chimes, joyfully pealing, add their golden voices to the sublime festival of Praise and Thanksgiving.

The *Pleni Sunt* sums up triumphantly in a single verse the worship of Earth and the Angelic choirs separately proclaimed in the foregoing verses. The musical setting emphasizes the unity of this concept, contrasting it sharply with the varied context underlying the previous verses. A single theme now becomes the sole material for a large tonal structure. Twelve uninterrupted recurrences of this theme, set forth in fugue style amid steadily increasing harmonic, contrapuntal, and orchestral rich-

ness, mirror the gradual assembly of all the Hosts of Heaven and Earth. The gradual increase of choral and instrumental volume symbolizes the concept of "Heaven and Earth filling with God's glory." The polyphonic framework attains full stature at the sixth entry of the theme, retaining this six-part character amid constantly varying harmonic and orchestral surroundings until the coda.

An echo of the glorious *Tersanctus* survives in the brief orchestral introduction, as harp and bell tones accompany a reflective, slow-pulsed embodiment of the motif of Praise. Presented thrice in imitation by the strings, it foretells the contrapuntal nature of the structure to be evolved. The theme itself, a soaring melody of deep, religious sentiment based on this motif, is first sounded by the bass voices. Its dome-like char-



acter at the word "coeli" ("heavens") is an especially felicitous melodic detail. The closing tones of the theme do not form a cadence; rather they ascend majestically to greet the entry of the tenor voices in a new tonality. This process continues throughout twelve recurrences of the theme, suggesting a victorious ascent *ad astra*. Unfailing harmonic and instrumental variety lends each restatement an air of complete novelty.

The *Coda* is a jubilant outburst of dazzling brilliancy. Proclaiming "the majesty of God's Glory" it radiates a choral and instrumental splendor paralleling that of the *Tersanctus*, to which it is related by community of motivation.



The chorus of the Apostles, Prophets, and Martyrs embodies the Lord's Praise by the Church upon Earth. Appropriately the theme, a free re-creation in the spirit of the ancient chant, begins with a phrase sung in unison by tenors and basses. "Laudabilis" reflects the sublime spirit of



the Prophets, the motif of Praise becoming prominent in full harmony. Subtle too is the setting of the "White-robed host of Martyrs," involving the earnest, rhythmic minor motif (first applied to the Cherubim) in a major transformation.

Amid the radiance shed by this promise the whole chorus unites in

harmonic splendor to voice the Praise of the Church upon Earth. "Sancta," set to the motif of Praise, implies the lofty status of the Church as the House of the Lord. Portentous strokes of the gong emphasize this significant implication, the violins weaving above it a glittering filigree, delicate and gracious, even as the corresponding violin figure throughout the opening chorus was vigorous and jubilant.

A sweeping transition by three trumpets in harmony over a sustained fundament unites the separate concepts of Praise by Apostles, Prophets, and Martyrs into one supreme choral apostrophe to the "Father." This union is symbolized in the unison setting of "Patrem." Eight-part harmony enhances the impressiveness at "immensae." Dramatic suspense sways this whole passage, increasing until the final chord, the surprising dominant character of which intensifies the air of expectancy.

The effectiveness of the tender lyric interlude that follows is increased by its strong contrast to the dramatic grandeur immediately preceding. Reverent pathos underlies the expressive duet by oboe and flute introducing this new mood, so different from all that has gone before. It



heralds a totally new concept. In its subdued atmosphere is set the first verse in which the Son is mentioned. At "Sanctum quoque" the air of restrained sorrow becomes especially poignant. Thereafter the words re-echo mystically in a two-part canon sung by sopranos and altos. A strik-

san - ctum quo - que Pa - rá - cli - tum Spí - ri - tum.

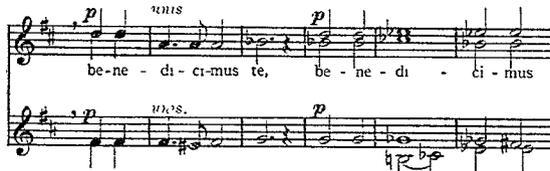
san - ctum quo - que Pa - rá - cli - tum, san - ctum

ing example of subtle dramatic motivation is the exclusive employment of the motif of Praise as a thematic element throughout this passage. Taken up by the orchestra it is borne into brighter harmonic surroundings. Now the verse is reframed in accents of Hopefulness. Growing rhythmic majesty characterizes the orchestra, as the motif of Praise, in a powerful chorale formulation, strides firmly onward to a crowning summary. With the proclamation of the Son as the "King of Glory" the chorus attains a stirring climax, the motivation revealing that the Glory of the Son is one with the Glory of the Father. Thus the broad descending third, previously applied to "Patrem," achieves an overwhelming triumph at "Tu Rex gloriae, Christe."





Highly dramatic is the sudden tenderness of "Benedicimus te" ("We bless Thee"). The gradual thinning out of the voices until only sopranos and altos sound ethereally against a transparent orchestral background



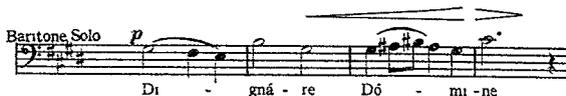
symbolizes the ascent of Earth's blessing to Heaven. A majestic chorale, "In saeculum saeculi" ("Forever and ever") by full chorus and orchestra, brings the second section of the *Te Deum* to an impressive close. The motif of Praise is outstanding as the last word scales the summit of sonority.

### DIGNARE DOMINE DIE ISTO

#### *Baritone Solo and Male Chorus*

The *Te Deum* attains its most moving lyric expression in the baritone solo setting of "Dignare, Domine" ("Vouchsafe, O Lord") which begins the closing section. The full power of devotional pathos is here suggested amid tremendous emotional restraint, the sinner's cry for Divine mercy dominating the verses.

Muted strings tenderly reawaken a motif prominent in the prayerful "Te ergo quaesumus," weaving it into a gracious transition to a more ethereal tonality. The major setting of the baritone song endows the introductory "Miserere" atmosphere with the spiritual strength indispensable to the true *Te Deum* character. Hopeful aspiration, rather than resignation, is inherent in the reverent opening phrase.



As "miserere" is first sounded there is no spiritual surrender, but only the exalted entreaty of a soul fortified by Faith. The motif of Praise, prominent throughout, attains particular significance in the baritone's final pronouncement of "Domine." This solo closes on a note of hopeful yearning, blessed by repeated reassurances in the orchestra. A gracious motif, first sounded in the initial introduction like a Benediction, becomes the chief thematic element.

The choral interlude ("Miserere") which follows is even more restrained, its melancholy tendency relieved by the motif of Benediction, predominant in the orchestral background. Preceding the choral utterance of each verse, this motif not only determines the character of the entire passage, but also anticipates the outspoken embodiment of hopeful

expectation as the solo baritone once more takes up the prayer voicing the devout longing of all humanity. The orchestra adds immeasurable lyric richness, singing a sustained, individual song, rather than an accompaniment. Nobly eloquent is the vocal setting of "super nos" to the motif of Praise, climaxing the thrice repeated supplication "Domine." "Speravimus," characterized by bold intervals, reflects the spiritual strength of the Faithful, confident "of His mercy, even as we have hoped in Thee." The establishment of this hope of the Faithful, which was the goal of the baritone solo, evokes mystic confirmation in a brief choral epilogue, rich in enharmonic quality. The motif of Benediction re-echoes in the orchestra as this predominantly lyric section comes to an end.

The ultimate triumph of the individual soul is the inspiring message underlying the final verse, the only one particularly concerned with Man's personal hope and belief in Immortality. "In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped: let me not be confounded forever." The thoroughly human implications of this verse are spiritual fortitude and courage to endure all the vicissitudes and to combat all obstacles in the path toward the Supreme Goal. Invincible Faith in Divine mercy is the infallible key to these virtues without which the ascent to Eternal Glory is impossible of attainment. Symphonic *Finale*-character dominates the dramatic orchestral introduction. Pulse and tempo are swift. A powerful, rhythmic motif, bristling with pent-up vitality, becomes the subject of an agitated

Allegro con brio (♩ = 126)

Oboes, Horns,  
II. Violins

I. Violins

Clars. I. II. Trb.'s,  
Violas

B's's's  
III. Trb. & Tuba

Horns  
I. II. Trb.'s

Viola

contrapuntal discussion rapidly involving the full orchestra. The broad span of its gradual rise to a tremendous climax of excitement makes this a thoroughly symphonic episode. The summit of dramatic force is marked by eight repetitions of the motif on the dominant, every instrument straining to its utmost power. A portentous stroke of the gong

*fff*

Timp. rolls

Segue

silences the commotion in the timpani. The motif of strife gradually subsides into a mere fragment in woodwind and muted trumpets over incomplete harp chords.

Softly the first tenors sing the entire text of the final verse. Based on

In te Dó - mi - ne spe - rá - vi non con - fún - dar in æ - tér - num.

the vigorous rhythmic and melodic elements of the symphonic passage just presented, it reveals unmistakable fugue-theme characteristics. It is answered by the basses, the tenors adding an appropriate counterpoint. As the second tenors enter with the next statement the first tenors introduce a counterpoint of striking individuality, while the string basses and contrabassoon set forth, at the same time, another theme of independent contour. Thus the polyphonic structure suddenly assumes the character of a triple-fugue. Yet the consummate technical skill brought to the solution of this difficult formal problem is at no time unduly conspicuous in the increasingly complex, but effortless presentation of the joint themes. A gradual growth in choral stature culminates in the highest polyphonic richness in six parts at the tenth entry of the three themes. Unbounded variety is inherent in the many different choral combinations. Remarkable is the comparatively restrained tonal volume prescribed by the composer almost throughout this whole intricate polymelodic web. His aim is partly to preserve utmost thematic clarity, but far more to withhold the supreme climax for an overwhelming hymnlike summation, at once the *Coda* of the fugue and of the entire *Te Deum*.

"In te Domine speravi": the whole thesaurus of Faith and its underlying mysticism is compressed into these few words. Yet the Faith is that of

**Maestoso**

Sopranos  
Altos  
Tenors  
Basses

In te Dó - mi - ne

**Maestoso**

96

Viol.  
Violas

**ff** Full Orch.  
Full Organ  
Harp

*Segue*

Vcellos  
Basses

the individual spirit. Hence an atmosphere of rich romanticism emanates from the series of ecstatic harmonies which burst forth in unrestrained fervor from the full chorus. The chromaticism of the melodic line points back to a phrase in the initial orchestral introduction, the full significance of which was reserved for this crowning revelation. The unsymmetrical proportions of the successive groups clearly reflect the prime motivating source, the rugged metre of the ancient chant. Strokes of the gong lend added impressiveness to the orchestral background, all the instruments participating. Chimes, joyfully pealing, enhance the jubilation as the festival *Te Deum* draws to an end. The final phrase, "in aeternum," ascends on a sustained formulation of the motif of Praise.

GABRIEL ENGEL

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WHEELER BECKETT PERFORMS *ANDANTE* (MAHLER'S *SECOND*)

Boston, January 15, 1941

The *Andante* from Mahler's *Second Symphony* was a notable item of the Youth Symphony concert presented yesterday afternoon by seventy members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Wheeler Beckett conducted. Almost anything of Mahler is welcome to a segment of the local public, because that composer is certainly far from overplayed here. Especially is it true of the *Second Symphony*, a work unheard in Boston since 1918. Dr. Koussevitzky announced a revival of the symphony for this season, but has reportedly abandoned the project.

Utterly charming in a folk-song manner is the *Andante*, and beautifully scored as well. Perhaps the average high school youngster doesn't know much about Mahler, but the 2000 odd at Symphony Hall yesterday seemed to find this lighter side of him agreeable. For letting it be heard, we are indebted to Mr. Beckett.

CYRUS W. DURGIN, *Boston Globe*

. . . The significant factor of the entire afternoon was the inclusion on the program of the *Andante* from Mahler's *Second Symphony*. It is well to acquaint these young listeners with the music of Mahler and allow them to judge for themselves in the future whether or not they will wish to hear the music of this much-neglected composer. For, after all, these young people will comprise the audiences of tomorrow. If the compositions of Mahler are played from time to time, they may become as well liked as are those of the popular composers of today.

HARRIET KAPLAN, *Boston Transcript*

Within the somewhat narrow scope afforded by his Youth Concerts, Wheeler Beckett manages to cover a lot of ground in his programmes. Occasionally he even puts one over on Dr. Koussevitzky, beating the latter yesterday afternoon to at least a partial revival of the great *Second Symphony* of Mahler, unheard here in its entirety since the original Symphony Hall performances under Dr. Muck in 1918. It was announced last autumn that Dr. Koussevitzky would bring this epic work to performance this season, with the Cecilia Society Chorus assisting in the *Finale*, but that promising plan has been abandoned.

Yesterday Mr. Beckett chose the second of the five movements, the delectable *Andante moderato* which supplies, in highly sublimated form, the folk-dance element without which no Mahler symphony is complete. He did not have the whole of Mahler's huge orchestra at his disposal and he may be said to have played the movement a shade more slowly than was necessary, thus taking some of the lilt out of the rhythm. These minor objections aside, the music was a delight to hear and served to remind us afresh of how much we may be missing, in spite of the assiduity of conductors, of the really important music of the past.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

## GUSTAV MAHLER — A FINAL TRIBUTE

By FRED JACKSON

NOTE: The following article appeared in the *Minnesota Daily* on June 4, 1941. Mr. Jackson is the Music Editor of the *Daily*.

This is a request column about the much-discussed Gustav Mahler. It is written with pleasure because Mahler is my favorite composer.

I once asked a musician how he liked Mahler's *First*. He immediately professed great hatred for the work. Later, however, he admitted that he had never heard it; he knew it was no good, because it was Mahler. When he finally heard the work he confessed that he liked it very much.

Perhaps that is not typical of the attitude toward Mahler, but it is indicative. It is fashionable among certain musical groups to dislike Mahler's music.

Several years ago I was induced to hear a performance of Mahler's *Second Symphony*. Nobody had warned me of any boredom. The symphony lasted an hour and a half, but it was far from boring. I think I could still find a seat in Northrop that has marks on it where I grasped it during the climaxes. I have been a booster for Mahler ever since.

I cannot argue the greatness of Mahler's music. To me it is among the most thrilling music ever composed. Nor is it the warbling bird-calls and the sounds of the far-off trumpet that won me. It is the inner freshness and charm, the weight and power, the melodic line that thrilled me.

Mahler was undisputedly one of the greatest conductors that ever lived. That, however, does not increase the value of his music today and cannot be admitted as evidence. On the other hand, Mahler was a great contrapuntalist and a consummate master of orchestration. As such he should be studied thoroughly.

If his works were heard and studied carefully, there would undoubtedly be a greater appreciation of his music. The popular reception of his works would be at hand—the kind of reception Mahler had in mind when he said, "My time will yet come."

BRUNO WALTER ON BRUCKNER'S *EIGHTH*

In an interview with Bruno Walter (*N. Y. Times*, Jan. 12, 1941) Ross Parmenter writes:

Mr. Walter believes that this symphony and others by Bruckner will ultimately prevail with the public.

"I believe in it because it is so sublime" he said. "It has all the qualities that can conquer hearts. The trouble is its duration. But you cannot cut a work. I never cut. I think the composer knows much better than I do the form and organic cohesion of his work and I do not subject him to my demands or even to the demands of the public."

## OVERHEARD AT ORCHESTRA HALL, CHICAGO

Young musician (about eighteen) apparently striving to persuade himself that the door to fame is not yet closed to him, speaks to a drowsy friend, "See this fellow Delius here on the program. Well, you know I've read all kinds of lives of musicians and except for him and a guy by the name of Bruckner they all started to be great when they were five or about that. But now this Bruckner—he was old; about twenty-seven. He did kind of heavy things; but, gee, they're swell!"

(And so, good Anton, from your place in Heaven take due notice and make a prayer for him and all other aged stragglers along the highway of music!)

MARY R. RYAN

## Bruckner's *Fourth* and *Seventh*

BY PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP

### SYMPHONY NO. 4 (*ROMANTIC*) IN E-FLAT MAJOR

ANTON Bruckner was the eldest child among eleven in the family of a hard-working and underpaid village schoolmaster. He was educated — perhaps it were better to say that he was trained — in the monastery of St. Florian in preparation for a similar career. In his time and neighborhood the village schoolmaster was expected to teach a simple array of subjects, to serve as organist in the village church, and to work in the fields at least during the plowing and harvesting seasons, all for a stipend of about eighty cents per month with certain perquisites in the matter of food and shelter paid not in cash but in goods. The existence of an excellent organist in the monastery early gave a tangible focus to musical pre-occupations in the mind of young Bruckner which in his native environment might never have found any other outlet. By dint of hard work and great frugality he somehow managed to amass a tiny sum which enabled him to seek musical instruction in Vienna at an age of thirty (when most musicians are already completing their formal training and making at least a beginning of their professional activity.). Rustic and uncouth in personality he was at first the butt of ridicule from an examining committee consisting of five musical scholars of Vienna; but it was asserted that, when the examiners had set before him what they had hoped would be an impossibly difficult subject for the improvisation of a fugue on the organ, his performance was so masterly that the most skeptically hostile of the examiners remarked "He should be teaching us."

By dint of grim determination and the acceptance of at first such poor financial rewards as he could get by any sort of service, no matter how humble, Bruckner managed to remain in Vienna for the rest of his life; although eventually he occupied teaching positions of considerable honor, he never was adequately paid, and undoubtedly the most comfortable material circumstances he ever enjoyed were after his retirement, when royalty was interested to assure him a modest living and comfortable quarters in which to continue his composition. His career in this field was a prolonged struggle for even partial recognition under extraordinarily adverse conditions. The musical taste of Vienna when Bruckner's first compositions reached performance was practically dictated by Eduard Hanslick, the leading opponent of Wagner, an opponent armed with a pen as vitriolic as Wagner's own. Wagner's new type of opera, the music drama, was unwelcome to Hanslick in any case; this innate incompatibility of Hanslick's temperament with Wagner's style was undoubtedly aggravated by the fact that Wagner had snubbed Hanslick socially. Hanslick wrote reviews, pamphlets, and finally an entire book to prove

that Wagner's compositions could not properly be defined as music at all; Wagner retaliated by critically rationalizing the notion that the symphony as an art form ended with Beethoven, and lampooned Hanslick in *Die Meistersinger* by making the pedantic and self-seeking Beckmesser (the comic villain of the piece) criticize the poet-hero in phrases borrowed from Hanslick and pointed up in the text by quotation marks. Hanslick was obliged to produce a post-Beethoven symphonist to refute Wagner and conveniently "discovered" the youthful Brahms, whom he praised no more than he deserved, but in whose music he unfortunately found Hanslickian qualities which nobody but Hanslick has ever found there. The Wagnerites in Vienna of course had to find a rival contemporary symphonist, and in turn conveniently "discovered" Bruckner, whose admiration for Wagner extended to the point of at times paying him the sincerest form of flattery. That Bruckner remained himself and his style his own in spite of critical controversy and professional politics seemed to escape observation by both parties and by the neutrals, if there were any in Vienna at the time. Certain peasant-like traits in Bruckner's appearance, manners, and speech were cried down by his detractors as evidence of intellectual sub-normality, and cried up by his admirers as evidence of unworldly purity of thought and practice. Nobody seems to have paid much attention to any traits in his compositions except their unusual length, which still distresses American reviewers whose time is supposedly more valuable than that of mere music-lovers.

Probably Bruckner was the sanest individual connected with the controversy. On one occasion, when someone asked him how he could bear Hanslick's disparagement of his works and praise of Brahms', Bruckner remarked "He does not really understand Brahms any better than he understands me." On another occasion, when some peacemakers had tried to bring Bruckner and Brahms together at a meal and when matters were not going well because Brahms would not talk, the peacemakers eventually in desperation induced Brahms to order a tasty luncheon from the bill of fare, whereupon Bruckner, duplicating the order, remarked with a smile "At least Dr. Brahms and I can agree about that."

Bruckner's *Romantic Symphony* is the only one to which he himself appended a descriptive title, although such titles have been suggested for his other symphonies by those who appreciate his genius; there is always a strong element of dramatic and poetic characterization in Bruckner, though this expressive content remains generalized and is never attached to a particular drama or poem, so far as may be attested by any definite information which has yet come to light. Bruckner's rather homely attempts in colloquial speech to name or classify this poetic content are not always happy. He seems to have had a considerable knack of epigram in conversation, but was emphatically not a literary man, and his verbal accounts of his own symphonies to friends and questioners often impose a greater burden upon a simple analogy than it can carry. For example, his statement that the *Finale* of his *Eighth Symphony* was "like a meeting of

three emperors" taken in connection with the cosmically grand music of the *Finale* itself, indicates to us much less concerning the music itself than concerning Bruckner's apparently exalted opinion of emperors in general. As to the *Romantic Symphony* it should be enough to say that anyone who is responsive both to music and to the influence of such scenes of beauty in nature as surround Vienna need be at no loss to understand Bruckner's own characterization of the work as "romantic."

With the gradual passage of time, eloquent performances of Bruckner's compositions under such conductors as Richter, Muck, Nikisch, Loewe, Schalk, Mahler, Walter, Toscanini, and many others, first in Europe and more recently in this country, have won a steadily growing Bruckner public, in the face of the critical opposition by reviewers who still complain about the length of Bruckner's symphonies as their immediate predecessors complained that Brahms was dry and formal, and their predecessors in turn that Wagner was discordant and noisy—not to mention, of course, those bright lights of the Golden Age who found Beethoven's later works little but the ravings of a deaf madman. Often that which is new is hard to grasp until it is familiar; often, too, the music-loving public has merely the inertia of habit to overcome and is hospitable to new ideas earlier than those experts whose inertia has crystallized into critical codes and artistic creeds.

#### SYMPHONY NO. 7 IN E-MAJOR

Bruckner began the composition of his *Seventh Symphony* in September, 1881, and finished it in September, 1883. Richard Wagner, whom Bruckner idolized and even from time to time imitated as a composer, died in February, 1883. In the second and fourth movements of this symphony Bruckner adds to the usual symphonic instrumentation a quartet of small tubas similar to those introduced by Wagner to the operatic world in the four music dramas of the *Ring* cycle; moreover, the second movement of the symphony is of solemn character, appropriate to the funeral of a hero.

Out of this chain of events there arose, following the first performance of this work in 1884, one of those controversies which illustrate how critics make a living—sometimes even at the cost of preventing composers from making a living. When this symphony was first produced the legend was circulated that the second movement represents Bruckner's memorial tribute to his hero, Wagner. After Bruckner's friends had capitalized this story as a bit of publicity to secure further performances and favorable reception of the symphony, some unkind reviewer published ostensibly authentic information that Bruckner had completed the second movement during 1882. Bruckner, who was not very worldly-wise in matters concerning publicity, and whose social and financial status had been seriously affected by the hostility of Hanslick and other critics of the violently anti-Wagnerian school, allowed himself to be cornered by an interviewer and tried to wriggle out of the difficulty by

admitting that he had finished the second movement while Wagner was still alive, but that he was seriously worried about his health at the time. Critics hostile to Bruckner made the most out of this naive remark and succeeded for many years in diverting to this controversy that public attention which might better have been bestowed upon the symphony itself.

To-day the controversy, though amusing enough, seems unimportant; the symphony, on the other hand, has joined the illustrious company of such works as Franck's *Symphony in D-minor*, Tchaikowsky's *Pathétique*, and other compositions of the period which have been declared dead and officially buried—usually several times—but which somehow seem not only to be able to stand on their own feet but to get about quite a bit. All of Bruckner's symphonies, irrespective of the inclusion or non-inclusion of special tuba quartets, are a tribute to Wagner, in the sense that most of Brahms is a tribute to Beethoven, and much of Beethoven a tribute to Mozart; after all, a composer can not get along without ancestors, but at least he may choose his musical ancestors for himself, and will be wise to choose good ones.

As to the quartet of tubas, nobody before Bruckner except Wagner had used them, and there is no doubt at all that their effectiveness in the *Ring* impelled Bruckner to introduce them into symphonic music; but he uses them in a manner quite his own, and very different from Wagner's. Apparently, with Bruckner, the tubas proved habit-forming, for he uses them again in his *Eighth* and *Ninth Symphonies*, and no critic has ever flicked an eyelash—or earlash, or tonguelash—over these later appearances; perhaps the critical gentry considered it decorous for Bruckner to use extra tubas after Wagner's death but not before—or perhaps their attacks on the *Seventh Symphony* exhausted their power of thinking! At all events it has been the curious fortune of the present commentator to hear one performance of this symphony with the tubas left out; the only possible conclusion after such a hearing is that Bruckner "knew his tubas,"—and also his symphonic onions.



#### STEINBERG BROADCASTS NACHTMUSIKEN FROM MAHLER SEVENTH

On November 9, 1940 the NBC Orchestra under the direction of Hans Wilhelm Steinberg broadcast the two serenades from Mahler's *Seventh Symphony*. Judging by the enthusiastic reception accorded this music by the audience, one wonders why these movements are not heard more frequently in concert halls and on the air. The playing of the orchestra revealed the brilliant qualities of its conductor to whom Mahler admirers are indebted for his excellent interpretation of these Mahler excerpts. Incidentally it may be noted that Steinberg does not lack courage:—in 1938 he devoted his only broadcast to a brilliant reading of Bruckner's *Fourth* which charmed the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

## Mahler's *Tenth*

BY FREDERICK BLOCK

MAHLER'S last years were constantly tortured by the thought that his symphonic creative career, like Beethoven's and Bruckner's, was fated to end with his *Ninth*. He divined a deep, inscrutable law underlying the life and work of man, both humble and great, and Fate confirmed his mystic foreboding. Desperately he sought to break the spell and entered upon the composition of a *Tenth*, but sudden death forbade him to finish it.

Not until 1924, about thirteen years after his death, was the general public informed of the existence of the sketches towards a *Tenth Symphony*. Then Mrs. Alma Maria Mahler, his widow, decided to publish the sketches in facsimile form. That project, executed under the sponsorship of the publisher Paul Zsolnay by the Viennese Society of Graphic Industry, is not only an exact facsimile of Mahler's handwriting; it even presents a faithful reproduction of the original paper and the portfolio.

A first perusal of this facsimile-reproduction will give even the well-trained musician an impression of confusion and helplessness. Mahler's writing, characterized by the convulsiveness and ecstasy of creation, is occasionally very difficult to decipher. The connecting threads in the sketches are highly elusive at the outset. It requires most intense concentration and deepest study to achieve some understanding of this grand symphonic structure. Once that is attained the overwhelming musical and spiritual beauties of the gigantic work reveal themselves like a miracle unveiled.

This symphony, conceived in five movements, has for its opening and closing sections two huge, slow movements, the intervening sections consisting of two *Scherzi* separated by a *Purgatorio*, in the manner of an *Intermezzo*. The sketches are partly notations in the form of so-called "particells," partly two or three-staved settings of the melodic and contrapuntal lines. All five movements are complete in preliminary sketched shape, affording a clear view of the spiritual content of the work. Unfortunately, many gaps occur in the harmonic and contrapuntal execution and definite indications of the planned instrumentation are present only in the first two movements. Moreover, one must concede that the work, owing to Mahler's high artistic conscientiousness doubtless would have undergone manifold changes and revisions before completion. It is nevertheless a source of deep thankfulness for one who reveres Mahler's genius to be able to study and love this posthumous work of the master even in its incomplete state.

Shortly after publication of the facsimile edition the first movement and the so-called *Purgatorio* were performed in European concert-halls. The Viennese composer Ernst Krenek (now living in America) had pre-

pared the score of those two movements from Mahler's instrumental sketches, adding some touches of his own wherever deemed indispensable to intelligible performance. The second, fourth, and fifth movements were still withheld from the public. After long, wearying labor the present writer succeeded in establishing these three movements in a feasible four-hand piano arrangement, with some instrumental indications. That version has remained unpublished, in fact is known only to a limited circle of musicians.

I should now like to venture upon a brief description of the various movements of the *Tenth Symphony*, with the forewarning, however, that even the slightest programmatic or fanciful connotation is far from my intention. Mahler was an "absolute" musician, in no way addicted to a preconceived "program." The ideas of his works were not the product of intellectual combining processes; they sprang from the vital flood of his emotions: If, in the course of the following description, I avail myself of abstract or concrete terminology, I do so with reference only to the emotional content of the work.

**First Movement: *Adagio***—In contrast to the classical symphony, in which the opening section is, as a rule, in quick tempo, Mahler begins some of his symphonies (V, VII, and IX) with a slow movement. This choice of form may be attributable to his painful, melancholy world-outlook. The *Tenth*, perhaps more than his preceding works, is filled with deepest sorrow and despair. It is a farewell from life, a final reckoning, set down in the very shadow of death. The first movement begins with an unharmonized solo-song in the violas. Increasingly gripping as it ascends, this melody, unfolded in the form of an arc, becomes at its highest point an overwhelming outcry of despair. A sinking motif of grief, constantly recurring in various shapes in the first, third, fourth, and fifth movements, is the emotional motto of the entire work.

**The Second Movement: First *Scherzo***—The rustic jollity of this movement is distorted by a hobgoblin quality, due to a continuous altering rhythm and metre. Only the *Trio* section, of specific Austrian melodic cast, has a somewhat calmer effect, even though the unusually wide melodic intervals are evidence of a persistent spiritual lability.

**The Third Movement, entitled *Purgatorio*** by Mahler, displays in spite of its performing-indication *Allegro Moderato*, a hasty, tortured restlessness. Here also sorrow, despair, suffering, the shadow of death are constant factors. As already mentioned, this movement is intended as an *Intermezzo* between the two *Scherzi*.

**The Fourth Movement: Second *Scherzo***—Mahler wrote the following words at the head of this section: "The devil dances with me! Madness, seize me! Destroy me, that I may forget that I am! That I may cease to be!" Three-quarter time. A dance. Yet a dance which grips the listener with horror. Harsh harmonies—melodies dominated by grotesque, farcical leaps and sarcastic banalities. The drive of haunted elements becomes an infernal orgy. At the end everything is shattered asunder. A

muffled drum-beat closes the movement. (According to Mahler's widow, this muffled drum-beat had its source in reality. In 1907, while Mahler was living in New York, he observed from his hotel window the funeral procession of a fireman who had died in the line of duty. The sole funeral music was the slow, steady beat of a muffled drum. Mahler was moved to tears by the expressive power of this sound.)

The Fifth Movement: *Andante*—This begins with the same muffled drum-beat that closed the preceding movement. At first suggestive of a funeral procession. Motivated material drawn from the *Purgatorio*. Sorrowful song, broad-winged melodies. After a great climax a lively middle portion is introduced. The spooky elements of the *Purgatorio* and the fourth movement are again at large. Once more the outcry of utmost despair, as in the first movement. Also a reminiscence of the solo song of the violas. The grieving motif, which I described as the emotional motto of the entire work, is heard in ever growing intensity. With this ends the memory of life. Now follows a yearning, transfigured song to Heaven. Melodies of eternal beauty commingle in cosmic polyphony. Heaven opens. A last, calm cadence of the motif of grief, this time like a sigh. Death.

I trust I have presented some idea of Mahler's *Tenth Symphony* in the brief space permitted this analysis. It is a work which, to be sure, did not attain complete formal shape. Its spiritual intensities, however, live and will survive as a powerful artistic influence.



#### SYMPHONY No. 2 IN C-MINOR BY MAHLER

BY JACK DIETHER

Note: On April 26, 1941, Mahler recordings were broadcast for the first time in Vancouver, B. C. These notes were spoken by Mr. Alan Thompson, a British organist and radio announcer.

Gustav Mahler, the most-publicized operatic conductor of his day, was born of Jewish parents in 1860 in Kalischt, Moravia, and died in Vienna on May 18, 1911. He was a tyrannical perfectionist, impossible to satisfy, and drove his artists and technicians at whip-end, rehearsing them far into the night when necessary. Before he died he raised the artistic standard of the Vienna Opera House to a height it has never attained before or since, and made its name ring triumphantly around the world, but he never wrote an opera for it. During his few cherished vacations his demon of energy drove him to compose voluminous song-cycles with orchestra, and complicated symphonies requiring so many players that some of them are practicable for performance only at very large music festivals.

The present recording was made in 1935 at a public concert at the University of Minnesota, with Corinne Frank Bowen, soprano, Ann O'Malley Gallogly, contralto, the Twin Cities Mixed Chorus under the direction of Rupert Circon, and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, considerably augmented, the whole under the conductorship of Eugene Ormandy. Like Mendelssohn's *Reformation Symphony*, this *Resurrection Symphony*, as it is called, alternates mystic and religious proceedings with tuneful peasant music—*Parsifal* and the *Bartered Bride*, so to speak. Most of the religious feeling revolves, like that of Berlioz' *Fantastic Symphony*, about a paraphrase on the great liturgical chant *Dies Irae*, although in this case it is hardly more than a suggestion of the melody of the chant, transferred to the idiom of the German chorale. The concept of Judgment Day and the Great Recall is further represented in the music by

various military signals, such as the "flam" or "fall in," "retreat," "last post" and "reveille," for Mahler conceives humanity symbolically as an ever-marching army, and the Day of Reckoning as "God's Own Court-martial." The Bohemian peasant ingredients are based in part upon themes from earlier settings by the composer of poems from the well-known German folk-song collection, "The Youth's Magic Horn."

The first movement, which Mahler once referred to in conversation as a "Death-Celebration," is of all his early works most reminiscent of Wagner. (The later works are reminiscent of no one.) It begins, as a critic has expressed it, "at the brink of the grave, with a veritable hiss." The second subject, a long, rhapsodical singing melody, short scraps of which are used throughout the rest of the symphony in Wagnerian "leit-motiv" fashion, is associated with the idea of human suffering and passion. It is heard in its entirety but once. During the development of these themes the *Dies Irae* chorale casts its fateful shadow over them and raises them to hysterical heights of terror.

The second movement is a charming country dance. The flowing, Haydnesque tune which opens it and the later, more modern melody in counterpoint with it are in perfect contrast with the essentially dotted, trochaic rhythm of the first movement. This is one of Mahler's few unqualifiedly cheerful moments.

The third movement is based on the themes of one of Mahler's songs from "The Youth's Magic Horn," entitled "St. Antony of Padua's Sermon to the Fishes." This is the same St. Antony of the Haydn chorale upon which Brahms built his famous Variations. In this legend the people of Padua are represented allegorically by divers fishes, whom the good man exhorts in vain to a better way of life, even though, to quote the poem, "no sermon seemed ever to fishes so clever." These slippery beings are quite willing, it seems, to "lift up their features like sensible creatures, their Gods to determine through Antony's sermon," but they will have it distinctly understood that such things as sermons have nothing whatever to do with their normal pursuits. The song is entirely humorous, but in the present adaptation for orchestra a grimmer note is introduced near the end with the appearance of one of the Judgment Day themes, howling banefully above the General Dance. The movement is exceptional for its continuously flowing style, there being actually no cadences or semi-cadences until the last note. The interlude before the *Finale*\* is a contralto solo with accompaniment for small orchestra, sung to words from another Magic Horn poem, "Primordial Light." It laments the fact that "man lies in deepest woe" on earth, and expresses a simple, childlike trust that "the dear God will send a little candle to light the way into a blessed, eternal life." The *Finale* bursts in on this with the full fury of the Day of Atonement. The chorale theme returns, solemn and portentous, and suddenly a chill, the deadly chill of outer space, descends on the music. The Gates of Hell swing open, all humanity rises from the dead, and to the beat of the chorale theme transformed into a stirring military march, files past in military order to the Great Court-martial. As they disappear in the distance the music reminds us again of the human suffering and want they experienced on earth, as expressed in the first movement. A horn, off-stage, sounds the last post followed by reveille, the universal symbol of resurrection, familiar in Armistice ceremonies. Distant trumpet fanfares are answered by bird-like flute calls on the stage, with a soft roar on the kettledrum, dimensional effects that seem to span the gap between heaven and earth, and then the chorus enters mysteriously and unaccompanied, with the words of Klopstock's Song of Resurrection, "Thou wilt rise again, my dust, after a short rest. The Lord of the Harvest will gather thee up into the immortal life." But later doubts and fears steal in again, and the soloists sing, terror-stricken at first, but with increasing reassurance, "Believest, my heart, O believest thou that all is not lost. Thou wert not born only for suffering; prepare now to live."—and the chorus reaffirms with unshaken tone, "For that which is born into the world shall pass away; and that which hath passed away shall be born anew in the Kingdom of Heaven. Thou wilt rise again, my heart, in an instant, and thy beats will draw thee on to God." The spiritual victory thus expressed and confirmed was something which Mahler had to rewin time after time throughout his life, for he never freed his mind permanently from the pathological horror conveyed in this and other works. Structurally, this *Finale* is, by the way, in pure sonata form, the entire choral section comprising the *Coda*, although this most extensive of all codas is almost in the nature of a sonata within a sonata.

\* N.B.: (The third, fourth and fifth movements should be played without a break.)

## Mahler's *First*

BY GABRIEL ENGEL

WHEN Mahler committed his *First Symphony* to print in 1898, ten years had elapsed since the work had been completed. The published version differed from the original, first performed at Budapest in 1889, in at least one important respect. It did not include the slow movement referred to in early programs as "Mosaic: A Chapter of Flowers." The removal of this section (originally the second) left a composition in four movements essentially in accord with traditional symphonic form. Mahler had hitherto always programmed the work as a "Symphonic Poem, in Two Parts," even giving it a definite name (*Titan*) and adding a description of its inner content. This "guide" was, of course, an afterthought, at best only superficially pertinent to the music's real significance. The controversy it aroused among critics and music-lovers proved to Mahler that, for his music at least, literary "props" would be more misleading than helpful. Therefore he published the work merely as *Symphony No. 1, in D-major*. The sole verbal clue to the content in the printed score is the phrase "Wie ein Naturlaut" (*Like the Voice of Nature*) at the head of the introduction to the opening movement.

Added proof of Mahler's firm resolve to let the music speak for itself is contained in the following notice in the program of the first American performance of the symphony, which took place in 1909 under his own direction:

"In deference to the wish of Mr. Mahler, the annotator of the Philharmonic Symphony's programmes refrains from even an outline analysis of the symphony which is performing for the first time in New York on this occasion, as also from an attempt to suggest what might be or has been set forth as its possible poetical, dramatic or emotional contents."

*FIRST MOVEMENT: D-major, 4/4 (Langsam, nicht schleppend)*

"Like the voice of Nature," is the composer's hint to the interpreter, as a weird, long unison *a* begins to weave its mystic spell over the slow introduction's sixty-odd measures. Harmonics in every register of the strings combine to produce the disembodied tone-quality of this persistent note. It dominates all, even technically; for it is the dominant of the symphony's main tonality. It is one of the most sustained and ingenious organ-points in the whole range of music. What concept of Nature is this, the musical suggestion of which is swayed by so extraordinary a tone? Fortunately Mahler himself has told us in one of his letters.

"That Nature includes all, being at once awesome, magnificent, and lovable, no one seems to grasp. It seems so strange to me that most people, when mentioning Nature in connection with art, imply only flowers, birds, the fragrance of the woods, etc. No one seems to think of the

mighty underlying mystery, the god Dionysos, the great Pan; and just that mystery is the burden of my phrase 'Like the voice of Nature.' That, if anything, is my 'program,' the secret of my composition. My music is the voice of Nature sounding in tone."

Against this unison a phrase of two slow notes, a descending fourth apart, appears softly in the woodwind. Destined to be the principal source-motif of the symphony it may justly be called the "nature motif." As it strives toward thematic integration, at first in minor, this motif evokes a series of antiphonal fanfares in woodwind and brass, which are reechoed by a trumpet "in the distance." Assuming more definite rhythmic character, pointed and sharp, it becomes the voice of a cuckoo calling. In this magic, shadowy atmosphere a dreamy, yearning melody is heard in the horns. Mingled bird-calls and fanfares are greeted by sudden shrill reiterations of the "nature motif." A brief, winding, chromatic figure rears its head out of the muted basses. A subdued growl of timpani foretells its ominous future. The "nature motif," reinforced by numerous imitations in the woodwind, descends upon the lugubrious intruder, which retreats and vanishes. The music's pace gradually quickens. The air grows electric with suspense as these elements, symbolizing a world of latent emotional life, pass by in preliminary review. At last even the fundamental dominant sheds its long-lived unison garb. It too succumbs to the "nature motif," which emerges into the free air and bursts into unfettered song.

Before the symphony was published the introduction (analyzed above) had been referred to in the programs as "the awakening of nature in the early morning." The song-like, soaring melody that springs from the "nature motif" is the principal theme of the first movement. Its tempo twice as fast as that of the introduction, is qualified by the admonition, "not to hurry." Comparison shows it to be identical with the principal melody of the second of the *Songs of a Wayfarer*, composed just before the *First Symphony*. In fact, virtually all the melodic life of the opening movement (with the exception of the introduction) is rooted in that song. The process involved in this apparent transfer, however, is something far different from the wordless re-setting of a song score. The deepest implications of the term "song-symphonist" (used by the writer as the title of his Mahler biography) are here at stake. Song and symphonic movement are both expressions of the one spiritual experience. Yet the former is the mere embryo, containing only the essence of growth; the latter presents the fullest fruition of that essence. Beyond the words of the song Mahler hid a vast panorama of intensely personal experience. It is this secret world which he reveals in the first movement of the symphony, baring and exploiting fully a number of emotional nuances permitted only momentary, skeletal embodiment in the song.

"Spring" was the designation the old program notes gave the strains which now follow. Young Nature is the reveler in this unbroken stream of carefree melody. It not only sings, it dances, leaps, and spins about in

an ecstasy of budding life. Impatient violins snatch the melodic thread from the heavier-timbered cellos and rush it aloft to the dominant. There they pounce upon a fresh, joyous theme, while the "nature motif" sounds on every hand, smooth in the woodwind, plucked in strings and harp. The main theme, reborn in this brighter tonality, proves a richer, jollier expression. It is now a two-part canon, cellos pursuing woodwind in close imitation. Violins join the merry company in a sprightly, staccato figure interspersed with sudden upward leaps, like exclamations of joy. The tempo is now considerably accelerated. Theme and answer combine, enhancing the power of the approaching climax. Full-throated horn-tones emphasize the dominance of the "nature theme" over the full orchestra. A brief epilogue, corresponding to the traditional *Codetta*, marks the conclusion of the statement of themes. The mood of happy abandon subsides amid lively reiterations of the "nature motif" and a melodious fragment suggesting a bird-call. Once only, as in the introduction, a fleeting shadow, in the guise of the ominous bass motif, threatens the happy course of the thematic exposition, but it is again banished by the "nature motif."

Whither now? The "Voice of Nature" (the weird unison, harmonic *a*) pierces the stillness, inspiring a new suspense. Under its mystic, creative spell the development section begins to unfold. The bird-call, increasingly prominent in the flute, lends this mood a gentler lyricism than that of the introduction. A plaintive motif, hitherto unheard, issues like a sigh from the cellos. Cast in the minor mode it represents the first melancholy melodic element in the symphony. Its repetition, in recitative style, evokes correspondingly moody utterances in horns and flutes. A brief, upward-winding motif, drawn from the dark-tinged chromatic bass motif, makes its appearance in the harp. No longer chromatic nor depressed by heavy instrumental timbre it becomes the element of enlightenment, gradually lifting the minor veil that has descended over the music. The restoration of the major mood attains almost the air of a ritual as the trombones, hitherto silent, celebrate the new dawning with tones of mystic significance. The "nature motif" in the horns softly hymns the rebirth of joyous song. Beneath the happy spell of bird-calls the motif first heard in the cello as a questioning sigh is metamorphosed into a song of gratitude. Oboe and violin add individual melodies, endowing the passage with a spontaneous polyphony, an early example of that polymelodicism destined to become most characteristic of Mahler's style of expression.

This display of thematic prodigality is accompanied by a corresponding growth in harmonic richness, the joyous complex of melodies throwing off the shackles hitherto limiting the symphony to neighboring tonalities. The gradual subordination of the brass marks the increased subtlety of the instrumentation at this period. Strings and woodwind sway the orchestral setting, achieving variety largely through delicately contrasted dynamics. A shadow, which not even the vision of hope could

dispel, hovers over this forced restraint. In the violins the song-theme, newly derived from the sighing motif, takes on the troubled aspect of its root form. The threatening chromatic motif in the basses reappears as its counter-melody. The unfolding of this darker mood is climaxed by muted trumpet fanfares.

The brass, thus revived, acquires gradual ascendancy, its power clearing the way for a more triumphant return of the bright major mood. Hitherto but a vision of promise glimpsed through a veil, it now becomes full realization, as the "nature theme," in tonic major brilliance, resounds in full-throated horn and trombone tones. The song-theme follows, jubilant in the trumpet. The "nature theme," irrepressibly bold and strong in its restatement, becomes a veritable proclamation of victory in the brass. This grand triumph might be identified as the recapitulation by those who wish to apply the conventional symphonic yardstick to the form of the movement as a whole. The *Coda*, which follows upon the final jubilant return of the "nature theme," involves a supplementary exploitation of the "nature motif," the outstanding elemental symbol, not only of the movement just presented, but also of the three sections yet to come.

*SECOND MOVEMENT: A-major, 3/4 (Kraeftig bewegt)*

The "nature motif" is clothed with fresh, energetic significance, as it introduces a powerful, stamping utterance in triple rhythm. An invitation to the dance, it evokes a series of joyful octave-leaps in the violins. These motifs form the harmonious background of the opening theme, a spirited, almost heroic melody, closer to the classic minuet than to the scherzo. Thus three individual melodic lines, in a typically Mahlerian combination, are heard simultaneously. The theme itself is a composite structure of five distinct melodic elements:

- 1) A martial motif (perhaps a reminiscence of childhood days spent in the vicinity of the military barracks of Iglau).
- 2) The "nature motif."
- 3) A fragment of the "nature theme" (drawn from the second of the *Wayfarer* songs) here presented in rapid, staccato style.
- 4) A nimble, rollicking, downward-spinning figure.
- 5) A brief, spontaneous sequel to the preceding figure. Entering at a point where a full cadence would normally occur, this adds new life to the melodic line.

Rhythmic exploitation of familiar motifs is the outstanding aim of the first portion of the movement. Yet it differs essentially from the far fleeter Beethoven *Scherzo* (also devoted to the rhythmic exploitation of motifs) not only in its comparatively moderate tempo, but in its extended thematic sentences. In the course of the dance some of the components of the principal theme attain independent melodic integration. One of the most subtle and charming of these presents a merging of the "nature

motif" with the octave-leap, originally an element of the theme's harmonic background.

The *Trio in F-minor*, "somewhat slower," is a *Laendler*, its warm sentiment intensified by the glides which the violins are expressly asked to apply to the gently swinging opening bars. Alternately wistful and playful, it hovers between a smile and a tear, embracing a world of specifically Austrian charm. The "nature motif" is also present in this fragrant melodic atmosphere, dominated by strings and woodwind. Suddenly heard in the horns it becomes the accented fundament of a lilting melodic line in trumpets and flutes. Four distinct, singing themes are heard in the course of this richly melodic idyl. A horn-call, entering softly upon hushed string-murmurs, prepares the scene for the return of the boisterous, initial dance mood. Recapitulated in somewhat abbreviated form it brings the movement to a rhythmically and orchestrally powerful close. In early programs Mahler had sought to catch the spirit of this buoyant music in the striking phrase, "Under full sail." In the published score he prescribed "a considerable pause" between this and the following section, showing that he had not ceased to regard the symphony (like the "symphonic poem") as a work in two parts.

*THIRD MOVEMENT: D-minor, 4/4 (Feierlich und gemessen)*

"Solemn and measured, without dragging," is the composer's hint to the performer concerning this bizarre movement. Apparently it was this section to which he referred in a letter to an intimate friend immediately after he had completed the symphony. "You are the only one," he wrote, "to whom nothing in the work will seem strange. The rest will have something to wonder about." In the beginning he hoped to make the ironic and sardonic features of this movement intelligible to listeners through the following detailed description:

"The hunter's funeral procession: a dead march in the manner of Callot [Jacques Callot, a seventeenth-century French artist]. The composer found the external source of inspiration in the burlesque picture of the hunter's funeral procession in an old book of fairy tales known to all children in South Germany. The animals of the forest escort the dead forester's coffin to the grave. Hares carry flags; a band of gypsy musicians, accompanied by cats, frogs, crows, all making music, and deer, foxes, and other four-footed and feathered creatures of the woods, leads the procession in farcical postures."

Muffled drums, beating the tonic and dominant alternately, present the "nature motif" in a sombre metamorphosis. They define the rhythm of the "funeral procession" and become the harmonic foundation for the opening theme. The string basses, muttering strangely in their topmost register, become the haunted singsong of hex-voices, as they introduce the nursery tune "Brother Jacob," known to all the world under various titles. Lugubriously a bassoon takes up the song in canon style, inaugurating a series of similar imitative interruptions in cello, tuba, and

clarinet. The complex polyphony thus set in motion is rendered all the more unusual by the incongruity between its naive subject matter and the gloomy, monotonous manner of its exposition. A curious counter-melody, set off in sharp relief by cutting tones of the oboe, seeks for a moment to interrupt the incantation, as it gradually weaves its spell over the entire orchestra. This brief solo oboe passage opens the door to that world of sardonic expression which music-lovers have come to regard as especially Mahlerian.

The composer himself has definitely labeled the ensuing passage "Parody." It is dominated by the shrill-toned, little E-flat clarinet, here granted its first symphonic reincarnation since Berlioz. Sentimental folk-song melodies of native Bohemian flavor are arrayed for parodistic treatment. Turkish cymbals alternate with bass drum to mark the quickened pulse of this passage, lending it garish instrumental coloring. Shrill, pain-filled outcries in the violins heighten the contrast between the grotesqueness of this mood and the gloom of the preceding one. Finally only a wisp of folk-song survives, like a lamenting echo in violins and oboe, evoking the return to the lugubrious canon theme in the form of a brief epilogue.

A soft monotone in the woodwind, syncopated in low register, leads to the next passage, a slower melody in G-major, swayed by a dreamy, more hopeful mood. "Very simply," is the composer's hint to the performer, "In the manner of a folksong." The harp, characterizing the accompaniment through this portion, enhances its ingenuous quality. Muted violins alternate with flute and oboe in presenting the component phrases of this song. Its history has a significant place in Mahler's early melodic fantasy. In its original form it was one of his earliest "Wunderhorn" settings (*Songs of Youth, Part I*). In its next incarnation it became the last of the *Songs of a Wayfarer*, where its solution in major anticipated the present symphonic concept of world-pain momentarily relieved in a dream.

The canon theme returns, still more mysterious in a new, distant tonality (E-flat minor). The harp, still outstanding, supports the rhythm in the muffled drum. A bit of folk-song, hitherto unheard, is sounded by the trumpets, to become the principal fresh melodic feature of this passage. A brief, ironic fragment, with a jarring, cymbal-struck rhythm, evokes an insistent, grotesque motif, literally beaten from the violins with the wood of the bow (*col legno*). The harp joins horns and bassoon in the gloomy canon theme, bits of folk-song in strings and woodwind dogging its course until the close. The movement ends amid waning reiterations of the "nature motif."

*FOURTH MOVEMENT: F-minor, 2/2 (Stuermisch Bewegt)*

"*Tempestuously lively*," hints the composer, characterizing the *Finale*. In the "symphonic poem" he had entitled it *Dall' Inferno al Paradiso*, with the tempo indication (then also Italian) *allegro furioso*. He had de-

scribed the content as: "the abrupt outburst of doubt from a deeply wounded heart." The opening is a highly realistic storm-scene, beginning with a terrific din, as of thunder and lightning immediately overhead. The electrifying shrillness of this passage is heightened by the added participation of "at least" two E-flat clarinets in an already huge orchestra. The violins zigzag about in frightened *Cadenzas*, as the mighty hostile power, whose very existence was hitherto perceptible only in the leering malevolence of the bizarre "funeral march," hurls itself into the foreground in a burst of thunder. F-minor is the new, ominous tonality. The titanic quality of this beginning epitomizes the tremendous sweep of the movement, preparing the foundation for its huge proportions. Three main divisions are noticeable along its extended course, this fact alone linking it with the presentation-development-recapitulation style of traditional sonata form.

The impetuous first theme consists of two supplementary march motifs, blared forth with full power by the brass. It attains wide exploitation at once, holding exclusive sway through more than 170 successive measures. A brief, rapid, descending chromatic figure enhances the air of agitation, the progressive degrees of which are suggested by the composer's hints to the performer. These vary from the original, "with stormy motion," to "with energy," and finally "with great savagery." The unusually extended theme is a composite of numerous source-motifs, prevalent since the first movement. Here they are welded into a single comprehensive melody in brass and woodwind, the violins spinning over it a swift, breathless line, much in the manner of a *moto perpetuo*. At the climax the violins finally succumb to the broadly rhythmic spell of the march-theme and the tempest subsides, as though spent by its own fury. At length only the descending chromatic motif survives, just perceptible in the brass. Tenderly the violins take it up, inverted, leading to a brighter, more peaceful tonal plane (D-flat major).

"Very songfully," is the composer's hint concerning the following passage, a soaring song of love in the violins, contrasted with the foregoing section as light with darkness. It is swayed by a passionate yearning, the fervor of which pours forth in an unbroken melodic stream defying even the slightest cadence through nearly fifty measures. A singular song-theme indeed, it surrenders itself completely in a solitary, exhaustive revelation, never to reappear except in occasional, fragmentary form. Cello and horn melodiously confirm the fulfilment of the song-theme's message.

The ominous chromatic motif (from the introduction of the symphony) winds slowly upward in the cello, reawakening the hostile motifs in the tempestuous opening of the *Finale*. The atmosphere, transformed to minor again, literally bristles with agitation. Fragments of familiar themes attain new melodic shape and are swept along into the seething crucible, to be transmuted into creatures of the one dominating rhythmic element. The opening march-motif, thrusting resolutely upward, at

last prevails over the disturbing chromatic motif. The mood changes to major again, as though a rainbow of promise suddenly appeared over a tempest-tossed scene. Horns and woodwind alternately intone the "nature motif" in broad, march-like unison, transforming it into a chorale of promise. This new metamorphosis recalls its original appearance in the introduction, amid bird-calls and distant, mystic fanfares. Yearning fragments of the broad song-theme join the reminiscence. Rather lyric than descriptive, the music's yearning subsides in repeated, long-drawn sighs, accompanied by a threatening roll in the kettle-drums. In the original storm-tonality (F-minor) the hostile forces strive once more to produce chaos, only to be irresistibly merged with a tremendous outburst of fanfares. The threshold of supreme triumph has been won. In a glorious outburst of harmony the brass sounds forth the nature-theme, a grand hymn of complete fulfilment. This has been the goal of the entire work: the apotheosis from mystic minor to triumphal major. Seven horns lend added impressiveness to the scene as the symphony draws to a close.

Since this article was written Columbia has released an excellent recording of Mahler's *First* (Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting).

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#### BRUCKNER'S *FOURTH* AT UNIVERSITY OF IOWA SUMMER FESTIVAL—PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP CONDUCTING

. . . The music of Anton Bruckner again returned to the memorial union in all its stirring beauty, and new creations by two University of Iowa graduates, Ralph Dale Miller and Robert O. Barkley, thrilled the audience by the soundness of their conception as much as by that element of discovery engendered by the first hearing of something new.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to recall having heard another orchestral concert as well-programmed or as tellingly executed as was this one, which found the university musicians making the most of their music in a professionally deft performance.

. . . If for no other reason, Thursday evening's concert was memorable to me in that it afforded a rehearing of Bruckner's great, melodic *Symphony No. 4* and even emphasized the thrill that came from the first impression of several years ago.

It is a lengthy work (some call length a "fault" of Bruckner), yet in its length there is a sustaining interest which lends an aspect to its performance of hearing a story fully told, not merely sketched.

Some of musical literature's grander passages are contained in its four movements and there are ensemble effects that bring thrills not often realized. Much of its beauties Bruckner has assigned to the horns, and under the beautifully paced direction of Doctor Clapp, the university French horn section came up with a performance that certainly made the most of the haunting melodies, the stirring fanfares they were privileged to play.

. . . As I listened there were several things I meant to dwell upon in today's comments . . . but these things became but minor as Doctor Clapp's musicians once more regained confidence and played through the third and fourth movements with an alacrity that made this Bruckner Symphony, at least as presented on this occasion, my favorite symphonic work. . . .

RON TALLMAN, *Iowa City, Ia., Press-Citizen, July 18, 1941*

## Bruckner on Records

BY PAUL HUGO LITTLE

ALTHOUGH many leading conductors in America have become protagonists for the symphonies of Anton Bruckner in recent years the case for the Upper-Austrian master must still be pressed largely through the medium of recordings. This circumstance should not, however, be construed too dolefully by Brucknerites. Recent musical history has shown conclusively that the release of recordings of unfamiliar works has effected a wholesale conversion of American music-lovers. Especially true is this of the Sibelius symphonies, Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*, and Schönberg's *Gurre-Lieder*, not to mention a number of other important serious compositions of the present century. Furthermore, one of the most effective means of spreading the message of unfamiliar music is the radio program featuring presentations of recorded works.

The principal Bruckner works now available in recorded form are the *Fourth*, *Fifth*, *Seventh*, and *Ninth* Symphonies and the Mass in E-Minor.\*

For the benefit of those readers of CHORD AND DISCORD who may not be familiar with all these releases, I should like to offer brief comments on both the recordings and their interpretations.†

### MASS IN E-MINOR

*Victor Album M-596; the Aachen Cathedral Choir with the Wind  
Players of the State Orchestra conducted by T. B. Rehmann*

The exact date of the completion of the *E-minor Mass* is not known. Several movements, including the *Credo*, *Sanctus*, and *Agnus*, were finished in the autumn of 1866. The rest must have been completed in the summer of 1869, for the whole work was first performed at Linz on September 30, 1869, on the occasion of the consecration of a votive chapel of the new Cathedral which was then just being built. Bruckner conducted the work himself and fate granted him "one of the happiest days of my life," for the generous Bishop Rudigier, his devoted patron, not only expressed his unstinted praise of the solemn and beautiful Mass, but bestowed upon its composer an unexpected reward of 200 florins.

\* Lack of space rules out more detailed consideration of several other recordings, mainly of a fragmentary nature. These include the pre-symphonic *Overture in G-Minor*, excerpts from the *Te Deum* and the *Scherzi* of the *First*, *Second*, *Third* and *Nullte* symphonies.

† I should like to suggest, also, that every reader write to Columbia and Victor urging them to record the first three symphonies in their entirety, as well as the *Sixth* and *Eighth*. Record societies in the past have issued Delius, Bax, and Sibelius albums for a minority group, provided, of course, that the group was large enough to offset performance fees and recording costs. I am certain that the readers of this publication, if they expressed a united appeal, would obtain results which casual and sporadic efforts have thus far been unable to achieve.

From a technical standpoint, this Mass betrays the predominately symphonic leanings of its composer. While the liturgical text, of course, determines the essential character and form of the music, Bruckner moulded his vocal parts largely according to instrumental principles. In this respect, therefore, we may consider the *E-minor Mass* a "symphonic Mass," a respectable, though more modest follower of its gigantic forerunner, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*.

The scoring of the work, perhaps unique in the literature of church music, demands our attention. It is written for a mixed choir, usually divided into six to eight parts. The supporting orchestra, only intermittently employed, consists merely of double woodwinds (without flutes) and brass. Some critics have suggested that this unusual instrumental grouping was due to the limited acoustics of the chapel in which the work was first performed. Perhaps Bruckner's early training as an organist suggests a still better reason: namely, the attempts to achieve an organ-like quality in the orchestral accompaniment.

The music though deeply devout is not austere, its richly romantic melody and harmony keeping it thoroughly human throughout. The ritual text is for Bruckner a medium for universal expression. The solemn *Kyrie*, announced by female voices and then developed, is repeated by the male choir, the two groups later combining in an overwhelming climax. Then follows the jubilation of the *Gloria* section, its main theme cast in an old church "mode" against the instrumental background. The recapitulation of the first section, beginning with the words *Quoniam tu solus*, closes with a short double-fugue, noteworthy for its bold orchestral treatment.

The *Credo* is tremendously powerful and impressive. For grandeur, incisiveness, and poignant contrasts, it ranks as one of the finest liturgical creations by any composer. The first theme, announced in unison by the whole choir, seems to have been derived from a Gregorian chant. Stark simplicity and elemental power in music could hardly be better expressed than through such a medium. This vigorously devout passage is offset by a new section with a poetical theme, one of Bruckner's most exquisite lyrical inspirations. The *Et resurrexit* enters with dramatic suddenness; the main theme from the *Gloria* returning leads to the great climax of the Mass.

The *Sanctus* is serene, the eloquent voice of Bruckner's sublime, unwavering faith. The polyphony of its theme bears an affinity to the main theme of the *Kyrie*. Each of the eight voices seems to pursue an independent course of its own; yet the whole is held together by a central tonality. The climax of this flow is reached on the words *Hosanna Deus Sabaoth*, when Bruckner unexpectedly changes from polyphonic to plain chordal writing, a most effective contrast.

The *Benedictus* is the most intimate and introspective of the six sections, the orchestra participating more actively in its assumption of independent thematic material. The *Agnus* takes us back to the mood of the

beginning of the Mass. Bold part-writing and harmonic clashes characterize it as a worthy finale to a magnificently conceived work.

The recording is deserving of the highest praise. Not only is Rehm's interpretation one of utmost fidelity to Bruckner's devout intentions, but the singing is truly superlative. The reproduction of the discs also merits applause. This album and that of Bruckner's *Ninth Symphony* (by Hausegger) are my favorites, not only because of the music, but because of the recording excellence in each instance.

#### FOURTH (ROMANTIC) SYMPHONY

*Victor Album M-331; the Saxonian State Orchestra under Karl Böhm*

The first fact about this recording of interest to Brucknerites is that it is a faithful presentation of the original score. Even a few years ago, when I was not so fond of Bruckner's music as I now am, I considered cuts, prompted by whatever intention, unjustified and high-handed. I remembered too many great works spoiled by the revisions of well-meaning composers and conductors. Unquestionably many of the sins attributed by the public and the critics to Bruckner himself were the results of just such "improving" transcriptions.

This recording was made from the *Originalfassung* (original version), first performed in Germany in 1936 and later the same year in London by the Royal Philharmonic Society. Doctor Karl Böhm conducted both performances. The publication of this original score, as with the *Eighth* and *Ninth* compels a reevaluation not only of Bruckner's orchestral works, but of his whole stature as an individual composer.

The first movement (*Bewegt, nicht zu schnell*) opens magically, over *pianissimo* string tremoli, a solo horn playing the theme, which is soon taken over by the woodwinds with the horns in imitation. Clever and impressive modulations lead shortly to a subsidiary subject. The mixed rhythms, characteristic of Bruckner, especially in the *Third* and *Eighth Symphonies*, give evidence of great creative energy.

A long-held horn tone leads to the second subject, twofold in its dimensions, a lyrical melody in the violas and a gayer subject in the violins, known as the "Zizibe" theme. The working out of the rest of the movement reveals that the genius of Bruckner consists in his handling of theme-groups rather than isolated themes, a principle which achieved its fullest realization in the *Ninth*. The climax of the development section is the statement of the chief subject amplified to the proportions of a towering chorale. A similar climax occurs at the *Coda*.

The second movement (*Andante quasi Allegretto*) reflects a melancholy mood, sometimes almost funereal in character. Over a rhythmic figure introduced in the opening measures, cellos play a broad, elegiac melody with a short pendant figure, the numerous appearances of which in varied instrumental guise, characterize the whole movement. The second subject, sung by the violas against a rich background of plucked

strings, is of exquisite, gossamer-like texture. After this subject come three counter-melodies of lyrical grace, all woven about the principal theme (in the horn). The movement closes on a note of yearning.

The third movement (*Scherzo-Bewegt*, B-flat major) is so tuneful, colorful, and plastic, that any comment on its content seems superfluous. Four years after Bruckner had completed the symphony (1874), he revised it, cutting out the original *scherzo* in favor of this popular "Hunting Scherzo." Who can forget its leaping, delightful figure for the horns, or its deliciously bucolic *Laendler Trio*? . . .

The *Finale* (*Bewegt, doch nicht zu schnell*, E-flat) begins on a long-sustained fundamental tone (a pedal point on B-flat held for about forty bars). Over this the germ of the main theme is proclaimed, rising quickly in pitch, speed, and intensity. The second subject is drawn from the material of the slow movement, its development an exciting adventure in still uncharted possibilities of the main theme of the work.

The recording is splendid, though some years old.

#### FIFTH SYMPHONY IN B-FLAT MAJOR

*Victor Album M-770 and M-771: Saxonian State Orchestra conducted by Karl Böhm*

The *Fifth* or "Tragic," as it has been named by Goellerich, Bruckner's faithful biographer, marks a distinct departure from the first four symphonies. Although, in the two symphonies immediately preceding, Bruckner had shown a tremendous advance in maturity of conception it is in the *Fifth* that we first meet with the full revelation of his simple and devout creed, of his unswerving faith in the ultimate victory of the soul of man over the obstacles of the temporal world.

The spiritual background of this work, set down in his fifty-first year, was anything but joyous. It took shape in the very midst of a long period of heart-breaking frustrations intensified by general critical vilification and public scorn. His private misfortunes have been too often dwelt upon to need amplification here. Completed in 1878, the *Fifth* had to wait for a hearing until 1894, when it was performed at Graz under the direction of Franz Schalk, the brilliant Bruckner disciple largely responsible for the adulterated first published version. He disregarded the composer's intentions with respect to a host of instrumental details, even making cuts in the *Scherzo* and the *Finale*. In addition to drastic detailed changes we find in the last movement deletions in no fewer than five different places, totalling 270 bars, the recapitulation alone being shortened by 68 bars. To be sure, Bruckner himself had recognized the possibility of a cut in the final movement; but in order to preserve the sonata-form structure he had specified the suppression of the double-fugue, if necessary, rather than the shortening of any other portion. In the first published version both the double-fugue and the recapitulation suffered.

Whether or not Bruckner sanctioned such changes merely as a neces-

sary compromise to get his music played, these deletions have themselves been deleted in this recording, thanks to the vigilant editorship of Robert Haas and Alfred Orel under the sponsorship of the *Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag* of Vienna. Now at last we may hear the *Fifth* as Bruckner actually conceived it.

The symphony opens with an *Adagio*, plucked strings providing a vital background for a series of sonorous suspensions. The resonance and warmth of this music quite balance any impression of austere aloofness which might be inferred from the classical severity of the contrapuntal writing. After this terse, meaningful introduction the full orchestra proclaims a noble, march-like theme, which alternates with a chorale solidly orchestrated for woodwinds and brass. Two interwoven motives now follow, presented in Bruckner's characteristic manner, subject and counter-subject sounding simultaneously. Thus prepared the main theme appears, at first inverted, perhaps suggesting a militant spirit, direct and defiant opposition. The second or song theme-group, ushered in by plucked strings, is slower than the established *Allegro* tempo of the first theme. Its principal feature is a typically Brucknerian melody whose individual loveliness consists largely of a curious, almost homely rhythm and a sensitive chromatic structure. The remainder of the movement is a superb example of Bruckner's contrapuntal mastery, his resourceful melodic weaving and interweaving.

The second movement (*Adagio*), for all its great and majestic length, is in the traditional, simple A-B-A-B-A form. It opens (as did the first movement) with a plucked string background. Indeed, the prevalence of this *pizzicato* figure throughout the work won for it the popular, though quite irrelevant name of the "Pizzicato Symphony." Over this figure we hear a quiet, ingenuously simple melody whose charm increases as we give it our attention. The entire sixth record side is devoted to the first section, wherein this melody falls. The second main subject appears at the opening of the seventh record side which, in turn, is occupied entirely with the elaboration of this second portion of the music. The first theme, or "A," returns at the opening of the eighth record side. The second, or "B," is brought back before the end of the record, to continue through the ninth side. The final side, which marks the completion of Album M-770, closes with the return of the opening *pizzicato* and the "A" melody. Melancholy, contemplative, this music is Bruckner at his best. It is dominated by a subdued intensity, the like of which we do not find again in Bruckner's work until the marvelous *Adagio-Finale* of the *Ninth*.

The *Scherzo* and *Trio* which comprise the third movement are hardly less melancholy, despite the quickened tempo (*molto vivace*, with occasional deviations, in the *Scherzo* and *Allegretto* in the *Trio*). Knowing Bruckner's carefree spirit as revealed in the *Scherzi* of his first four symphonies and not having heard this *Fifth Symphony* before, I was unprepared for the expression of wistful and half-hearted gayety which this

*Scherzo* conveys. Indeed, the *Trio*, to my untrained ear, is a veritable prophecy of the *Weltschmerz* Mahler afterwards so poignantly felt. The pathos in the measured cadences of this *Laendler* reflects Bruckner's personal sufferings during the period in which he penned this music. Perhaps no other symphonic movement by this gifted master affords one a clearer insight into the emotional life of the man.

Yet this note of tragedy (for tragedy it is in essence) is quickly dispelled with the opening bars of the *Finale*. After a short introduction, in the manner of retrospect, the conflicting subjects that first came to us in the opening *Adagio* commingle in resolute combat, one ironic almost, the other a reassuring chorale, each becoming in turn the basis for a fugue. The climax of the movement and the whole work is the triumphant double-fugue, the proclamation of victory following the battle waged around each of these themes. Indescribably impressive is this double-mailed giant of the contrapuntal world. Students who have the old edition are especially urged to compare this portion with the original version as presented in its entirety on these records. The welding of all the themes portrays the restoration of Bruckner's unshakable faith. Out of the despair of mind Bruckner's genius has forged an invincible sword of affirmation.

#### SEVENTH SYMPHONY IN E-MAJOR

· *Victor Album M-276; the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy*

The *E-major Symphony*, composed between 1881 and 1883, was published in 1885 and dedicated to Ludwig of Bavaria, the royal friend and patron of Wagner. Arthur Nikisch gave it its first performance in 1884 in Leipzig and Americans first heard it in Chicago under Theodore Thomas two years later.

This "Lyric" Symphony, as it has been called, rivals the *Romantic* in general popularity. Yet it has been subjected to the same sort of academic criticism as those Bruckner symphonies still less favored by general approval. "Beautiful in spots, but not sufficiently cohesive," etc., etc.

In this work, inspired by the spirit of song, Bruckner abandons the cosmic principle of preparing the scene for the opening theme. The first theme, sounded at once, is given out by the cellos, reinforced successively by horns, violas, and clarinet against a tremolo accompaniment of the violins. It is later restated in fuller orchestration, with a climax that falls away to make place for its thematic successor. The development section, part way through the second record side, is noteworthy for its adroit inversion of the themes, as well as its prodigal display of rhythmic variety. The recapitulation, beginning near the middle of the third record side, rises to a powerful climax through a tremendous *crescendo*, bringing the movement to a close. We need no "program," other than the term "lyric," to evaluate this warm and radiant music. Bruckner is here as much the song-symphonist as Mahler ever was.

The second movement is especially eloquent of this singing quality. Dominated by deep religious feeling it is literally a symphonic hymn on a grand scale. Marked *Adagio, sehr feierlich and langsam*, it opens unforgettably, with a deep, simple, mournful melody uttered by a quartet of "Bayreuth" tubas. This instrumental coloring was intended as a tribute to Wagner, whose death, occurring in the course of the *Adagio's* composition, has come to be regarded as the prime influence in its shaping. On the sixth record side there is set forth a contrasting song of consolation, warm, soaring, almost passionate in its yearning hopefulness. One of the longest adagios, it unfolds in ever sustained beauty and nobility, ascending to its most majestic climax in a passage for brasses on the tenth record side. Out of this horns emerge, closing the movement with a phrase which recalls the opening subject.

The third movement, a *Scherzo* in A-minor, is jolly music of the world and the ingenuous heart. Once again we are in the midst of those exquisite Brucknerian moments of happiness and eternal youth, vivid with ecstatic strings and irrepressible trumpet calls. A superlatively tender melody, one of the loveliest in the entire symphony, is the one on which the contemplative *Trio* is based. Near the middle of the twelfth side the rhythmic violin figure once more ushers in the first portion of the *Scherzo*, ending the movement. The interpretation by Ormandy is excellent, making the recording a highly desirable one, despite a slight coarseness in the record surfaces, somewhat impairing the full delicacy of tone.

The *Finale* offers a first subject related to that with which the opening movement began. Presented by the first violins, it leads, after much working over, to a hymn-like melody, stated by the strings with a plucked accompaniment, colored by occasional interjections of brass and woodwinds. Two-thirds through the thirteenth record side a powerful outburst for full orchestra marks the start of the development section. Following a *tutti fortissimo* (all the instruments combined) near the end of the fourteenth side, occurs a surprising recapitulation, introduced unexpectedly by the second subject. Finally the opening subject is proclaimed, maintaining its dominance till the end of the symphony.

#### NINTH (UNFINISHED) SYMPHONY

*Victor Album M-627; the Munich Philharmonic Orchestra under  
Siegmond von Hausegger*

One of RCA-Victor's greatest achievements in recent years is this Bruckner album, superb both as to interpretation and recording. It is particularly deserving of every Brucknerite's heartfelt gratitude for its presentation of the original score, completely shorn of the sham and insincerity of numberless "improving" details interpolated by misunderstanding, though well-meaning Bruckner disciples of a half-century ago.

Of exceptional interest in this final work is Bruckner's masterly appli-

cation of the thematic principle developed throughout his career, that of joint-themes, or theme-groups, as they are generally called. The composer intends no isolated subjects, but rather a cluster of related themes, unified in purpose and supplementary in structure. This principle was by no means a Bruckner innovation. His contribution was merely the logical expansion of a principle already employed in elementary form by Haydn and Mozart, who made frequent use of related thematic groups in their symphonies, concertos, and quartets. The Opus 3, No. 5 Quartet of Haydn, for instance, has four distinct melodies forming the second theme (or theme-group) of the first movement.

From the beginning of Bruckner's *Ninth* we listen to music of a fervently devout nature, motivated by the peaceful resignation of a man who does not fear death, who is uplifted by his enduring faith. The opening subject, simple, slow-moving, of great breadth and dignity, is given out by eight horns in unison over a tremolo in the strings, developed into a more widely spaced, upward leading horn call. An expressive, chromatic melody in the violins follows. A tremolo in the strings enhances the fervor of this utterance, which culminates in a climax of tremendous power and austerity, the full orchestra participating. The second side is occupied by a new theme-group presenting three important subjects, completing the exposition of the thematic material out of which the rest of the movement is evolved.

The *Scherzo*, diabolical, youthfully energetic, is a tremendous spiritual achievement. That it is the most vital of all the *Scherzi* created by so great a master of the form as Bruckner proves the greatness of the soul that could attain such exuberant expression despite the burden of mortal pain and advanced years.

The *Adagio*, truly a *Finale of Affirmation*, needs no explanation. It offers a universal message of faith and resignation; not *Weltschmerz*, nor again, romantic *Sehnsucht*, but a *Heiliger Dankgesang*, a devout song of gratitude as in the Beethoven *A-minor Quartet*. Hausegger's interpretation of this heart-moving music is worthy of the most glowing praise. The entire recording is a gem of reproductive excellence.

All in all, the record companies have done well by Bruckner, as far as they have gone. In almost every instance the selections chosen have been given exceptional readings and reproduction. The *Sixth* and *Eighth Symphonies*, the *Te Deum*, and the *Quintet* should be recorded at once. The first three symphonies (particularly the *Third*) also deserve recording. Very likely, because the average listener finds the earlier Bruckner works more understandable, these may achieve waxing before the later, more significant works mentioned.

## Mahler on Records

BY WILLIAM PARKS GRANT

THE number of Mahler records is not bountiful, but it is slowly growing. To date four major works—two complete symphonies, the *Kindertotenlieder*, and *Das Lied von der Erde*—are available (with a fifth rumored in preparation)\* as well as a number of shorter works.

Three of the major compositions, as well as one or two shorter ones, were recorded at actual concert performances. Although such recordings on the whole are inferior to studio performances, all those here fortunately are quite satisfactory as regards fidelity. It should be kept in mind that the necessary "breaks" between record-sides in recordings made at public concerts have to be done without a temporary stop in the performance, as is done in studio-made recordings, and these "breaks" are sometimes made at poor places. Of course, occasional coughing and other disturbances are unavoidable.

On the whole, the performing artists on all the records are excellent. Attention is especially drawn to the recordings made by Bruno Walter, who was a pupil of Mahler, and who is acknowledged the finest—or at least one of the two finest—conductors of his music.

In view of the magnitude of the adverse criticism often directed toward Mahler's works, records, with their opportunity for infinite rehearsing, afford a far more accurate basis for evaluation of his music than is possible in any concert or radio performance. Hence their importance and hence this list.

### SYMPHONY NO. 2 IN C-MINOR ("RESURRECTION")

1. (Complete) Performed by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Corinne Frank Bowen (soprano), Ann O'Malley Gallogly (contralto), and Twin City Symphony Chorus, conducted by Eugene Ormandy. (Sung in German.) Recorded at an actual concert in Minneapolis, January 6, 1935. *Victor Album set 256*. (22 12-inch record-sides).
2. *Fourth Movement ("Urlicht") only*. Sung by Mme. Charles-Cahier (contralto) with Berlin State Opera Orchestra, conducted by Selmar Meyrowitz. (Sung in German.) *Ultraphone record E-288*. (1 12-inch record-side) (REVERSE SIDE: Mahler: *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*.—Mme. Charles-Cahier and Berlin State Opera Orchestra).

\* Since this article was written Columbia has released an excellent recording of Mahler's *First* (Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting).

This thrilling and varied work is one of the most frequently played of the master's symphonies. The recording, though nearly seven years old, still sounds fine. In its day it marked a new "high" in actual-performance recordings.

Mme. Charles-Cahier sings beautifully in her isolated recording of the fourth movement, but the record is marred by the use of flutes instead of piccolos on an important passage where Mahler has written most unexpectedly and strikingly for two piccolos. Also, in order to get the movement on one record-side, the tempo is taken just a bit too fast. The recording is not recent, but it is satisfactory. I believe this disk is no longer on the market.

SYMPHONY NO. 5—FOURTH MOVEMENT  
(*ADAGIETTO*) ONLY

1. Played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter. *Victor record* 12319. (2 12-inch record-sides.)
2. Played by the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, conducted by Willem Mengelberg. *Decca record* 25011. (2 12-inch record-sides.)

The two High Priests of Mahler match batons in one of the shortest and loveliest—as well as most popular—of the master's symphony movements, which he scored for strings and harp only. The interpretations are quite similar, and excellent; there is little to choose between them, or between the fine playing of the two orchestras. But as to recording, the Decca disk must take a definite, though respectable, second place, as it is a number of years older than the fairly recent Victor disk.

This movement affords a splendid introduction to Mahler's music for those who are unacquainted with it.

SYMPHONY NO. 9

Played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter. Recorded at an actual performance in Vienna, January 16, 1938. *Victor album set* 726. (20 12-inch record-sides.)

The master's last complete work (part of it written in this country) is by turns despondent, bitter, cynical, tender, thoughtful, and distorted. Walter's reading is of course authoritative, and his orchestra plays very well, the silky quality of its strings being most grateful to the ear, notably in the last movement, in which they predominate. The recording is beautiful and smooth throughout and the "breaks" between sides are, on the whole, well managed. Attention should be drawn to the date of the recording—only two months before the Nazi "liberation" of Austria, which put an end to the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, drove Walter

into exile, and placed Mahler's music on the blacklist. This recording is indeed a monument to the happy days of liberalism and progress which now seem so remote.

#### DAS LIED VON DER ERDE (*THE SONG OF THE EARTH*)

(Complete) Performed by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, with Charles Kullman (tenor) and Kerstin Thorborg (contralto), conducted by Bruno Walter. (Sung in German). Recorded at an actual concert in Vienna, May 24, 1936. *Columbia album set 300.* (14 12-inch record-sides.)

This hybrid of symphony and song-cycle is usually considered Mahler's greatest work. It is indeed an unforgettably lovely piece of music, the direct outpouring of the master's inmost feelings. Walter, of course, does a magnificent job, and his soloists are fully his equal. Save some occasional poor intonation, the work of the orchestra is close to perfection.

*Das Lied von der Erde* is heartily recommended to all lovers of music, whether already interested in Mahler or not.

#### KINDERTOTENLIEDER (*SONGS ON THE DEATH OF CHILDREN*)

Sung by Heinrich Rehkemper (baritone) with orchestra. (Sung in German.) *Polydor records 66693-66694-66695 or Polydor-Decca records CA8027-CA8028-CA8029.* (6 12-inch record-sides.)

This five-movement song-cycle is one of the master's most beautiful and moving compositions. Rehkemper's performance is about as near perfection as could be imagined. The unnamed conductor is equally good and deserves mention on the labels. With the exception of the first horn-player, who "bubbles" more than a few notes, the orchestra—also anonymous—plays very well.

This recording was made in 1928, but the fidelity is surprisingly good even today; it could easily pass for the work of three or four years later than its actual date.

#### HANS UND GRETE (*HANSEL AND GRETEL*)

Sung by Suzanne Sten (mezzo-soprano) with Leo Taubman (piano). (Sung in German.) *Columbia record 17241-D.* (1 10-inch record-side.) (REVERSE SIDE: Mahler: *Ich atmet' einen Linden Duft*—Suzanne Sten and piano.)

This charming song is one of fourteen which Mahler originally wrote for voice and piano, collectively called *Lieder und Gesänge aus der Jugendzeit*. Interpretation, performance, and recording are very good.

## WER HAT DIES LIEDLEIN ERDACHT?

(WHO COMPOSED THIS SONG?)

1. Sung by Elisabeth Schumann (soprano) with George Reeves (piano). (Sung in German.) (*Gramophone record E 555*. (1½ 10-inch record-side). (ON SAME SIDE: Mozart: *Warnung*; REVERSE SIDE: Attributed to Mozart: *Cradle Song*—Elisabeth Schumann with piano.)
2. Sung by Lulu Mysz-Gmeiner (contralto) with piano. (Sung in German.) (*Polydor record 23106 or English Decca record P05105*. (1 10-inch record-side.) REVERSE SIDE: Tschaiakowsky: *A Ballroom Meeting*—Mysz-Gmeiner and piano.)

This sprightly little song is one of Mahler's numerous settings of folk-poems from the famous anthology *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. Unfortunately both recordings were made with piano instead of with orchestra, as Mahler wrote them. I have not had an opportunity to hear the Mysz-Gmeiner record, but the Schumann disk is quite satisfactory in all respects.

## RHEINLEGENDCHEN (LEGEND OF THE RHINE)

Sung by Heinrich Schlusnus (baritone) with Berlin State Opera Orchestra, conducted by Hermann Weigert. (Sung in German.) *Polydor record 95469 or Polydor-Decca record CA8082*. (1 12-inch record-side) (REVERSE SIDE: Mahler: *Der Tamboursg'ssell*—Schlusnus and orchestra.)

Another of the *Wunderhorn* songs, *Rheinlegendchen* is delightfully gay and of folk-song simplicity. Schlusnus sings it excellently, being in unusually good voice. The orchestra work leaves nothing to be desired. This disk was made in 1931 and is up to the best standards of that year.

## DER TAMBOURSG'SSELL (THE DRUMMER-BOY)

Sung by Heinrich Schlusnus (baritone) with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra, conducted by Hermann Weigert. (Sung in German.) *Polydor record 95469 or Polydor-Decca record CA8082*. (1 12-inch record-side.) (REVERSE SIDE: Mahler: *Rheinlegendchen*—Schlusnus and orchestra.)

Schlusnus gives a stirring performance of this German *Danny Deever*. A few instruments are missing from the orchestra, notably the second English horn. This is a 1931 recording. *Der Tamboursg'ssell* and the songs listed below are all from *Seven Last Songs*.

ICH ATMET' EINEN LINDEN DUFT  
(I BREATHED THE SCENT OF LINDEN)

1. Sung by Charles Kullman (tenor) with orchestra conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent. (Sung in English.) *Columbia record* DB1303, from *Columbia History of Music by Ear and Eye, Volume 5*. (1 10-inch record-side.) (REVERSE SIDE: Schönberg; Nos. 5 and 12 of *The Book of the Hanging Gardens*—Erica Storm [soprano] and Mosco Carner [piano].)
2. Sung by Suzanne Sten (mezzo-soprano) with Leo Taubman (piano). (Sung in German). *Columbia record* 17241-D. (1 10-inch record-side.) (REVERSE SIDE: Mahler: *Hans und Grete*—Suzanne Sten and piano.)

This lovely song is tender, almost ethereal. It is advisable to own both these recordings, as neither is quite satisfactory, for Kullman's is sung in English and in the high-voice version, which contains a few changes in instrumentation as compared with the Philharmonic miniature score, which prints the version for low-voice; while Sten's is with piano, instead of orchestra (as Mahler wrote it) and the piano's lack of sustaining power shows up badly. Miss Sten's interpretation is slightly superior to Mr. Kullman's. Both are well recorded.

ICH BIN DER WELT ABHANDEN GEKOMMEN  
(I AM LOST TO THE WORLD)

1. Sung by Kerstin Thorborg (contralto) with Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter. (Sung in German.) Recorded at an actual concert in Vienna, May 24, 1936. *Columbia record* 4201-M. (2 10-inch record-sides.)
2. Sung by Mme. Charles-Cahier (contralto) with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra, conducted by Selmar Meyrowitz. (Sung in German.) *Ultraphone record* E-288. (1 12-inch record-side.) (REVERSE SIDE: Mahler: *Second Symphony—Fourth Movement* ("Urlicht")—Mme. Charles-Cahier and orchestra.)

The mystic song of resignation is the quintessence of Mahler's experience and thought. The Thorborg disk was made at the same time as the *Lied von der Erde* recording, and the "break" between record-sides occurs right in the midst of a phrase. For all Thorborg's luscious voice, the American-born Mme. Charles-Cahier (one of the greatest Mahler singers) has a slight edge on interpretation. She is also matched with better orchestral playing. But in recording, the considerably newer Thorborg disk takes a definite lead. Also the Cahier disk seems to be no longer available.

UM MITTERNACHT (*AT MIDNIGHT*)

Sung by Mevrouw A. Noordewier-Reddingius (soprano) with Anthon van der Horst (organ.) (Sung in German.) *English Columbia record D-14001. (2 10-inch record-sides.)*

Another composition steeped in mysticism and spirituality. Here again we lack the orchestra (without strings) for which Mahler conceived the song, but the use of organ, rather than piano, is a wise substitution in view of the sustained character of the music. The arrangement for organ, probably made by the organist himself, is well done, and Mevr. Noordewier-Reddingius's singing is completely satisfactory. Although by no means a recent disk, the recording is clear and adequate.



## LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN

*Iowa University Symphony Orchestra, Philip Greeley Clapp, Conductor; Herald Stark, Soloist. University of Iowa, Iowa City, May 14, 1941. (First Performance in Iowa.)*

... The Mahler cycle, *Songs of a Wayfarer*, is an arresting one. Its music is romantic in nature, but has a broadness of conception, a melodic importance that brings it well above the plane of mere sentiment. It is music, too, that calls for a fine tenor voice if it be fully effective. This Professor Stark brought to the performance.

This second offering of Mahler music this season served to emphasize the desire for more of the music of this composer and if Doctor Clapp but heeds the wishes expressed in the tremendous applause following Professor Stark's singing we should be hearing some.

Professor Stark, in response to the great applause, repeated the entire cycle as an encore and again brought forth a stormy response.

RON TALLMAN, *Iowa City Press-Citizen*

## ADAGIETTO (MAHLER'S FIFTH)

*University of Iowa Symphony Orchestra, Philip Greeley Clapp, Conductor. Iowa City, February 26, 1941. Chamber Symphony Orchestra of University of Iowa, Washington, Iowa, May 5, 1941. Philip Greeley Clapp, Conductor (First Performances in Iowa).*

... To Professor Clapp go congratulations for his fine job of instruction—as witnessed by the Mahler number last night. For strings and harp, the tones from those instruments seemed to be lifted out rather than pushed. The effect left one breathless and it was evident that Professor Clapp has a deep understanding and sympathy for Mahler.

In response to persistent applause, Professor Clapp returned to the podium to break this season's no-encore precedent, by playing again, Mahler's *Adagietto*. If anything, this playing was better than the first.

ROBERT RUTENBECK, *Daily Iowan*

## TRIBUTE TO MEMORY OF PITTS SANBORN

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

Deems Taylor, eminent music critic, composer, author, music consultant and intermission commentator for the New York Philharmonic Symphony, was long a friend and associate of the late Pitts Sanborn. The article printed in the *New York World-Telegram* on March 15, 1941, in which he recalls with appreciation his acquaintance with the former critic of the *World-Telegram*, was part of his intermission talk at the Philharmonic Symphony concert on March 16, 1941.

I SHOULD like to say a word in passing, to pay a brief tribute to the memory of an old friend—an old friend of yours and mine: Pitts Sanborn, the music critic of the *New York World-Telegram* and the program annotator of the Philharmonic Symphony concerts since the fall of 1939. He died here suddenly last week at the age of 61. At the time of his death he was the dean of the New York music critics, having covered concerts and operas for 36 consecutive seasons. He began his critical career in 1905, with the *New York Globe*, a few years after his graduation from Harvard, and retained his post under several editorial dynasties and absorptions of one paper by another.

It's hard—for me, at least—to think of Pitts Sanborn as anything so venerable as a dean. When I started as music critic of the old *New York World*, twenty years ago, Pitts was decidedly one of the junior members of the critical fraternity. It's true that, even then, he had been on the job for sixteen years, but that didn't alter the fact that he was a mere child compared with Henry Krehbiel, of the *Tribune*, who was rounding out his fortieth season as a critic; Henry Finck, of the *Post*; Richard Aldrich, of the *Times*, and W. J. Henderson, of the *Sun*, every one of whom had service stripes aggregating thirty-five years or more. As for the rest—Paul Morris, of the *Telegram*; Frank Warren, of the *Evening World*; Katherine Spaeth, of the *Evening Mail*, and Bill Murray, of the *Brooklyn Eagle*—they were decidedly in the sub-deb class, with little more than ten years apiece to their credit. I, with no years to my credit, was in a special, one-man kindergarten class of my own.

Those of you who have read his program notes have no need to be reminded that he wrote with grace, skill and authority. In addition to his daily criticism he turned out a book of poems, two novels, and the recently published *Metropolitan Book of the Opera*. His particular field was opera—especially Mozart, for whose works he had an abiding enthusiasm. His other passion was good cooking. I still remember a historic luncheon that we had together in Paris, eighteen years ago—a luncheon that began at 12:30 and ended at a quarter to five. Those of us who knew him will not soon forget his low, beautifully modulated voice, his dangerous wit and his admiration for tall prima donnas.

In the four years that we worked together I got to know him very well. Ours was one of those curious warm, yet almost completely im-

personal friendships that exist between men who see each other every working day, yet never out of working hours. I think he liked me. I know I liked him. He was a scholar and a gentleman. A great many people will miss him.

DEEMS TAYLOR

Admirers of Bruckner and Mahler will be among those who will miss him. While most of Mr. Sanborn's New York colleagues were either unfriendly toward the music of Bruckner and Mahler or at best wrote "Yes, but" reviews, Mr. Sanborn did not hesitate to advocate Bruckner cycles as musical gifts "of which we stand much more in need than we do of another Beethoven or Brahms cycle," and after a Mahler performance under Koussevitzky's direction Mr. Sanborn wrote: "By this time it (Mahler's *Fifth*) and its composer might be taken somewhat for granted, even as we take Beethoven and Brahms. . . . All told Mahler-fear seems now a bit grotesque." Surely he had the courage of his convictions. CHORD AND DISCORD has quoted him not only in "Symphonic Chronicle" but has reprinted entire articles by this gentleman and scholar.

ROBERT G. GREY



SCHERZO (BRUCKNER SEVENTH) AT YOUTH CONCERT UNDER  
DIRECTION OF WHEELER BECKETT (NOV. 6, 1940)

. . . And if one movement of a symphony is a little like a detail of a painting or a quarter of a statue, there is enough meat and substance, energy and charm in this, one of the few really great *Scherzos* since Beethoven, to carry it as a separate piece. By every sign the audience was stirred and pleased, and by this courageous gesture, Mr. Beckett has probably made a couple of thousand Bruckner converts.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

SUGGESTIONS TO DR. KOUSSEVITZKY

. . . Pre-season promises are not always fulfilled. We were to have received revivals of Berlioz' *Romeo and Juliet Symphony*, Mahler's *Second* and Schumann's *Third* and actually got the more familiar matter of their *Fantastique*, *Ninth* and *Fourth*, respectively. By way of compensation, these were among the best performances of the year. Few could have missed the threatened performance of Tchaikovsky's *Manfred Symphony*, but the revival of his *Second* by Mr. Stravinsky made man wonder why that diverting piece had gone so long unheard here. We did not get Bruckner's *Eighth*, either, but there are other symphonies of his that we stood in more need of hearing, for example, the *Fifth* and *Ninth*, both of which are now recorded by the Victor Company.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

. . . Our only suggestion on the basis of surveying the past season's repertory would be a further broadening of the base. Certain works, like Mahler's *Ninth Symphony*, have helped this aspect, but the revival of such music should be extended. For example, there is Bruckner's *Ninth Symphony* in the original version. Then there are a quantity of scores that have only been played once, and many of them merit another hearing. Of course there are some that should never have been given in the first place, but there must be a dozen or more that are unwarrantably gathering dust on the library shelf.

ALEXANDER WILLIAMS, *Boston Herald*



## EDITORIAL

**D**ESPITE the curious allegation by some reviewers that Bruckner and Mahler partisans are chiefly responsible for the vociferous applause accorded the works of these composers by subscription audiences in various cities at various times, the fact remains that the popularity of their music has increased steadily with the growing number of performances. Furthermore it cannot reasonably be maintained that this show of enthusiasm is intended merely for the conductors. Too many different conductors have stirred audiences with their readings of Bruckner and Mahler symphonies to make any such assertions more than examples of wishful thinking on the part of prejudiced reviewers. Nor can it justly be claimed that a conductor is able to make a Bruckner or Mahler work sound better than it is. Otherwise it might be said with equal plausibility, for instance, that Toscanini makes Wagner's music sound better than it is or that Furtwaengler made Brahms' symphonies sound better than they are—which is, of course, utter nonsense.

Years ago audiences left the hall almost en masse during performances of Bruckner and Mahler. Today they stay and applaud; sometimes they even cheer, sour comments by some of our "deadline scribes" notwithstanding. Granted, according to so-called rules and regulations, Bruckner and Mahler should not become popular. By the same yardstick Beethoven should have been relegated to the scrap heap over a hundred years ago. Just as the untutored music-lover of old, having been given the opportunity of repeated hearings by conductors who had the courage of their convictions, decided that the music of Beethoven, Wagner and others—originally scorned by critics—was not monstrous, commonplace, banal, long-winded, and boring, the average music-lover of our own day is clearly making up his mind that Bruckner and Mahler are well worth hearing.

The broadcast of Bruckner's Eighth under Bruno Walter's direction over CBS was decided upon because of a flood of requests from every sec-

tion of the American radio audience. Especially significant is the fact that the youth of our country is displaying a lively interest in Bruckner and Mahler. In the van of this promising revival are our colleges. Thus, for example, the University of Iowa Orchestra, under the able direction of Professor Philip Greeley Clapp, has recently performed two Bruckner symphonies and Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*. At the University of Minnesota a "record club" is being formed, largely for the purpose of studying Bruckner and Mahler by means of recordings. Performances of Bruckner and Mahler are being planned at Ann Arbor by Thor Johnson, conductor of the University of Michigan Orchestra, and at Oberlin College by Maurice P. Kessler. These are surely eloquent evidence of the fine progress made by the Bruckner-Mahler movement.

During the past season Bruno Walter, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Frederick A. Stock, Serge Koussevitzky, Eugene Goossens, Artur Rodzinski, Eugene Ormandy, Hans Kindler, all conductors of major orchestras, have enriched their programs by the addition of a Bruckner or Mahler work. The New York City Municipal Station and WQXR have continued their familiar policy of regular Bruckner and Mahler recorded broadcasts. Stations in other cities are also taking advantage of the opportunity to present these masters in recordings. Thus the every-day music-lover, handicapped neither by too great a knowledge of musical "rules" nor by the opinions of the learned scribes, will judge for himself as he has always done — and with this thought in mind Brucknerites and Mahlerites can face the future with confidence.

# Symphonic Chronicle

## *A Record of Critical and Popular Reaction*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
*FIRST SYMPHONY*

*Minneapolis Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor. November 1, 1940, Opening Concert of the Season.*

By a process of centripetal force that swept together the wealth and diversity of resources in the Austro-Hungarian empire, Vienna became the nineteenth-century music capital of the world, and almost without exception the Mahler symphonies are so many microcosmic reflections of these resources. There was the commingling of Magyar, Slavic and Teutonic temperaments, with overtones from Byzantium, not far away; there were splendors of church and state perhaps never surpassed. Too, there were the sharp contrasts afforded by a society based on an ancient caste system.

Gustav Mahler caught all these elements, and translating them with almost fabulous skill into orchestral terms, he produced music of great richness. Again and again you hear the horns of hunters on princely estates, and the naive, wistfully sweet peasant songs from Alpine regions, or from the southern Adriatic coast; you hear Gypsy tunes, and the *Laendler*, danced by country people. Then the music grows sophisticated and urban—then, perhaps, ecclesiastical.

FRANCES BOARDMAN, *St. Paul Pioneer Press*

Mahler once said, "There are no bad orchestras; there are only bad conductors," and we get the force of that remark if we consider what some conductors might have done with that program. The virtuosity of our conductor was a triumph. The orchestra played as we have come to expect and take for granted alert and responding to every wish of Mitropoulos.

Anyone who is under the impression that Mahler's symphonies are "dry" (the old cry) has never heard Mitropoulos conduct one of them. . . . Mitropoulos, supremely sure in his conception of great music, shared all the beauties of melodic line to the technical musician. Everyone can readily enjoy Mahler's picturesque ideas and the manner in which he singles

out the instruments to create the ideas. Like Strauss, his characterizations are often violent.

GRACE DAVIES, *Minneapolis Times-Tribune*

It was however when he turned to Mahler's gigantic *First Symphony*, at the close of the concert, that Mitropoulos exerted his greatest skill and revealed his true stature as a musician. For the work, almost monstrous in its dimensions, is of a romantic, vitalistic, and problematic nature, crowded with ideas, contrasts, parodies and sublime melodies—and it demands of the interpreter, great plasticity of temperament, emotional promptness and versatility. That the many episodes, the dry passages, and the dull stretches in this otherwise richly human music were made interesting and yet simple, is a commentary on the power of the conductor, that the inspired moments and the great climaxes reached superb heights is a proof of his genius.

JOHAN S. EGILSRUD, *Minneapolis Morning Tribune*

The performance was remarkable in color and subtlety, in tenderness and drama. Mitropoulos and the men responded many times to insistent applause. It's a real achievement to get an audience cheering and whistling for Mahler.

JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star Journal*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
*DAS LIED VON DER ERDE*

*Cleveland Orchestra, Artur Rodzinski, Conductor; Soloists: Enid Szantho and Charles Kullmann. Cleveland, November 7 and 8, 1940.*

Mahler's *Song of the Earth*—a music drama of humanity—was given a magnificent performance by Dr. Artur Rodzinski, the Cleveland Orchestra, Enid Szantho, contralto, and Charles Kullmann at Severance Hall last night.

And there was real appreciation, though subdued, for their thrilling presentation of this marvellous work. The soloists were eminently fitted for their

parts. Both are familiar to Clevelanders through their opera appearances here.

. . . Boris Goldovsky, in a bit of curtain speech, explained that the first five poems represented scenes in the world which Mahler was loath to give up. And there was much drinking, love, youth and bitterness, especially drinking. The vocal parts are made to fit into the orchestral pattern with remarkable ingenuity.

While the Mahler music portrays Chinese poems, there are only a few touches of the Oriental in it. And Mahler successfully sums up in the farewell episode his longing for life, his regret at breaking his earthly ties and his fantastic vision of a ghostly future. We have heard others of his works but nothing as striking, dramatic and gripping as this. There is a dramatic intensity even in the feeling of suppression that pervades much of the score.

ELMORE BACON, *The Cleveland News*

There can be little disagreement about this work being Mahler at his best, and this is perhaps because it remains essentially lyric. Its theme, described as "withdrawal from life," comes closer to being love of life intensified by the thought of leaving it. The post-Wagnerian dreamer here seems to be clinging passionately to a dying spark, nursing it affectionately and effusively with sweet melancholy, waiting ecstatically for the miracle which never happens.

Vienna-bred, he goes to a Chinese poet for his texts and emerges with something neither Chinese nor purely Occidental. It is music both opaque and warm, naively human yet extravagantly exalted. It dwells somewhere, and with some uncertainty, between hypochondria and celestial magic. But whether immortal or not, it is a personal expression of rare, subtle intimacy, marvelously sustained yet variegated in mood.

HERBERT ELWELL, *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*

. . . The human voices are indeed the vehicle of the poetic thought, but most of the music is in the orchestra. Thus the sub-title "symphony" is justified.

We had been told that the work is an expression of the composer's sense of his own approaching death. Yet the first impression left by the earlier numbers of the cycle is one of extraordinary mellifluousness. Euphoneous, sophisticated harmony, delicate variegation of tonal tints charm the ear, belie the restless pessimism of the opening "Drinking Song of Earthly Woe" and tinge the sadness of

the following "Lonely One in Autumn" with sweetness.

The next number: "Of Youth," is a most attractive Chinesely spiced pleasantry of which Mr. Kullmann made good all the points.

But it is the sixth and last number which represents the work's ultimate import; it is a long elegy called "The Farewell." In it a mood of resignation and withdrawal is sustained for nearly as long a time as it required for all the other numbers combined.

After the droop and fade of such an end it is understandable that the audience would hardly be impelled to express its appreciation by a large amount of noisy applause.

It was clear, however, that people were much impressed with the *Song of the Earth's* beauties and were conscious of having experienced the emanation of a great musical personality. It is to be hoped that we will sooner or later have the opportunity of hearing all of Mahler's symphonic works here.

ARTHUR LOESSER, *The Cleveland Press*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN

*Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor; Soloist: John Charles Thomas. November 29, 1940.*

. . . The genius of Mahler, most often associated with orchestral composition, expressed itself with true success also in songs, as witness *Das Lied von der Erde*, the settings of verse from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, the vocal interpolations in the choral symphony, and the ones most immediately under discussion. So there was eminent appropriateness in the presentation gracefully made to Mr. Mitropoulos by Mr. Thomas, of the Bruckner Society's medal for distinguished service in giving public hearings of music by Mahler, who is coupled by the society with the composer whose name it bears.

FRANCES BOARDMAN, *The Saint Paul Pioneer Press*

. . . This medal is an award for achievement in both Bruckner and Mahler music. The audience was deeply moved by the simple and eloquent way in which Mr. Mitropoulos told them why he had "neglected" Mahler symphonies and that he craves a greater honor than the medal—it will be the knowledge some day, that his audience appreciates a Mahler

symphony (although of heavenly length) and enjoys it.

GRACE DAVIES, *The Minneapolis Times-Tribune*

At moments like this music lovers have an opportunity to express their appreciation of the musical inspiration Mitropoulos gives with such generosity throughout the year—and last night they showed this by giving him ovation after ovation.

As baritone John Charles Thomas and Mitropoulos joined in evoking Mahler's *Songs of a Wayfarer*, the music breathed forth the tender anguish of young, disappointed love and a lyrical beauty of nature, expressed through tunes of folk-song simplicity.

By his unforced, poised singing that even seemed to verge on under-statement, Mr. Thomas blended the vibrant timber of his voice with the weaving of the orchestra into an expressive whole.

JOHAN S. EGIJSRUD, *Minneapolis Morning Tribune*

... Mr. Thomas' stature as an artist increases with the years. He not only possesses one of the finest-tempered baritones extant but he uses it with a taste and precision which finds every shade and inflection, and avoids every excess and mannerism.

Thus in the *Songs of a Wayfarer* he drew forth with sure skill the lyricism and dolor of Mahler's story of unrequited love and did it with seeming effortless-ness, an almost casual mastery.

JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star Journal*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: FIRST SYMPHONY

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, January 8, 10 and 12. The last performance was broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System.*

The *First Symphony* of Mahler is as Austrian as a dish of Salzburger Nockerl. This music could have originated only on the banks of the Danube. In it, Mahler reveals some of those idiomatic touches which lend his music its unmistakable physiognomy. Beethoven's individuality does not peer forth nearly so strong in his *First Symphony* as does Mahler's personality in his earliest symphonic creation. And the distance traversed by both

composers, in nine symphonies is of comparable greatness. The Mahler of the *Ninth Symphony* would not have been guilty of the sentimental triviality which mars the *Finale* of his *First Symphony*. But there is much in its first three movements that both charms and arrests; music both naive in the best sense, and ironic as only Mahler could be, Mr. Mitropoulos realized in his interpretation many of the composer's desires; in the grandiosely conceived closing peroration his native intensity found its fullest expression.

JEROME D. BOHM, *Herald Tribune*

... The uncommon symphony which occasioned these arresting occurrences was, of course, the first of Mahler, which promises to become as much a sensation of the conductor's leaving as the Strauss "Domestica" was of his coming. There have been fine performances of Mahler here in the past, but it is doubtful that any combined so eloquent a feeling for the composer's idiom with so great a capacity for making the orchestra articulate. Here the frustrations in the writing were not blemishes of the score, but inherent elements of its personality, all-too-human accentuations of its intensity and pathos.

Mr. Mitropoulos's plan of presentation was not as wide a variation of the composer's purpose as it might seem, for Mahler specified at least five minutes' pause before the slow movement. Certainly the more Schubertian-than-Schubert slow movement, with its musing tragedy and uneasy irony, gained by the freshness of the listener's attention after the pause. This is an altogether individual creation, as much a revelation of the composer's tortured self-doubts as the over-insistent, fustian peroration in the *Finale*. Mr. Mitropoulos conducted as one delivering a revelation from on high, and the orchestra played with stunning virtuosity, earning full title to the prolonged applause that followed.

... However, the evening belonged to Mahler and Mitropoulos.

IRVING KOLODIN, *New York Sun*

... The most ponderable achievement of the evening was the Mahler symphony, which merits more frequent performance. Written in the composer's twenties, it is encompassed with an amazing mastery of the orchestral apparatus. Its themes are simple and song-like, and the form is not swollen, as it becomes in later Mahler symphonies. Though there are pages of the irony and fury that become more

deep-seated and agitated later on, the work also has a pastoral feeling. It is as if a profoundly simple nature has not yet been lacerated into cries of unutterable grief. Mahler, certainly in this symphony, is anything but forbidding.

HOWARD TAUBMAN, *New York Times*

GUSTAV MAHLER:

*DAS LIED VON DER ERDE*

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Soloists: Kerstin Thorborg and Charles Kullmann. January 23 and 24, 1941.*

. . . It is a work, with orchestra, for singers. And it may well prove to be Mahler's greatest inspiration. Its mood is irresistible — this song for the passing of all warm, ardent, tender things, this most poignant lament of mortality.

Whether, when all is said and done, the listener, escaped from its spell, is willing to accept as part of his artistic, personal and emotional creed this music, drunk with pessimism and self-pity, and whether that music will long outlast the age and the culture that produced it is another matter. Last night it completely conquered.

The great effect was gained by the conviction, the authority, the imagination of the conductor. The composer's sincerity and passionate feeling were in his interpretation. Nothing in the score was missed; many a detail customarily passed over was revealed with special significance. It is hard to think of Mahler more convincingly presented.

The audience was a large one; it took every opportunity of expressing its enthusiasm.

OLIN DOWNES, *New York Times*

. . . Into *Das Lied von der Erde* Mahler distilled the quintessence of his genius and no one could expound this song of the earth in six poems from the Chinese with a more sensitive comprehension, a finer and deeper eloquence than Mr. Walter. Orchestrally the performance was of a punctilious thoroughness and a memorable beauty.

PITTS SANBORN, *New York World Telegram*

In the melancholy resignation of his last years, when a weakened heart would not permit him to continue his tramps about the Austrian countryside, Gustav Mahler composed his *Lied von der Erde*. In his gloom, he poured out his feeling to

Bruno Walter, the man who, he said, understood him as no other. It was Walter who conducted the first performance of this so-called song symphony, but when that event took place in Munich in November, 1911, Mahler had been dead for six months.

Last night, as on two occasions six years ago, New York Philharmonic Symphony subscribers were privileged to hear *Das Lied von der Erde* conducted by Mahler's dearest friend and the man who first disclosed the work to the world. Mr. Walter outdid himself and his fervor and devotion for the music of his old idol obtained from the orchestra a magnificent performance. There was personal conviction in every bar. Likewise, in clarity and tonal quality the achievement was an altogether remarkable one.

OSCAR THOMPSON, *New York Sun*

GUSTAV MAHLER:

*DAS LIED VON DER ERDE*

*National Symphony Orchestra, Hans Kindler, Conductor; Soloists: Suzanne Sten and Hardesty Johnson. Washington, D. C., March 12, 1941.*

. . . Wherever commentators got the idea that *The Song of the Earth* is a cry of despair and a proclamation of pessimism remains a mystery. This remarkable work breathes a poignant sadness, it is true, yet its spiritual motivation is not hopelessness but the gentle grief with which the composer regarded the transitory beauty of earthly life. It is an expression of a common human experience when one contemplates the inexorable movement of time.

RAY C. B. BROWN, *Washington Post*

The National Symphony Orchestra set another landmark in its history last evening with the performance of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* at its special series concert in Constitution Hall.

As soloists in this monumental work — or rather as collaborators, for the orchestra and voices are closely interwoven — were Suzanne Sten, mezzo-soprano, and Hardesty Johnson, tenor, both of whose performances were outstanding.

In spite of a knowledge of the basic intention of the work, there is a depth and mystery in its expression that permeates each of the sections. It is melancholy music with a sadness beyond words, yet through it runs a poetic utterance of great spiritual beauty which combines

the philosophy of the East with the more hopeful conviction of the West. The Eastern touch is recognizable in the lovely tenor solo. "Of Youth," while in the first number, "The Drinking Song of Earthly Woe," the vocal part, also for the tenor, is reminiscent of Wagner. The opening phrases of the final song, "The Farewell," for alto, create an atmosphere found in "Boris Godounov."

This is not to say that the music is at any time "borrowed," for its originality is impressive. With great richness of tonal effect and with grace and elegance at times, the contrast between the poignant beauty of youth and springtime and the inevitable passing of these things in the autumn of life is sharply defined. The emotion of the work never abates and its strength as given out by a remarkable union of music with the words is overwhelming.

ALICE EVERSMAN, *Evening Star*

Last night's all-German program by the National Symphony Orchestra proved less formidable than had been anticipated.

It offered a novelty by the saddest of modern Germans which turned out to have much poetic charm, far less pessimism than has been ascribed to it by solemn commentators, and a happy simplicity of structure which came clearly through the many orchestral complications.

That does not alter the fact that it is a difficult score, one demanding much refinement, and a highly developed sensibility to subtle orchestral values, qualifications possessed by Kindler in brilliant measure. He gave it a splendid reading and the National Symphony distinguished itself in the precision and sympathy with which it realized his intentions.

GLENN DILLARD GUNN, *Times Herald*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
KINDERTOTENLIEDER

*Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Enid Szanitho, Soloist, Philadelphia, October 19 and 20, 1940.*

... All were sung by Mme. Szanitho with full regard for the sorrow of both words and music, although the magnificent orchestral accompaniments, strikingly original, are as important as the voice.

SAMUEL L. LACIAR,  
*Evening Public Ledger*

Mahler was represented again yesterday, this time by the touching *Kindertotenlieder*, the set of five songs composed at the turn of the century to texts penned by Friedrich Rueckert upon the death of his two children. When Mahler's own daughter died in 1906 he is said to have exclaimed, "Under the agony of fear that this was destined to occur, I wrote the *Kindertotenlieder*."

That this may well have been so is plausible, not only because of Mahler's chronically melancholy turn of mind but also by the texts he chose from the hundred or so that Rueckert wrote on the subject. They are texts colored by reminiscences of the children as they had been in life, and where Rueckert expressed sadness tempered by precious memories Mahler has expressed the feeling of a joy made exquisite to the point of pain by the knowledge of its perishability.

HENRY PLEASANTS, *Evening Bulletin*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
THIRD SYMPHONY

*Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Goossens, Conductor. November 8 and 9, 1940. (First performances in Cincinnati.)*

Yet, Bruckner achieved absolute mastery over certain forms. No one since Beethoven has written more characteristic scherzos. Take the one in the *Third Symphony*, which is being played at these concerts as a typical example. It happens to be one of his most famous, this "scherzo on one tone," as it is called. The rustic, shirt-sleeved movement has no proper theme, only motives over the ground tone of D. This tone does escape long enough to execute a droll little Viennese waltz—or *Laendler*, if you like. The trio is only a shade more tuneful. Here, I may add, it is the harmonic modulations which lend such a charming effect. The movement, in fact, almost constitutes a tour de force.

Bruckner's piety manifests itself elsewhere in the symphony, chiefly in the second movement, much of which has about it an air of ecclesiasticism, of St. Florian, no doubt. Incongruously enough, one senses the Wagnerian influence, in externals at least, in this movement. (Remember, the symphony is dedicated to him.) I don't mean the reference, probably unconscious, to *Tristan* just before the first change of time, but a num-

ber of other places, strongly chromatic. Bruckner, the organist, can be heard at the quiet close of the movement.

In spite of the Wagnerian influences and dedication, Bruckner did not forego entirely the precepts of some of his Viennese predecessors. The first movement of the *Third Symphony* combines some features of both the *Ninth* and the *Pastorale* symphonies of Beethoven, with now and then subdued echoes of Franz Schubert, whom Bruckner resembles somewhat in spirit. But having been a great musician in his own right and unique as an individual, Bruckner most resembles himself.

FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

The symphony concert played yesterday afternoon by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Goossens directing, marked one more step toward an appreciation of Anton Bruckner, which has been long delayed. He was a contemporary of both Wagner and Brahms, but they outstripped him in achieving popularity. In a way, his nature was akin to that of Brahms in its deep religious faith. But it was more a mystical faith, one of the kind that makes of its possessor a great being, but which takes longer to win recognition.

The symphony was the *Third*, in D-minor, which we believe has not been played here before. There is a wealth of thematic material in the work, which keeps one busily engaged in following its development. The powerful and richly orchestrated first movement is succeeded by an exquisite, devotional *Andante*. The *Scherzo* and *Finale* have in common, themes that are almost dance-like, but the work ends with a majestic pronouncement of the great opening theme of the symphony, this time in a major key, like unto great triumph of the soul.

It was superbly played and at its conclusion, Dr. Martin G. Dumler, president of the Bruckner Society of America, stepped to the stage and with a few well-chosen words, presented Mr. Goossens with the Kilenyi Bruckner Medal in recognition of his sincere efforts to advance the recognition of Bruckner in this country. Mr. Goossens, who did not until yesterday know that this honor was to be bestowed upon him, accepted in his usual felicitous manner, according high praise to the musicians for their excellent performance.

LILLIAN TYLER PLOGSTEDT, *Cincinnati Post*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
*FIRST SYMPHONY*

*Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor. Los Angeles, California, December 19-20, 1940.*

Music appreciation locally seemed to have reached its peak last night at Philharmonic Auditorium when a capacity audience stood up and cheered a parting salute to Conductor Bruno Walter until the usually dignified symphony-lovers' hands were sore and their voices were hoarse and the honored director looked the weariness that he felt after a superhuman presentation of the Gustav Mahler *Symphony No. 1 in D-major*.

The serenity, gloom and vehemence of the mighty musical genius, Mahler, had been relegated to the concluding place on the program, which had begun with rippling Mozart and moved into the short and terse musical pictures of Erich Korngold, whose music had invaded the Shakespearean realms of intimate depiction and had upheld the human impulses as the bard of Avon worded them.

Mahler's great vehicle of tone toyed with the lesser things of life, such as feathered songsters, rabbits, dead huntsmen, and the ironic tone-pictures of folktales, grotesque dead marches, emphasized with high explosives in the percussions, dawns, sunsets and nature's babblings in general, and long drawn out monotones in the second violins that transported themselves from choir to choir of instrumentation, but never ceased their relentless wail.

With the grimly ironic the jovial rollicked, and the furious swept and just when a sudden calm would release and relax the tension, a tremendous groundswell of volume would heave up with volcanic fury. The massive, though lightly written score held every instrumentalist of the orchestra keyed to his greatest absorption and breathless anticipation and Dr. Walter directing from memory, held the mighty suspension, even during the rests and silences.

The fervent conductor knew just what to ask for and his hands moved gracefully in intertwinings of an expression which seemed borne to his hands from another world. The much-too-long symphony seemed to fly through the unflagging interest Walter inspired. He was making history for the great Philharmonic Orchestra. He was leaving behind him an unforgettable hour of transcendental

revelation, abnormal and yet aimed directly at the human heart and he had hit his mark. Then came the extraordinary demonstration.

CARL BRONSON, *Evening Express Herald*

Playing that was passionate, eager, purposeful and as near orchestral perfection as true artists will ever admit, took place at the Philharmonic concert last night. The auditorium was filled.

Gustav Mahler's *First Symphony* is not his most profound, naturally. The genius of this work lies in his ability to take a theme any other would pass by as commonplace and make romantic poetry of it. That is, the poetry was uppermost when Bruno Walter pointed it out with his magic baton. The program of spring, the mosaic of life, the funeral of a dead huntsman and the titanic stretto of the *Finale* were realized in full measure but always the music was made important and the program often forgotten.

The tremendous climax of the fourth movement brought the audience to its feet. They stood and cheered and applauded until the lights were flashed to bid them stop.

ISABEL MORSE JONES, *Times*

. . . Mahler's *Symphony No. 1 in D-minor* completed the program and at its conclusion the conductor was again the center of enthusiastic calls of approval, and long continued applause.

FLORENCE LAWRENCE, *Examiner*

Gustav Mahler's more than half a century old *First Symphony* scored a new victory last night for the Austrian composer at the third Philharmonic Orchestra concert in Philharmonic Auditorium. The work had not been heard since introduced in 1928 by Prof. George Schneevogt, then conducting the orchestra.

Yesterday's also was a victory for conductor Bruno Walter and, alas, his leaving, for the present only, one hopes. Walter and the orchestra were given ardent assurances of appreciation.

Of course the climax of the concert came with the *D-major Symphony* by Gustav Mahler. It is time the works of this typically Austrian successor to Franz Schubert were heard here with some completeness. Moreover, Bruno Walter, together with Otto Klemperer, ranks foremost among the exponents of this composer.

. . . Walter and the orchestra produced much of the spirit, if not always the letter,

of Mahler's complicated and romantically extravagant *D-major Symphony*.

Most popular, if one chooses among the four movements, will always be the second movement, in Austrian *Laendler* style. In material and treatment this section portends the paler colored third movement of the *Second Symphony*.

BRUNO DAVID USSIER, *News*

#### ANTON BRUCKNER: EIGHTH SYMPHONY

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor. January 16, 17 and 26. The final performance was broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System in response to a telegraphic request from the State University of Iowa. The telegram contained several hundred signatures.*

. . . The continuing controversy about this and other Bruckner symphonies will not be settled by mere repetition of old critical observations having to do with the composer's lack of self-criticism in his choice and elaboration of themes; his way of building on weak ideas as lengthily and as confidently as on much better ones; his lapses of structure and his habit of defeating or minimizing climaxes by preceding and following them with others of much the same kind. Even those who find many of the basic ideas trite and trivial, as compared to others that are lofty and personal, cannot be deaf to the splendid sonorities that move in a processional across the symphonic stage. On both sides of the issue, it is a matter of "Yes, but ——" Under the circumstances, it is sufficient to praise the performance as vital, fervid and elaborated with skill, affection and care.

*Musical America*

. . . His return to the senior instrumental organization is a highly welcome event, judging by the prevailingly high standard of performance observed by the orchestra and the expressive intensity it brought to the interpretation of the great symphony in C-minor. It may be questioned whether any conductor now in active service has a closer understanding of Bruckner's music than Mr. Walter, whether any one surpasses him in his ability to reveal both the expressive resources and the form and structure of the Austrian composer's major works.

In an interview last winter, Mr. Walter said he began to feel at home with Bruckner only after his fiftieth year, and it is

quite natural that many music lovers who may hear the *Eighth Symphony* on an average once in every four years or so, may be somewhat lingering in taking it to heart.

. . . As to whether Bruckner waxes occasionally prolix, whether he repeats himself to some extent, or whether this is part of a logically integrated vast form needing further hearings for full comprehension, this commentator must submit an undecided, while open-minded opinion.

The interpretation itself was magnificent in its tonal textures and colors, its dynamic subtleties and contrasts, its sense of complete and devoted revelation under its communicatively inspiring leader. The strings sang warmly and lyrically; the pronouncements of the brass were stately and imposing. The playing as a whole was on a level which the orchestra has achieved but infrequently in recent seasons.

The audience was not one of the season's largest, but this could be attributed to exceptionally dissuasive weather, and there was no lack of volume in the closing ovation.

FRANCIS D. PERKINS, *Herald Tribune*

#### ANTON BRUCKNER: *THIRD SYMPHONY*

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick A. Stock, Conductor. February 20 and 21, 1941.*

. . . The program's other principal item was Bruckner's beautiful *Third Symphony*, which contains some of its composer's finest ideas and is not marred by the excessive length of some of his later works. Here the Bruckner mysticism, intense though it is, never becomes unmanageable. And it is relieved by the lovely merriment of that theme in F-sharp major in the last movement.

EDWARD BARRY, *Chicago Tribune*

#### GÜSTAV MAHLER: *NINTH SYMPHONY*

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor. Boston, February 28 and March 1, 1941; New York, March 13, 1941.*

If there were more performances of Mahler's symphonies like the one given yesterday afternoon of his *Ninth* by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony, the

opposition to that unfortunate composer would melt with amazing speed.

. . . An orchestra, to do justice to his scores, must be either a rare group of virtuosi, or must have the familiarity with and love of his idiom, which may be presupposed in the case of the former Vienna Philharmonic. Fortunately in Boston we have a conductor and an orchestra bountifully equal to these demands.

One is reminded of Nietzsche's malicious comment on Wagner whom he called the most impolite of geniuses, because he insists on his point — he insists until one despairs, he insists until one ends by believing him! Yet in spite of its obvious faults, the *Ninth Symphony* remains a deeply moving and illuminating work.

. . . It was the closing *Adagio* that was the glory of the performance as it is the crown of the work.

EDWARD DOWNES, *Boston Evening Transcript*

. . . Every performance of a Mahler symphony is fresh occasion for argument. Such music by this composer as we are offered here from time to time seems to increase in public favor. But progress is slow and Mahler performances are still comparatively rare.

The *Ninth Symphony*, then, is music of most intimate spiritual and emotional revelation. The first movement is stormy and conflicting, a certain jangling irony leers from the second and third. In the fourth Mahler seems to welcome, as did Beethoven in not dissimilar slow movements of his last two string quartets, Death as the bringer of peace.

. . . Mahler is dead and so is his way of writing music. But one ventures to salute the *Ninth Symphony* as extraordinary art, which has a way of outliving its own time.

How much easier it would be to describe the magnificence of yesterday's performance, if one had not many times before, piled up superlatives in speaking of the Boston Symphony. Again the tone was gorgeous, the technical details almost incredibly perfect, the interpretation of Mr. Koussevitzky of astonishing eloquence.

CYRUS W. DURGIN, *Boston Daily Globe*

In the early days of symphony concerts in America it was the custom to provide vocal selections from Donizetti or Rossini between the movements of a Beethoven symphony.

From an ideal standpoint it would be far better to play the Mahler symphony alone. Without cut it would make quite enough music for an afternoon or an evening. There might also be an intermission between the second and third movements, a procedure suggested by the composer in the case of his *First Symphony* and carried out the other evening in New York by Mr. Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic Society.

. . . In this symphony and in the symphony alone, one encounters a piece of instrumental music that actually goes on from where the later Beethoven left off. It is no more everybody's music than are Beethoven's last quartets. None the less, there was no small enthusiasm for it yesterday. There was even applause between the movements and two recalls for the conductor at the end.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, *Boston Post*

. . . Mr. Koussevitzky's performance was one of the most fervid devotion. The playing was superb and the reception of such warmth that the conductor summoned his players to their feet.

OSCAR THOMPSON, *New York Sun*

Gustav Mahler is to Richard Strauss as Bach to Handel or Debussy to Ravel. All such pairs of contemporaries have a common background of style and material that gives to their extremely divergent temperaments the ability to define and to enclose an epoch as the heads and tails of a coin define and enclose between them the content of it.

Mahler's music is the more introspective. It is meditative, viscerally-emotional, all about himself. Strauss's is declamatory, objective, descriptive of everything in the world but himself. Mahler's has the power of attracting fanatical devotion to itself and to the personality of its author. Strauss's gives a ripsnorting good time to all without provoking the slightest curiosity anywhere about its author's

private life. Mahler wrote as if the material of Viennese music itself were so bound up with his own soul that only by integrating the two in a practically marital union could a work be created that would be a valid expression of either. Strauss wrote his pieces very much as a theatrical producer cooks up a show.

And yet the musical material and technique of the two are almost identical. Their themes might have been written by either, so characteristically do they consist of descending appoggiaturas and upward skips of the sixth. The two have an equal freedom of modulation and the same habit of playing their chromatics wild, not limiting the use of these to modulatory or to melodic purposes but throwing them in anywhere they feel like it for any reason whatsoever.

Both orchestrate, of course, with a sure hand and with wide resources of imagination and fancy. Mahler's orchestra, however, is the more elegant of the two by far, as is likewise his harmonic and contrapuntal fabric. His concentration on personal sincerity gave him an integrated manner of expressing himself, at his best, that is stylistically more noble than anything Strauss, with all his barnstorming brilliance, ever achieved. The Strauss heavy doublings and unashamed usage of mere orchestral hubbub belong to a less refined and a less responsible order of musical expression. Mahler keeps his colors clean, and he never writes a middle part that hasn't in itself some intensity of expression and some musical grace.

The *Ninth Symphony* is considered by most Mahler devotees to be the finest of his works, though *Das Lied von der Erde* has worshippers and so have the *Kinder-totenlieder*.

It is indeed beautifully made, as well as beautifully thought. It is utterly German and Viennese and strangely not so at the same time.

VIRGIL THOMPSON, *New York Herald Tribune*

## KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO MITROPOULOS

The Mahler Medal of Honor, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the Bruckner Society of America, was awarded to DIMITRI MITROPOULOS in recognition of his efforts to create a greater interest in and appreciation of the music of Mahler in the United States. The Medal was presented to Mr. Mitropoulos on behalf of the Society on November 29 by Mr. John Charles Thomas after a performance in Minneapolis of *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*. Mr. Thomas was the soloist on this occasion.

While guest conductor of the Boston Symphony several years ago, Mitropoulos performed Mahler's *First*. One of these performances was broadcast by the National Broadcasting Co. During his first season in Minneapolis, he conducted the *First* and *Fourth* of Mahler. His opening concert this season included Mahler's *First*.

While guest conductor of the *Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York*, he gave three performances of Mahler's *First*, one of which was broadcast by the Columbia Broadcasting System.

CIVIC ORCHESTRA, CHICAGO (HANS LANGE CONDUCTING),  
PERFORMS THREE MOVEMENTS OF MAHLER'S *SECOND*

A notable performance of three movements of Mahler's *Second Symphony* occurred on January 19 in Chicago. On that date the Civic Orchestra, under the direction of Hans Lange, played the work. There is reason for particular comment on the inclusion of the symphony in the initial program of the Orchestra this season since it underscores the fact that Dr. Stock and Mr. Lange, the distinguished conductors of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, believe in inculcating an interest in Mahler very early in the training years of these young people who will be the symphony orchestra artists of tomorrow.

It was my good fortune to watch the Civic Orchestra rehearse the *Second*; and it was obvious indeed that the players thoroughly enjoyed it. Mr. Lange has a great gift for awakening enthusiasm among those who wait on the beat of his baton; and the spirit with which he attacked the work was reflected in the manner in which the young men and women of the orchestra executed their portions of the score.

The performance on the nineteenth was received with much applause on the part of the large audience which filled Orchestra Hall. Naturally there was some unevenness in the work of the players for they have not yet acquired the polish of experienced musicians. But the outstanding fact is that they have given so early in their careers a creditable display of their ability to play and like a Mahler symphony.

MARY R. RYAN

BRUCKNER'S *SEVENTH* AT UNIVERSITY OF IOWA UNDER THE  
DIRECTION OF PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP (January 23, 1941)

. . . In this grand work, composer, performers and listeners were brought together in close harmony by the magic wand of Professor Clapp.

To discuss this composition by movements would be like taking a circle apart to examine each segment—it destroys the whole. The four movements, *Allegro*, *Adagio*, *Scherzo* and *Finale*, are bound together by the organ-like tones of a magnificent brass ensemble, which Bruckner strengthened by the addition of four Wagner tubas or baritones.

Almost spiritual in its passion, the symphony weaves a delicate curtain of violin melody over the unceasing and increasing power of the monumental brass background. The theme, first stated by the horns, was echoed and reechoed by each section of the orchestra until it reached a climax which fairly rocked the main lounge last night.

A word might be said here in regard to the *Adagio* movement which has provoked much controversy as to its origin. If Bruckner wrote it as a tribute to Wagner or if he didn't, why must there be controversy?

The only manner in which it has affected the work is to keep it in the shadow of pseudo-critical suspicion, until Bruckner, innocently enough, is now a touchy subject among conductors. After last night's reception, it seems that the Iowa audience is willing to accept Bruckner as a great composer and not a subject for debate.

ROBERT RUTENBECK, *Daily Iowan*

## MAHLER'S FIRST SYMPHONY

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor.  
Columbia Recording.

Recordings of Mahler's symphonies are gradually increasing. The latest addition to the list is Columbia's publication of Dimitri Mitropoulos's performance of the *First Symphony in D-major* with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Bruno Walter in his discerning book on Mahler has dubbed this product of Mahler's youth, the composer's Werther. For in it he has expressed the spiritual avowals and struggles of these difficult years. The fiery and expansive opening movement and the powerful *Scherzo* with its ingratiating *Trio* are less remarkable than the third movement, the Funeral March in the manner of Caillot. Here and in the tragic *Finale* Mahler struck a new note in music. The bitter, impudent irony of this Funeral March is purely Mahlerian, as are the frenzied passion and elemental struggles of the *Finale*. Mr. Mitropoulos's interpretation is vital and understanding although some of the inwardness of Mahler's conception escapes him. The orchestra plays well and the recording as such is excellent.

JEROME D. BOHM, *New York Herald Tribune*

The *First Symphony* has none of the bitterness and resignation of *Das Lied von der Erde*. It is a symphony of song, from the first measure wherein a long pedal-point on A sounds and the woodwinds and trumpets begin their distant fanfares over the mysterious unison strings, to the titanic climax of the *Finale*. It is the best possible introduction to the creative genius of a composer whose greatness outshone the petty besmirchings of his contemporaries. The interpretation and the technical reproduction rank among Columbia's very best.

PAUL HUGO LITTLE, *Musical Leader*

## IN MEMORIAM

Harriet B. Lanier	1931
Mrs. Joseph Leidy	1933
Max Loewenthal	1933
Egon Pollak	1933
Jakob Wassermann	1933
Otto H. Kahn	1934
H. T. Parker	1934
Ludwig Vogelstein	1934
Emanuel de M. Baruch	1935
Max Smith	1935
Josef Stransky	1935
James P. Dunn	1936
Ossip Gabrilowitsch	1936
Henry Hadley	1937
Mrs. A. S. Hubbard	1938
Emma L. Roedter	1938
Major Theodore Bitterman	1938
Lawrence Gilman	1939
Artur Bodanzky	1939

Copies of CHORD AND DISCORD are available in the principal public and university libraries in the United States.

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

FREDERICK BLOCK was born in Vienna in 1899. He received his musical education under Professor J. B. Foerster (Conservatory Vienna) and Professor Dr. Hans Gal (University of Vienna). He had great success in Europe with performances of chamber-music and orchestral works, and an outstanding success with the opera *Samum*. Forced to leave Austria, he arrived here in the summer of 1940. He is at present working on his eighth opera. A suite for string orchestra has been performed over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP, a Bostonian by birth, conducted the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra during Kunwald's illness in 1913. His works include the tone poems *Norge* and *A Song of Youth, Symphony in E-Minor* (played by the Boston Symphony), the orchestral prelude *In Summer* (performed by the St. Louis Symphony), *Symphony in E-Flat* (performed by the Boston Symphony), songs, etc. He wrote a number of essays and reviews on Bruckner and Mahler in the *Boston Transcript* and lectured on the works of these composers before professional groups and in the classroom. The performance of Bruckner's *Fourth* was the first performance of a complete Bruckner symphony by a university orchestra in the United States. During the season 1940-1941, Professor Clapp included Bruckner's *Seventh* as well as Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* and the *Adagietto* from Mahler's *Fifth* on his programs.

GABRIEL ENGEL is a graduate of Columbia University. He was a Pulitzer Scholar. He is the author of *The Life of Anton Bruckner* and *Gustav Mahler, Song-Symphonist*. Since its inception, he has been the Editor of CHORD AND DISCORD. He has contributed to the *Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians*.

WILLIAM PARKS GRANT was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1910. He has a Bachelor of Music degree (with honors) from Capitol University, Columbus, Ohio, and a Master of Arts degree from Ohio State University, 1933. Mahler was the subject of his Master's Thesis. He has written articles for *Musical Courier*, *Musical Record*, *The Etude*, and CHORD AND DISCORD. He has taught in the public schools of Ohio, and is at present in the Music Department of John Tarleton Agricultural College, Stephenville, Texas. Among his compositions are a ballet, a symphony, a song-cycle, a symphonic poem, piano pieces, etc. One of his compositions won first prize in a contest recently sponsored by the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs.

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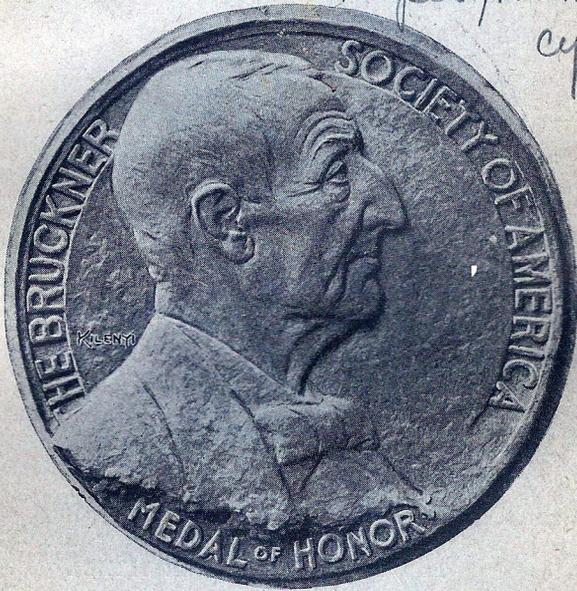
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# CHORD AND DISCORD

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## Lest We Forget

By PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP

IT is hardly time as yet to speak of "familiar" and "unfamiliar" Bruckner, for Bruckner is not even now a "repertory composer," as some of his contemporaries are. But it is no longer true in this country that symphony audiences have no acquaintance with Bruckner. Most habitual concert-goers have some personal memory of the six Bruckner symphonies (Numbers 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, and 9) which have now been played a number of times by the principal symphony orchestras; and since, though the number of these performances has not been large, they have usually been under the batons of conductors thoroughly in sympathy with Bruckner's music and thoroughly versed in presenting it, the works have been so presented as to leave an indelible impression upon practically all music-lovers as may have escaped or resisted previous indoctrination against them.

As to indoctrination against Bruckner, one might advise that it be administered chiefly to people young enough in spirit to be still growing, at least partly, by a process of healthy revolt against "critical authority." When I, for one, was just old enough to have begun reading scores, but not considered old enough to attend symphony concerts, a program-book from a symphony concert fell into my hands in which the analyst, after quoting page after page of commentary adverse to Bruckner in general and his *Fifth Symphony* in particular, supposedly to aid the subscribers in listening intelligently to their first hearing of that work, wound up with a list of the instrumentation and the remark, "in the present performance the extra brass choir in the climax will be omitted." Even a schoolboy could and did infer that a climax thus shorn of the power intended by the composer might be somewhat disappointing.\* Burning with chivalrous indignation, I repaired forthwith to the music room of the public library, satisfied myself that the work itself was as fine as usually are those compositions which benumb what little reason critics are politely assumed to possess (it might have been of Bruckner that a reviewer wrote probably truthfully if somewhat hastily, "he disturbs my piece of mind"), and launched my career as a Bruckner crusader there and then. My crusade soon extended to studying the other scores of Bruckner then available, then to waiting for opportunities to hear the symphonies performed (the waits were long in those days), to

\* Be it remembered I did not even hear the performance, and had not the slightest idea of the fact that Bruckner in his original score did not call for the extra brass choir. My sense of outrage sprang solely from the statement in the program book that something apparently called for by the composer would be omitted. P.G.O.

## Chord and Discord

writing for and about Bruckner's music, and eventually even to performing some of it.

But I have so far waited in vain to hear actual physical performances of Bruckner's *First*, *Second*, and *Sixth* symphonies, though I have studied them in score for years. Undoubtedly they have been performed here and there,—mostly "there" rather than here, I am afraid,—but even an incorrigible Brucknerite would be hard put to it to find where and when in time to "make" the performance punctually: for example, in 1909 I missed the *Sixth* in a Loewe performance at Munich because the Kaiser was travelling in the opposite direction and my train waited for his; in 1910 Loewe omitted it from his programs when I was "on hand"; then I believe he resumed giving it after I had returned to Boston, which was a fairly Bruckner-proof city until Karl Muck in 1913 was accused by certain critics of investing the *Seventh* and *Ninth* with "a unity" (whatever that is) which they did not actually possess. This is not to say that Boston had not previously been exposed to Bruckner, but rather to garbled Bruckner; and, as is usual when a work is cut, truncated Bruckner really does seem too long, just as the head and limbs of a large man would seem monstrous if transferred to a child's torso.

Perhaps one reason why one never hears Bruckner's *First*, *Second*, and *Sixth* symphonies is because they do not closely resemble the other six; other composers, from Mozart to Tchaikovski and Dvorak, have suffered from writing too many good works which were not all alike,—I remember one of my students who reported that "Liszt wrote twelve symphonic poems, which are usually called *Les Preludes*" (needless to say, I got that little matter cleared up!). At all events, a brief reminder as to the content and beauty of the three "unfamiliar" Bruckner symphonies can do no harm among Brucknerites; and, if this should excite some conductor to present them, might in the end not injure even our critically chaperoned public.

*The First Symphony (in C Minor)*. A composer is pretty sure to put into his first symphony all he knows,—perhaps more. If he is so exuberant as to rush into performance and print with his actual first essay in the form, he may produce an uneven work, and yet atone for lack of integration by passages of superior charm or power. If, on the other hand, he is severely self-critical, he is likely to sketch or commence several symphonies, and even technically complete one or more, before giving to the world a "first" symphony which is "first" only in that it is the earliest symphony to embody mastery developed by long practice. In such a "first" symphony the composer gives little evidence of immaturity except that he still tries to get into it everything worth while that he has ever thought of, as if he feared his "first" symphony might be his last.

Bruckner's *First* is of this latter type, as for that matter is the (official) first symphony of his (official) "rival," Brahms. Neither composer was ever quite so solemn again, except when expressing

thoughts more intrinsically solemn than the completion of one's first symphony,—for example, the creation of the world, the Judgment Day, or the glory of God; but each work embodies richly some of the best musical ideas of its composer, and each displays masterly command in the development, though later works of both composers show equal mastery associated with greater ease.

For later works Bruckner conceived some themes mightier than any in the *First*, but in no other work does he present so many themes of dramatic-dynamic promise, and in developing them he fulfills every promise and every implied obligation; for he had not yet learned to end a work, as he ends some of his later symphonies, with the even more glowing promise of eternity in a better world. Like Beethoven in early and middle life, Bruckner states an unmistakable first theme and then follows with anywhere from two to a dozen second themes (in the first movement of the *First Symphony* one may find as many as six if one descends to mere census-taking); of course the one *cantilena* among them is the true second theme in relation to which the others combine to offer a rich setting,—call them “transitions,” “conclusions,” or what you will,—their actual function being that of correlating isolated tranquil and lyrical melody to the prevailing storm and stress of the movement as a whole. The “development section” as such is brief, but so free in applying the principle of variation as to constitute something of a pitfall for such conductors as are not perceptive in detecting “a unity”, etc. Unlike the corresponding division in many of the later symphonies, the restatement here continues the development; so, while all the themes of the exposition reappear, they assume new aspects, sequences, and combinations, proceeding logically to a climactic coda which foreshadows some of the mighty codas of the later symphonies. A word of caution here to potential producers may not be impertinent: the principle of variation in development is in this movement so vividly applied that a performer or interpreter might miss the logic of the whole for the fascination of what he might inadvertently take to be a series of colorful episodes,—and certainly we have often enough been told that Bruckner is “episodic.” My only “authority” for the organic unity of the movement is forty-five years' study of the score.

The *Adagio* opens with a brooding introduction. The principal theme is not immediately after stated in full, but is evolved gradually, as in certain of the later slow movements of Beethoven (if theoretical certification of respectability is also necessary, one may drag in Professor Lambinet's characterization of d'Indy's *Istar* as an “inductive symphony”). In contrast, the subsidiary middle theme is stated simply and lyrically, and then developed to a considerable extent. A return to the principal theme with even more mystery than at first leads to a poignant climax and a serenely tranquil ending.

The *Scherzo* is typical of the composer and an excellent example of its type,—rough vigor in the main body of the movement, a *gemust-*

## Chord and Discord

lich trio not without its suggestion of *Laendler* rhythm, and a return of the main division; but, for once, this return is not literal, as the principal theme returns at first softly before working back to its original rough vigor, and ends in the major instead of the minor. There are in fact so few literal restatements in this symphony, and so many in the later ones, that one must wonder to what extent Bruckner may have been swerved from his natural bent by the importunities of friends and enemies bent upon making a respectable musician out of him.

The *Finale*, though it includes many contrasts in dynamics and orchestral texture, with occasional modifications of pace, nevertheless seems to move forward with relentless energy and determination from its tragic-heroic beginning to its triumphant close. In mood it is akin to Beethoven in his *C-minor Symphony*,—or even to Winston Churchill in his rallying speeches to his people during the War; no promise of easy victory, but an exhortation to fight the good fight, and the assurance that only by doing so may right triumph. It is a fitting close and climax to a highly serious and vigorous work which should be part of the musical diet at least of those who live some of the time in a man's world.

*The Second Symphony (in C Minor)*. Commentators sympathetic to Bruckner (and there are such people) have an anxious habit of explaining that though the *Second* is in the same key as the *First* it is not a repetition, since Bruckner withheld an intervening symphony which he deemed not up to the standard which he had set for himself,—not a conclusive reason, by the way, but interesting as evidence that a composer (or his friends for him) is expected to apologize for quite irrelevant coincidences. One hopes at least that Bruckner kept his discarded symphony on a safe shelf and used some portions of it later where they would serve. Meanwhile, the whole conception of his *Second* differs sufficiently from that of his *First* to have permitted him to work on both at once, had he chosen to do so. In the aggregate the themes of the *Second* are as ingratiating as those of the *First* are sternly tragic; and, while his development of this material in the two symphonies is readily enough the work of the same man, it is not in the same vein.

The first movement opens with a sighing theme which soon leads to a tranquil and lyrical second theme proper, which in turn passes into an extended supplementary theme which, after considerable development at the time, dies away into a gentle and melodious conclusion. The development is based chiefly upon the supplementary theme described above, which in both style and treatment foreshadow a somewhat similar theme and treatment in the *Eighth*. All the themes are recapitulated in order, but with important changes in instrumentation and working out. The coda is typically stormy. Until this coda, which is marked *sehr schnell*, the prevailing tempo has been indicated as *Moderato*; but it would be well to treat this pretty

flexibly in performance, following the clear moods of the respective themes and divisions.

The slow movement is an *Andante*, with the sub-direction *feierlich, etwas bewegt*, which seems to impose upon the conductor an obligation to preserve dignity but keep moving. The songful principal theme is simply presented, then immediately followed by the germ of a contrasting theme. Each theme in turn is elaborated by a variation; the principal theme is then broadly and richly developed, leading to a tranquil and beautiful coda.

The *Scherzo*, as in the *First Symphony*, is a typical Bruckner scherzo with its rugged main division, tranquil trio, and full return of the main division; but the thematic material is quite different from that of the scherzo in the *First*,—the main division is less like a dance, the trio this time is lacy and ethereal, and the return of the main division is followed by a coda.

The *Finale* is at first agitated rather than heroic, though soon the storms are unleashed. Two quiet episodes afford contrast. All the themes are copiously developed and combined. The climax is of triumphant character.

Altogether this symphony, though rich in power, is less dynamic than the *First*, but more abounding in charm. Of more than passing interest to "The Compleat Brucknerite" (assuming that such a being is at least more readily to be found than a white blackbird) is a considerable series of detailed anticipations of the *Eighth Symphony*; but, remarkably enough, these themes and motives—and even technical minutiae of their development—never seem to foreshadow the basic content and mood-sequence of the later work. One would be interested to know how far Bruckner later was conscious of using the same vocabulary for quite different expressive purposes. In any case, neither work robs the other of a scintilla of individuality, and the *Second* should be heard for its own sake.

The *Sixth Symphony* (in A Major). Although Bruckner in his *Sixth Symphony* employs many of the familiar motives and devices of the Bruckner idiom, the full symphonic text into which he combines them somehow produces a different total effect from that of any of his other eight symphonies, and isolates it as a work at once atypical yet quintessential of its composer. Thus the "motto" which opens the first movement, and from which the complete first theme is developed without haste is Bruckner and none else in matter and manner, and the mirror-counterpoint, counter-rhythmic interweaving of parts, and figurations by diminution which follow are all characteristic of a "well-remembered voice." So are the great octave passages in which strings and brasses combine a motive and its elaboration concurrently, and the prolonged *diminuendo* with which the exposition attains a tranquil conclusion. The development and re-statement are a logical continuation, and are relatively short as compared with the long exposition, though not so short as to deny ample

## Chord and Discord

time to prepare and attain a climactic coda. In all the movement there is nothing but characteristic Bruckner, if we pay attention to detail alone; but the total effect is still atypical, apparently because Bruckner has surpassed himself in his own eloquence and inventiveness and in the mastery and fertility of his own devices, and still further because he has sustained more consistently a prevailing mood in this first movement than in almost any other of his works. This mood is serene and sunny, with almost vernal beauty, freshness, and fragrance (all the Hanslicks with which a mysterious Providence may chasten us cannot convince me that some music has not vernal fragrance,—though not nearly enough has it!). Even the wondrously beautiful opening movement of the *Seventh* does not surpass it.

The *Adagio* is full of the solemn beauty of a better world which touches ours only at moments of the highest happiness and serenity; miraculously Bruckner achieves this suggestion by continuing what I have called his tonal suggestion of vernal fragrance, which accompanies even the most majestic and lofty passages of this poignantly beautiful movement. Two contrasting themes, one majestic, the other tender, enter in turn, growing and developing from the moments of their entries, rise to a glowing climax, and subside to a quietly ecstatic close.

The *Scherzo* is utterly different from any scherzo in the other eight symphonies of Bruckner. Most of the others are boisterous, some fiery, some like a rough dance, all livelier than the scherzo of the *Sixth* which enters *pianissimo*, *ruhig bewegt* (*etwas gemessen*). In this shadowy, almost ghost-like *Scherzo* are many foretastes of the still more shadowy and ghost-like scherzo of Mahler's *Seventh Symphony*; it is not to be wondered at that the younger man should be influenced by a work which he profoundly admired and openly advocated, but it is remarkable that Bruckner should have anticipated Mahler in a vein more characteristic of Mahler's always volatile and sometimes macabre fancies than of Bruckner's own simpler and less nervous imagination. The trio again is quite different from other Bruckner scherzo-trios: it is whimsical, almost elfin, with a tricky recurrent fanfare of horns so Puckish as once more to recall the elusive humors of springtime.

If the *Scherzo* has already introduced shadowy moods in contrast with the prevailing sunniness of the earlier movements, the opening of the *Finale* and much of the development alternate between suggestions of gathering and breaking storm,—one must of course disavow any "programmatic" implications: simply a series of movements in a symphony are to be somehow described, and somehow the vocabulary of poetry is or seems less cluttered up with technicalities and bald assumptions than the jargon of the analysts. Perhaps even I aggravate my sin by accusing the latter of "bald assumptions," for some of their assumptions seem decidedly long-haired. But to refer to a passage as "warm" rather than as "containing ample

vibrations of the upper partials" seems more descriptive; besides, until one can photograph the sound-waves one cannot verify whether the upper or lower partials are ample in the given case, and one cannot even photograph the sound-waves until an orchestra plays the piece, as we wish one would. At all events, the *Finale* is alternately *x*, *y*, and *z* from the beginning throughout an extensive development involving at least four main themes with plentiful subsidiary themes and motives (respectably wrapped up, however, as a "first theme group" and "second theme group" and handled with considerable regard for the sonata form); and, until an irrefragably scientific terminology can be verified beyond mere self-assertion, I shall with regard to this particular composition designate *x* as "shadowy," *y* as "stormy," and *z* as "contrastingly tranquil." The coda returns at last to A major, and I venture to assert (on my own responsibility, of course) that it is climactic and triumphant; moreover, as a matter of sheer objective fact, this ending is based upon and dominated by a return of the opening "motto" theme of the first movement, thus automatically obligating even the structural abstractionists to acknowledge "a unity" in the symphony as a whole.

On the principle that "Nature abhors an absolute," I have for years tried to resist the temptation to regard the *Sixth* as the most beautiful and finest of Bruckner's nine symphonies; but it is certainly the most individual and seems to me to sustain itself at the highest level of expressive eloquence which he ever attained. This is not to say that he never attained these heights in other compositions, but only that in this work it seems to me that he sustains himself at his highest level throughout. As to points of contact with his other symphonies,—for, whether one understands or even enjoys a work, one simply must correctly classify it,—the *Sixth* shares certain moods and their expression with the better-known *Seventh*, and a good number of devices of theme and treatment with both the *Fifth* and the *Seventh*,—and rather fewer with the other symphonies, though all are clearly enough the work of the same composer. Nevertheless, the *Sixth* somehow stands alone; it is transcendently beautiful: we should be allowed to hear it.



#### KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO MAURICE P. KESSLER

The Bruckner Medal of Honor, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the Bruckner Society of America, was presented to Maurice P. Kessler of Oberlin College after a performance of Bruckner's *Romantic* on November 18, 1941, in recognition of his efforts to create a greater interest in and appreciation of Bruckner's music in the United States. The presentation was made in behalf of the Society by Dr. Ernest H. Wilkins, President of Oberlin College.

*Bruckner's F Minor Mass* was sung May 3rd, and the *Te Deum* and *Adagio* from *Bruckner's String Quintet* were performed at Oberlin during the past three years.

## Anton Bruckner: Simpleton or Mystic?

By GEOFFREY SHARP

The following article which appeared in the February, 1942, issue of *The Music Review* is printed by permission of the author and the publishers, W. Heffer and Sons Ltd., Cambridge, England.

WHETHER we agree with Sören Kierkegaard that "genius, like thunder, always comes up against the wind" is unimportant. Restricting the issue to an exclusively musical sphere and equating the wind to public reaction, there is ample material to lend very considerable support to the *dictum*. The financial difficulties of Mozart, Schubert and Wolf: the domestic troubles of Beethoven, Berlioz, Schumann and Delius: the executive millstones that perpetually hampered Mahler and Busoni—it is as idle to dismiss all these hindrances as trivial as it would be to suggest that the lives of the musical (or any other) *canaille* inevitably proceed smoothly and evenly towards their ultimate nadir of puny insignificance. It may be objected that Haydn, Mendelssohn and Sibelius afford notable exceptions—the first-named is in fact one of the exceptions that prove the rule—but it did not need more than an overdose of gentility to steal Mendelssohn's thunder, while inspiring evidence of Sibelius' struggle with and mastery of refractory elements is to be found in the Fourth Symphony and *The Bard*, and in the Seventh Symphony and *Tapiola*: two pairs of complementary works.

Before investigating the results of Anton Bruckner's creative work on these lines we may as well give a brief outline of the essentially simple facts of his life, and then try to form some estimate of his character.

He was born at Ansfelden in Upper Austria on September 4th, 1824, two and a half years before the death of Beethoven. His father and grandfather were both village schoolmasters, and the composer himself was originally destined for this career which would include the practice of church and school music. After his father's death in 1837 Bruckner went to the *Volkschule* in the little village of St. Florian, where he was taught music by Kattinger, the organist of the Institute, by the principal choirmaster Schäffler, and by Gruber. In 1840 he went to a so-called *Präparandenschule* in Linz, and in 1841 became a pupil-teacher at Windhaag on the Malsch: two years later he obtained appointments at Kronsdorf, Ems and Steyr. In 1845 he became assistant teacher in St. Florian, and after three more years succeeded Kattinger as organist. It was not until he was thirty-two that he became organist of the cathedral at Linz and thus finally forsook teaching for music. Even now he spent several weeks of

every year in Vienna studying theory under Sechter, and after 1861 transferred his attention to modern composition under the guidance of Otto Kitzler. His provincial period ended with the first performance of his C minor Symphony in Linz on 9th May, 1868, and the composition of his *Masses* in F minor and E minor.

Through the influence of Johann Herbeck, director of the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*, Bruckner was appointed teacher of theory and organ at the *Conservatoire* in Vienna, and took up his new post in the autumn. Three years later he became a professor, and in 1875 undertook a lectureship in theory at the University. His work in Vienna, where he took service in the court chapel and became vice-librarian and second singing teacher to the choristers, was only interrupted by visits to Bayreuth and other German towns where his works were performed: and especially by a journey to Nancy and Paris in 1869 for a series of organ recitals, and to the London Exhibition in 1871, where his remarkable organ playing excited a great deal of attention when he gave five concerts at the Crystal Palace. Otherwise his life was given up to creative work, and in 1891 he resigned his post and went to live in apartments in a wing of the Belvedere granted to him by the Emperor Franz Josef. Such are the bare facts of his life. He died in Vienna on 11th October, 1896.<sup>1</sup>

From his fortieth year onwards Bruckner composed three *Masses*, a *Te Deum* and nine Symphonies, and, though there are other smaller works, it is upon these that his claim to greatness lies. As an aid in estimating this quality a few remarks on the composer's character and general disposition will not come amiss.

Amusing anecdotes of doubtful relevance have done much to establish a wrong impression of Bruckner's personality and outlook, and though we may smile at his tipping Richter a *thaler* for conducting the Fourth Symphony or showing apparently genuine excitement when a practical joker sent him a telegram that the Bulgarians had elected him as their king and were clamouring for his presence, we should not therefore assume that the man was an inherent and incorrigible simpleton. Fundamentally he was a simple soul, but in the elemental, not the derogatory sense. Bruckner spent many years of his life in subordinate positions, and this undoubtedly told its tale in the trend of his social behaviour. He did not shine in the witty conversations of Viennese artistic circles and may have traded upon his supposed simplicity to avoid becoming entangled in discussions which meant nothing to him. He had in fact a mordant tongue, and Decsey, in his biography of Wolf,<sup>2</sup> throws some incidental light upon Bruckner's character. A comparatively unknown poet came to listen to Bruckner's setting of his text for men's chorus and ventured to object to several verbal repetitions in the piece.

<sup>1</sup> For this brief summary the writer is indebted to *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, 3rd Edn., Macmillan, 1929.

<sup>2</sup> *Hugo Wolf*, Ernst Decsey. Leipzig and Berlin, 1903-6.

## Chord and Discord

Bruckner retorted: "*Was, Wiederholungen? . . . hätten S' mehr g'dickt!*" It is also illuminating to find that when Weingartner complained that the last movement of the Eighth Symphony was too long, Bruckner in a letter advised him to shorten it considerably for the performance as "it might be too long and is of value only for later times", thus implying his conviction that posterity would some day grant him full recognition.<sup>3</sup>

The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles, perhaps!

For some people Bruckner's religious beliefs provide a stumbling-block. No composer, with the exception of César Franck, has ever been so securely fettered to the organ-loft, and it needs a competent musician to realize that much of Bruckner's music is *organic* in direct proportion to its exclusion of the amateurish faults so often to be found in the inane outpourings of conscientious organists who feel a catastrophic urge for what they euphemistically fancy to be composition. Prejudice against the organ seems to act as a catalyst to prejudices against a presumed religious personality: and a narrow preciosity is assumed where none exists. The dedication of his last Symphony to God is unsophisticated, but does not constitute a crime, and Bruckner is only putting into words what every sincere and genuine artist accepts in some form or other as the basic justification of his own work. He was certainly a devout catholic, but catholicism in this context is not a restricting influence, nor does one have to conform to any narrow religious creed to be able to appreciate either the manifest beauties or the more subtle implications of Bruckner's novel but cogent symphonic style.

He had cultivated no veneer of petty sarcasm or caustic devilment arising from an inner sense of frustration or resentment of public indifference, yet he was by no means insensible to recognition and claimed, typically, on the strength of his Crystal Palace recitals, that in England he was really understood.

We must accept him as a psychological phenomenon. In mundane affairs he was consistently naïve and extraordinarily insensitive to the random vagaries and kaleidoscopic facets of everyday existence. The following bare delineation of the nature of his music will have served its purpose if it suggests that there is another side to the man and that the insight and imagination shown by his sense of form, feeling for orchestral colour and instinctively towering gradation of climaxes,<sup>4</sup> provide indubitable proof of his musical genius.

The two full-page quotations here appended from the fourth movement of the Fifth Symphony and the second of the Ninth should

<sup>3</sup> These two anecdotes are quoted from Albert Macaulay's "Hugo Wolf and Anton Bruckner". *The Musical Quarterly*, July, 1924.

<sup>4</sup> The conductor Oswald Kabasta, well known for the extremes of dynamic contrast in which he indulges, has somewhat naturally adopted Bruckner's symphonies as one of his enthusiasms.

SPECIMEN PAGE FROM THE FIFTH SYMPHONY: FOURTH MOVEMENT

ff *Forc.* (*con. cresc. p. forte*)  
Lobshoff (H.)

The image displays a page of musical notation for the fourth movement of the Fifth Symphony. The score is arranged in a standard orchestral format with multiple staves. At the top, the tempo and dynamics are indicated as 'ff Forc. (con. cresc. p. forte)' and the editor's name 'Lobshoff (H.)' is noted. The instruments represented include Violins I and II, Violas, Cellos, Double Basses, Flutes, Oboes, Clarinets, Bassoons, Horns, Trumpets, Trombones, and Percussion (Tuba, Snare, Cymbals, and Tom-toms). The notation is dense, featuring complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings. A specific correction is highlighted in red ink on the Percussion staff, with the annotation '(Bass C)' written below it. The page is numbered '56' at the bottom center.

The corrections shown in red are those of the Critical Edition

NINTH SYMPHONY: RETURN FROM TRIO TO SCHERZO-REPEAT

This image shows a page of musical notation for the Ninth Symphony, specifically the section titled "RETURN FROM TRIO TO SCHERZO-REPEAT". The score is arranged in three systems, each containing multiple staves for different instruments. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system features a large red correction at the beginning, consisting of several measures of music. The second system includes markings for "Tutti" and "Dolce". The third system includes markings for "Allegro" and "Pizz.". The score is densely packed with musical notation, and the red corrections are clearly visible at the start of the first system.

The corrections shown in red are those of the Critical Edition

give some indication of the extensive discrepancies that are to be found between the earlier "edited" versions and the new edition of the Complete Works of Bruckner.\* Dr. Egon Welles has recently shed some light on this subject, and the following extract states clearly the position that led to the production of a new Critical Edition.

On July 14th, 1892, Bruckner . . . signed a contract with the firm of Jos. Eberle & Co., of Vienna, for his First, Second, Fifth and Sixth Symphonies. . . . In as much as Eberle & Co. were chiefly a music-engraving firm and did not handle sales of publications, these works of Bruckner's were delivered to and put on sale by the firm of C. Haslinger. . . . A few years later they were transferred from Eberle & Co. to that firm's successors, Waldheim-Eberle, also of Vienna, from whom Universal Edition took over the rights on June 21st, 1910.

Bruckner's Third Symphony and the *Te Deum* were first brought out by Th. Böttig of Vienna. By an agreement dated July 13th, 1901, Universal Edition acquired a joint sales right for these works by which they could list them in their catalogue and offer them for sale. When the Böttig Press was bought out by Schlesinger-Lienau of Berlin, Universal Edition still retained these sales rights, and then in 1909 obtained from C. Haslinger of the Vienna branch of Schlesinger-Lienau the entire rights for these works as well as for the Eighth Symphony which had been published previously by Haslinger.

Bruckner's Fifth and Seventh symphonies were published by the firm of A. Guttman in Vienna. Universal Edition eventually came into possession of these works also when they purchased the entire business of the Guttman firm.

Between 1924 and 1927 all these scores appeared in an edition revised by Joseph von Wöss, which had been made according to the parts and scores in the archives of the Wiener Konzertverein, bearing the indications for performance of Ferdinand Löwa.<sup>6</sup>

It is not surprising in view of this general post that spurious versions, incorporating unauthorized or at least unimaginative editorial glosses, became accepted as genuine Bruckner. This is not

\* Anton Bruckner. *Sämtliche Werke. Kritische Gesamtausgabe im Auftrage der Generaldirektion der Nationalbibliothek und der Internationalen Bruckner-Gesellschaft*, edited by Robert Haas and Alfred Orel, Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag der Internationalen Bruckner-Gesellschaft, Vienna and Leipzig. At the time of writing the following full orchestral scores are available in the Critical Edition: First Symphony (Lina Edn.), Second, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Ninth Symphonies, the D minor *Requiem* (1849) and the *Missa Solemnis* in B (1854). No volumes have reached England since August, 1938, and although Furtwängler has already performed the Eighth Symphony from the *Urfassung*, the score is still apparently unpublished. There are miniature scores of the First, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Ninth Symphonies, and of the D minor *Requiem*. The writer is indebted to Paul Hirsch for bibliographical assistance and for the opportunity of consulting the extant volumes of this Critical Edition.

<sup>6</sup> "Anton Bruckner and the Process of Musical Creation". Egon Welles. *The Musical Quarterly*, July, 1938. Dr. Welles expresses his thanks to the management of the Universal Edition for permitting him to examine the contracts dealing with Bruckner's Symphonies, thus enabling him to state clearly these complicated contractual relations.

to imply that there was any unscrupulous exploitation by musical pirates, except in one particular sense—the Wagnerian sense; and even so the editors Josef and Franz Schalk and Ferdinand Löwe have this to be said for them—that they meant well. Through these associates and perhaps also Hugo Wolf, Bruckner became to some extent the dupe of an all-consuming and very distorted Wagnerian perspective; an illusion that to have any permanent value a symphony must include as many *Tristanesque* *longueurs* and *Götterdämmerung* climaxes as possible. Quite probably Bruckner himself was no more than half convinced of the wisdom of this, but unfortunately where he only doubted he acquiesced! Apart from what we may call the inner circle of fervent admirers, few musicians can have had the opportunity of acquainting themselves with Bruckner's original manuscripts, and the majority must have depended upon the piano versions of these well-meaning editors for such enlightenment as could be derived therefrom. However that may be, it is extremely unlikely that many would be able to recreate the vitally glowing effects of Bruckner's orchestration from any pianoforte reduction by whomsoever it was made. In this respect conditions have lately improved, and *Ur-Bruckner* is now being made available for the satisfaction of the curious.

Fully twenty pages of Wellesz's article are relevant here (see note 6), and give a clear and concise account of the differences between the Critical and the earlier editions. A reading of this analysis together with a study of the scores will do much to dispel the traditional misconception of Bruckner's music as being composed of bleeding chunks of pseudo-Wagnerian butcher's meat strung together by means of the dramatic hiatus—wittily paraphrased by a well-known scholar in the words—"I pause for a reply".

A systematic study of the works would be out of place in an essay of this kind, but one or two salient characteristics may be dealt with appropriately.

Bruckner's finest music is consistent in this respect, that it demands prolonged concentration and a receptive frame of mind accompanied by a constantly vigilant and sensitive imagination. Let us examine the first paragraph of the Fourth Symphony as an illustration.

The first phase, shown in short score in example 3, has been described as one of the most magical openings in all symphonic literature, and as if to clinch this opinion, Wellesz has compared it with the arrogant, striding gesture that gives Brahms' Symphony in F its initial impetus. In this work Bruckner magically creates the strangely tense aura of mystery that inevitably permeates the music of genius and envelops the imaginative listener who in this instance may be forgiven if he feels that a mystic purposefulness is more evident than any romantic nostalgia.

To the writer at least many passages in this Fourth Symphony

3 *Bewegt doch nicht zu schnell*  
Horn Solo

and much of the Ninth tend to emphasize, in this new Critical Edition, Bruckner's mystic expression of deliberate striving, at the expense of the frequently turgid romanticism that exuded from so many pages of the earlier scores: but not from the opening sweep of the Seventh Symphony where even in the *ersatz* edition Bruckner has most successfully poured new musical wine of matchless quality into the old tonic-dominant bottle. To quote Wellesz again:

... the beginning of the *Allegro Moderato* in the Finale of the Fifth Symphony is scored in the Universal Edition for one clarinet, *forte*:

4 1 Cl.

In the revised score one flute, one oboe and two clarinets are employed *piano*. The sound of the former is shrill and almost grotesque, while that of the latter is excellent.

5 1 Fl.  
1 Ob.  
2 Cl.

In addition the long pause is abandoned and the connection with the following theme is effected by means of a *tremolo* which, although almost imperceptible, nevertheless fills in the empty gap.

It would require too much space to mention all the changes in orchestration in detail. Whoever is interested can easily investigate them himself. . . . The alterations were made chiefly . . .

- (1) to lighten the masses of tone,
- (2) to strengthen the voices carrying the melody,
- (3) to support the strings by wood-wind instruments, and
- (4) to soften the brass.

It should be unnecessary to postulate any such defence as this; but the present régime in Germany has made a political gambit of the Critical Edition and, as we know only too well, what the politician says is not evidence. In addition, as Professor Deutsch has pointed out, other composers may be more deserving of scholarly research than Bruckner—Haydn for instance. But these minor irritations should not make us ungrateful for the work which is now being done on the Bruckner scores and which in any case would have had to be done in due course.

A few hours spent browsing among the various volumes combined with concentrated listening to a representative selection of the gramophone records listed at the end of this article—but only on a *really first-class* reproducer—should do much to elucidate the complex nature of Bruckner's genius which is most clearly evident in his choral music. His E minor Mass is as individual as Verdi's *Requiem* or Delius' *A Mass of Life*, neither of which it resembles any more than they resemble each other.

This should be enough "writing on the wall" to convince the reader that Bruckner was no simpleton at least in his dealings with the higher values of life; his mysticism is latent on page after page of his most inspired music—in itself an irrefutable indication of the depth of his elephantine genius: a depth to which the Critical Edition is adding lucidity.

### Appendix

#### THE RECORDS

(Note.—Only the more important complete recordings are listed here. Others, mostly older and inferior, can be found in *The Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music*.)

*Symphony No. 4 in E flat major. (The Romantia).\**

The Dresden State Opera Orchestra conducted by Karl Böhm.  
His Master's Voice DB 4450-57.

*Symphony No. 5 in E flat major.*

The Dresden State Opera Orchestra conducted by Karl Böhm.  
His Master's Voice DB 4486-94.

*Symphony No. 5 in E flat major.*

The Hamburg Philharmonic State Orchestra conducted by Eugen Jochum.  
Telefunken E 2672-80.

*Symphony No. 9 in D minor.*

The Munich Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Siegmund von Hausegger.  
His Master's Voice DB 4515-21.

The above are all made from the new Critical Edition.

\* Withdrawn from Catalogue on 31st October, 1939.

## The Music of Anton Bruckner

By WOLFGANG STRESEMANN

FIFTY years have passed since the death of Anton Bruckner, but he still is one of the most disputed figures in the musical world. In Central Europe Bruckner has won a definite victory and is now recognized as one of the great men in music. Yet his symphonies receive scant attention in America, Britain, and the Latin countries. Everywhere, however, one encounters a basic misunderstanding of the character of his music. Partly because of this, Bruckner's work is not yet fully accepted outside the German speaking nations. Bruckner's great admiration for Wagner, the use of the Wagnerian tuba in some of his symphonies, and a few harmonic similarities with Wagner's music have caused many people to view Bruckner as a sort of "Wagner of the symphony" and, accordingly, to regard his music as of a romantic-dramatic character. In addition, that most unfortunate struggle in the later years of the nineteenth century between the Brahmsian and Wagnerian factions still haunts the minds of many, affecting even the present day verdict concerning Bruckner's music. Finally, a great deal of confusion was created by two of his disciples who revised some of his symphonies, reorchestrating them in part to make them sound as much as possible like Wagnerian music. For about forty years only these misleading versions were performed or published. Not until ten years ago did it become possible to gain access to these scores in their original form, the sole key to an understanding of the real Bruckner.

In a way, Bruckner was born into a wrong era. When he wrote his symphonies the romantic period was at its peak. About half a century before, Beethoven had composed his *Eroica*. With this work he introduced a new element into music—MAN himself as an individual, his personal joy and sorrow. The door to the romantic age was flung wide open by this bold, revolutionary step. A new epoch in music had begun. All the composers after Beethoven followed the romantic path. Even at the beginning of the twentieth century we find in the symphonic "self-portraits" of Gustav Mahler an extreme expression of this same romantic spirit. In line with the new trend the nineteenth century became the time of the great musical "personalities". Whereas before then a composer's work and personality had been held strictly apart, now they became an ever increasing organic unity, naturally, bringing the composer's personality more into the foreground. Therefore, composers of the nineteenth century like Beethoven, Liszt, Wagner, and others appear to us far more striking personalities than, for example, Bach, Mozart, or Haydn. The romantic

tide of that era was so powerful that one simply could not conceive of a different musical idiom. Even older music was looked upon with the prejudice of the romantic age. This alone explains the complete misconception of "Papa Haydn" and his allegedly gay, naïve music. Bach too suffered considerably in the same way from the many arrangements and editions of his music during the nineteenth century, all tending to "sweeten" its character. It was only natural, therefore, that any composer born into the nineteenth century should at once be considered a romanticist. This is exactly what happened to Bruckner.

This juxtaposition was absolutely erroneous. Even as a personality Bruckner was entirely different from his famous, often quite "glamorous" musical contemporaries. In contrast to them he was by no means a fascinating figure. He never outgrew his lowly origin and remained humble and modest throughout his life. His language was awkward, his general education below the average; his life passed for the most part monotonously, scarcely colored by any extraordinary events. Nothing in the intellectual field could arouse his interest. Yet his naïve, almost childish simplicity left people deeply touched. Some of those who knew Bruckner intimately may well have thought of the words of the Bible: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

This heavenly kingdom—apart from his music—was Bruckner's only concern. He was by nature a deeply religious man. Filled with the thought of God he looked to the Creator with a child-like faith. The most familiar book to him was the Bible, for his whole life was devoted to God and the Church. For some time Bruckner gave lectures on musical theory. Max Graf, one of the last living persons who attended them, tells a most striking story in his memoirs. During one of Bruckner's lectures the Angelus sounded from a nearby church. Hearing the little bell Bruckner interrupted his talk, knelt down, and began to pray while his peasant-like face with its innumerable wrinkles became transfigured into that of a saint. Graf says that he stopped smiling when he saw Bruckner's humble and blissful face. Then should we smile when we are told that Bruckner dedicated his last symphony to God? This dedication was wholly in conformity with his life so largely devoted to God. With his *Ninth Symphony* Bruckner had hoped to crown his entire musical work. To God he owed everything. Therefore, as a naïve, child-like person whose relation to God is of a personal nature, he did not hesitate to dedicate his symphony to God Himself. Bruckner's faith in Him was unshakable. It was the foundation-stone of his life and it was the foundation and basic content of his music as well.

Bruckner's music has nothing to do with the Romanticism of the composers of his own day. They concerned themselves chiefly with the "earthly" doings of mankind, subjects about which Bruckner had very little to say. He never could have written the *Hymn to Joy* or the

sombre beginning of Brahms' *Fourth Symphony*. His thoughts were concentrated upon a world beyond our earth. Nothing mundane could have inspired his highest creative power. The ideals of the French Revolution that exalted Beethoven, the glory of a German national theatre which aroused Wagner's enthusiasm—these meant nothing to Bruckner. On earth he found scarcely anything worth striving for. His goal was the realm of God and the road that would lead to it. His mind was turned toward eternity and so was his music. Bruckner's fervent faith, his simple, yet profound relation to God are deeply reflected in his music. Only in a purely formal respect may one class Bruckner as a "Romanticist". There is, to be sure, a distinct connection between his work and personality. Yet this is merely an outward similarity. In contrast to the Romanticists whose predominant interest was in things human, Bruckner's chief concern was with the world Beyond. All his longings, strivings, and occasional fears were for it alone. This transcendental world and the thought of it form the essential substance of Bruckner's music. The "Beyond" as Revelation as well as the ultimate goal of mankind is the "main theme" of his symphonic work. It is so great a theme that Bruckner could never consider abandoning it or substituting another for it. This is the reason why all his symphonies have the same general form, mood, and visionary power. All of them deal chiefly with that remote, invisible world, which sways the pious thoughts of every religious human being.

Because of its individual context and its visionary element the music of Bruckner is of epic character. Its great climaxes have no dramatic significance in a Wagnerian sense. They may be compared, not with wild falls plunging from steep heights into an abyss, but rather with a majestic stream that gradually extends its course. All of Bruckner's music, even his *Scherzi*, are dominated by that great inner tranquility and assured firmness that correspond with his unswerving faith. Bruckner's music also lacks the Wagnerian sensuousness. Its sound, which derives from the organ, is of rather austere character. Rarely does he mix the various orchestral colors in the manner of a Wagner or a Strauss. Bruckner, the organist, works with the three main "registers" of the orchestra by placing them opposite each other simultaneously or by using them one after the other antiphonally. In this way he achieves a harder, more ascetic sound, differing distinctly from the smoother, more polished resonance injected into his works by his well-intentioned but misguided disciples. Again, in contrast to Wagner, there is no brilliancy in Bruckner's music. It does not aim at sound effects of "worldly" beauty or splendor; an inward mood always prevails, even when the full sound of the entire orchestra is employed. This inwardness is the very means by which Bruckner enables us to glimpse that distant, transfigured world of which his music sings again and again.

Almost every Bruckner symphony starts with a *pianissimo Tremolo* of the strings, a mystic sound which at once lifts the veil of the

## Chord and Discord

"other" world. This is fully revealed to us at the entrance of the main theme which sometimes suggests a vision of the Infinite, evoked by the celestial sound that seems to emanate from the quiet, but awe-inspiring beginning of a Bruckner symphony. In contrast to the main theme-group the second theme-group—the substance of which has marked community with the music of the slow movement—possesses a lyrical, song-like character. Yet it is not earthly love that Bruckner tries to portray; his lyricism expresses the yearning of men towards the transcendental world, depicts the hope for eternity. Not infrequently it seems as though the very voice of heavenly love were audible in this music. The third part of the first movement is generally of rhythmic character, largely corresponding with the *Scherzo* of the symphony. It is like a symbol of eternally moving cosmic forces, the emblem of divine creative power. The *Finale* is always a summing up of the preceding three movements. In its glorious *coda*, which usually brings back the main theme, Heaven itself appears to have opened its doors to assert and to confirm the stolid faith in God and the Church with which Bruckner was imbued.

This apparent division of Bruckner's music into three parts (the last movement does not communicate a new message) suggests a parallel to the doctrine of the Christian Church. It is not impossible that the pious Bruckner who would dedicate a symphony to God was—consciously or subconsciously—influenced by the dogma of the Trinity. The power of God, the love of Jesus Christ, and the Descent of the Holy Spirit might well have served as a general triple motive for such a man's music. However, a specific "program" can never be the ultimate aim of any interpretation of absolute music. Besides, the total creative work of the great masters—and this holds true for Bruckner also, in spite of the comparatively large homogeneity of his symphonies—is far too diversified to be done full justice with a few "programmatic" explanations. But they may be helpful towards a clearer conception of the basic character of such music. In the case of Bruckner, there cannot be any doubt: his is chiefly transcendental music that sings of the world of God and of the path that leads to Heaven.

This "celestial" basic character of Bruckner's music is linked with another element that forms a rather important contrast to it. It is that native Austrian tone to be found in all of Bruckner's symphonies, especially in the trio-sections of his *Scherzi*. This more "worldly" sound, drawn from Austrian folkmusic, reveals a distinct affinity with the music of Schubert. With these interspersed bits of his own native song Bruckner introduces moments of beauty, relaxing in their serenity. A joyful mood sways a number of tender *Laendler* reminiscences and graceful, song-like melodies. This music, of lighter texture, presents the easiest access to Bruckner's symphonic work. We hear it more frequently in his earlier symphonies. Sometimes (e.g. in the *Fourth*) its color mingles with that of the "main theme".

In his later works, however, this Austrian color becomes increasingly rare, surviving in his *Ninth* in only a few brief moments in the *Scherzo*. The music of this symphony is almost completely devoted to that "dark kingdom" on the threshold of which Bruckner himself stood when he composed his unfinished masterpiece.

In its most sublime moments Bruckner's music reveals a divine vision. Its fervent expression often reminds us of that of a prophet who preaches of God and the road to Heaven. Though Bruckner does not become excited as do the Prophets of the Bible, the inner power of his voice, like that of a seer, and the sacred tone of his music permit comparison with the utterance of a prophet. If we regard his symphonies from this viewpoint we shall understand much better their form, their many climaxes, and especially their numerous *Luftpausen* (stops) which, at first, may create a strange impression. Those who assert that Bruckner did not master musical form make the mistake of measuring his music with the same yardstick they would apply to a Beethoven or a Brahms symphony. The music of those two masters is primarily of a dramatic-human nature, whereas Bruckner's transcendental world removes his music automatically from the dramatic sphere, endowing it with definite epic character. In view of this predominant other-worldly content of his music Bruckner could not adhere too closely to the traditional form of the classics. He had to create a new and larger framework which would be adequate to the vastness of his "theme". As the epic masterpieces of literature are always extended, so are the epic symphonies of Bruckner. The message of a prophet does not communicate itself in a short and well-polished speech. Time is but relative to one filled with a divine vision, through whom God Himself seems to speak. Moreover, such a vision will raise him to the greatest heights, where, however, he cannot abide for long. The same is true of Bruckner. His music soars to the most magnificent climaxes, but it must fall back—sometimes quite suddenly—into nothingness, only that it may rise anew to higher and higher points until the last and greatest climax of all has been attained. Even before the final great climax, the listener must at times have felt that no greater heights could be reached. At such moments Bruckner himself seems to sink to his knees, overwhelmed by the divine voice that appears to unfold itself. Those who grasp the true nature of his music cannot help sharing in these awe-inspired pauses, during which Bruckner appears for the moment choked with reverence and unable to go on. Bruckner, the pious man, feels the presence of God and trembles. He has ascended heights immeasurable, heights beyond human power to maintain. He has to start afresh once more. This is the explanation of many of those breaks or *Luftpausen* which have been so often misunderstood. Naturally music must, above all, follow its own laws. But no one who has made a serious study of Bruckner's works without judging them from the Beethoven-Brahms angle can deny Bruckner's mastery of form. To avoid confusion in this regard

it is necessary to understand the true character of Bruckner's music and the form which necessarily resulted from it. In this connection we should always be aware that there is a "prophetic language" in music too and that was the language of Anton Bruckner.

Some of the movements of his symphonies bear the word "Solemnly" (*Feierlich*) to mark the character and tempo of the music. *Feierlich* in the German language does not only indicate a certain breadth and weight; it also implies a contrast to the every-day character. Bruckner's music, certainly, is not every-day music. On the contrary, it seeks to lead men away from the commonplace of the "every-day" and to lift their thoughts to a different, loftier plane. It does not address itself to the human intellect, nor does it primarily turn to the human heart; its message is destined for the soul, for that which is immortal in the human. Therefore, it appeals to that which is most sublime in man. Only those who are open or try to render themselves open to such an appeal will be able to appreciate Bruckner's music. A Bruckner symphony means a "solemn hour" (*Feierstunde*) in music. One should prepare oneself for it just as one prepares for any other solemn event. Not that it will be necessary to put on solemn garb; but the capability of responding to such an appeal is an indispensable pre-requisite for entrance into Bruckner's musical world.

One may call Bruckner's music a bridge to God. It sings of a world that will never cease to stir mankind as long as there remains a human soul. Therefore, Bruckner's music is *au fond* timeless, like its "main theme". The eternal values inherent in this great and noble music may not be grasped at once; but these values will reveal themselves with ever growing clarity as one listens receptively again and again to its message. Until this very day an accurate new picture of Bruckner has been hampered by the prejudices of the nineteenth century. Much that has been written and said about him even by his adherents betrays a fundamental misunderstanding of his work. Only by shaking off the misconception that Bruckner's music is of an earthly character, like that of Wagner and the Romanticists, can we find access to the true Bruckner. A great ethic force sways his music. It is an inexhaustible source of comfort for the soul. Its prophetic voice is a powerful summons to prepare for that heavenly kingdom promised to the faithful. Never was such utterance more timely than in our own day, a day so sadly in need of increased ethic strength and moral firmness. Mankind today is in the midst of a great moral decline. Unless it is content to sink ever deeper into the spiritual morass into which it has blundered, if it longs to rise again, it must—apart from striving for the new—adhere to the great creative achievements of the past. One of these is the music of Anton Bruckner.

## Schubert and Bruckner: A Comparison

By LOUISE H. and HANS TISCHLER

At first glance these two Austrian masters seem to have very little in common. Schubert is the great exponent of the song, Bruckner the composer of gigantic symphonies. Schubert was 31 when he died, leaving behind a mature life's work, while Bruckner at the same age had not even started to compose. When Schubert died in Vienna in 1828, Bruckner was four years old and lived in a small town in Upper Austria where Schubert's name was not to be known for years to come.

However, on comparing their biographies we discover a number of parallel features which establish important relationships between the two men, relationships which are corroborated by careful listening to their music. Both composers come from families of school teachers. Both were trained to be school teachers themselves, their duties as such including music instruction. Both, moreover, received training in church schools as choir boys. It may be only a coincidence that Bruckner applied unsuccessfully for the position of second conductor at the Imperial Court Orchestra at Vienna in 1877, a position vainly sought by Schubert some fifty years earlier. But it is no accident that Bruckner as a grown man chose for his teacher in music theory Simon Sechter, the very man under whom Schubert had planned to study shortly before his death. Both Schubert and Bruckner recognized their needs and turned to the same teacher for a remedy.

Schubert's greatness was not widely recognized until long after his death. Yet small circles of music lovers formed here and there to cultivate his music. One of them, in Steyr, Upper Austria, was often visited by Bruckner in 1843. There he first met and fell in love with Schubert's songs and chamber music. Through his work as church organist Bruckner also became gradually familiar with Schubert's masses, which at first influenced his own efforts in this field. And then, probably on his frequent trips to Vienna where he studied composition while holding a position as organist at Linz, he had occasion to hear Schubert's greatest symphonies, those in *C Major* and *B Minor*, which were first performed there in 1859 and 1865 respectively. Bruckner's love for Schubert's music differed from the complete reverence and admiration he felt for Beethoven and Wagner. He consciously strove to emulate and even to imitate them at times, but in Schubert he sensed a kinship which expresses itself in his works without conscious effort. We shall try to uncover these similarities in the following three phases—form, harmony, and thematic material.

## Chord and Discord

Obviously the "heavenly length" which Schumann attributed to Schubert's *C Major Symphony* is still more applicable to Bruckner's works, a circumstance which continues to militate against their popularity. This length, also encountered in Schubert's other cyclical works, such as sonatas, chamber music, etc., is, however, merely a symptom of the two masters' approach to the sonata form. The classical symphony, as cultivated by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and their 19th-century successors down to Dvorak, was composed with a view toward a satisfactory balance of the structure and the cohesion of the parts. The themes were chosen for their usefulness in the development section; bridges were carefully prepared to lead to keys necessitated by a predetermined tonality scheme. Smooth transitions, economy, a certain objective reserve toward the material characterize these works. Quite otherwise with Schubert and Bruckner. Evidently they revel in the beauty of their music. A pleasing motif will be repeated several times or numerous motives will follow each other in an impetuous development, regardless of any rules of the craft. The fullest and best sounding harmonies are employed, whether or not they conform to any tonality scheme. A new section may start in any key or may abruptly return to one conforming to a classical scheme. The clear-cut theme of the classical style is replaced by long-spun melodies or motif-groups and developments. Cohesion and economy give way to a rhapsodic succession of richly worked-out separate units.

Within the sonata movement the second theme, especially, treated in this way by both Schubert and Bruckner, contrasts much more strongly with the first theme than in the classical symphony. Greatly enlarged, it becomes a motif-group, an independent section that is often longer than the first theme. While the latter is still conceived along classical lines by Schubert, Bruckner gives it melodic development that usually leads from simple interval motives to a heroic climax.

Clearly, since such motif-groups are separate evolving units rather than concretely stated themes, bridges between the first and second themes are out of place. The motif-groups follow each other directly. A single tone, such as in Schubert's VIII, 1<sup>1</sup> or in Bruckner's IV, 1, may serve as a connection; or with Bruckner a general pause will often intervene.<sup>2</sup> Such pauses also occur in symphonies of the classical school. There, however, they are preceded by a thematic and harmonic bridge and have therefore the effect of complete relaxation, while here they are laden with tension, for they interrupt the flow

<sup>1</sup> The Roman numeral stands for the symphony, the Arabic for the movement.

<sup>2</sup> Numerous examples for the connecting tone come to mind: e.g., in Schubert's VII, 1; VIII, 2; *Trio in B-flat*, 1; *Quintet in C*, 1; *Wanderer Fantasy*, 1; and in Bruckner's *String Quintet*, 1; IV, 1; VI, 4. The intervening pause, very characteristic for Bruckner, can be found at least once in Schubert, namely in VII, 4.

entirely, since there is no connection between the tonalities before and after the pause. These pauses are employed by Bruckner also at other important places (e.g., at the beginning and end of the development or between groups of the development). When somebody called his *Second Symphony* the "symphony of pauses", he explained their meaning as follows: "Look", he said, "when I am about to say something important, I have to take a deep breath first."

These pauses have still another aspect. It is well known that early romanticism is in part characterized by the flourishing of the short piece, the musical aphorism, such as Schubert's *Impromptus*, Mendelssohn's, Chopin's, Schumann's, and Brahms' piano pieces, etc. On the other hand, the tendency toward colossal dimensions—the later Beethoven, Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner—that also manifests itself in Bruckner and his successors, Mahler, the early Schoenberg, etc., is more characteristic of the later romanticists. Bruckner by means of the pauses succeeded in combining both traits, stringing together, as it were, several smaller units which then assume a larger unity—or at times fail to do so. This trait therefore proves again that Bruckner roots in early romanticism.

At times this element of severance prompted Bruckner to use, as a counter-agent, one theme in several movements of a symphony,<sup>3</sup> a technique first employed by Schubert.<sup>4</sup> But it is, of course, difficult to decide whether Bruckner was directly influenced by Schubert in this usage, since Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, Berlioz, and others also applied this device before him. With another feature, however, Bruckner appears to follow Schubert's *Seventh*, namely with the slow introduction to his *Fifth*, which—in contrast to the classical introduction—is thematically part of the main section. Similarly, the introductory phrase of Schubert's *Seventh* sways the entire first movement. This technique seems to originate in the dramatic overture, such as Beethoven's *Egmont*, and may also have reached Bruckner by way of Liszt's symphonic poems. In the symphony this, as well as the previously discussed feature, came to full fruition a few years later in César Franck's *D Minor Symphony*.

In spite of the great evolution of harmony in the fifty years that intervened between Schubert's and Bruckner's active periods, and despite the inevitable general dissimilarity of their harmonic styles, there still exist surprisingly many parallels between the two masters in this respect. Some of them stem from their inner kinship, others

<sup>3</sup> By this we do not allude to the introduction of V, 4 which imitates that of the *Finale* of Beethoven's *Ninth*. Much more substantial is the taking up of the themes of IV, 1 and IV, 3 in IV, 4, while IV, 1 and IV, 2 start with the same motif; or the use of the same accompaniment motif in V, 2 and V, 3. The essential equality of the first themes of VII, 1 and VII, 4, related to one another as rhythmic variations, is another instance. In VIII, 4 all main themes of the preceding movements reappear.

<sup>4</sup> For example, in the first and last movements of the *Wanderer Fantasy* or in the second and fourth movements of the *Trio in E-flat*.

again were apparently taken over, whether knowingly or not, from the earlier master by his admiring follower—all quite apart from general romantic characteristics of harmonic technique.

Schubert was the first great master to venture into the field extensively, even earlier than the aging Beethoven who was still rather self-conscious in this regard. One outstanding Schubert characteristic is the frequent contrasting of major and minor chords on the same tonic as well as the oscillation between such tonalities, as in the use of the Neapolitan sixth, major-minor and minor-major.<sup>5</sup> Another group of effects is extracted by Schubert from the use of extra-tonal mediant relationships that enable him to contrast distantly related tonalities without transition. Not only are they used as means of immediate contrast, but they assume the ascendancy over the dominant relationships of the classicists in the overall tonal construction as well as, frequently, even in the cadence.<sup>6</sup> Such mediant relationships are also extended to form sequences (for instance, in Schubert's VII, 1 where the return to the restatement modulates from a-flat to e and e, or in Bruckner's VIII, 4 where the continuation of the first theme in the restatement shifts from A-flat to B to D to F to A to C). Such tonality shifts are often effected by means of an intervening augmented six-five or double augmented four-three chord, chords that both composers favor strongly.

As already mentioned, extra-tonal mediant relationships also play an important role in the tonal arrangement of greater form parts within movements. Here the previously discussed method of holding a single tone as a means of transition from one section to the next receives its harmonic explanation. It is almost always used to connect mediants. The larger form parts, notably the first and second themes of the sonata form, were preferably brought into dominant relations by the classicists, and the second dominant was used as a connecting link. Wherever Schubert and Bruckner adhere to the traditional tonality scheme, they no longer need the second dominant, for by means of the single tone they are able to reach the dominant from four mediant-related keys, a circumstance that permits them considerable freedom in handling the conclusion of the first of two

<sup>5</sup> Among innumerable examples there come to mind the songs: *Gute Nacht* ("Good Night")—Bruckner's declared favorite, according to his biographer and friend, Goellerich—and *Frühlingstraum* ("Spring Dream")—Nos. 1 and 11 of *Winterreise*; others are *Eifersucht und Stolz* ("Jealousy and Pride"), *Die böse Farbe* ("The Painful Color"), and *Trock'ne Blumen* ("Dried Flowers")—Nos. 15, 17, and 18 of *Die schöne Müllerin*; *Der Tod und das Mädchen* ("Death and the Maiden")—op. 7, 3—and *Geheimes* ("Secret")—op. 14, 2; *Quartet in G*, 1; *Quintet in C*, 1; VII, 3 *Trio*. We meet the same predilection in Bruckner's works: e.g., in IV, 2 between the first and second themes in the restatement; VII, 1 the transition from the second theme to the epilogue in the statement; VIII, 2 (*Trio*); *F Minor Mass*, beginning of the *Credo*.

<sup>6</sup> Here are just a few of many examples of immediately contrasting mediants: (a) in Schubert—VII, 4, second theme; VIII, 2, second theme; *Quartet in G*, 3 *Trio*; and (b) in Bruckner—IV, 4, first and second themes; V, 1, first and second themes; VII, 2, second statement of the second theme.

connected sections. Moreover, both masters frequently replace the dominant relationships themselves by mediant.<sup>7</sup>

Many more similarities between the harmonic techniques of Bruckner and Schubert can be cited. But it is very difficult to decide whether each instance is due to direct influence. It seems more logical to assume that Wagner's development of earlier devices and the general trend are responsible for these similarities. It is sufficient to point out the definite kinship of the two men in their feeling toward harmony as an independent agent of expression, equally as important as melody or rhythm. This feeling leads them to enrich the single chord by means of alterations and chord passages by means of major-minor and mediant relationships and to enlarge the modulatory possibilities, thereby expanding their compositions.

The relationship between Schubert and Bruckner is perhaps most clearly manifest in their thematic material. Romantic composers generally hark back to or develop national melodic material, and since both masters were Austrians many affinities can be explained by their cultural proximity. In addition, we find some thematic similarities that reveal their personal kinship in mood and conception. Schubert and Bruckner were not the first to employ folk-melodies. The classicists had done so, and even masters before them. But while they used folk melodies almost exclusively for occasional entertainment, such as dances, marches, divertimenti, etc., Schubert first employed them extensively in art-music.

The easy-going sociability for which Austrians are known finds its musical expression in a broadly flowing, rhythmically uncomplicated melody that is most easily adaptable to the second theme of a sonata movement or to the trio-section of a scherzo. Bruckner uses this type of melody as a contrast to and relief from his otherwise gigantically proportioned monumental themes; Schubert employs it especially in chamber music where he can give himself over to unnumbered singing. Very characteristic of Austrian folk-music and Alpine yodelling is the repeated alternation between the melodic intervals of a sixth and seventh from the same tone, with an underlying alternation of tonic and dominant seventh chords.<sup>8</sup> Of folklore origin also is a certain type of tone repetition in the accompaniment that occurs, for

<sup>7</sup> In his first movements Bruckner is conservative in this respect, whereas Schubert uses such relationships between the first and second themes in the first movements of the *Trio in E-flat*, *Quintet in C*, *Piano Sonata in B-flat*, *Wanderer Fantasy*, etc. Otherwise we find Bruckner employing mediant relationships between the first and second themes in the *String Quintet*, 8; II, 4; III, 4; V, 4; VIII, 3; IX, 3; and between the *Scherzo* and *Trio in IX*, 2.

<sup>8</sup> Some examples in Schubert's works are the second themes in *Trio in B-flat*, 1; *Trio in E-flat*, 2; *Quartet in a*, 1; *Oolet*, 1 and 2; the third theme in *Trio in E-flat*, 4; the trio-sections in *Trio in E-flat*, 3; *Quartet in G*, 3. In Bruckner we find this melodic-harmonic motif in the second themes in the posthumous *Symphony in d*, 1; 1, 1; II, 1; II, 4; III, 1; III, 4; IV, 1; IV, 4; VI, 4; VII, 1; IX, 1; the third themes of VII, 1 and IX, 1; the first themes of V, 3; V, 4; VI, 4; and in the trio-sections of II, 3; III, 3; and IV, 3.

## Chord and Discord

example, in the trio-section of Schubert's *Quartet in G*, 3 and in the second theme-group of Bruckner's IV, 4. Another influence of folk-music apparently prompted both composers to introduce lyrical themes almost always with a brief passage from the accompaniment. The frequent practice among folk-musicians of extemporizing several melodies simultaneously may be reflected in the invention of many double themes by both masters, i.e., such themes as consist of two separate melodic strains, contrapuntally joined. Such themes usually include other folk-inspired traits as well.<sup>9</sup>

Let us return from relationships based on the common background to those of a personal character. One of the outstanding characteristics of Bruckner's themes is their evolution from a *tremolo* or other form of murmuring figure.<sup>10</sup> They gradually gain in rhythmic and melodic intensity, growing louder at the same time. While this technique, as a whole, goes back to Beethoven's *Ninth* rather than to Schubert, the *tremolo* introduction may well have been suggested to Bruckner by the latter also.<sup>11</sup> Among Bruckner's melodic peculiarities there is the expression-laden turn, such as in the second thematic complexes of VII, 1 and VII, 4. This turn also figures prominently at the beginning of Schubert's *Quintet in C* and in the trio-section of the same work. This trio-section, furthermore, displays the dotted rhythm followed by the passionately expressive descending quarter notes and the cadence formula with the trill, both favored by Bruckner. Another favorite figure consists of a dotted eighth-note, followed by two thirty-second-notes and two eighth-notes descending stepwise from a level one or two tones higher than the first tone; the last note may also turn back upward or repeat the preceding note. This figure occurs, for example, at the beginning of the second theme-group in Bruckner's IV, 4 as well as at the beginning of the *Finales* of Schubert's *Quartet in a* and *Quintet in C*. A further close resemblance occurs in the return to the restatement in the *Trio in E-flat*, 1. It foreshadows Bruckner's preoccupation with motif inversion and, besides, is melodically related to the *Scherzo* of Bruckner's *Ninth*. Many more such similarities can be found, as between any two given masters. But the ones mentioned are so obvious and individual that they give further proof of the direct community between Bruckner and Schubert.

In our comparison we have limited ourselves to those areas in which similarities between our two composers occur, namely form, harmony, and thematic material and construction. In other areas, such as instrumentation, counterpoint, rhythm, and expression, no similarities

<sup>9</sup> Examples are found in the second themes in Schubert's *Quintet in C*, 4; *Quartet in a*, 1; *Quartet in B-flat*, 2; *Trio in E-flat*, 2; and the trio-section of the *Trio in E-flat*, 3. Most of Bruckner's second theme-groups employ such themes.

<sup>10</sup> For instance, the beginnings of the posthumous *Symphony in d*; III; IV; VII; VIII; and IX.

<sup>11</sup> Schubert used it, for example, at the beginnings of VIII, 1; the posthumous *Quartet Movement in a*; and *Octet*, 6.

or only unimportant ones can be discovered. In instrumentation and expression similarities are obviously out of the question, as the lapse of fifty years within which Wagner revolutionized both obviates any close resemblances. On the other hand, it is exactly in the free symphonic counterpoint and in rhythm that Bruckner's personal style resides, and so we find here dissimilarities or outright contrasts between the styles of the two composers. Bruckner's technique of motif inversion, simultaneous development of a motif in both original and inverted form, fugato, pseudo-canon, double themes, and interlacing, pseudo-contrapuntal completion of a melody by two instrument groups sets his style far apart from Schubert's essentially homophonic style, in spite of some points of comparison. The same is true of Bruckner's rhythmic characteristics, such as the combination of duole and triplet or the frequent starting-in of a theme with a rest, although a like inclination toward dotted rhythms can be detected in both masters.

It is clear therefore that Bruckner, who died fifty years ago, on October 11, 1896, within a few months of Schubert's hundredth birthday anniversary (he was born January 31, 1797), was not an imitator or epigone of the latter. Indeed the most obvious style characteristics of the two men differ greatly, so much that we often tend to overlook the fundamental kinship of their conceptions, symptoms of which we have traced in the preceding pages.



#### KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP

In a belated recognition of his constant efforts to create a greater interest in and appreciation of Mahler's music in the U. S. A., The Bruckner Society of America has awarded the Mahler Medal of Honor to Professor Philip Greeley Clapp of the State University of Iowa. Since 1911, Professor Clapp has written and lectured on Mahler. His programs at Iowa University included the *Adagietto* from Mahler's *Fifth* and *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*. On April 22, 1942, Professor Clapp conducted Mahler's *Resurrection Symphony*. The concerts of the University Symphony Orchestra are broadcast over WSUI.

*Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* and the *Adagietto* from Mahler's *Fifth* were on the program of the opening concert of the fourth Fine Arts Festival of the State University of Iowa (July 8, 1942). Professor Herald Stark was the soloist and Professor Clapp conducted. The Mahler portion of the concert was broadcast over NBC on July 18, 1942. On this occasion, Mr. Earl E. Harper presented the Medal to Professor Clapp on behalf of the Society.

## Thoughts on Bruckner's *E Minor Mass*

By ROBERT SIMPSON

ONE of the commonest errors of musical criticism assumes that conciseness and shortness are synonymous qualities. Performances of Bruckner and Mahler symphonies have caused this mistake to be made more often, perhaps, than those of any other music. A definition of concision must include the statement that the word implies use of minimum resources needed to gain maximum efficiency in reaching the goal in view. Obviously, an Egyptian Pyramid is, in this sense, a concise art-form. Yet it is by no means a miniature. It is time intelligent lovers of music forsook the prevalent desire for brevity and what is known as "the power of understatement". The greatness of Sibelius rests not in his "understatement", but in the sheer adequacy of his expression for his own profound purposes. In art, understatement is failure, as also is overstatement. There can be a place only for sufficiency.

Bruckner's *E minor Mass*, however, is one of those works which shows a terseness which might lead the average critic to suspect hidden virtues in the symphonies. This, it is to be hoped, might help him to understand those masterpieces. His faith in his critical sense will be a little shaken if he encounters so economical a work by the proverbially extravagant Bruckner, and he will perhaps wonder if, after all, the few productions of Bruckner in England in the last ten years—some of them bad—were evidence enough for the almost wholesale British condemnation of this composer as a symphonist.\* These creditable reactions, however, are not likely to take place, for he will most probably express his regret that a man who could show such mastery in a Mass should have failed so dismally in his symphonies. What he will almost certainly not grasp at one hearing is that the *E minor Mass* contains the seeds of Bruckner's symphonic form, which later developed with equal terseness ideas themselves as large as a whole movement of the Mass. A very clear case can be examined in a comparison of the *Sanctus* of this work with the first group of themes in the *Ninth Symphony*. Though mood and colouring are very different in the Symphony, it is obvious that the *Sanctus* is itself a similar structure, and, had Bruckner conceived its idea later in life, he might well have decided to treat it as an element in a vaster design and have followed it up adequately. It is, of course, satisfying in itself but embodies the type of thought shown at the beginning of

\* This is not intended as an aspersion upon the fine performances of Bruckner No. 4 and Mahler No. 5 which the skill of Dr. Heins Unger has recently succeeded in wringing from the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. Bruckner expands the growth from a mysterious opening to a mighty climax so that it suffices for a whole movement. His symphonies are great works because in them he has found a way of absorbing such a process into one far more immense, which is, nevertheless, a wonderfully concise method of handling gigantic material. It is hoped that these remarks will not be construed as an attempt to show that Bruckner's symphonies are superior to those of Beethoven.

The more obvious sparseness of this *Mass* will, therefore, make it an excellent introduction to the work of Bruckner for those whose appreciation of musical time-scales is limited to that of Beethoven, Brahms, and most other Nineteenth Century composers. It was written between the years 1868-9, and, although it is called No. 2, is really the last of Bruckner's three *Masses*. In style it departs markedly from the path followed by the other two, which expand the type handed down to Bruckner through Mozart and Schubert. The masses of these two latter masters have their style rooted in that of the theatre and express themselves in language derived from the common stock of Eighteenth Century stage composers. This is not to deny their obvious impressiveness and sincerity, though it implies that they are far from liturgical in effect. The salutary influence of Bach gives the first two *Masses* of Bruckner (Nos. 1 and 3) a rather more devotional character than those of his forerunners in Vienna and his love of chorale-like themes ensures that a church shall be the ideal setting for their performance. But the roots of the style which sustains the *Mass in E minor* reach further back into musical history. There is an austerity and mystical aloofness in the composer's mind suggestive of the loftiness and purity of the music of the Sixteenth Century. Palestrina is behind the marvelous opening of the *Kyrie*. The whole of the first movement of this *Mass* can be sung *a cappella* with great effect, for the accompanying horn and trombone parts are optional, simply doubling the voices here and there. If the choir is of high quality the omission of these brass passages results in greater beauty of sound. The form of the movement is very simple, falling naturally into the ternary shape suggested by the order of the words. The first part is very plain in character, rising out of an awed hush as did so many of Bruckner's later symphonic movements; it is based mainly on the initial phrase of quiet chords floating over a tonic pedal. The *Christe eleison* which forms the middle section is more active and modulates, animated by a double counterpoint, into new keys. As is to be expected, this part is more ethereal and achieves a climax by increasing the complexity of its texture as well as the volume of its sound, coming to a grand pause on the home dominant. The words and material (*Kyrie eleison*) of the first part are resumed, but with more intensity than before, and a figure used earlier to lead to the *Christe* is developed more extensively. After a great outburst of plain chords, the music falls slowly to rest in a long and deeply felt cadence.

Throughout this work it will be noticed that Bruckner's handling of cadences is extraordinarily fine. Those at the conclusions of the *Sanctus* and *Benedictus* are wonderful examples. A master of climax of Bruckner's calibre is bound to have a keen sense of the possibilities inherent in cadential passages, and it is not surprising to find him at his finest when ending such a creation as the first movement of the *Sixth Symphony* or the *Finale* of the *Eighth*. This *Kyrie* contains in its finish the germ of the tremendous skill and poise with which he descends from the final crises of some of his greatest slow movements, those, for instance, in the last three Symphonies.

The *Gloria* is set in the submediant key, C major. "*Gloria in excelsis Deo*" is omitted from the text and should certainly be intoned before the start of the movement. The best effect would be secured if the plain-chant were sung by the male voices. They would then be answered by the women's singing of "*et in terra pax*". Unlike the *Kyrie*, this piece has an independent accompaniment, which persists throughout the *Mass*. Bruckner is always completely happy when treating combined instruments and voices, and it is part of the austerity of his scheme that he has in this work eliminated the strings of the orchestra. Also there are no drums, and the result is often organ-like.

The first theme is fresh and joyous and is supported by a very important undulating figure on bassoons, pervading on various instruments the whole of the first and third sections of the *Gloria*. Bruckner shows himself master of the art of setting words to music when it becomes apparent that in the course of a single far-flung melody he contrives a whole series of different ideas, illustrating aptly the successive thoughts in the text. Melody is the chief element in this *Mass*, and, like Schubert, Bruckner relies on it almost always. The opening sentence of the music of the *Gloria* is an example of a well-knit melodic phrase containing four surprisingly contrasted moods. Except for two short imitative episodes, the whole of the stirring first part is harmonic rather than contrapuntal in idiom, as befits its dramatic tendencies. The central portion begins with a change to a slower tempo and the entry of a most expressive theme for four horns, introducing the words, "*qui tollis peccata mundi*". These are sung to a telling phrase which, on its second appearance, produces one of Bruckner's best first-period modulations. The change is from A minor to A flat major; the mood becomes one of hope, engendered by "*suscipe deprecationem nostram*". Another beautiful change of key occurs at the return of the subject-matter of the first section. Perhaps this is managed even more finely than that just mentioned. The shift is from E major (reached as the dominant A minor) to the original tonic, C major, and is effected subtly by allowing the undulating bassoon figure to slip magically on to the subdominant of C, and to reach C major, not through its dominant but through a chord of D minor. The modulation is all the more wonderful for the fact

that the voices enter with the innocent first theme at the prelude moment of the transformation. The words here are "*Quoniam tu solus sanctus*". The rest of the text is set to bold music similar in character to the first section, interrupted by one more rich modulation from G major to F sharp major to illuminate the name, "*Jesu Christe*". Bruckner seems to possess Schubert's secret of accomplishing such sudden changes without hindering the flow of the music. The *Coda* is a colossal double fugue (*Amen*) on two subjects of great audacity and power. The choral writing is extremely daring and, though it occurs in one of Bruckner's early works, surpasses in this respect any comparable passage in Wagner. It is perhaps worthy of note that Bruckner at this time knew very little of Wagner's work. As a small point of interest, the two bars (170-1) are strangely prophetic of Rachmaninoff's famous *C sharp minor Prelude*. The fugue finally coalesces into massed harmony and the movement ends with symphonic weight and preciseness.

The *Credo* should also be preceded by the plain-chant for the same reasons as shown in the *Gloria*. The setting of the Creed is a notoriously difficult task. Its first half, dealing with the most mystical aspects of Christianity, presents no musical problem. But the remainder concerns itself with controversial dogma embarrassing to any sincere composer. There are two ways of dealing with the matter. Since the words cannot suggest appropriate music, they must either be illuminated (i.e. framed), or they must somehow be covered. Bach adopts the former method and Beethoven the latter. Bach composes the most gracious music he can imagine, but Beethoven drowns the awkward words with mighty shouts of "*Credo! Credo!*". Bruckner combines elements of both methods. His music, being a free recapitulation of the first section, has little connection with the text. In that he is like Bach. His affinity to Beethoven is seen in the fact that although his choir does not shout "*Credo!*", it fits the Nicene Creed to exultant themes originally associated with the word.

The first theme of the *Credo* is an impressive figure foreshadowing the terrific *Scherzo* of his *Eighth Symphony*. The movement is an *allegro* of great strength and conviction, maintaining its full force through the whole of its initial section. The middle part begins when a note of mystery intervenes and the text, "*et incarnatus est*", is expressed in a profoundly moving slow fragment, containing more of Bruckner's finest modulations. This, with the *Crucifixus*, is treated with remarkable insight and simplicity. The whole passage, ending with "*et sepultus est*", affords another superb instance of Bruckner's skill in illustrating a varied text within the scope of a single melodic structure. The music in the score from *D* to *G* is a long-drawn, finely shaped melody, subtly formed, both in itself and in the disposition of its accompaniment. Yet each constituent phrase is perfectly fitted to its attendant words. There can be no doubt that Bruckner, had he so wished, could have made a mark as a song-writer, though it is

fortunate that he threw his whole energy into great works. The only existing songs by him are early and unrepresentative, but who knows how he might have developed in this field? His student *Symphony in F minor* gives no indication of the vast achievements of his later years.

After solemn descending chords on trombones, gently portraying the burial, Bruckner turns to the Resurrection. He captures the mystery as well as the drama of the situation. The outburst is not sudden but is prepared by soft throbbing chords (clarinets and bassoons) as of new life rising from the depths into which the trombones have just descended. The blaze, once kindled, is sustained. Solemnity and some apprehension are felt following the words, "*cum gloria*", and, as if the last word had invoked it, the opening figure of the *Gloria* attends the word "*judicare*", with its wave-like accompaniment. The tension aroused by this incident generates a big climax and leads to the resumption of the first material. The last words of the Nicene Creed, "*et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen*", are the inspiration of a wonderful final cadence, containing a new treatment of the main theme.

The *Sanctus* which follows is perhaps the crown of the work. Bruckner is here heard as a great contrapuntist. As has already been noted, this piece is a continuous growth to a single climax. The influence of Sixteenth Century polyphony is evident in the fact that until the culmination in block chords the accompaniment consists of mere doublings of the voices by unobtrusive wind instruments, and the chorus would find little difficulty in singing the passage without support. The lines are very diatonic and easy to auralise, though the performance of the music needs so much staying power that the help of the instruments is necessary for the building of the *crescendo*. The movement opens in four parts, with a close canon between Alto I and Tenor I concealed behind other flowing lines. The canon is then taken up by Soprano I and Bass I, followed by Alto II and Bass II, and finally, Tenor II and Soprano II. Meanwhile the other parts float and drift freely round the canon, *semper crescendo*, with celestial effect. The highest ecstasy is attained in the magnificent homophonic climax, the grandeur of which is hardly surpassed by the finest of his later symphonic passages. A characteristic touch is the quiet woodwind chord remaining after the last shout has died away. Bruckner thinks instinctively in terms of cathedral acoustics, and the endings of his movements are nearly always abrupt if played in unresonant buildings. Though not printed in the score, the awesome dying echoes of the last chord are an essential part of many a massive Bruckner *Coda*. He is one of the few composers whose style is conceived in terms of special acoustic conditions. Indeed, there can be little doubt that he is the only great master of this type since the Sixteenth Century.

The *Credo* and *Sanctus* are the central pinnacle of the *Mass*. The rest forms a kind of appendix. The supreme mysteries awe the composer into more subdued thought, and the *Benedictus* is more introspective than any other part of the work. In some ways it is similar

to the second groups of themes occurring in many of the first and last movements of Bruckner's symphonies, and it is interesting to see how he follows the *Sanctus* (so like one of his symphonic openings) by music of this character. The piece is very concentrated in its use of themes and falls into a modified sonata shape, unusual in a Mass. Its key is C major, and the chromatic horn figure with which it opens may be regarded as its first subject. "*In nomine Domini*" is set to a delicate chanting phrase which modulates to the dominant, in which the first theme recurs. The development is soon reached with a change to A minor and the introduction of new material. Gradually the mood becomes more mysterious, while the woodwinds weave independent figures into the texture. When A flat major has been entered, the horn figure appears deep below the surface, increasing the sense of awe. The restatement removes the cloud and the music brightens into a glorious *Coda*, "*Hosanna in excelsis!*". It is difficult to choose between this *Benedictus* and the sublime setting of the *F minor Mass* (No. 3). That is as remarkable for its breadth as this is for its conciseness. In the *Mass in F minor*, the final *Hosanna* is expanded into a short but powerful *allegro* movement, coming at the end of a slow one of considerable dimensions.

The loftiness of the last part of this work is beyond praise. The *Agnus Dei* is planned in a way that is simple to grasp, but difficult to describe. Towering chordal structures are reared on the words "*miserere nobis*" until the whole world might be crying out. These mighty passages are, again, obviously calculated for the vastness of a cathedral. The wonderful moment of prostration after the second of these outcries is perhaps the deepest utterance in the whole *Mass*. But the sheer loveliness of the last three pages (*Dona nobis pacem*) lingers in the mind longest. Bruckner connects this section with the *Kyrie* by referring to a figure from it. This enriches an accompaniment of extraordinary beauty, and the *Mass* ends in devout and childlike peace.

After the completion of this work Bruckner's excursions into choral compositions were few. Chief of these are the *Te Deum* and the setting of *Psalm 150*, both terse works of enormous power, showing that had he given his full attention to choral music he would certainly have become one of the very greatest masters in this medium. Indeed, it cannot be asserted with any confidence that this is not already the case, and there can be little doubt that his *Masses* place him among the most important composers of Nineteenth Century religious music. When Bruckner's music becomes the subject of a fashionable vogue, this contention will be held by many who understand little of his true stature, or of the reasons for the success of his cause. Those who study Bruckner are those who love him best.

# Bruckner's Ninth Symphony

By LOUIS BIANCOLLI

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A SYMPHONY dedicated to God! Such, at any rate, is the legend handed down about Bruckner's farewell symphony. According to the story, Bruckner, who died while working on the final bars of the *Adagio*, intended to inscribe the symphony "to the dear Lord." "I have done my duty on earth," said Bruckner to a caller shortly after his seventieth birthday. "I have accomplished what I could, and my only wish is to be allowed to finish my *Ninth Symphony*. Three movements are almost complete. The *Adagio* is nearly finished. There remains only the *Finale*. "I trust Death will not deprive me of my pen." He prayed nightly to God for time to complete it. "If He refuses, then He must take the responsibility for its incompleteness," he remarked.

Despite attacks of dropsy and a dangerous heart condition, Bruckner worked feverishly at his symphony. But he died without finishing it. For some years it was thought Bruckner left sections of the work in an imperfect state. However, the publication of the ninth volume of a critical edition of Bruckner's works in the early thirties proved that the three movements of the *Ninth Symphony*, as the composer left them, "must be unconditionally regarded and respected as his final intention."

Moreover, it developed that Bruckner had also been engaged for some time on sketches of an *Allegro-Finale*. Professor Orel, who edited the ninth volume of Bruckner's works, included a sketch of this unfinished *Finale* which reveal Bruckner's main outlines of form and structure up to the beginning of the *Coda*. Unfortunately, there is no hint anywhere of how the symphony was to end. In the words of Willi Reich: "That portion always treated by Bruckner as a grand summation and, hence, probably the most important passage in the symphony, must remain an eternal mystery."

Reich, in an article appearing in "Chord and Discord"—the magazine of The Bruckner Society of America—now assailed the frequent practice of using Bruckner's *Te Deum* as a choral finale to the *Ninth Symphony*. "One glance at this mighty torso of a *Finale*," he stated, "is enough to convince us that the practice . . . corresponds in no respect to the composer's true intention, for this final choral work shows no relationship to the thematic world unforgettably established in the three completed movements of the symphony."

This conclusion coincided with Professor Orel's own contention in the first published version of Bruckner's original score:—"Bruckner's clear intent to conclude the *Ninth Symphony* with a gigantic instrumental *Finale* proves the utter futility of any attempt to establish a spiritual connection between it and the *Te Deum*—an attempt so frequently made by conductors, despite the insuperable period of a decade separating the conception of the two works in the mind of the composer. Furthermore, the *Adagio* of the *Symphony* . . . attains symbolic significance through the realization that the inexorable grip of Fate wrested the pen from the aged master's hand almost at the very moment in which he would have sealed the work with a completed, formal *Allegro-Finale*."

The appearance of this authentic edition of Bruckner's *Ninth* caused something of a stir in musical circles because of the so-called "Loewe Version" long in use. For years it had been supposed that Bruckner's manuscript had been left in a highly unsatisfactory state, that thanks to Bruckner's faithful disciple, Ferdinand Loewe, a rough and garbled manuscript had been rendered playable through a polished arrangement. There had been a sensational premiere of Loewe's version on February 11, 1903, in Vienna, under his own direction. Many Brucknerites, who had not even suspected the existence of this posthumous work, were astounded by the revelation. This, incidentally, occurred seven years after the master's death. In 1904 Loewe published the edited score. Some years after the Vienna premiere, doubts began to arise among Bruckner scholars about Loewe's emendations. Drastic, uncalled-for changes of orchestration were suspected, and glaring instances of unBrucknerlike transitions were noted.

"Listeners began to notice frequent details in the music which seemed inexplicable in the light of Bruckner's frank and sturdy symphonic character," wrote Max Auer in the "*Zeitschrift für Musik*" (later quoted by "Chord and Discord"). "When the *Scherzo* leaped lightly forth, all-aglitter with typically French *esprit*, the audience was reminded of the scintillating manner of Berlioz's instrumentation. In the minds of many there arose some such questions as these: Where are those abrupt, Bruckneresque transitions between the passages? Why do the various phrases end in gentle exhalations? In short, whence comes this odd finesse, this smooth polish, into the work of a composer universally noted for his rugged individuality?"

The answer was provided by two important events. One was the *Kritische Gesamtausgabe* of Bruckner's music, sponsored by the *Bruckner Gesellschaft*. The other was a semi-private performance—also sponsored by the *Bruckner Gesellschaft*—at the *Tonhalle* in Munich on April 2, 1932, of both the "Loewe Version" and the original. The conclusion was unanimous:—"So far from being unplayable, the original version far surpassed the 'Loewe Version' by the splendor of its orchestral coloring and the power of its dynamic contrasts. The two versions differed so vastly in spirit that they might be said to

belong to different worlds." Thus Bruckner's *Ninth Symphony* became available to the world in two widely opposed versions. It should be pointed out that Professor Orel arrived at his thesis of Bruckner's own "definitive" version only after an arduous study of all the detailed revisions made by the composer. He established that three movements of the *Ninth Symphony* were the final stage in a long process of evolution. As evidence Professor Orel traced the Symphony's slow growth through six separate versions!

There was never any question of Loewe's good intentions in all this. Actually, it was regarded by the less embattled Brucknerites as a case of misplaced zeal. Professor Orel himself stressed this in a subsequent lecture at the University of Vienna. Loewe, he affirmed, had been actuated solely by the desire of a devoted friend and disciple "to render more acceptable to the ears of his contemporaries the general tonal ruggedness of this symphony as left by the master" (Willi Reich). Ironically, it was probably modesty that restrained Loewe from divulging the changes he had made in Bruckner's orchestration. He regarded the task as a labor of love. And despite growing critical suspicion, his version stood for thirty years as a standard repertory score. Such as it was, he had rendered a service somewhat parallel to Rimsky-Korsakoff's in editing *Boris Godounoff*.

When Otto Klemperer and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society offered the American premiere of the restored original version in Carnegie Hall on October 11, 1934, Lawrence Gilman called it a "consecrational disclosure." With several others he then concluded that the Loewe version, with which the music world had been familiar, was an "astonishing perversion and distortion of Bruckner's intentions." He now spoke of Loewe's edition as "unauthorized, injudicious, and impertinent." Students who followed the performance with the old score, he ventured, "must have noticed the instances in which not only Loewe the tonal chiseller, but Loewe the superfluous decorator, was put to rout, and something native and strong and unmistakably Brucknerian restored to the structure of the score."

Continuing, Mr. Gilman wrote:—"They must have noticed here the omission of an excrescent woodwind phrase or kettledrum solo, there the restoration of significant chord passages, or the felicitous substitution of violas for bassoon, or the assumption by tubas, with magical effect, of a passage given inexplicably to muted 'cellos and violas, or the alteration of dynamics and tempo marks. Above all, they must have listened incredulously to the climax of the *Adagio* as Bruckner actually wrote it, a passage exalted from banality to greatness merely by the simple and honest process of letting it sound as its creator intended."

This point about the *Adagio* was dwelt on at greater length in Gilman's Sunday article in the New York Herald-Tribune two days later:—"If the student will turn to page 136, bar 3, of Loewe's edition of the orchestral score in the Universal Ed. (page 186, bar 1, of

the Eulenburg miniature score) he will find that Bruckner apparently builds the climax of the movement at this point upon a fortissimo proclamation of the main theme by the trombones, tuba, string basses, and bassoons under a simple chord of E major sustained and reiterated by woodwind, horns, tubas, and a repeated figure of the violins—a sonorous but hardly distinguished treatment of the subject.

“But one has only to examine Bruckner’s original score (page 180, bar 1) to see at once that what Bruckner said and clearly intended to say at this point was something utterly different from what Loewe has represented him as saying. As Bruckner wrote the passage, the mighty theme in the basses, with its upward leap of a tenth, is heard against an audacious and magnificent dissonance formed by the simultaneous sounding and reiteration (in the woodwind, violins, and upper brass) of the notes E, F sharp, G sharp, A, B, and C. The effect is unforgettable—an inspiration of sheer genius that, at a stroke, alters the passage from rather empty rhetoric to poignant eloquence.

“But Loewe seems to have been shocked by it. He preferred something smoother and more decorous. So he sandpapered Bruckner’s superb dissonance, removed offending notes from the chord, and turned it into an orthodox E major, retaining only the passing and innocuous F sharp in the violin figure. Thus manicured and made harmoniously presentable, the passage might have been composed by Mendelssohn himself in one of his more daring moments.”

Another example of Loewe’s tampering with the original occurs in the first movement, page 41, bar 4-5. There Bruckner pauses on a seventh chord. The orchestra is silent for a bar and a half. Like nature, Loewe apparently abhorred a vacuum, the result being that the silence was filled with a phrase of his own for oboe and clarinet. As a rule Loewe’s changes were in the instrumentation, but these bristle on every page of the score. Loewe, it was suggested, was evidently resolved to translate Bruckner’s economy into Wagner’s luxury. For Bruckner’s scoring almost foreshadows modern technic in expressive instrumentation. In one place Bruckner achieves a contrast by dividing a theme between strings and woodwind. Loewe joined the instruments in a combined statement of the theme, thus destroying the intended color effect.

Theodore Thomas conducted the American premiere of Bruckner’s *Ninth Symphony* at a concert of the Chicago Orchestra on February 20, 1904, only a year after the Viennese premiere. Karl Muck first directed it in Boston on November 1, 1907, bringing it to New York a few days later, on November 7. There has naturally been speculation as to whether Bruckner deliberately chose the key of D minor with Beethoven’s own *Ninth Symphony* in mind. Bruckner anticipated this. “It grieves me,” he once remarked to his friend August Goellerich, “to have conceived the theme of the *Ninth* in D minor. People will say: ‘Obviously Bruckner’s *Ninth* must be in the same key as Beethoven’s *Ninth*.’ But I cannot discard or transpose the theme, because

it appeals to me just the way it is and it looks well in D minor." The former practice of adding the *Te Deum* as a choral finale only strengthened the analogy in people's minds.

The three movements are marked as follows: I. *Feierlich* ("Solemn"), D minor, 2/2; II. *Scherzo, Bewegt, lebhaft* ("Mosso vivace"), D minor, 3/4; III. *Adagio, Sehr langsam, feierlich*, E major, 4/4.

The First Movement is unorthodox in structure. Each of the four major themes is built up to a resounding outburst. After some prefatory material, the spacious first theme rings out boldly in D minor from the top of a crescendo. The second theme, slower and more lyrical, is brought in by the first and second violins in A major, ending in a C major phrase. Violins and violas presently take up the third theme, and then expound a fourth theme, which is an extension of the third. There is a *crescendo*, mounting to a shattering climax, and soon the second main section of the movement—free fantasia and review—begins. The chief theme dominates the *Coda*. There a motive from the introduction is heard too.

The Second Movement, substantially a classical *Scherzo with Trio*, is broadly worked out. The main theme first appears, *pizzicato*, among the strings. This is freely elaborated at some length, after which the *Trio* (F-sharp major, 3/8), faster than other interludes of this kind, begins. Two themes, one for strings, *spiccato*, the other, *etwas ruhiger* ("somewhat quieter"), for strings and oboes, are developed in the *Trio*, and the *Scherzo* proper returns.

The *Adagio* is substantially in sonata form. The first theme is given out by the violins. "This deeply earnest theme," said Gilman, "with its upward step of a minor ninth, is characteristically Brucknerian, though the wraiths of Liszt and Wagner do unmistakably peer out at us through the bars." Later the second theme is introduced in broad style by the first and second violins. Its key is A flat major. There is detailed development of both themes. The pace sharpens as a last Bruckner crescendo gets under way. The orchestra recalls the first theme *fortissimo*, and there is sudden peace, ghostly and elegiac. "The flickering violins and the dark-tinged tubas," wrote Werner Wolff, "convey the picture of the deeply absorbed composer writing the last pages with a trembling hand. This time Bruckner tells us a story—the story of his end."



#### SACHS FUND PRIZE AWARDED TO MARTIN G. DUMLER

Dr. Martin G. Dumler, President of the Bruckner Society of America, received the Rosa F. and Samuel B. Sachs Fund prize in recognition of his orchestral work, *Four Ballet Scenes*, first performed by the Cincinnati Symphony on March 10 and 11, 1944. Presentation of the award was made on December 11, 1944, by Mayor James Garfield Stewart on behalf of the Cincinnati Institute of Fine Arts. Since 1929 the Sachs prize has been awarded annually to a Cincinnati resident for outstanding achievement.

## A Non-Academic Approach to Bruckner's Eighth and Ninth

By PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP

WITH tons of Bruckner exegeses reposing on library shelves affording sustenance chiefly to bookworms,—and, of those, even, more of the legless than the two-legged species,—the only justification for new commentary on such comparatively well-known works as the *Eighth* and *Ninth* Symphonies is the hope of clearing a way for budding Brucknerites to approach the works themselves directly without having first to choose which of many clamorously competing guides they shall engage to lead them there in the course of time or eternity. Even such an attempt to appeal from commentators drunk to the composer sober has its risks: like “wars to end war,” further commentary designed to allay controversy may exacerbate it, or may do little more than exemplify Mark Twain’s maxim, “I hate explanations; they mix things up so.” But, just as sometimes it is possible to settle a will and probate an estate after some of the more contentious legatees relinquish time in this world for eternity somewhere—anywhere—else, it may be helpful at a time when the most violent of Bruckner’s antagonists lie mouldering in the grave to exorcise such of their souls as seem to keep marching on.

Sound advice to any music-lover seeking first acquaintance with Bruckner or any other composer is to hear some of his music as sympathetically as one can, go away and let it sink in a bit, and then go back either to hear it again, hear some other of his compositions, or, better yet, do both. Since Bruckner performances are still not frequent, this may seem hard to do in his case; but since some excellent presentations of his works have now been recorded, it is not so difficult as it used to be. It might be wise, however, for a person who would like to “make friends” with Bruckner to hear an actual performance first, and then have recourse to the phonograph only when he craves a rehearing; for the phonograph, in spite of great improvements during our time, is still better in reminding one of what one has really heard than in forecasting what one may expect to hear.

To ensure “sympathetic” hearing as early as possible, the novice—or, for that matter, the expert—had probably better “approach” any new work by listening for what it seems to express. Much of the tumult and shouting of the form-versus-expression controversy seems to have died down; even the most isolationistic “structuralists” seem no longer to insist very emphatically that the only road to mu-

## Chord and Discord

sical salvation is devout belief in the doctrine that art is a dualistic universe in which form plays the role of God and expression of Satan. To-day everyone who thinks about esthetic matters at all realizes that without structure and form expression cannot even stand up, let alone live and function; but few believe any longer that the pattern of such a structure, whether derived from postulated eternal laws or merely the fashion of a period, can alone or chiefly determine whether the expressive content of a work of art is legitimate or indeed whether there is any real content at all. Certainly composers behave as if they were more interested to communicate expressive tonal ideas than to prove the assertion: for example, Bach's *Art of Fugue*, Wagner's music-dramas, and other masterpieces in which the composer voluntarily selects and follows a plan of some intricacy and precision, and seems bent on proving the merits of his plan, still do not prove that the plan is so excellent as to assure any duffer of producing masterpieces by following it, but rather that such a plan may help to full expression a composer with something vital to express if he is qualified to master his forms rather than be mastered by them. A tonal structure without expressive content is nothing more than a technical exercise, regardless whether a Hanon honestly so entitles it or a Cherubini speciously tries to palm it off as a fugue or overture on devotees so gullible as to accept his certified chalk for authentic cheese.

Any composer, then,—Bach, Bruckner, or Bennett,—writes a piece which expresses something in what psychologists call the "affective" category, and presents it in a "form" which makes it intelligible to those who enjoy such affective stimulation through tonal patterns; whether this form be a "small form," adapted to present a single and relatively simple bit of expression, or a "large form" designed to develop one or more such items to a considerable extent, the logic of the "form" is chiefly functional and derived from the expressive content itself, with the aid, to be sure, of past experience and practice. Whether or not the expressive content of a particular piece of music has previously been treated artistically in another medium,—such as a poem, story, drama, picture, statue, architectural structure, etc.—and even whether the composer mentions the fact if it has, is of only contributory significance in a world where some element of familiarity enables most people to grasp a new experience more readily by relating it to former experiences; the fundamentally important thing is that any musical composition, whether or not it has or acknowledges any extra-musical associations or analogies, stands or falls on the musical beauty of its content and presentation; and this is determined in the end by the so-called "test of time,"—i.e., repeated hearing by people who respond to musical stimulation.

Unfortunately, composers in practical life are far from sure of their day in court. If a composition is not heard the "test of time" cannot be applied; if it is heard once and then neglected it is little better off. To make it heard the composer may have to overcome

inertia and preoccupation in a series of performers, only to be blocked presently by persons who make a living for themselves by selling critical prejudices to the public. In Bach's time nobody seemed to care whether a bit of expression entered music by a literary association or not; but woe to that composer, even Bach, who used new patterns or even used old ones differently from his predecessors. To-day Bennett can be enjoyed by people who enjoy light musical entertainment, but cannot even get "serious" musicians to listen to him at all without employing propaganda designed to prove that his graceful and piquant pieces are more serious and symphonic than they really are or even should be.

As contrasted with the eighteenth and the twentieth centuries, the nineteenth was a period during which music critics and theorists were making a barnacle-like living by attaching themselves to powerful craft in the musical seas (incidentally, thereby considerably impeding the progress even of their hosts), devouring whatever life might come their way. Not Bruckner alone, but any composer of the time, could not be judged artistically on his expressive content and the appropriateness of his formal presentation: he must choose between allying himself politically for self-preservation either with a majority party led by Hanslick or a minority party whose divided leadership embraced the amiable Ambros whom many liked but to whom nobody paid much attention and the belligerent Wagner who could compel attention but made thousands of enemies and very few friends. Bruckner, who loved music but had no stomach for intrigue decided to live in Vienna, which proved less musical and more political than he had conceived it. Vienna was musicopolitically dominated by Hanslick, whose critical philosophy, so far as one can deduce from his published writings, rested as unshakably as the Delphic tripod on the following "three-point support": (1) music cannot express anything except "sounding animated forms" (i.e. tonal patterns); (2) composers should therefore conform in practice to this doctrine and to such procedure as tradition and St. Hanslick have hallowed; (3) composers who attempt anything more must be hunted from the music-marts with as much inquisitorial paraphernalia as may at the moment appeal to St. Hanslick as good if not always strictly clean sport, and the composer's offense in attempting to express anything is only aggravated if he proves he can get away with it, as Wagner, Bruckner, Wolf, and Mahler were able to do,—unless, like Brahms, the offender can be bought over into the Hanslickian chapel, in which case he may compose as expressively as Brahms did so long as he keeps up his Calvinistic protestations of faith. Hanslick's three main tenets would seem to be a sufficiently unholy trinity to found a cult upon; but Dr. Max Graf, who had ample opportunity to observe Hanslick in action, has recently added the following enlightening psychological data: Hanslick, among other things, suffered from two concurrent and vigorous if not strictly consistent factors of personal taste;—a

preference for light operetta and dance music of the Viennese type over all other types of music, and the ambition to be recognized as the most scholarly musician of time and eternity. Naturally, many of Hanslick's contemporaries heartily disagreed with him, and some made bold to dispute him publicly; but as he had both more venom and gift-o'-gab than any of them except Wagner, and had the advantage over Wagner of never having composed anything that anybody would listen to, Hanslick had things his own way long enough to prevent any composer except those who might come to terms with him—as Brahms did—from finding in Vienna either a fair forum or even an adequate livelihood.

Bruckner's forthright and eloquent expression thus received in Vienna the type of warm welcome which telling the truth might be expected to receive in a community where nearly everybody has settled down, either from preference or under pressure, to "always saying the proper thing,"—and he fared little better in employing such forms as were logical settings for his expression, because, at that time in Vienna, "mastery of form" officially consisted in treating musical ideas not as Beethoven treated them, but as Hanslick said Beethoven treated them. The fact that some of Bruckner's *melodic ideas* (as distinguished from formal treatment) showed here and there a Beethoven influence, much as anyone who wears his own face instead of having it done over at a fashionable beauty-parlor will occasionally show some characteristic of one or more of his legitimate ancestors, did not help matters at all; these could be—and were—derided as padding out with Beethoven's ideas when Bruckner ran dry, or even twisted into evidence that Bruckner was presumptuously trying to compete with Beethoven in that master's hallowed domain. Little help for Bruckner, furthermore, from those who paid only lip-homage to Hanslick and who really despised and even detested him was to be expected or proved to be forth-coming, since people who are weak enough to be intimidated commonly lose no love for those who display more courage than themselves; only a few whose subjugation was less than complete because their manhood was at least more than average rallied to Bruckner's side on the principle that it is better to die for one's convictions than to live without them.

Bruckner himself kept out of the controversy as much as he could, and with quiet dignity went his own way pretty consistently; now and then even he could not continue to suffer fools gladly. The recent publication of his symphonies without the "improvements" which he was more or less forced to make has been discussed elsewhere and stands where he who runs may read; at least we now know what he intended, and find that this was practically always better than what he had to concede to his friends' view of what would be more "reasonable," "practical," "discreet," and even "politic."

But there is still some confusion as to where he stood regarding "programs." In his day music was held to be either "absolute" or

"program" music, and only two views as to "form-versus-expression" had any standing: one view held that only "absolute" music rigorously following "the" sonata form had any merit whatever (I say "the" sonata form, since no follower of Beethoven was permitted even Beethoven's freedom of outline and treatment); the other, that the foregoing type was the best because the "purest" music, but extended sufferance (though not suffrage!) to "program" music and allowed some slight formal liberties in treatment only when "necessitated" by the exigencies of description. Naturally a composer who did not care to allege a "poetic basis" to justify every slightest manifestation of originality was under considerable temptation to deny any expressive content whatever in any work which even approached symphonic structure; and in playing this sort of game Bruckner was habitually as poker-faced as Brahms himself. But now and then Bruckner could be nagged into "explaining" his works in terms which brought the extremists of both "absolute" and "program" music down upon his devoted head; so we find him from time to time excoriating those who sought to attach "programs" to his symphonies and then suggesting "programs" which made his friends rend their garments and hide their faces.

Bruckner's apologists usually point out that one and the same man is usually not expert in both tonal and verbal expression, which may be true enough in general. But Bruckner's salty wit and wisdom as reported needs no apology. If it is true that he made the concurrent dependence and independence of a subject and its counterpoint graphic to a presumably stupid and pedantic (or perhaps merely over-semantic) pupil by comparing the combination to a man and his dog strolling together, there is no occasion to smile at his naïveté, though every reason to enjoy the adroitness of his parable. In spite of all tub-thumping to the contrary, a valid epigram is more graphic than a technical abstract, and may show profounder analysis as well as a more understandable synthesis. However, we should be wise to remember that Bruckner as a teacher had formed the parable habit, and not insist upon taking some of his brief exegeses of his music too literally.

Thus when, in contrasting the *Scherzo* of his *Eighth Symphony* with the first movement, Bruckner sketchily remarks, "the German Michael," we should not blush for him as having attempted or intended such a naturalistic portrait in tones of the clumsy or sound-hearted peasant of picture and caricature as Strauss might have drawn (and drawn well), but should realize (as the music tells us, anyway) that this *Scherzo* turns for the moment from the tragic-heroic vein of the first movement to something homelier and even a bit quaint, but still valiant and sturdy. Likewise when Bruckner, in connection with the *Finale*, makes some reference to a meeting of three emperors with their armies which he had witnessed, we should not worry lest his whole *Finale* were conceived as some sort of mere movie-sound-sequence

of a big parade; rather the actual scene which Bruckner witnessed may well have stirred him more than it would have stirred us, who have been brought up to regard emperors and their armies as a more or less unholy show rather than a holy one,—the important factor is that in his music Bruckner expressed magnificence with reverence and awe, but fortunately never dragged in any emperors except conversationally. What starts a composer on a train of musical development may be casually interesting, but where it takes him—or he it—is what really matters: Chopin told George Sand that the opening of his *F minor Fantasy* was suggested by a dream of her marching about the house at night accompanied by her daughters, but he did not tell her that the stormy main body of the piece describes her boxing the children's ears and knocking the furniture about (capable as she may have been of these indoor sports), and only a pedantic fool would feel logically committed to such a conclusion.

In plain fact music may or may not attempt close description (if it does so, and succeeds, it has to stand or fall on its musical coherence no less than if its expression is general rather than specific), but its patterns are drawn from tonal and rhythmic patterns in nature,—except, perhaps, that atonal patterns have to smuggle in some extra rhythmic reserves to come to life at all. Darwin and Spencer recorded some shrewd preliminary observations in this matter, but never finished what they began, and their vogue passed before anyone else undertook to complete the investigation. So far as I know, the first, last, and best such report is Jules Combarieu's *Les rapports de la musique et de la poésie*; but this is now out of print, apparently because the price of his admission to the French Academy was his *La musique: ses lois, son évolution*, which has been translated into all languages and is largely a sort of retraction in Hanslickian terms.—One wonders if, like Galileo, Combarieu ever murmured, "Nevertheless it *does* move." At all events, music moves; and, in employing both inflections and rhythms which we have experienced, recalls our experience and becomes "expressive." Even Hanslick had to admit, "Music does not reproduce emotions but rather the *dynamics* of emotion," to which one might retort, "Give me the 'dynamics' of a feeling and I shall feel it."—I recall one evening when a professor of ethics and a sportsman dropped in simultaneously for a call, and could not find any common interest to talk about until I played them a piece which both requested; at the close the philosopher remarked, "All the best music is ethical," while the sportsman's comment was, "That's like a drink of whiskey to me." Undoubtedly each was stirred by the "dynamics" of his favorite stimulus, and responded to a "lift" in terms of pleasurable intoxication, if you will.

Thus, if a composer writes, say, a developed series of such expressions of the dynamics of emotion and tells us, "I am telling the story of Tristan and Isolde," we are pretty likely to respond as he asks, provided he does not stray into inappropriate or neutral tonal pat-

terns. If on the other hand he asks us to associate his patterns and treatment with no specific story or pictorial image we are pretty sure to recognize some coherent development of mood and feeling which, even if we do not name it—and, after all, why should one label every-thing before daring to relive some sequence of one's response to life?—we still find "expressive." If his patterns and their development, however, are not congruous the work seems incoherent and thus "in-expressive"; then we may still amuse ourselves by playing the game of "structural analysis," which with most people seems not to go much further than counting the x's in an otherwise uninteresting address, though adepts may actually get so far as parsing some of the grammar and rhetoric.

Unfortunately a composer is at the mercy of his performers, who may play the notes in time and tune (Hanslick says this is all that is necessary with really good music—was he thinking of his pet waltzes and operettas? If so, so far as abstinence from "expression" is concerned, he was like the drunkard who says, "I can take it or let it alone!"), but miss all suggestion of connected mood and development. The hearer's plight is then sad, and sadder yet if he falls back for help upon commentators who would have him look for first and second themes (first themes usually come first, but second themes have a nasty way of not coming second), or (more recently) for certain graceful themes which may be regarded as Freudian symbols of the attractive girls whom Bruckner liked to look at but who didn't care to look long at him, or presumptuous imitations of Beethoven and servile imitations of Wagner, or even for German Michaels and splendiferous emperors,—all depending upon whether Simon says thumbs up or thumbs down or resorts to some other kind of simony, including Simple Simony. A commentator, like the Scriptural horse, is "a vain thing for safety." We have been warned that only extreme adepts can "make anything" out of the formidable *Eighth* and *Ninth* symphonies of Bruckner. I offer the following as the merely personal response of one for whom familiarity with Bruckner has bred love and admiration; also with the further understanding that some of the terms which I may use are not scientific and semantic but poetic and figurative,—for instance, by the term "Titan" I do not mean some physiological giant whose objective existence I have superstitiously taken for granted, but have borrowed a term from poetic ideology to embody an allegorical conception of manhood developed beyond the statistical norm of what we call (no less allegorically, by the way!) "the man in the street."

*Eighth Symphony*.—First movement: A Titan in tragic-heroic struggles. *Scherzo* (and trio): scherzo, homely, even quaint, but sturdy and valiant; trio, tender yet strong in repose. *Adagio*: a man alone with his God. *Finale*: an Apocalyptic vision of the cosmos at the Last Day.

*Ninth Symphony*.—First movement: solemn thoughts on man and

destiny (since anyone who has heard Beethoven's *Ninth* even once must notice "family likenesses" in the two first movements, one may point out that there is little basis for a critical scandal in two thoughtful men thinking about some of the same fundamental things and expressing their thoughts with some agreement). *Scherzo* (and trio): the dance of nature, now rudely forceful, again ethereal and elusive. Slow movement: Bruckners' swan-song; at the end the now gentle old man is very near to the angels,



#### KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO HANS KINDLER

Justice Owen J. Roberts makes presentation on behalf of  
The Bruckner Society of America.

The Mahler Medal, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the Bruckner Society of America, Inc., was awarded to Hans Kindler for his efforts to create greater interest in and appreciation of Mahler's music in the U. S. A. Kindler introduced *Das Lied von der Erde* and the *Fourth Symphony* to Washingtonians (March 21, 1941 and January 10, 1943). On February 8 and 9, 1944, the *National Symphony Orchestra* under Kindler's direction performed Mahler's *Fourth* in Baltimore and Washington. On February 9, 1944 Associate Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts presented the Medal to Kindler on behalf of the Bruckner Society following the Washington performance of the *Fourth* which was greeted with great enthusiasm by the audience.

#### KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO MOSES SMITH

The Mahler Medal of Honor, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the Bruckner Society of America, was awarded to Moses Smith of the Columbia Phonograph Co. in appreciation of his efforts to create a greater interest in and appreciation of Mahler's music in the United States. Bostonians will remember Mr. Smith's excellent reviews of Mahler performances in the *Boston Evening Transcript*. The recording and release of the *Mahler First*, conducted by Mitropoulos—the first studio recording of a complete Mahler symphony in this country—was due in great part to Mr. Smith's indefatigable work.

# Gustav Mahler

By FRANZ WEBFEL

The following essay by the late Franz Werfel, world renowned author, was read over the ABC Network as an introduction to the radio Mahler cycle conducted by the late Erno Rapcs in 1942.

**G**USTAV MAHLER was born in a little town in Bohemia. Melodic are the very whisperings of Bohemia's groves and meadows, the murmuring of its fertile fields and streams, and song accompanies the women at their work. This song remained ever the primal song in Mahler's heart and lives in his symphonies in the ever recurring voices of Bohemia—even the horn and trumpet signals of the soldiers in the barracks to which he so often listened as a child.

As a boy Gustav Mahler was sent to Vienna to study music at the Imperial Conservatory. Now he became acquainted with a landscape which, though new, had familiar features. All the world knows the greatness, the uniqueness, the bitter-sweetness of the melody of Vienna and the Austrian land from the works of Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert. Young Mahler drank in this Austrian melody and in his soul it blended with the Bohemian in a sublime unison.

No composer is more completely absorbed in nature than Gustav Mahler. In all his nine symphonies he reveals its mysterious and patent force, from the bud to the flower, and from wastrel profusion to decay; and again and again death. The very symphonic form, the origin and the development of the themes seem to repeat the fate of organic matter. Mahler's music has no program, but it is poetic music, full of imagery, metaphors, crises. Its eternal fundament is wondrous and pitiless nature. And in the center of all stands Man. The words of the Alto-Solo in the Second Symphony express how Mahler regards Man:

“O red rose sweet  
Man lies in direst need.”

Mahler's music is tragic music. Truly, Man does lie in direst need. He yearns to fill the short span of his life between waking and sleeping with superficial enjoyment. A dark law, however, forbids him this easy path. Fight he must, tired and weak in body and spirit though he be. Hide as cunningly as he may, the struggle will always find him. This titanic effort to which man is condemned is portrayed in many movements of Mahler's symphonies.

The foundation of this symphonic world is nature. And in the center of all stands Man. But above him spreads God's heaven. Gustav Mahler's music is not only tragic but also mystic music. It points ever

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aloft. Though Man lies in direst need, God will place a little light in his hand that will lead him into Eternal Life; this is the promise of that Alto-Solo. This little light, which is the hopeful and believing soul itself, pervades the highest moments in these works. That is why their tragic quality is never depressive but comforting and uplifting.

Gustav Mahler's life is an explanation and verification of his music. He rose out of the most confining circumstances. When eighteen he was already conductor at a small theatre. Then for years he worked in the provinces until finally through his talent and energy he rose at thirty-seven to the all-powerful post of Director of the Imperial Opera at Vienna, in the face of the most embittered opposition. His activity there meant a reformation of the entire musical life. Ten years later he came to New York as one of the greatest and most celebrated conductors of his time. He died at the age of fifty. His activity as conductor and operatic director might well have filled another's life to the brim. While others rested he created his great work, the nine mighty symphonies and many Lieder cycles, works which today speak ever more forcibly to us. Thus, in the short pauses, which his duties allowed him, he became the last of that line of great men, which begins with Haydn and culminates in Beethoven.



### LIEDEE EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN SUNG BY KARIN BRANZELL (Juilliard School of Music, N. Y., July 17, 1945—Broadcast over WNYO)

Karin Branzell, the noted contralto, who in her prime left the Metropolitan where she had acquired an enviable reputation, especially for her portrayal of Wagnerian roles, evoked thunderous applause from an audience at the Juilliard School of Music as a result of her fine rendition of *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*. Mme. Branzell, who had sung the cycle at a recital given earlier in the season, again gave evidence of her thorough understanding of Mahler's message and once more showed the unusual combination of a luscious voice and a very high degree of intelligence. Local radio listeners were afforded the opportunity of hearing an excellent program beautifully interpreted and owe a debt of gratitude to the Municipal Station, WNYC, for this rare treat.

## Gustav Mahler the Mystic

By MAX GRAF

The following article, a chapter from *Modern Music: Music and Composers of the Twentieth Century* by Max Graf, to be published in September, 1916, by the Philosophical Library, Inc., 15 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y., is printed by permission of the author and the publishers.

WHEN Gustav Mahler conducted his *First Symphony* in Vienna and the symphonic poems of Richard Strauss were still new I asked Mahler what he thought of Strauss. He replied: "He and I are like two miners who sink their shafts into the same mountain from two different sides."

The mountain he meant was the "magic mountain" of romanticism. Without Bruckner and Berlioz, without Wagner and Liszt the Mahler orchestra is unthinkable. All of Mahler's songs are set to lyrics of romantic poets. He was so powerfully influenced by the anthology *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, master store-house of romantic fantasy, that the lyrics in the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (*Songs of a Wandering Journeyman*), which he wrote himself, might easily be taken for poems from that collection. Their folklike tone, all that is dark, intimate, and naive in their verses, are reborn in his own lyrics.

The theme of his first cantata, *Das Klagende Lied*, is a romantic folk-tale. Like all romanticists Mahler longs for the simple sincerity of folk-tunes as they are sung by young girls promenading in village streets of a summer evening, with glow-worms in their hair and love in their hearts. To Gustav Mahler, as to all romantic artists, music is a mysterious language from Beyond. It resounds in nature, in woods and meadows, in heaven and earth. Tone for him has symbolic meaning.

Compared with Mahler, Richard Strauss seems naive. The musician Strauss is a narrator, a delineator who portrays reality. The perceptive faculty holds unbroken sway throughout his art work. The intellectual sources of his inspiration made many friends for him—among them a poet like Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, a stage producer like Max Reinhardt.

His friend, the composer Alexander Ritter, spurred him on to compose program-music. The basis of Strauss' creation is the true South-German appreciation of music and color. It surrounded him everywhere in Bavaria. The churches of Munich are elaborate structures in baroque style, filled with golden altars, marble saints, trumpet-music. In the Bavarian hamlets the white walls of rustic houses are adorned with frescos; flower-pots decorate the windows. Not

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far from Garmisch, where Strauss built his home, lies Oberammergau, for over three centuries the scene of the celebrated Passion Play as presented by Bavarian peasants, with a wood-carver portraying Jesus.

This Bavarian delight in colors and bright figures is perpetuated in Richard Strauss. His love of Baroque is also a Bavarian heritage. Since 1652, the year in which the Bavarian Prince Ferdinand Maria married an Italian, Adelheid von Savoyen, the splendor of Baroque flowed across Alpine passes down to Munich. Venetian artists executed the *décor* at Bavarian court festivities. Near Saint Salvador in Munich an Italian opera house was built. The printers in Munich printed Italian books. Italian architects built Jesuit churches in Munich, while in the village square the priests presented theatrical plays with singing angels and a divine tribunal.

This, then, was the Bavarian baroque upon which the art of Richard Strauss fed; nor was it wholly in jest that he told me: "I first realized in Italy that my *Elektra* is really an Italian opera." With *Ariadne auf Naxos* Strauss is transformed into a full-fledged Italian opera-composer, coloratura arias and all.

Inextricably interwoven with Mahler the musician is Mahler the thinker who ponders over the problems of world, heaven, God, death, and resurrection. His mental striving takes tonal shape. His inner struggles, paralleling those experienced by Dostoevski, Tolstoi, and Strindberg, are soul-searing battles with the inmost self. Nothing could be more alien to Mahler than the Straussian concept of the world as scarcely more than a colorful web of superficial phenomena. Worldly phenomena are but symbols for Mahler, pointing the way to a Beyond. Unlike Richard Strauss, Gustav Mahler never composed songs because he wanted to make music, because he enjoyed singing, or because he wished to portray soulful moods in melody. His songs are the seed out of which the symphonies grow; symphonies are expanded songs. Both ask and answer the same tormenting questions. The songs are sketches toward symphonies, sometimes appearing in the symphonies themselves to help illuminate their significance.

At the start of every symphonic group by Gustav Mahler one finds a song-cycle. Mahler's *First Symphony* grew out of the youthful experience of *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*; the *Second*, *Third*, and *Fourth* symphonies out of the songs of *Knaben Wunderhorn*. In the *Fifth*, *Sixth*, and *Seventh* symphonies fragments of the melodies of *Kindertotenlieder* assume dominant roles.

Most of the songs had genuine orchestral timbre from their very inception. Of the forty-four published songs by Mahler the majority are provided with an orchestral background, while the song cycle *Das Lied von der Erde* was actually described as a "symphony" by Mahler.

Not only is the tonal plane of the songs symphonic, but song and

symphony are spiritual kin, as big world and small world, presentiment and fulfillment, initial step and ultimate goal.

Mahler's symphonies themselves, all closely associated with one another, are again a unit. The *Fourth* was originally meant to be the *Finale* of the *Third* from which it became separated as a child from its mother. All his symphonies contained the same mental conflicts, the same solutions to the problems that oppressed him.

Typical symbols and ideas keep re-appearing in all the symphonies. Anyone acquainted with the theories of Freud knows the meaning of such symbols. They are sound-forms of psychical complexes arising from the depths of unconscious emotional life.

One of these symbols is the funeral march that haunts the songs and symphonies with muffled drum beat. Another is the trumpet-signal which, in the form of *Reveille* or the *Great Roll-Call*, arouses the dead. Still another is a convulsed contortion in the music, suggesting sudden fright. It breaks the blissful spell in the *First* and *Fourth*. Yet another symbol is the *Laendler* dance, representing banal pleasure, earthly comfort. This vivid symbolism dominates all Mahler's artwork.

Irresistibly Mahler is drawn to the same problems of life that confront Oedipus as he faces the Sphinx. Among these the problem of death had special significance for him from the outset. Thus the *First Symphony* also contains its section devoted to thoughts about death. As the dirge takes its sneering, grotesque way through the third movement, the soul stands by weeping.

Mahler's *Second* was devoted entirely to the question of life and death, the terrors of the Last Judgment, and the eternal bliss of resurrection. It is his mystery play of the Hereafter out of which the song of the bird of death resounds. In the third movement of the *Fourth Symphony* Death plays a harsh song on his violin. The *Fifth* begins with dismal forebodings of death, while the *Lied von der Erde* is filled with them. In the *Tenth Symphony* Mahler actually wrestles with Death who has come for him. Beneath the third movement of this astounding unfinished score he has written: "Death! Procl! (probably: Proclamation)." At another point: "God, O God, Why hast Thou forsaken me!", and several bars later, "Thy Will be done!"

Even greater emotional stress enters into the fourth movement where one may read: "The devil dances with me. Madness grips me, accursed one! Destroy me, that I may forget that I am! That I may cease to be, that I may forget."

The ten symphonies composed by Gustav Mahler between the years 1885 and 1911, the year of his death, record his emotional conflicts, his development, his struggle with the dark forces of his being, his ascent from Hades to Heaven, and his fall from Heaven to Hell.

Mahler remained always the unredeemed soul. In the *Finale* of the *Third Symphony* the planets revolve around the sun, Divine Love

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sways the universe, and the fighting spirit wins eternal bliss. Yet the naive child's heaven of the *Fourth* that follows is but a temporary *intermezzo* of light. Truly Mahler is the Ahasueric soul that plunges into the night and ensuing despair of the *Fifth*, *Sixth*, and *Seventh*. Having but glimpsed God he again stands in solitude.

An ominous trumpet blare, heralding a gloomy funeral march, starts the cycle of the *Fifth*, *Sixth*, and *Seventh* symphonies. No God, no angel sings to Mahler here. Gargoyle faces grin at him. Then again follows elevation to the realm of light in the *Eighth Symphony*, with its jubilant choruses and hymns of Divine Love. The "sparklet"—a term used by the mystics to denote the human soul—is drawn up to the great Source-light whence it had but strayed.

In the *Ninth Symphony*, however, Mahler again conjures up dark shadows that dance, mock, and threaten. There is something tragic in this striving for exaltation, for light and Divine Love. Gustav Mahler never found permanent peace and eternal bliss as did others who went in quest of God.

Not even in nature did Mahler find peace. He felt the beauty of nature keenly and portrayed it accordingly. In his *First Symphony* he gave a wonderful description of meadows in the sunlight and the singing of the birds. His *Third* contains fascinating pictures from the world of plants and animals. In the *Lied von der Erde* he sings of beautiful young girls dancing and strong young men riding wild horses.

Yet there was to Mahler also something sinister in nature. In a conversation he described how "the blue sky suddenly becomes dreadful" and how "on the most beautiful day in the sun-flooded forest one is often seized by an uncanny terror". As a child Mahler could often be found sitting on a tree stump, staring into space as though spellbound. He once explained to a friend that "life sometimes loses all meaning and seems a ghastly mockery from which one would turn away nauseated".

In a similar manner the Gothic world of the Middle Ages sensed nature as a diabolical spectre. Just as from the cathedrals of the 13th century animal-like demonic waterspouts burst forth, so from Mahler's symphonic scenery dragons seem suddenly to emerge.

Mahler's relation to nature is never naive. To him nature is a stepping-stone along the path to God, gaining its deepest significance from the Ultimate Goal. Thus he pictured, in his *Third Symphony*, the path of evolution from rigid, immobile substance to flowers, animals, angels, and God.

All of Mahler's great symphonies are mystery plays in symphonic form. Their structure parallels the staging of spiritual plays in the Middle Ages: Hell at the bottom, above that the earth, and at the top, heaven. In the finale of the *Third*, in the *Fourth*, and in the *Eighth* Mahler described Heaven: shining, gay, transfigured with light, vibrant with ringing bells, singing angels, and trumpet fan-

fares. According to his own written directions, the "Heavenly Choirs" of the *Eighth* "should no longer be human voices, but planets and stars revolving in their orbits" (From a Mahler letter dated 1906).

He was a cosmic soul, like the philosopher Spinoza, for whom God represented all being, all nature, all thinking. But the way to God leads through the burning thorn-bush of pain; in the portrayal of such a holocaust of the soul Mahler reveals himself a real modern, afflicted with all the hysteria of our troubled age. This lends his music that extraordinary emotional tension which even his purely musical genius seems at times unable to master. He then tends towards excess, becoming spasmodic, heaping media upon media: three massed choirs in the *Eighth* above a gigantic orchestra; the final scene of Goethe's *Faust* over a Latin medieval hymn. The orchestra assumes huge proportions, this giant orchestra itself being overpowered by a massed group of wind-instruments pealing forth chorales.

In the midst of such music, portraying a nerve-wracked Faust, there occur moments of ecstatic rapture, as in the *Adagio* of the *Fifth Symphony*. The gigantic tableau of the *Third* is followed by the delicate miniature of the *Fourth*, the massive jubilation of the *Eighth* by the chamber-music of *Lied von der Erde*: a Japanese engraving after a colossal fresco.

The tragic composer, tossed about between extreme gentleness and ecstatic vision, lacks moderation and intrinsic balance. From Mahler's inner struggles there is born only exaltation and despondency, no contented repose, no lasting peace. The point of utmost despair is attained in the *Sixth*, where life, almost wholly abandoned, seems but a distant memory. Night consumes all previous existence. Fate swoops down, hammering cosmic blows that shatter everything. The percussion instruments in this symphony are frightening noises of the night. In the midst of this universal terror stands man; no, he walks, he marches, he beats the drum; nothing daunts him; he sinks into abysses, but he continues marching until, finally, at the end of the symphony, he collapses—a most unusual ending for Gustav Mahler, who generally knows only triumph. Or is this truly the end for the solitary fighter?

The following symphony, the *Seventh*, presenting the next scene in Mahler's huge symphonic drama of man, provides the answer. At the start of this work the prone man raises himself up. His collapse was merely an episode that proved how heavy were Mahler's spiritual and emotional conflicts; he escapes from them and ascends to the C-Major dithyramb of the *Finale*, in which all the bells celebrate a victory which, however, turns out to be transitory.

Gustav Mahler belongs to the restive, tragic fighters of the 19th century beginning with Lord Byron and ending with August Strindberg, whose proud foreheads bear the mark of the unredeemed. As an intellectual personality he is as great as he is individual. Al-

ready at the age of twenty-five, when he composed his *First Symphony*, he was entirely himself. The blissful abandon of the first movement of this symphony, the *Laendler* gayety of the second section, the scornful parody and the harshness of the third, and the struggles of the *Finale* are Mahler. Never before had similar music been written. Like the Bible it begins with Paradise, the fall of man, and the expulsion from the Garden. Like the Prophets it ends with a trumpet-sermon on the Glory of God.

## II.

Prophet, philosopher, and mystic that he was, Mahler's approach to music was purely spiritual. It is not the musical impulse in Mahler that creates the decisive talent for expressing himself in musical forms; rather it is the need of unburdening himself and of finding his way from the night of life to the light of heaven. A brother of Mahler's had perished by his own hand. He had lost his way in the gloominess of life. Gustav Mahler himself succeeded in shaping the afflictions of his soul into works of art, thereby liberating himself.

An artistic personality of this nature belongs to romanticism. It was a romantic poet, Th. A. Hoffmann, who invented the figure of Conductor Kreisler, the demonic musician who is obsessed by his art, who regards reality, people, and society as banalities.

Gustav Mahler was the Conductor Kreisler come to life. When, as director of the Vienna Opera, he would cross the streets with hair flying, hat in hand, or go storming up the narrow winding stairs to his rehearsal room, or (and then more so than ever) when he sat at the conductor's stand in the Opera, a glowing, flickering flame, he made one feel that Conductor Kreisler had really stepped out of Hoffmann's pages.

As a composer, too, he was a Conductor Kreisler, a mystic, like all romantic philosophers, to whom world, nature, man were merely manifestations of God. Again like the romantic philosophers Mahler saw in the real world only an allegory. His scenic descriptions are symbolic, unlike those in the symphonic poems of Richard Strauss, which are realistic. In Gustav Mahler's *Sixth Symphony* there is the sound of cowbells just as in the *Finale* of Strauss' *Heldenleben*. Yet while they are real bells for Richard Strauss, bells such as he could hear every morning on opening the windows of his study, to Mahler they are symbolic sounds. They represent the last earthly note to reach the wanderer making the ascent; they are symbols of distance and solitude.

The cuckoo that sounds its call in Mahler's *First Symphony* is not a realistic cuckoo which, like every other cuckoo in the world, and like the cuckoo in Beethoven's *Pastorale*, calls in thirds. Mahler's cuckoo calls in fourths, a symbolic cuckoo. In Mahler's music military marches and funeral marches are all symbolic rhythms, while

the sound of the hammer in the *Seventh Symphony* is a symbolic one. The *Laendler* and waltzes in his *scherzos* are not dance music, but parables of animal love of life. All sounds and rhythms, all worldly phenomena have only spiritual meaning for Gustav Mahler. To him nature is nothing real or concrete, but just a plane of sojourn for the soul on its path to God.

Gustav Mahler carried forward the development of the classical symphony-form and the romantic orchestra from a spiritual rather than from a purely musical viewpoint.

The classical symphony-form had been like a consonant harmony, its four movements standing at the same level. With Mahler, who fights his way upwards, the symphony achieves gradation. The classical equilibrium of the four movements is shattered even in Mahler's *First Symphony*. The gay first two movements are but a prelude, the parodistic third movement an intermezzo, and all three are just a preparation for the *Finale*; a tremendously expanding section representing the sum and substance, the gathering of all the significant forces of the whole symphony.

The *Second* and *Third* symphonies are constructed in terraces, like the minarets in ancient Babylon. "My work forms a musical poem that embraces every stage of development in a step-by-step gradation. It begins with inanimate nature and progresses until it reaches the ultimate goal—love". Thus did Mahler himself describe his *Third Symphony* in a letter.

The spiritual energy with which Mahler erected these structures that aspire from earth to heaven is extraordinary. He got the inspiration for such forms from Anton Bruckner, particularly from the latter's *Fifth Symphony*; with the fugues of the final movement this symphony works itself upwards to the glory of the *choral finale*; or rather, it prays its way upwards. Yet, Mahler's accomplishment with these inspirations is his own personal creation. His symphonies, in their ascent, become an allegory for his titanism.

For these tonal structures Mahler, like his contemporary Richard Strauss, increased the number and variety of instruments of the romantic orchestra to immense proportions. However, this increased scope of instrumental coloring had a different significance for him than for Richard Strauss. Strauss enlarged the romantic orchestra because he needed new paint tubes for his pictures. It was materialistic pleasure in glory and splendor that augmented the orchestra of Strauss' symphonic poems to massive proportions. The new colors were to serve as festive decorations in the manner Richard Strauss so greatly loved. As he sat composing in his Viennese study beneath a colored wooden ceiling transplanted from an Italian *palazzo* he was surrounded by costly paintings and Greek statuettes.

Mahler's orchestra does not owe its existence to mere enjoyment of color, but rather to his cosmic aspiration. "I am the universe resounding," wrote Mahler after composing his *Eighth Symphony*.

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"Imagine the whole universe singing as it revolves." Mahler's use of the chamber-orchestra in his *Lied von der Erde* has similar significance. It is supposed to reproduce the gentle voices of the universe, the drifting of autumnal mists, the plaintive voices of birds, the quiet of twilight.

A number of years after Mahler's *Lied von der Erde* (composed in 1908) Richard Strauss employed a similar chamber-orchestra in his *Ariadne auf Naxos*. But here it was an artistic intelligence that shaped the fine, silken tones. In Mahler's music it is always the spirit that creates the tones; in the music of Strauss it is the desire for sensuous effect.

Employing tones as symbols, as Mahler does, is romanticism. Mahler is more deeply involved in romanticism than Richard Strauss. His point of departure is the poetry of the romanticists, the songs from *Knaben Wunderhorn*, and the Jean Paul novel *Flegeljahre*, that had already inspired Schumann.

His *Eighth Symphony*, too, is dominated by the spirit of romance; the Latin hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus" is a medieval poem discovered by the romanticists, while the ending of the Goethe-like "Faust" epic is genuine romantic poesy, inspired by the frescos in the Gothic cemetery at Pisa. The *Lied von der Erde* takes its text from Chinese poems by Li-Tai-Po, poetry of the Far East first translated and imitated by the romanticists.

Romantic also are Mahler's nature scenes, the animated and spirited universe, nature as symbolism; also his mysticism, his heaven, his earth, his hell. Romantic is the figure of Death scraping his shrill violin, as in a picture by Boecklin, or, potion in hand, riding a black horse, as in a painting by Franz Stuck. The type of artist Mahler represents is the romantic, differing from the type of Richard Strauss by virtue of ecstatic enthusiasm, fanaticism, and conflict with the world. Gustav Mahler is the supreme anti-realist among the artists of the 20th century.

A visionary like the Prophets of old, Mahler carries over into the modern, scientific age the heritage of spiritual visions. He is a true artistic product of a generation in which the greatest novelist, Dostoevski, was an epileptic, Strindberg a paranoiac, and Mussorgsky a drunkard. His nervous system was the sensitive nervous system of the era of Charcot, Liebau, and Freud. Dark childhood memories oppress him, haunting all his works. The trumpet-signals, the funeral marches, as well as many other characteristic features of his symphonies are such childhood memories. Sinister faces frighten him. While composing *Klagendes Lied* he saw his double coming through the wall of his room, and while writing the funeral march for his *Second Symphony* he literally beheld himself laid out beneath flowers and wreaths. We find in his music hysterically convulsed moments. Terror suddenly cries out. Tortured nerves groan.

He was a deeply suffering man like Blaise Pascal in the 17th cen-

ture. Above his symphonies he could have placed the Pascal phrase: "Car enfin qu'est-ce que l'homme dans la nature? Un néant à l'égard de l'infini, un tout à l'égard du néant, un milieu entre rien et tout". (What then is man in Nature? Naught when compared with the infinite, all when compared with naught; a half-creature midway between naught and all).

Pascal's belief that love belongs to a higher order than knowledge was also Mahler's tenet. The emotional conflicts of man aspiring toward the light were touchingly described by Pascal in his *Pensees*; in Mahler's symphonies they are reborn as music.

In listening to Gustav Mahler's music one realizes that the mechanical civilization of the 20th century, with all its technical magnificence, lacked something essential to the satisfaction of a more profound nature. At one of the greatest moments in Mahler's creation the dark voice of an angel starts singing:

Ich bin von Gott und will wieder zu Gott!  
Der liebe Gott wird mir ein Lichtchen geben,  
Wird leuchten mir bis in das ewig, selig Leben.

(I am from God; will return to God; Dear God will give me a little light; will light my way to blissful, eternal life).

So profound an artist-nature could never have been content with a colorful external life as experienced by Richard Strauss. "Man lies in abject need, man's lot is mortal agony," was Mahler's belief, and the *Third Symphony* proclaims with Nietzsche's words: *O Mensch gib acht! Die Welt ist tief und tiefer, als der Tag gedacht.* (Mortal, beware! The world is deep, yea deeper than day suspects.)

With the utmost spiritual energy Gustav Mahler sought the path to light, to universal love, and to God in his music. Often he compared his struggles with Jacob's battle with the angel. No musical expression seemed to him strong enough to symbolize these struggles. The directions in his scores accumulate: "With greatest fury"; "as though lashed"; "erupting violently"; "trumpets to blow with up-turned bell." The shrill little E-flat clarinet literally shrieks in his symphonies.

Sometimes purely musical power seems to him incapable of expressing his titanic intentions. Then the heaped-up orchestral voices become theatrical, Meyerbeer-like—a glaring pageant midst trumpet fanfares and pealing bells.

Monumental music, such as Mahler's symphonies, will always have to build with the hewn stones of triad music, just as temples will always rest upon pillars and columns. Yet Mahler's counterpoint, forestalling the harmonic union of the various musical voices, lets them go their several ways side by side. This many-voiced web (polyphony), hovering about the triad structure, does not, however, elude its dominance completely. Mahler used to tell how, as a child in the forest of Iglau, he would listen to the woods sounding in many voices,

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to the songs of the birds mingling with the rustling of the leaves and the storm sounding its melody amid the noises of the forest. It is this cosmos of nature that he sought through polyphony to translate into tone.

"From different sides must come the themes", he said. In the *Third Symphony* man marches straight through the conflicting sounds of the world, through its noisy and vulgar music, for that too has its own way to go. In *Lied von der Erde* a five-tone scale forms the nucleus from which all the melodies grow. A "tone figure", a crystal composed of five tones, forms the centre of all the tone patterns, as in the later works of Schoenberg. While Richard Strauss expanded the harmonic range with his naturalism, Mahler enlarged it with his spiritual fire and intellectual daring.

In the modern materialistic world, which at the turn of the century excelled in scientific research, in industry and commerce, Gustav Mahler was a herald of moral and ethical values.

The most eminent sculptor of this age, Rodin, perpetuated Mahler's features in many bronze busts, revealing the noble head of a thinker, a fighter, a man looking up.



### KILENYI-MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO FRITZ REINER

In March 1931, Fritz Reiner conducted Mahler's *Seventh* in Cincinnati. He performed the second movement of Mahler's *Second* in New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh. On January 9 and 10, 1942, Reiner conducted *Das Lied von der Erde* in Pittsburgh. On March 9 and 11, 1945, he introduced Pittsburgh audiences to Mahler's *Fourth*. In recognition of his efforts to create a greater interest in and appreciation of Mahler's music, the Directors of the *Society* awarded the Kilenyi-Mahler Medal of Honor to him. The presentation was made on March 9, 1945, by Glendinning Keeble, Director of the College of Fine Arts of Carnegie Institute of Technology, acting on behalf of the *Society*.

## Some Mahlerian Misconceptions

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

IF to be great, as Emerson suggested, is to be misunderstood, then the manifold misunderstandings in regard to Gustav Mahler may be counted among the multiplying signs of his importance. First and most ill-founded of all was the assumption that he was a conductor with a mistaken ambition to shine also as a composer. This once-prevalent belief has now virtually disappeared. The fact that his music continues to be played and to be hotly discussed is sufficient answer to that one. Mere *Kapellmeistermusik* exhibits no such vitality. Rather does it perish with its creator.

A corollary of this canard that seems also to be on its way out is the notion that Mahler's music is lacking in physiognomy. Even the composer's admirers once bade us overlook his eclecticism as something relatively unimportant. It is now becoming increasingly apparent that he was one of the most personal of music-makers. And not only in his final phase, as represented by *Das Lied von der Erde* and the *Ninth Symphony*. We may recognize the essential Mahler in such early utterances as the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* and the *First Symphony*, which partly stemmed from that song cycle.

There are five important aspects of Mahler's many-sided musical personality and the *First Symphony* contains them all: a homely, folksy strain; a vein of pessimism and despair; a fondness for the grotesque, the bizarre; a fervid lyricism, which in earlier works does not always escape sentimentality, but which is sublimated in *Das Lied von der Erde*; and a preference for the *Laendler* type of Scherzo. These elements in his style may be variously traced back to his childish delight in the songs and dances of the people (not to mention military marches), to Schubert, to Berlioz, to Schumann, and to Bruckner, with whom he has but little in common, despite the frequent linking of their names. But to discern the sources of a composer's style is not necessarily to dismiss him as a mere epigone or even as an eclectic. Such things may be completely absorbed and fused into a single, if complex idiom, as they were in Mahler's case. That he had a style readily identifiable if not always easy to describe in technical terms is shown by the fact that critics of today are forever detecting *Mahlerisms* in contemporary works. A case in point is Shostakovitch, and not only because he revived the hour-long (and longer) symphony. If you wish to see a borrowing more unabashed than anything in Mahler, compare the opening of the finale of the Russian's *Fifth* with the announcement of the chief theme of the finale of the other's *First*.

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Even when these misapprehensions are disposed of, Mahler's claim to recognition as a major symphonic composer is often disputed on the ground that the trend of his mind was lyric rather than symphonic in the more exacting sense of the word.

Warmly appreciative is the analytical essay by Eric Blom that accompanied the first release of the Columbia recording of *Das Lied von der Erde*. For this particular work Mr. Blom displays unbounded admiration. In contra-distinction to Ernst Krenek, who accords that place to the *Ninth Symphony* and to Egon Wellesz, who prefers the *Eighth*, Mr. Blom (and he is not alone in this respect) holds that *Das Lied von der Erde* is beyond any doubt Mahler's masterpiece. His argument is that Mahler, like Schubert, was a born song-writer who tried also to write symphonies. In this role, like Schubert before him, he was not entirely unsuccessful. But however eloquent the result, the symphonies were achieved under a fundamental handicap, the aforesaid lyric bent. In *Das Lied von der Erde* this obstacle was removed. Mahler was here in his rightful and proper sphere. The underlying purpose of the symphony was lyrical and the symphonic dressing serves to lift the composition to a higher plane than that of pure song.

Now this contention is not so easily disposed of as the others, though there are many who do not agree. Mahler had, of course, a pronounced lyric gift. He has left us some charming songs, still but a handful in comparison with those of Brahms, Wolf or Strauss. Distinctly the best of them are those for which he provided an orchestral accompaniment. And these by their very nature are quite as symphonic as they are lyric. Wholly symphonic in character, on the other hand, are the choral portions of his symphonies: the finale of the *Second*, the entire *Eighth* and even the finale of the *Fourth*, outwardly no more than a soprano solo with orchestral background.

As far as Schubert is concerned, he was no contrapuntist and was well aware of the fact, and planned at some time to remedy this deficiency. Mahler, on the contrary, was a contrapuntist born. It has been pointed out that he was the first to restore the pure polyphony of the Middle Ages and the first later German composer to free himself from the tyranny of the bass. Often a bold and original harmonist, he nevertheless thought polyphonically rather than harmonically and was therefore the true forerunner of the linear contrapuntists of the 20th century. Undoubtedly, it was this aspect of his art which earned him the admiration of Schoenberg and his school.

In this connection it is pertinent to quote from the recently-published *Memories and Letters*, written and compiled by his widow, Alma Mahler (the Viking Press): "He worked at white heat all the summer on songs for orchestra, with Hans Bethge's Chinese poems as the text [*Das Lied von der Erde*]. The scope of the composition grew as he worked. He linked up the separate poems and composed interludes, and so found himself drawn more and more to his true

musical form—the symphony. When this was clear, the composition rapidly took shape and was completed sooner than he expected." So perhaps instead of saying that Mahler was a song-symphonist, and thus playing into the hands of a critic such as Cecil Gray\*, to whom that term is anathema, let us rather say that he was a symphonic song-writer. That the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, for instance, are symphonic in character is fully proven when parts of No. 1 and No. 4 turn up in the *First Symphony*.

Next to be disposed of is the theory that Mahler was congenitally addicted to mass effects, to swollen sonorities, choral and orchestral. No more unfortunate appellation was ever devised than the term "The Symphony of a Thousand." That the *Eighth Symphony* was designed and actually requires that many performers is an impression so widely circulated that few will be found to question it at all. Nevertheless, nothing could be farther from the truth, as an examination of the score will readily disclose. If a thousand singers and instrumentalists have been engaged in a performance of the *Eighth* the same is true of Handel's *Messiah*. Allowing sixty-five for the string section, one hundred and twenty players could meet the basic orchestral requirements of the score, and Mahler does not specify how many choristers are needed. He merely suggests that, if there is to be a large chorus and a large string section, the first of each of the woodwinds is to be doubled, and he would prefer to have two piccolos and two E-flat clarinets. The latest American performance of the *Eighth*, that given under the direction of the late Erno Rapee at New York's Center Theatre in 1942, enlisted an orchestra of a hundred and a chorus of three hundred, and while more singers and players would not have been amiss, the effect was by no means unsatisfactory. To be sure, in this symphony and also in the *Second*, Mahler "shot the works," but so did Beethoven in the *Ninth*, when he threw into the finale all the available resources of his day. We should not forget that Mahler's *Fourth* was the first symphony since Mendelssohn to dispense with trombones. Only four horns are required for the *Ninth Symphony* and *Das Lied von der Erde*, and much of the orchestration of the latter is notable for its delicacy and transparency. Save when he desires a mass effect, Mahler turned his back upon the lush doublings of Wagner and Strauss and the predominant characteristic of his scoring is the isolation of the instruments. In passage after passage we are actively conscious of each and every one of them. It is another sign of Mahler's tendency to run to extremes that he should have given us such things as the *Eighth Symphony* and the finale of the *Second* and also have pointed the way in his *Fahrenden Gesellen* songs and the *Kindertotenlieder* to the chamber

\* In his *Music of Our Day* (Thomas Y. Crowell) Lazare Saminsky calls Sibelius a "song-symphonist," the very thing which Mr. Gray has emphatically protested that he is not!

orchestra of our own day. In the matter of obtaining a maximum of effect with a minimum of means he is still unrivalled.

There is another "misconception" that I might mention, though it comes closer to being a difference of opinion or the possession of a different standard of values. If you require consistency of style and a more or less uniform level of achievement, as found for example in Brahms, then Mahler is not your man. People do not adore one symphony of Brahms and detest another, yet there are those who feel almost that strongly regarding certain works of Mahler. It is also possible to have violent likes and dislikes among the music dramas of Wagner. The *Ring* operas, *Meistersinger*, *Tristan*, and *Parsifal* are quite dissimilar in style, though all are recognizably Wagnerian. When two motives from *Tristan* are quoted in the third act of *Die Meistersinger* we are transported forthwith to another tonal and emotional world.

For the true Mahlerite, as for the perfect Wagnerite, everything goes. The real fascination of Mahler lies in his protean variety, even in the flat contradictions of his personality, such as his extreme sophistication and equally pronounced naïvete, his bitter pessimism and his bland optimism, his ability to be both simple and grandiose. It has not been given to many to portray with equal vividness the pleasures of Heaven and the pangs of Hell. Mahler is able to convince you that each place is his special province.

An even greater stumbling block for many is what Krenek calls the "disconcerting straightforwardness" of Mahler. They do not credit him with having used obvious thematic material purposely or with having resorted deliberately to outright vulgarity. They assume that he was a commonplace or blatant, as the case might be, because he lacked the taste to be otherwise. As an Austrian he had, of course, a fondness for simple melody, the folksy strain to which I have already alluded. He also harbored two unconventional convictions, viz., that the symphony should be for all, not for the select few, and that it should contain the whole of life, the tawdry as well as the beautiful. In the passage in the third movement of his *First*, marked "Mit Parodie", he directs that the cymbals be attached to the bass drum and played by one performer because this vulgarity was exactly what he wanted. This was the meanness and the cheapness of life from which in the ensuing Trio, lifted bodily from the fourth of the *Gesellen* songs, he was to find solace under the friendly linden tree. This is not program music in the accepted sense; neither is it "absolute" music. Many listeners are either caught off guard by this paradox or, while aware that in Mahler you must read between the lines, are still unwilling to make the effort preferring to fall back upon those symphonists who give them no such problems with which to wrestle. A complex man, a complex composer. Someday, no doubt, the whole world will get him straight. Then will we really see the fulfillment of his prophecy "My time will come."

# Mahler's Eighth Symphony

By PAUL STEFAN

The following essay written by the late Dr. Paul Stefan, eminent Viennese Musicologist, was read over the ABO Network on April 5, 1942 before the broadcast of the *Eighth* conducted by the late Erno Rapce.

THE question has often been asked why Mahler wrote for such large orchestras, augmented by human voices, and more specifically, why he wrote the *Eighth Symphony* for a huge group of performers that includes an orchestra, two choruses, a large children's choir, and seven soloists as well as a brass choir and grand organ. The answer may be found partly in the fact that Mahler lived in the heroic period at the latter part of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. It was an epoch dominated by the great figure of Wagner whose monumental poetic dramas demanded ever greater and greater material resources for their performance. It was in that epoch Mahler lived and composed.

Another reason for the unusual requirements of the *Eighth Symphony* is to be found in the purpose Mahler had in writing it. He had tremendous visions, whose meaning, he felt, was of overwhelming urgency and importance to all mankind. He had confessed his faith in immortality in his *Second Symphony*. He felt a strong impulse to reaffirm that faith fifteen years later. These fifteen years had been a period of happy married life and great artistic triumphs. During this time Mahler had grown in emotional stature and in his deep conviction that there is an existence beyond our material life. In his desire to express the almost inexpressible, he had to have recourse to a huge personnel of interpreters.

One is inclined to ask what it was that Mahler longed to proclaim through his music in the *Eighth Symphony*.

We think it was the secret of love, love that is creative, love that is god-like. In the first half of the *Eighth Symphony* Mahler evokes the spirit of creation and the spirit of eternal love, using the words of an old Latin hymn to express this life-giving spirit.

The second half of the symphony reveals the miracles wrought by love. For the expression of this miracle, sung by human voices, Mahler chose the utterance of Goethe in the final scene of *Faust*. Although Faust became the victim of human temptation, he never lost his love for other human beings, and for his work. Throughout all his errors and misfortunes he carried within himself the strength of spirit he gained through the love of woman. Because of this love he was accepted into heaven.

Mahler had completed the symphony in a frenzy of creative energy

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in 1906, and he fell ill shortly after that, perhaps as a result of the strenuous labor the symphony entailed. Certainly his later works, such as *Das Lied von der Erde* and the *Ninth Symphony* do not convey the impression of over-powering and undiminished strength that is displayed in the *Eighth Symphony*.

This work was considered impossible to perform because of the difficulty of the music and the large number of performers it required. Mahler was inclined to believe that this opinion of his symphony was correct, and he had more or less given up all hope of hearing it. When he returned from New York where he had conducted at the Metropolitan, and went to Munich, he found that rehearsals for the first performance of his gigantic symphony were already in progress. Despite his failing health he threw himself into the excitement of the last rehearsals with a frenzy which dominated all the participants.

When he conducted the first performance and received an unheard of ovation, he felt that he was successful in proclaiming his love for the eternal and believed that his work on earth was done. The symphony lasted an hour and a half, but the cheering and tumult that followed the performance did not die away for a half hour following the concert. It was the greatest and last triumph of his life.



### KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL PRESENTED TO ERICH LEINS DORF

In appreciation of his efforts to create a greater interest in and appreciation of Bruckner's music in the United States, the Directors of the *Society* awarded the Kilenyi Bruckner Medal of Honor to Erich Leinsdorf. Leinsdorf broadcast the *Adagio* of Bruckner's *Fourth* over NBC on October 18, 1942. On April 12th and 15th, 1945, he conducted first performances of the *Fourth* in Cleveland. Recordings were broadcast by Mutual. The presentation of the medal on behalf of the *Society* was made by Ralph S. Schmidt, Vice President of the Cleveland Institute of Music, after a performance of Bruckner's *Seventh* in Cleveland on October 28th, 1945.

# Mahler and Dostoevski

By CURTIS SWANSON

AMONG the spiritual ancestors of Gustav Mahler, none holds a more important place than Dostoevski. The philosophical system constructed by the great Russian was a potent factor in the development of Mahler's spiritual vision and a knowledge of it is essential to a clear understanding of the composer's *Weltanschauung*. Mahler himself testified to the importance of Dostoevski and this influence is recounted by many of his followers and students. The greatest testimonial, however, lies in Mahler's creative works themselves—they speak with a most eloquent voice of the influence exerted by the novelist. Unique, utterly original as they are, they sing of the spiritual kinship of the composer and the writer.

What is this system which the Russian has fashioned? The attempt to answer this question has formed the chief task of many thinkers and is the subject of scores of scholarly studies. The scope of a short article, of course, is insufficient for an adequate description, as the reader well knows. However, with a full realization of the limitations involved, it may be useful to point out two of the most basic theses of Dostoevski's philosophy, for they apply with particular significance to the Mahler-Dostoevski relationship. They are, briefly:

1. Man's nature is characterized by a fundamental duality and contradiction.
2. Only through suffering can man become free.

Dostoevski removed the mask from human life and laid bare the inward and secret springs which lead to the overt acts of man. With uncanny insight he probed the hidden motives of the human soul, and in these subterranean channels of human activity, Dostoevski fathomed the real man. Here he discovered that man is essentially a turbulent, contradictory being. As Berdyaev says, "Dostoevski's anthropology shows human nature to be in the highest degree dynamic. Immobility is only a surface characteristic; the veil of custom and the harmony of the soul hide whirling storms, with which alone he was concerned, and he went down into these gloomy depths and unsealed a fountain of light, light more authentic than that which shines on the untroubled surface. Man's stormy restlessness is due to the polarity of his nature, to the shock of colliding contraries."<sup>1</sup>

Mahler, by his very nature, could not fail to be attracted by this unique conception of man. He displayed many of the characteristics of this duality and expressed them in his work. "It will ever remain

<sup>1</sup> Nicholas Berdyaev: *Dostoevski, An Interpretation*; Sheed and Ward, New York, 1934; p. 57.

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a secret of nature," says Bruno Walter of Mahler, "how it could have created and made capable of living a man with such violent inner conflicts, and how it could have kneaded into a fundamentally sound and vital constitution so much of energy and intellectual acuteness, so much of serenity and self-sufficient quietness and, at the same time, so much of gloomy irritability, of danger from out of threatening depths, and, lastly, so much of whimsical humor."<sup>2</sup> Again, Walter says that "such was his nature that, because of its inconstancy, he was unable to hold conquered spiritual positions."<sup>3</sup>

How often we see this duality expressed in Mahler's music. Listening to one of his symphonies, we hear, alternately, sounds of the most earthly, often vulgar sort, only to be succeeded by music, the sheer radiance and ethereal beauty of which is unexcelled in symphonic literature.

The first and second movements of the *First Symphony* are models of youthful exuberance, vigor, and charm. Yet in the Funeral March and again in the *finale*, we see abject despair and gloom, heightened by sardonic humor. In the end, however, the forceful triumph of Mahler's spirit dominates the thrilling climax. And, again, what greater contrast could be found than that between the diabolic *scherzo* of the *Second* and the glorious fifth movement? Or between the amusing strains of *Der Trunkene im Frühling* and the ethereal *Der Abschied in Das Lied von der Erde*? The instances are numerous—the above-mentioned are only typical.

This leads to the second of Dostoevski's theses, that only through suffering can man become free, which is essentially a religious doctrine. Dostoevski's conception of human destiny involved a long, tortuous journey which man must take. On the way he is beset by evil, trouble, suffering, despair and, perhaps most significantly, by doubt. Dostoevski, perhaps the foremost theologian of the last century, and a firm supporter of the Orthodox church, was at the same time moved by the most compelling kind of doubt and skepticism. He has presented the case for humanitarian and socialistic opposition to the Christian virtues in a most convincing and persuasive manner. The central book of *The Brothers Karamazov, Pro and Contra*, which includes the unforgettable *Grand Inquisitor* chapter, is a devastating attack on the religious position which we associate with Dostoevski himself. In fact, the writer had difficulty in persuading his publisher that the words of Ivan Karamazov were not his own and that the Christian doctrine would be adequately defended in the following section, *The Russian Monk*. That Dostoevski could wax so eloquent in attacking his own position is another example, perhaps the most striking, of the power of his conflicting ideals.

The famous conversation at the inn between Ivan and Alyosha, which constitutes the main part of *Pro and Contra*, is described by

<sup>2</sup> Bruno Walter: *Gustav Mahler*; The Greystone Press, New York, 1941; p. 132.

<sup>3</sup> *ibid.* p. 129.

Walter as "a fundamental expression of all that I have called Mahler's world-sorrow."<sup>4</sup> Mahler was painfully aware of the evil and suffering that is so much a part of our worldly existence. Man's inhumanity to man, the tragic fate that sets brother against brother, these were for him, as for Dostoevski, a barrier against an unclouded faith. The apparent inconsistency between an all-merciful Deity and the endless suffering inflicted on mankind, has nowhere been so poignantly depicted as in the conversation between the Karamazov brothers. Ivan, the skeptic, the man crushed by the rank injustice of the world-order, raises the question which is eternally asked by the humanitarians: "If there is a God, how can these things be?"

Addressing Alyosha, the religious novice garbed in monastic dress, Ivan recounts the most awful kind of earthly suffering—the pain of little children. He gives the most gruesome examples. Alyosha hears of the Russian child who was thrown to the wild dogs for some petty offense, of the Turkish soldiers' pastime of tossing an infant in the air and then catching it on the point of a bayonet—all before the mother's eyes. Then Ivan asks, "Can you understand why a little creature, who can't even understand what's done to her, should beat her aching heart with her tiny fist in the dark and the cold, and weep her meek unresentful tears to dear, kind God to protect her? Do you understand that, friend and brother, you pious and humble novice? Do you understand why this infamy must be and is permitted? Without it, I am told, man could not have existed on earth, for he could not have known good and evil. Why should he know that diabolical good and evil when it costs so much? Why, the whole world of knowledge is not worth that child's prayer to 'dear, kind God.'"

That such an utterance could have come from a writer who later espoused a contrary point of view is a tribute to the triumph of Christian values in Dostoevski. For in his considered and final answer, it is by means of this suffering and tribulation that man approaches God.

It is small wonder that Mahler found in Dostoevski a kindred soul. The same doubts that beset the writer perplexed the composer; the "world-sorrow" of Dostoevski was essentially the same as that which moved Mahler. Happily, both men uttered a reassuring message of love—a love of God and of the world. What more convincing testimony to the triumph of life over death, of the power of God over the forces of darkness, is to be found in all artistic creation, than in Mahler's *Second*, whose triumphant *finale* proclaims the eternal message of hope: "You will arise straightway, my heart, resurrected and wing your pulsing way aloft to God." Happily, too, we find a love of this world, of "the dear earth," expressed so movingly in *Das Lied von der Erde*. Lovers of Mahler's music, who have been enchanted by the beauty of *Der Abschied*, with its picture of an eternally new and verdant earth, may find a similar portrayal by Dostoevski and will not miss

<sup>4</sup> *ibid.* p. 139.

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the significance of it, found in one of the best passages in *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Alyosha, alone in the midst of an ethereally beautiful night, is pictured in an unforgettable scene. "The vault of heaven, full of soft, shining stars, stretched vast and fathomless above him. The Milky Way ran in two pale streams from the zenith to the horizon. The fresh, motionless, still night enfolded the earth. The white towers and golden domes of the cathedral gleamed out against the sapphire sky. The gorgeous autumn flowers, in the beds round the house, were slumbering till morning. The silence of earth seemed to melt into the silence of the heavens. The mystery of earth was one with the mystery of the stars . . . .

"Alyosha stood, gazed, and suddenly threw himself on the ground. He did not know why he embraced it. He could not have told why he longed so irresistibly to kiss it, to kiss it all. But he kissed it weeping, sobbing and watering it with his tears, and vowed passionately to love it, to love it forever and ever."

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In addition to specific references cited in footnotes, I was helped by the following background material:

- Gabriel Engel: *Gustav Mahler: Song-Symphonist*; The Bruckner Society of America, New York, 1932.  
 Ernest J. Simmons: *Dostoevski: The Making of a Novelist*; Oxford University Press, New York, 1940.  
 Avrahm Yarmolinaky: *Dostoevsky: A Life*; Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York, 1934.

I have also been helped by reading several articles in issues of *Chord and Discord* and by correspondence with Bruno Walter.

## Mahler's Music in Wartime Britain

By JACK DIETHEB

Spring, 1945

IT was an English critic, Henry Boys, who pointed out that Mahler, standing on the threshold of modern music and looking both backward and forward, was the one vital link between the new and the old, without some knowledge of whom a deeper understanding of twentieth century music is incomplete.<sup>1</sup> This sense of historical justice is typical of English appreciation, as is the recent observation of Ralph Hill:

"At the time that Mahler was producing his major works we in Britain were under the spell of Brahms and Strauss, and had no time for yet another new German composer. Then Mahler died and the first world war came, which ruled out any possibility of putting his music on the British musical map. Finally, after the war there was a violent reaction against the 'monumental' in music and only works of this kind by established composers of the past were tolerated. Thus circumstances from the beginning were against Mahler's music being given a fair trial here."<sup>2</sup>

It is well to add that even the established composers' big works often needed special reinforcement when the age of orchestral economy inevitably set in, for to Mahler's misfortune this occurred in a shorter space of time after his death than it would have taken to become assimilated internationally. To the directorial mind only popular demand could justify additional provision, not Mahler's creative demand. And how, in this vicious circle, could the public know that his demand to be taken on his own extravagant terms was motivated by an impulse worthier than that of egomania, as some critics facetiously suggested?

The second world war was even less respectful of creative considerations. In 1940 the devastation of London closed most of its concert halls and broke up many orchestras. Those able to continue became wandering bands perpetually en route from province to province with a skeleton standard repertory. Rehearsals became almost non-existent. Two years later the destruction of Queens Hall left many musicians without even their instruments. Traveling expenses were barely covered by the intakes even of packed provincial halls. Scant accommodation, little sleep, and great strain impaired playing efficiency all

<sup>1</sup> Booklet issued by the Gramophone Co., Ltd., London, with HMV recording of Mahler's *Ninth*.

<sup>2</sup> Mahler and Sibelius—BBC *Radio Times*.

around. The orchestras of the north carried on fairly steadily, and gradually London again received its own players. From 1942 each successive season was bigger, and nearer to the pre-war standard in execution. But even today few conductors can count on more than one rehearsal; engagements are subject to every unforeseen difficulty, and the budget is tyrant over all.

"Fair trial"! If one great German composer was unable to get a fair trial before this upheaval took place, what chance had he now? Yet the astounding fact remains that Mahler has made great strides here since 1939. For if physical limitations have never been more severe, popular interest has never been greater. The existent recordings of his works are even more treasured, and fantastic prices are quoted for them in record trade columns. His name appears in discussions of modern music in ever widening connotations, and most often by composers who acknowledge their indebtedness. His songs are vigorously encored on numerous occasions, and audience polls show them to be among the most popular items in the whole song repertory.

Simultaneously with the publication, in the midst of this war, of his symphonic scores for the first time outside German-speaking countries, the leading British music critic Ernest Newman devoted four weekly leading articles in the *Sunday Times* to a high appraisal of his work. Owing to the demand for more material by the smaller orchestras several individual Mahler movements—those smaller ones which are better able to bear such treatment—have been arranged for reduced orchestra, published and widely dispersed in this form.

These are a few of the events that have helped to span the formidable gulf between our musical public and this musical art of just thirty years ago. It indicates an undeniable flare-up of an "infatuation" which has been but smouldering during these years; but what does it indicate for the future? Let us not be over-confident, but examine the present status of each of his works individually:

*Symphony No. 1:* Has not been performed here in complete form in wartime. Second and third movements published separately by Boosey & Hawkes in 1942 (arranged for reduced orchestra by Erwin Stein), and widely performed under the names *Laendler* and *Marcia funebre* respectively. American Columbia recording so far unknown in this country.

*No. 2:* Not performed in complete form in wartime. Second movement published separately by Boosey & Hawkes in 1942 (arranged for reduced orchestra by Erwin Stein), and very widely performed under the name *Andante pastorale*. Anatole Fistoulari and the London Philharmonic have given over a hundred performances of this movement in London and on tour. (This thin-end-of-the-wedge approach is much favored by British conductors.) American Victor recording of the symphony was in British

catalog from 1939 to 1941 only, has never been widely known, and is no longer manufactured here.

*No. 3:* Never performed completely in this country. The first full performance, to be given in April, 1945, by Sidney Beer and the National Symphony, was cancelled owing to organizational difficulties. Second movement published separately by Boosey & Hawkes in 1942 (arranged for reduced orchestra by Benjamin Britten), and widely performed under the name *Menuetto*.

*No. 4:* Frequently performed throughout the country by various conductors, usually with the soprano solo in an English translation. Very popular.

*No. 5:* Never performed completely in this country. The little *Adagietto* for strings and harp has been available in both recordings continually since their release, and has been frequently performed throughout the country.

*No. 6:* Never performed in this country or America.

*No. 7:* Never performed completely in this country, nor any part in war.

*No. 8:* Produced in Queens Hall shortly before the war; never performed since.

*No. 9:* Not performed in wartime. The recording by Bruno Walter was sponsored in 1938 by advance private subscription from this country, and despite limited distribution by HMV, this recording has maintained an enormous reputation throughout the war, and is the focal point of all British Mahler criticism. The records have been frequently played by the BBC.

*No. 10:* Never performed in this country or America.

*Das Lied von der Erde:* Very highly regarded here. The recording by Bruno Walter was sponsored by British enthusiasts in 1936. Although this has never been a general English Columbia release, it has been widely dispersed here. (The records have not, apart from the orchestral interlude from the *Abschied*, been played on the BBC during the war because of the unfortunate ban on the use of German texts imposed on it for the duration.) Boosey & Hawkes published a new vocal score by Erwin Stein in 1942, in a translation by Stewart Wilson. Among the conductors who have undertaken to produce the work in wartime despite stringent rehearsal limitations are Sidney Beer, Sir Adrian Boult, Malcolm Sargent, Guy Warrack, and the late Sir Henry Wood. (Of these Mr. Beer also undertook to have it sung in the original.)

## Chord and Discord

*Das klagende Lied*: Never performed in this country or America.

*Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, *Kindertotenlieder*, and some *Wunderhorn-Lieder* have been frequently performed at Wigmore Hall, Fyvie Hall and the National Gallery, London, with piano accompaniment. (At the Gallery there have been, in different seasons, three presentations of the *Fahrenden Gesellen* alone.) The German recording of the *Kindertotenlieder* is still available in the Decca print; and Anthony Tudor's ballet *Dark Elegies*, with this music as accompaniment, is still in the standard repertory of the Ballets Rambert, for whom it was originally devised, although it has not always been possible during the war to use the original orchestral version.

This summary will serve to indicate that, as elsewhere, the public evaluation of Mahler's total significance through his larger output is by no means possible in Britain today. (In spite of this there are a few otherwise intelligent musical writers here who are ready to declare categorically that the 1920 complete Mahler festival in Amsterdam was of no importance.) It should also be noted that the two most familiar works in Britain are complementary in temperament, though alike in musical texture, which is of Mahler's more delicate order. The charm and subtlety of the *Fourth Symphony* undoubtedly has a special appeal for that considerable British public which is deeply influenced by the proximity of French culture (though it could scarcely be said that the brilliant and characteristic humor which pervades much of his other music has gained it the appreciation it deserves no less on that count). And *Das Lied von der Erde* has a special place in the English conscience that is not easily described. Possibly it is the exquisite poetry more than the music itself that is the original attractive force (to lovers of the earthy pessimism of A. E. Housman, for instance, and the tragic Shakespeare), and if so it is fortunate indeed, for it has a revealing application to his general aesthetic much wider than this single work, as will be seen by comparing some of his early letters, written thirty years before, in his earliest manhood. If this is a back-door, so to speak, to the purely musical value of Mahler's unique gift, let it not be underrated.

This, then, is the problem that has been so rudely exposed to the jagged edge of war. In such circumstances, what should be attempted, and what not? Controversy has newly arisen over just how much interpretive shortcoming such unfamiliar works can bear. This was precipitated by Mr. Newman's recent remark that the above-mentioned production of the *Eighth Symphony* was "a mistake that did the Mahler cause more harm than good."

The fact is that Mr. Newman is probably confusing the "Mahler cause" with his own sensibilities, which is by no means discreditable in a critic, whose chief business is to criticise, not to defend causes. A merely mediocre performance (which can unfortunately no longer

always be avoided even in the classics) would undoubtedly do his aesthetic sense more harm than good, since Mr. Newman can at any time with the help of a score produce a much better effect from his own imagination, but would not necessarily prevent a natural response to the merit of the music itself at a first hearing. No performance of Shakespeare, though it do no more (and no less) than deal faithfully with the lines, can prevent a little of Shakespeare's genius from showing through; and music will certainly not in any case appeal to people without a minimum of independent imagination. Interpretive discrimination follows on, through the comparison of separate experiences. Those who possess a deeper insight into Mahler's creative impulse may well doubt that the world can obtain a like understanding through the medium of interpreters not possessed of that insight. But neither is it demonstrable that perfect understanding can be achieved short of the advent of a perfect society, and there is sufficient evidence that Mahler did not desire his work to remain in a spiritual vacuum in the meantime.

### Spring, 1946

With the restoration of peace, and the renewed continental interest, even amid the desolation, in Mahler's work and spirit, the manifestations of interest in England have taken their first tangible form in the premiere of one of the five remaining symphonies hitherto unperformed in Britain. Last October 20 the *Fifth Symphony* was conducted by Dr. Heinz Unger at the Stoll Theatre with the London Philharmonic. The performance was preceded by a fuller rehearsal time (ten hours) than has been accorded by this orchestra to any single work since 1939. Because of the expense, and the handicap of having only one performance, a financial success was not possible; nevertheless the enthusiastic ovation given to the musicians at the end lasted nearly ten minutes. Finally, it is significant to note that the long-awaited translation of the full-length biography of the composer by Alma Mahler-Werfel was made not in America, but in London.



### KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO ARTUR BODZINSKI

The Mahler Medal, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the Bruckner Society of America, Inc., was awarded to Artur Bodzinski for his efforts to create greater interest in and appreciation of Mahler's music in the U. S. A. Bodzinski introduced the *Resurrection Symphony* to Clevelanders on January 2 and 4, 1936. On January 2 and 3, 1942, he conducted Mahler's *First* in Cleveland and on January 10, it was broadcast over CBS.

Mr. Charles Triller, Vice-President and Treasurer of the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, presented the Medal to Bodzinski on behalf of the Bruckner Society, following the last of four successive performances of the *Resurrection Symphony*, which were greeted by cheers from the audience. The last of these was broadcast over CBS on December 5, 1943.

## Mahler's First and Fourth on Records

By WILLIAM PARKSGBANT

“**L**IKE a sound of nature” (*Wie ein Naturlaut*)—such is the designation printed at the beginning of the *First Symphony* of Gustav Mahler, who once stated that these three words were the clue not only to *Symphony No. 1*, but to all his music.

Throughout seven octaves the strings sustain the note A (six of the notes being harmonics) against which the woodwinds hesitatingly present melodic fragments, the most prominent consisting of several downward skips of a fourth, a theme that becomes so significant in the last movement. (It is important to mention that the figure of the descending fourth appears prominently in every movement of this symphony; it is indeed a “generative motive,” a device loved by Beethoven and Franck.) Almost inaudible fanfares by off-stage trumpets and a gentle rising figure in the low strings lead to the appearance of the principal subject, beginning in the cellos. This theme is taken from Mahler's song-cycle *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, written a few years previously, which is closely connected with the *First Symphony*. Like Schubert, Mahler occasionally re-employed a song melody in a larger composition.

This bright and jaunty theme is enclosed in repeat signs—a practice Mahler very rarely employed—so this repetition surely ought to be observed in the interest of good formal balance, although such is not the case in the recording to be discussed below. There is a return to the slower tempo and hesitating manner of the introduction; we observe a long-sustained and very soft low F in the tuba and double-basses, after which the horns lead the way to an extended return of the cheerful mood presented earlier. Jubilant fanfares in the brass and some lusty banging on the timpani bring the first movement to a bold and reckless conclusion.

The care-free mood continues into the sturdy *scherzo* that forms the second movement. The principal section suggests the mood of a drinking-song, with a middle part in the style of an old-fashioned Austrian waltz, or *Laendler*. The form is ABA. It is a delightful movement—one that would win any but a prejudiced listener to a liking for Mahler's music.

In a composer whose love of folk-music was highly pronounced and who often wrote themes which were of folk-song simplicity or imitations of popular style, it may seem strange that there is, to the best of this writer's knowledge, only one actual folk-melody quotation, and the third (slow) movement of the *First Symphony* happens to be that lone example. Mahler here takes the old French round *Frère*

*Jacques*, disguises it slightly and puts it into the minor mode, and, keeping its canonic character, uses it as the principal theme of a sardonic funeral march movement. It is well-known that the idea for this occurred to the composer on seeing a satirical picture called "The Hunter's Burial" by Callot; it showed the coffin of a hunter being carried through a forest, followed by various animals in grotesque and mock-mournful attitudes. The opening of the movement is simply but uniquely scored—for muted solo double-bass accompanied by muffled timpani occupied with the interval of the fourth. After the round has been presented a new theme in gypsy style follows, intermingled with a theme reminiscent of the efforts of "The Podunk Center Silver Cornet Band," with the two E-flat clarinets and *col legno*\* strings prominent, marked *mit Parodie*. Mahler believed that the homely and the bucolic had their place in serious art, and had an unashamed fondness for what the American 'teen-ager calls the "corny." Indeed this occasional recourse to the deliberately and half-satirically banal is probably one of the traits that cause Mahler to be heartily disliked by some musicians, particularly the hyper-esthetes who refuse to dwell anywhere in the world of music save in an ivory tower. But Mozart (*A Musical Joke*), Haydn, Beethoven (*Sixth Symphony, A-Minor Quartet*), Stravinsky, Copland, Shostakovich, Prokofieff, Walter Piston, Wagner (*Die Meistersinger*), Milhaud, William Walton, and others have preceded or followed him in this practice, so Mahler alone should not be criticized for it. Soon the mood becomes eloquently earnest, and in another quotation from *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, beginning in muted violins and continued by the oboe, we have one of the loveliest moments in all music. When this heavenly passage dies away we return to the mock funeral-march based on *Frère Jacques*. The country band reappears, shriller than ever, with a sudden doubling of the tempo which causes the most sober of us to laugh aloud. The gypsy theme is also recalled. The music dies away in a reminiscence of the opening.

The last and longest movement of this symphony begins with a startling cymbal crash, followed by wild and stormy uproar in the whole orchestra. The key is the unexpected one of F-minor. Some semblance of order comes with the appearance of an energetic, march-like theme—principal subject of the movement. Yet the tempest is barely kept under control and breaks out of bounds here and there throughout the movement. But there is genuine quiet in the form of a fine lyric theme, the only one in all of Mahler's music that seems to hint that he might have been a bit influenced by the style of Tchaikowsky. There are also occasional references to the introduction of the first movement. Twice when wild disorder is at its very height we are abruptly and triumphantly thrown into the bright key of D-major. The theme based on a series of descending skips of the

\* With the wood of the bow instead of with the hair.

*Chord and Discord*

fourth, hesitatingly suggested in the opening of the first movement and elsewhere appears in this key forcefully presented by the seven\* horns. (Those of us who have been tortured at vocal recitals by an abominable ditty called *I Love Life* will at once realize that if Mahler has been accused of unconscious plagiarism it is equally true that he has been the victim of it.) Other striking passages are one which recalls the ringing of bells and another containing unabashed imitation of the sounds of nature. Jubilant fanfares and references to previous themes, especially that of the series of descending fourths, bring the movement to a conclusion of the utmost brilliance and energy. It is not surprising in view of this ending that the *First Symphony* has been nicknamed "Titan." It is also pertinent to note that at the first performance of this work, Mahler, in response to public taste, called it a symphonic poem and gave the last movement the name *From Inferno to Paradise*.



The recording of the *First Symphony* appeared late in 1941—to late for inclusion in a review of all then-existing Mahler recordings which I prepared for the December 1941 issue of CHORD AND DISCORD, though an editor's foot-note drew attention to the release and the same issue contained a very complete and scholarly analysis of the composition by that erudite Mahler authority, Gabriel Engel. The records were made by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos, issued as Columbia album No. 469 (six 12-inch double-faced records). This maestro has frequently performed the *First Symphony*, and his forceful, compelling manner of interpretation has aroused many audiences to the most enthusiastic ovation. As to the playing of the orchestra, except for a rather noticeable slip by a trombone in side 10, it would be hard to find any fault whatever. Listen to the precision of the horns at the beginning of side 3, the excellent string tone, and the lovely wistfulness of the oboe in the middle of side 7. The Minneapolis Orchestra, under Mr. Mitropoulos, is indeed a wonderfully precise, disciplined organization.

To complete the pleasantness of the picture, the Columbia recording engineers did a fine job of capturing the performance in wax. Reproduction is highly realistic, with minute details coming through clearly and with no stinting of the fortissimos or "boosting" of the pianissimos. Notice the remoteness of the off-stage trumpets near the beginning and the lusty, uninhibited pounding of the timpani at the close of the first movement—both infallible signs of good recording. The only fault one can think of to mention—and it seems downright picayunish to bring it up—is probably the fault of the players rather

\* Two additional horns *ad libitum* near the close of the symphony may increase the actual number of these instruments to nine.

than of the recording engineers, but it is true that an occasional pianissimo cymbal and triangle note cannot be heard. This remark may give some idea of the wonderful fidelity with which innumerable other small details do reproduce, especially when the records are played on a really good machine. Except for some scratching in the second half of side 7, the surfaces of my set are smooth and quiet. Occasionally in the stress of heavy climaxes I have known the needle to jump or repeat grooves, but the fact that this occurs only occasionally would seem to indicate that the fault may have been with the individual needle. I have heard these records on four different phonographs of varying quality and the reproduction is excellent on all of them, though naturally best on the bigger machines.

The "breaks" between the record sides are all made at appropriate places, except that between sides 6 and 7, which is abrupt, to say the least.

Although the second and fourth movements both begin about half-way through a record-side, dividing ridges have been thoughtfully provided, enabling us to play these movements separately with no guess-work as to where to lower the needle.

The recording of the *First Symphony* can be unhesitatingly recommended to both the confirmed Mahlerite and those to whom his music is unfamiliar.



From its beginning in flutes and sleigh-bells to its hushed conclusion in double-basses and harp, the *Fourth Symphony* in G-Major is a cheery work; the orchestra smiles and the sun shines in nearly every measure. Though not without occasional grotesque and satirical passages, there is none of the despondency and hopeless pessimism of *Das Lied von der Erde* or of the bitter grimacing, distortion, and ennui of certain passages of the *Ninth Symphony*.

*Symphony No. 4* is the most lightly-scored of the composer's orchestral compositions, as it requires no trombones or tuba. The occasional use of sleigh-bells gives the orchestra a crisp, bright color here and there.

According to the notes on the album containing the recording of this symphony, discussed below, Mahler wanted to recreate in this work something of the spirit of Haydn. One might add that the spirit of Mozart and Schubert is also observable in this archaism.

In the opening of the first movement already described, Mahler creates a distinctive effect which appears frequently in this section and in the *fnals* as well. The overall mood of the movement is one of good nature and well-being, or one might say of Viennese *Gesamtheitlichkeit*. But there are some powerful climaxes and not infrequent grotesque, fantastic passages—some of the "nocturnal" element of Mahler's music so often subjected to comment in Bruno Walter's

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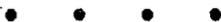
book on the composer; the second movement brings even more of such a mood. One of the most striking passages in the first movement is a high flute theme appearing half-way through side 2 of the recording—a melody which because of its pentatonic character will suggest the Indian to any American listener, though there seems to be no evidence that Mahler had the red man in mind when writing this work. Once heard, this passage is never forgotten.

The second movement is in the style of a *Laendler*, but much of it seems unreal and almost ghostly, like the dream of a dance, rather than the real thing. It is delightful music, representing the *scherzo* of the conventional symphony. A few words would not be amiss regarding the prominent passages for solo violin. The concertmaster is required to provide himself with two violins, one to be tuned a whole step higher than usual (that is, to F-sharp, B, E, A), the other in the normal manner (E, A, D, G). The passages written with the former (unconventional) tuning are notated as fingered, rather than as they sound; i.e., this solo violin is written as a transposing instrument. The effect of the unique tuning is to give the instrument a thin, rather shrill tone, reminiscent of that of a child's-size violin, or the instrument of some country fiddler; it is probably the latter which Mahler intended to suggest.

The third or slow movement—longest section of the work—is dominated by a thoughtful, rather dreamy mood; it is Mahler in deep meditation, though not in sorrow. There are several quicker passages, however, some bordering on the style of a *scherzo*, once suggestive of the minuet, occasionally with touches of good-natured satire. Those who are familiar with the composer's *Second Symphony* will observe a spot in which he comes very close to making a quotation from it. Near the end there is a sudden *fortissimo* outburst from the full orchestra, with wild trumpet fanfares and brief quotations from other movements (including the one to come)—a momentary vision of the Day of Judgment. The very conclusion of the movement is quiet, however; it ends on a dominant triad, leaving the way open for the immediate beginning of the fourth movement (*finale*).

The last movement is really a song for soprano voice with orchestra, the title of which in English is: *We Enjoy the Pleasures of Heaven*. Those who are familiar with Mahler's practices know that several of his songs occur as movements in symphonies. The text comes from the famous anthology of German folk-poems, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, to which Mahler turned for use in his songs on more than one occasion. It is a child's description of heaven, dwelling particularly on the good things to eat that are to be had there—a delightful poem, almost incredibly naïve. Each stanza is introduced by a passage derived from the very first few measures of the symphony—those that were originally scored for flutes and sleigh-bells; here the orchestra is fuller. Each stanza closes with a striking series of slow chords in parallel motion—a passage quoted literally from the *Third Symphony*,

if I am not mistaken. Near the end there is a modulation to E-major, and the symphony concludes quietly in that remote key.



Mahler's *Symphony No. 4* has been recorded very recently by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Bruno Walter with Desi Halban as soprano soloist, issued as Columbia album No. 589; six double-faced 12-inch records. It hardly seems necessary to comment on Walter's interpretation of the score, since he is acknowledged the greatest of Mahler conductors and his readings regarded as completely authoritative. The playing of the orchestra is magnificent in every way, thinking of the players individually or collectively. Those whose acquaintance with the Philharmonic is limited to its broadcasts will be glad to know that the orchestra sounds better on these records than on the air, being gratefully free from the frequent harsh tone that characterizes its radio performances. Desi Halban is one of the great Mahler singers, so we need not waste space in saying that her part of the performance leaves nothing to be desired. The slightly boyish quality of her voice is all to the good in this whimsical fourth movement—surely one of the really unique conclusions to any symphony.

The Columbia recording engineers, though not reliable in every recording, have done in this case a piece of work that no one could criticize in any way. Yet Philip L. Miller, reviewing this album in that Bible of the record-collector, *The American Record Guide* (formerly *The American Music Lover*), remarks that listening to the records reminds him of inspecting the music under a microscope; that the wealth of details comes out almost *too* well. The details are as clear as anyone could wish, but I am afraid I cannot agree with Mr. Miller's inference that the broad general effect is sacrificed for clarity of detail. As is frequent with records, these sound better after several playings than the first time. I have heard this set on three machines, of varying quality, and the effect is good on all, though naturally not as good on the cheap record-player attached to a radio as on the splendid two-unit machine found in the Carnegie Music Set at the College where I teach. The surfaces of the records in my album are very good.

The program-notes on the album-cover are informative, and the German text and English translation of the fourth movement poem, which are provided, will be appreciated by all who own these records.

The "breaks" between the various record-sides all occur at appropriate places.

## Mahler and the Student Critic

THE following comments are excerpts from papers written by students in Professor Philip Greeley Clapp's classes in Music Appreciation at the State University of Iowa. This course is a comprehensive survey of music presented as a two-year course and broadcast over the radio station of the University. Eight or nine meetings of this course are devoted to the music of Mahler every other year. In the spring of 1941 the Second Symphony and The Song of the Earth were presented on the phonograph and the Third, Fifth, and Sixth Symphonies were played on the piano by Professor Clapp from the orchestral score. Some of the students may have heard one or two Mahler works on phonograph or piano in one of the Summer Session classes in Music Appreciation. Besides class presentations and the availability of the Carnegie collection of phonograph records, the faculty and students have given concert performances of the Adagietto from the Fifth Symphony (February 26, 1941 and July 8, 1942), Songs of a Wayfarer, Professor Herald Stark, soloist (May 14, 1941 and July 8, 1942), the Second Symphony (April 22, 1942), and the Fourth Symphony (December 9, 1942). The first group of excerpts are from the assignment of May 16, 1941, the second from the assignment of April 27, 1942, and the third from the assignment of December 16, 1942:

### I

1. "The greatest surprise awaiting me was the discovery that the symphonies of Gustav Mahler were not only good, but great. I had been taught that Mahler was of fleeting importance in the world of great music . . . a bad imitator of Wagner, long-winded, and infinitely dull. And subject to the common pitfall into which a student slips, I accepted the word of my former teacher, and quickly dismissed Gustav Mahler as unimportant. Today, however, I humbly acknowledge my stupidity and gratefully join the ranks of the followers of Mahler.

"One task of a composer is to express himself in his medium so that all who listen will feel themselves as one with the music. They will feel with him, happiness, tragedy, gaiety, sorrow. They want to be moved to the heights or depths to which he carries them . . . Mahler has succeeded in making me understand his music, and he has carried me along with him in changing moods and emotions. More than that, I do not ask of any composer."

2. "The *Songs of a Wayfarer* stirred me almost to a state of ecstasy by their loveliness, their grace, and their yearning and haunting

charm. My introduction to Gustav Mahler has opened a new vista to me in the field of music. It is music which one longs to hear over and over again."

3. "I wish to pay a special tribute to one composer:—I first heard his name a year ago, and his music about three months ago, and read of his personal life and history within the last week. If the reader has not already guessed, I am speaking of Gustav Mahler.

"I was glad that I had read the original text of the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* before I heard it. The rendition was excellent . . . One passage especially I recall from the final song,—the melodious violins accompanied by the deliberate c and g of the tympani to the words:

'Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt, Ade! Ade! Ade!  
Mein Gesell' war Lieb' und Leide!'  
(None said goodbye to me.  
Goodbye! Goodbye! Goodbye!  
My companions were love and sorrow.)

The incident that occurred at the last University Orchestra concert,—the audience's demand that Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* be repeated,—reminded me that such repetitions were a common occurrence in Mahler's day, and under his baton."

4. "Few composers in the 20th Century can boast so distinguished a place as that which Gustav Mahler is now inevitably coming to hold. . . . just as a Brahms symphony represents an extension of the Beethoven symphonic form with many times as much crammed into an equivalent space, so does Mahler represent a later extension of the symphony—in no sense 'better' than Beethoven or Brahms—but presenting, as in the *Resurrection Symphony*, a gigantic unity of musical material which dwarfs practically any other composition.

"The *Adagietto* of the *Fifth Symphony* is an excellent example of the telling effect Mahler could secure with a relatively simple structure. The harp part is as notable for what it does not do as for what it does—a lesser composer would have been tempted to fill in the harmony on it after the fashion of a left hand part in a Chopin nocturne: not so Mahler. One would scarce have believed a rising major seventh could be so poignant, yet the *Urides* of the entire movement is little more than this melodic tendency.

"A composer should be in touch with the literature and materials of his predecessors, and should be able, on the basis of his wide acquaintance with music, to glimpse new means and fields of musical expression and then to lead the art in that direction . . . this Mahler did, never losing touch with his generation, though well in advance of it. In the later Mahler, one finds further growth, though perhaps less easily analyzed. A marked characteristic is the concept of melody as a function of many instruments rather than of a single instrument.

## II

1. "I must admit that up until the time we began rehearsals on the Mahler [*Second*] *Symphony*, I regarded his works only as products of a composer able to write at great length. After becoming more familiar with this masterpiece, I was definitely convinced that, regardless of length, each succeeding measure was something to look forward to with greater and greater expectations."

2. "When Dr. Clapp announced that Mahler's *Second Symphony* was to be rehearsed, I failed to understand or sympathize with the general spirit of enthusiasm of the more experienced performers of the orchestra. It was not until we had played it through once that I began to assume a like attitude. After the fifth or sixth rehearsal Mahler's *Second Symphony* had become my favorite symphony."

3. "Prior to the orchestra's conquest of the Mahler work, I was fairly ignorant of the man, except for a very bare acquaintance with him through reading. From the time of the first rehearsal of the work with our orchestra, however, I was well on my way to conversion. The thing that impressed me with the first readings of the work was its sheer power—the big climaxes, absent in the broadcast and recording versions, were literally spine-tingling.

"After two months of rehearsals the work seemed to have become part of me . . . There is a completely satisfying feeling that accompanies it. In most compositions there seem to be moments of 'lag'; but if there were any such in this Mahler Symphony, I was unable to detect them . . .

"As rehearsals progressed, it was not the powerful passages alone that held my attention, but also the tricky, fascinating third movement . . . A certain passage of the E flat clarinet haunted me wherever I went . . ."

4. "It was more than evident that the students had 'begged the privilege of studying and performing it' [Mahler's *Second Symphony*], for never have I seen any more perfect cooperation and coordination of orchestral and choral forces . . .

"After the final chord had ended, there was a decided pause. The people were in another world; overwhelmed by the power of the music, they had momentarily lost their sense of real, physical realms . . . I believe this pause was the greatest compliment a conductor can be given."

5. "These deadly lashes of power by the percussion section [in the first movement] arose with little warning from a mournful dirge, suggesting to me the possible recollection of past deeds, of power, and of victory: a reminiscence at death. The soft tones of muted violins expressed a lyrical beauty, peace, and comfort. Pathetic oboe

and trumpet suggested the sadness which engulfs the heart in times of failure or loss . . .

"In the second movement we are carried into a smoothly-flowing mood. We dream of Utopias and Shangri-las, of soft-rolling meadows, and 'flowery beds of ease'. Later, a certain pizzicato passage fluffs up our placid clouds with a lively, poking gesture . . .

"Movement three begins with a blast of percussion. Each successive passage, as the movement proceeds, seems to ridicule the preceding one. A solemn, serious strain is followed by a topsy-turvy, nonsensical, clown-like farce, suggesting the interruption of serious thought and action in a lopsided world where nothing can be foreseen, where surprises are constant rather than unusual . . .

"Once again in the last movement we hear the blasting, writhing, and pulling of a great struggle . . . The storm gradually dies . . . The chorus makes its entrance with the Resurrection Hymn; we hear a solo voice, first with the chorus as a background, then taken up by the orchestra . . . The chorus enters a second time, this time sounding even more hymnlike, then the contralto voice which is answered by the chorus with increasing power . . . The two solo voices are blended together in a duet. A crescendo of full orchestra and chorus builds a beautiful and powerful climax . . .

"And so the performance ended with the majority of the listeners filled with enthusiasm for a work previously unknown to them. They felt, as I did, that Mahler has been sadly neglected, and that if common folk have the capacity to make sensible judgments, they are right in saying that Mahler has written a most masterful symphony."

6. "The lovely, dainty movement of the pizzicato strings which gives such a delicate effect that one is carried away in its beauty, the breath-taking passages of the alto soloist where this solo voice soars high above the chorus and orchestra, the marvelous organ-like quality of the lower brass instruments in various passages aided by the contra-bassoon: these will live long in my memory as parts of one of the most wonderful musical works in which I have had the pleasure to participate."

7. "The immensity of the work, its vigorous themes, its great climaxes, the energetic brasses, and finally the union of chorus and orchestra are revelations . . .

"Among the surprises the symphony holds is the opening of the second movement. One hardly expects anything so gentle after the fury of the first . . . In the grand finale there is a sort of incoherent ecstasy so genuine that it requires little more persuasion than that of the music to imagine the heavens already opened, . . . the trumpeters, the summoning angels; and the chorus, the angelic choir."

8. "The ecstatic climax toward the end of the last movement [of the *Second Symphony*] is perhaps the greatest climax in all musical composition. It is as if Mahler realized that true greatness goes beyond the sphere of mortal living, so that he tops the climax by reaching into man's innermost religious self represented through the symbolism of church bells and the angelic singing of a mighty chorus . . .

"In general, Mahler shows himself a master of rhythm and timbre, and he can be delightful as well as powerful. There are even moments of drollery with a touch of dignity. At times he is as refreshing as a cold shower bath; at times he is sensational, but not in the cheap sense of the word, for his ideas are of such magnitude that only occasional sensationalism can bring them out . . ."

9. "The funeral march motif of the first movement, most prominent at its beginning and close, seems to be the basis of the whole. It is as though man, in serious moments, in times of struggle when meanings are clearest, is always aware that men are condemned to death at the hour of their birth. It is not an obvious, but a very profound awareness of death. The second movement represents the other side of man's nature. It shows man in times of day dreaming, in times of peace, and perhaps in times of mature and gentle love. The movement does not seem to deal with things less real, but rather with realities that are smaller and less dramatic . . . The full drama of the symphony culminates in the fifth movement. There the themes of the four previous movements are unified, so much so that I feel that the fifth movement could stand as a separate and valuable work. The dramatic quality of the whole work is great. Unless one refuses to listen to it, he must be drawn into Mahler's vision."

10. "To the writer, Mahler's *Resurrection Symphony* will always be symbolized by an unforgettable brass choir, the balance of which was made complete by the synchronizing blend of the tuba; the brief but expressive trio of violin, 'cello, and flute against the muted background of the tutti; the brilliant showmanship put up by the tympani, drums, and cymbals in the terrific and dynamic build-up from an almost inaudible pianissimo to an almost painful fortissimo that is snapped by the accurate baton at the psychological instant; the great summons in the fifth movement, interrupted only by the staccato lyrics of a lone bird; and the vision conjured up by the dynamic fifth movement of the miraculous assembling of bones spiritual, which seem to take form, rise from their earthly abodes, and join in a great jubilation at their eventual victory over the pestilences, sacrifices, pitfalls, and tragedies of life,—the triumph over the grave, with all bitterness now swept into oblivion by the reward of a joyous reunion."

III

1. "Up until a few weeks ago, what I knew about Mahler had been gained from reading and not from hearing . . . I had come to think of him as a sour, meticulously careful, boresome composer who spent most of his life trying to get the works of Bruckner performed, and in his spare moments dashing off a symphony or two. I don't feel that way any longer, thanks to the University Symphony Orchestra. The *Fourth Symphony* shows that Mahler can be jovial, light-hearted, and possibly a bit mischievous. I think the word gracious, to use only one word, best describes this work . . . To learn what a man's music is about by hearing it is far superior to reading someone else's views on the same music."
2. "Mahler's themes have the distinctiveness which causes one to remember them even after a first hearing only . . ."
3. "Since I have heard the *Fourth Symphony* of Mahler I have relegated a great many other works to the background. Being one of those people who knows little music but who listens always for new ideas of expression, I found many passages in this symphony that I shall never forget . . . If Mahler, like Franck, had written only one symphony—this one—he would have done enough."
4. "It always amazes me how Mahler avoided actual repetition of his themes . . ."
5. "I was a little surprised the first time I heard Mahler's *Fourth*. After hearing the 'mighty *Second*' I expected something more heavy. The *Fourth* proved, however, to be as delightful and captivating as anything could be."
6. "Mahler's *Fourth* had a classic beauty of grace and charm. The fourth movement, especially, was awe inspiring to all who felt the simplicity of a peasant's Divine world."
7. "About the Mahler Symphony. I think Mahler had a close relationship in his mind between symphony and song . . ."
8. "I don't know whether it is the music itself or the inspired orchestration he used that made the *Fourth Symphony* of Mahler one of the high spots in my listening experience . . . Parts of the symphony came as near to pure beauty as anything I have ever heard."
9. "His orchestration, in which many extraordinary and uncanny combinations are used, is nothing less than amazing . . . How a com-

## Chord and Discord

position can contain an unlimited depth of power and yet be fairy-like is hard to fathom, but Mahler does it."

10. "... the Mahler *Fourth Symphony* is one of the most fascinating I have ever played in. The solo passages seem characteristic of the instruments employed. Among them, the most outstanding are those for English horn, bass clarinet, and contra-bassoon . . ."

11. "About three years ago, during the second semester of this course, I wrote a paper on Gustav Mahler which set forth 'conventional' views of this composer. I now write another paper on the same subject, principally to show the futility of judging creative art by one exposure to it.

"I am firmly convinced that the unsympathetic attitude toward Mahler is due to the fact that he has been judged by critics after a few hearings, or even a single hearing of his works. I cite my own experience (a confession!). Three years ago I had heard only those works which were performed in class. Last winter I listened religiously to Erno Rapee's series on Sunday noons; last summer I soaked myself in some of the Mahler recordings and heard *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*; this fall I played in the *Fourth Symphony*. My experience with the *Fourth* further bears out my contention. On first reading I (and other members of the orchestra) agreed that the first movement is divine, the second less so, and the others nothing to write home about. After intensive rehearsal, which brought out not only the fine points but also a clearer realization of the meaning of the work, my opinion changed to one of admiration for the whole symphony. The important point is that Mahler's music is not flash-in-the-pan music; it is music that grows on you. I doubt if any considered judgment can be made of this composer after one, two, three, or even more hearings. And yet people do make such judgments; their views get into print; and the layman becomes anti-Mahler before he gives the man a chance to present his message.

"How many histories of music are sympathetic to Mahler? Practically none. And students read these texts without even hearing the music. I have before me one of the latest monumental histories,—one which I respect in many ways. What do I find? Statements such as these: 'all he could summon was an almost religious sincerity which cannot be challenged by the grandiloquence that often mars his best efforts'; 'the only great thing in these creations is the intention'; 'lack of cohesion and aesthetic unity'; 'nothing could raise this tragic work above a post-Wagnerian theatricalism'; 'his smile is lifeless, his irony bitter, and his humor forced.' Most of these statements are made in connection with a single work, the *Eighth Symphony*. The author mentions *Lied von der Erde*, but I wonder if he ever heard the *Fourth Symphony* or *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*!

## Mahler Medal Award to Erno Rapee

Mayor La Guardia Broadcasts Speech of Presentation over the ABC Network (April 18, 1948).

**T**HIS is the occasion of the first performance of Gustav Mahler's *SYMPHONY OF A THOUSAND*, as his *Eighth Symphony* is called, in New York in twenty-six years. It is called the *SYMPHONY OF A THOUSAND*, because, as you know, there were a full thousand performers on the stage when immortal Mahler himself directed the first performance in Munich on September 12, 1910:

I can think of no better time to present that distinguished conductor, Erno Rapee, with the Mahler Medal on behalf of the Bruckner Society of America.

Mr. Rapee, who had a long and distinguished career in music, prior to his becoming conductor of music for the Radio City Music Hall in 1932, in arranging the performance of Mahler's *Eighth Symphony*, has performed a titanic feat and one which warrants the appreciation that is being expressed to him in the presentation of this medal, which has previously been given to such distinguished musicians as Klemperer, Koussevitzky, Ormandy, O'Connell, Walter, the late Artur Bodanzky, and Ossip Gabrilowitsch. The Mahler Medal is a labor of love by the famous artist, Julio Kilenyi, who has designed medals for Pershing, Thomas Edison and many others.

I want to give New York City a bit of well deserved praise in connection with the performance of the Mahler Symphony, for in addition to the Radio City Music Hall Glee Club, taking part in this performance are the St. Patrick Choristers, the Paulist Choristers, a choir of boys from the New York public schools, and such distinguished soloists as Selma Kaye, Thelma Jurgenson, Dorothy Shawn, and others. All this bears witness to the fact that New York is a city of music lovers, and that this is truly a production in which the people of New York are taking part, both as performers and listeners.

I am glad to know that there are some people in Europe who will be able to hear this performance of the *Eighth Symphony*, coming to them by the free radio of America. I hope that word will get around from them to other music lovers that we, here, seek to preserve their cultural tradition for them until such a time as they can again live and breathe as free men.

ON BEHALF OF THE BRUCKNER SOCIETY . . . I AM HAPPY TO PRESENT THE MAHLER MEDAL OF HONOR TO YOU, MAESTRO RAPEE.

## Premiere of Dumler's *Te Deum*

EUGENE GOOSSENS, Conductor; MACK HARRELL, Soloist;  
Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and May Festival Chorus  
Cincinnati, May 11, 1946

THE premiere performance of Martin Dumler's setting of the celebrated Latin prose-poem *Te Deum Laudamus*, composed by Bishop Nicetas around 1400 A.D. will close the first half of the program. The compositions of Dumler are not new to festival patrons. In 1935 his *Stabat Mater*, Op. 40 received its world premiere and its success with other compositions performed by the Cincinnati Orchestra justifies the new presentation. Dumler knows liturgical music by actual experience as a choir boy, a choir director, a soloist and a composer of many works for the Catholic Church which have been added to the great store of music which has been accepted as worthy.

His *Te Deum* Op 45 is set for full chorus, orchestra and organ with solo parts for baritone to be sung at this performance by Mack Harrell. It opens with a powerful statement of the principal theme in the brasses accompanied by the full orchestra. The chorus states this theme, first in unison followed by the voices spreading to eight part harmonies, which lead to eight-voice counterpoint accompanied by the complete instrumental ensemble. Throughout the work fine tonal contrasts are made *a cappella* settings for the angelic choirs and soft pianissimos for orchestral parts are played against full, powerful and dynamic climaxes. It finally builds to a triple fugue in which all voices and instruments join in exalted praise with a tremendously powerful close taxing to the utmost every part of the entire ensemble.

HOWARD W. HESS, *Cincinnati Times Star*, May 6, 1946.

After the premiere of Dumler's *Stabat Mater* in the composer's native city of Cincinnati on May 25, 1935, under the inspired leadership of Eugene Goossens, the late George A. Leighton (*Cincinnati Enquirer*) wrote in part: "The management of the Festival Association has much to be proud of, but of nothing more so than having programmed Martin G. Dumler's *Stabat Mater* . . . .<sup>1</sup> As heard last evening and under the inspiration of a superb performance, few will deny its sincerity, scholarly background, adherence to the drama of the text, and the telling power of its final climax. Last evening's presentation resulted in a veritable ovation for the composer." A.

<sup>1</sup> For a complete analysis of Dumler's *Stabat Mater*, see CHORD AND DISCORD, Vol. 1, No. 7.

Walter Kramer (*Musical America*) said: "Dr. Dumler writes with remarkable naturalness, with a sure hand in his choral parts, contrapuntal dexterity and a really admirable feeling for orchestral investiture." *Musical Leader* reported that "in all probability, Music Hall has never been the scene of a similar triumph for a Cincinnati composer." Valeria Adler (*Cincinnati Post*) characterized the work as "arresting and memorable."

On May 11, 1946, eleven years after the successful premiere of *Stabat Mater*, Eugene Goossens conducted a brilliant first performance of Dumler's *Te Deum* at the closing concert of the thirty-sixth Cincinnati May Festival.<sup>2</sup> Mack Harrell whose mellow voice seems especially suited for religious music distinguished himself by his eloquent interpretation of the solo parts. Goossens revealed a thorough understanding of the spiritual message of the work. He carried the orchestra and chorus with him.

Conceived in the grand manner, this choral setting expresses the deeper spiritual implications of the medieval poem. The music underscores the meaning of the words; it expresses the emotions experienced by the human soul—reverence, awe, pathos, tenderness, humility, religious, ecstasy, triumph. There are moments of tranquil lyric beauty, moments of extreme dramatic intensity, many passages of genuine inspiration. A great soul speaks to us in music, the spiritual depth of which can hardly be fathomed at a single hearing without previous preparation. It is music of great sincerity, revealing the composer's profound knowledge of polyphony and supreme skill in orchestration and choral writing. Orchestra and voices blend; the music flows smoothly in spite of the intricate polyphony.

While closer acquaintance with the work will, as is the case with all music of great depth, increase its general appeal, it was quite obvious from the spontaneity of the ovation given the composer that the audience sensed the grandeur and nobility of the work.

ROBERT G. GREY

The premiere of Martin Dumler's *Te Deum* proved that work to be one filled with rich chromatic harmonies, splendid climaxes, complicated polyphonic writing, rich orchestral scoring and judicious use of the organ for special effects . . . .

The baritone solos were the most impressive parts, especially as sung by Mack Harrell. The *Te Deum* closed in a burst of glorious sound with the entire ensemble giving everything it possessed. Dumler is an amazing man with many talents and his *Te Deum* was a powerful expression of a heart filled with p:

HOWARD W. HESS, *Cincinnati Times Star*, May 13, 1946.

<sup>2</sup> For a complete analysis of Dumler's *Te Deum*, see CHORD AND DISCORD, Vol. II, No. 3.

*Chord and Discord*

Participants in the Dumler *Te Deum* were the May Festival Chorus, about a third of the high school group, the orchestra and Mr. Harrell who sang the baritone lines with sonorous vocal quality and excellent diction. The chorus was in fine fettle and so was the orchestra. The climaxes were especially compelling and the appeal of the smooth flow of the music was heightened by careful integration of choral and orchestral ensemble . . . . He (the composer) took several bows from the stage in response to a prolonged ovation.

MARY LEIGHTON, *Cincinnati Enquirer*, May 13, 1946.



## LIST OF BRUCKNER AND MAHLER RECORDINGS (VICTOR)

*Bruckner*

- SYMPHONY NO. 4—M/DM-331  
Saxonian State Orchestra, Karl Böhm, Conductor.  
SYMPHONY NO. 9—M/DM-627  
Munich Philharmonic Orchestra, Siegmund v. Hausegger, Conductor.  
MASS IN E MINOR—M/DM-596  
Aachen Cathedral Choir, T. B. Behmann, Conductor.

*Mahler*

- SYMPHONY NO. 2—M/DM-256  
Minneapolis Symphony, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Soloists: Corinne Frank Bowen and Ann O'Malley Gallogly; Twin City Chorus.  
SYMPHONY NO. 9—M/DM-726  
Vienna Philharmonic, Bruno Walter, Conductor.

## LIST OF MAHLER RECORDINGS (COLUMBIA)

- DAS LIED VON DER ERDE—M-300  
Charles Kullman and Kerstin Thorborg; Vienna Philharmonic, Bruno Walter, Conductor.  
HANS UND GRETE—C-17941D  
Suzanne Sten  
ICH ATMET' EINEN LINDEN DUFT—C-17941D  
I BREATHED THE BREATH OF BLOSSOMS RED—C-DB 1303  
Charles Kullman  
SONGS OF A WAYFARER—X-267  
Carol Brice; Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, Conductor.  
SYMPHONY NO. 1—M-460  
Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor.  
SYMPHONY NO. 4—M-560  
New York Philharmonic, Bruno Walter, Conductor.

# List of Performances

SEASON 1941-1942

## BRUCKNER

- IV Oberlin College Orchestra, Kessler, Nov. 18, 1941.  
National Symphony, Washington, Kindler, Jan. 18, 1942.  
Pittsburgh Symphony, Reiner, Feb. 6 and 8, 1942.  
St. Louis Symphony, Golschmann, Jan. 16 and 17, 1942.  
Chicago Orchestra, Stock, Apr. 2 and 3, 1942.  
Illinois Symphony, Adler, Feb. 23, 1942.
- VII Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Walter, Nov. 13, 14, and 15, 1941.
- IX *Scherzo*. Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y. (Stadium Concerts), Kurtz, July 17, 1942.

## MAHLER

- I Cleveland Orchestra, Rodzinski, Jan. 2 and 3, 1942 (Broadcast over CBS, Jan. 10, 1942).  
Essex Symphony, Newark, N. J., Mitropoulos, June 10, 1942.  
University of Michigan Orchestra, Thor Johnson, Jan. 27, 1942.  
Illinois Symphony, Kopp, Dec. 15, 1941.
- II Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Walter; Westminster Choir, Dr. John Finley Williamson, Director; Soloists: Nadine Connor and Mona Panlee; Jan. 22, 23, and 25, 1942 (the last performance broadcast over CBS).  
State University of Iowa Orchestra, Clapp; State University of Iowa Chorus, Herald Stark, Director; Soloists: Onabelle Ellett and Hazel Chapman; April 22, 1942 (Broadcast over WSUI).
- IV Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Mitropoulos; Soloist: Mona Panlee; Jan. 7 and 9, 1942.  
*Third and Fourth Movements*. Boston Symphony, Burgin; Soloist: Cleora Wood; Jan. 30 and 31, 1942.
- V *Adagietto*. State University of Iowa Orchestra, Clapp, July 8, 1942 (Broadcast over NBC).
- DAS LIED VON DER ERDE*—Pittsburgh Symphony, Reiner; Soloists: Szantbo and Jagel; Jan. 9 and 10, 1942.  
Minneapolis Symphony, Mitropoulos; Soloists: Knowles and Kullman; Apr. 2, 1942.  
Rochester Philharmonic, Iturbi; Soloists: Eustis and Althouse; Feb. 6, 1942.
- LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN*—Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y. (Stadium Concerts), Smallens; Soloist: McCloaky, July, 1942.  
State University of Iowa Orchestra, Clapp; Soloist: Stark; July 8, 1942 (Broadcast over NBC).

## Chord and Discord

### MAHLER CYCLE (1942)

Radio City Music Hall Orchestra, Erno Rapee, Conductor. (Broadcast by the Blue Network; Mahler VIII shortwaved to Latin America).

Jan. 4 *First Symphony*.

Jan. 11 *Fourth Symphony*—Soloist: Charlotte Boerner.

Jan. 25 *Second Symphony*—Soloists: Edwina Eustis and Selma Kaye; Radio City Glee Club.

Feb. 8 *Third Symphony*—Soloist: Edwina Eustis; Radio City Music Hall Glee Club and Paulist Choir.

Feb. 22 *Fifth Symphony*.

Mar. 8 *Das Lied von der Erde*—Soloists: Edwina Eustis and Jan Peerce.

Mar. 22 *Ninth Symphony*.

Apr. 12 *Eighth Symphony*—Soloists: Selma Kaye, Thelma Jerguson, Edwina Eustis, Dorothy Shawn, Mario Barini, John Harrick, Lawrence Whisonant; Organist: Deszo D'Antalfy; Radio City Music Hall Glee Club; Schola Cantorum, Hugh Ross, Conductor; St. Patrick's Boys Choir, Serafino Bugato, Conductor; Choir of Public School Boys, George H. Gartlan, Conductor; Paulist Choristers, Edward Slattery, Conductor. (The performance was given in the Center Theatre).

### SEASON 1942-1943

#### BEUCKNER

III *Adagio* (Arranged for band by Philip Greeley Clapp). AAF Band, Atlantic City, N. J., WO Robert L. Landers, Conductor, May 23, 1943.

IV St. Louis Symphony, Golschmann, Dec. 18 and 20, 1942.  
Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Walter, Feb. 4 and 5, 1943.  
Houston Symphony, Hoffman, Apr. 13, 1943.

*Adagio* (Arranged for band by Sgt. A. M. Friedman). AAF Band, Atlantic City, N. J., WO Robert L. Landers, Conductor, June 6, 1943.

VI *Adagio*. NBC Orchestra, Leinsdorf, Broadcast by NBC, Oct. 18, 1942.

TE *DEUM*—Carnegie Institute of Technology, Schenley Park, Pittsburgh; Frank Dorian, Conductor; Soloists: Isabel Munster, Allison Meyer, Raymond Smolover, Jack Manheimer; Organist: James Hunter; Accompanist at rehearsals: Robert Drumm. (Concert in memory of Harold Geoghagan). March 17, 1943.

AAF Band, Atlantic City, N. J., WO Robert L. Landers, Conductor; Soloists: Elizabeth Caradonna, Elsie Mecasie, Opl. Donald Hultgren, Pvt. Stanley Friedman; April 25, 1943.

*OVERTURE IN G MINOR* (Arranged for band by Sgt. A. M. Friedman).  
29th AAF Band, WO Robert L. Landers, Conductor; Broadcast over KLZ, Colorado, Sept. 7, 1943. (First performance by Symphonic Band).

**MAHLER**

- I Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Walter, Oct. 22, 23, and 25, 1942. (The last performance was broadcast over CBS).  
 Boston Symphony, Burgin, Oct. 6 and 7, 1942.  
 Cincinnati Symphony, Goossens, Jan. 29 and 30, 1943.  
 San Francisco Symphony, Monteux, Feb. 12 and 13, 1943.

III *First Movement*. Boston Symphony, Burgin, Mar. 19 and 20, 1943.

IV State University of Iowa Orchestra, Clapp; Soloist: Mildred Ethel Clapp; Dec. 9, 1942 (Broadcast over WSUI).

National Symphony, Washington, D. C., Kindler; Soloist: Edwina Eustis; Jan. 10, 1943.

V *Adagietto*. Toronto Prom Concert, Rapee; First performance in Toronto; Sept. 30, 1943.

**KINDERTOTENLIEDE**—Eula Beal, Soloist; Shibley Boyer, Accompanist; Evenings on the Roof Series, Los Angeles, Calif., Feb. 12, 1943.

Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Barlow; Soloist: Mona Paulee; Broadcast by CBS, Mar. 1, 1943.

**LIEDE EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN**—New Orleans Symphony Orchestra, Ole Windingstadt, Conductor; Soloist: Suzanne Sten; Mar. 16, 1943.

**SONGS—**

1. Hans Joachim Heinz, Tenor; Fritz Jahoda, Pianist; Four songs, Town Hall, New York, Dec. 8, 1942.
2. Letcher Propet, Soloist; Alton Lawrence, Accompanist; Nos. 1 and 4 of *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*; Marjorie Christiansen, Soloist; Marian Williams, Accompanist; *Ich atmet' einen linden Duft* and *Liebst du um Schönheit*; Drake Auditorium; First Des Moines, Iowa, performance; Jan. 24, 1943.
3. Lotte Lehman and Bruno Walter, Town Hall, New York, Mar. 14, 1943.

*Wo die schoenen Trompeten blasen  
 Ich bin der Welt abhänden gekommen  
 Scheiden und Meiden  
 Um Mitternacht*

**SEASON 1942-1944****BRUCKNER**

III *Adagio*. 29th Symphonic Band, Buckley Field, Colo., CWO Robert L. Landers, Conductor; Broadcast over KLS direct from Buckley Field Service Club, Oct. 26, 1942.

IV Houston Symphony, Hoffmann, Nov. 8, 1942. (This performance was given by popular request at the beginning of the season. The work had been performed Apr. 12, 1942).

*Scherzo*. 504th and 529th Army Bands, Buckley Field, Colo., CWO Robert L. Landers, Conductor, Feb. 22, 1944.

## Chord and Discord

*TE DEUM*—Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Walter; Westminster Choir, Dr. John Finley Williamson, Director; Soloists: Eleanor Steber, Enid Szanthe, Charles Kullman, Nicola Moscona; First performances by the Society; Mar. 16 and 17, 1944. *Walter's 55th anniversary as a conductor.*

### MAHLER

II Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Rodzinski; Westminster Choir, Dr. John Finley Williamson, Director; Soloists: Astrid Varnay and Enid Szanthe; Dec. 2, 3, 4, and 5, 1943. (The last performance was broadcast over CBS).

*Andante Moderato.* Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y. (Stadium Concerts), Smallens, June 28, 1944 (Broadcast over the Municipal Station, WNYC).

IV Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Walter; Soloist: Desi Halban; Feb. 3, 4, 5, and 6, 1944. (The last performance was broadcast over CBS).

National Symphony, Kindler; Soloist: Juanita Carter. Baltimore, Feb. 8; Washington, Feb. 9, 1944.

*DAS LIED VON DER ERDE*—Boston Symphony, Burgin; Soloists: Jennie Tourel and Hans Heins; Dec. 3 and 4, 1943. (The last performance was broadcast over NBC).

Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy; Soloists: Kerstin Thorborg and Charles Kullman; Ann Arbor (Mich.) May Festival, May 5, 1944.

*KINDERTOTENLIEDER*—Members of NBC Orchestra, Zoltan Fekete, Conductor; Soloist: Jane Snow; Town Hall, New York, Feb. 5, 1944.

### SEASON 1944-1945

### BRUCKNER

IV Cleveland Orchestra, Leinsdorf; First Cleveland performance; Apr. 12 and 15, 1945. (Recordings of the last performance were broadcast over Mutual, Apr. 15, 1945).

VII Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Rodzinski, Apr. 5 and 6, 1945.

*TE DEUM*—Notre Dame College Choral Club assisted by John Carroll University Glee Club and Cleveland Heights High School Little Symphony Orchestra, Charles E. Bush, Director; Soloists: Phoebe K. Campbell, Mildred Mueller, Joseph Lederoute, Norman M. Goldsword; Severance Hall, Cleveland; First performance in Cleveland; Feb. 16, 1945.

Philadelphia Orchestra and University of Michigan Choral Union, Hardin Van Deursen, Conductor; Soloists: Eleanor Steber, Hortha Glas, Frederick Jagel, Nicola Moscona; Ann Arbor (Mich.) May Festival, May 6, 1945.

*STRING QUINTET—Adagio* (transcribed by Felix Guenther). First performance; New York Chamber Orchestra, F. Charles Adler, Conductor; Town Hall, N. Y., Mar. 2, 1945.

## List of Performances

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### MAHLER

IV Pittsburgh Symphony, Reiner; Soloist: Mary Martha Briney; Mar. 9 and 11, 1945.

Boston Symphony, Burgin; Soloist: Mona Paules; Mar. 23 and 24, 1945. (The last performance broadcast over Blue Network).

V *Adagio*. Minneapolis Symphony, Mitropoulos, Dec. 29, 1944.

*DAS LIED VON DER ERDE*—Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Rodzinski; Soloists: Kerstin Thorborg and Charles Kullman; Nov. 16, 17, and 19, 1944. (The last performance was broadcast over CBS).

Indianapolis Symphony, Sevitzy; Soloists: Kerstin Thorborg and Hardesty Johnson; Mar. 10 and 11, 1945.

Chicago Orchestra, Szall; Soloists: Kerstin Thorborg and John Garris; Ravinia Park, July 23 and 24, 1944.

Cincinnati Symphony, Goossens; Soloists: Nell Tangeman and William Hain; Mar. 23, 1945.

*KINDERTOTENLIEDER*—Boston Symphony Chamber Orchestra, Bernard Zighera, Conductor; Soloist: Mary Davenport; Boston, Aug. 13, 1944.

*LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN*—Song Recital, Karin Bransell; Paul Ulanowsky at the piano; Town Hall, N. Y., Feb. 4, 1945.

Song Recital, Sergei Radamsky, Hollywood, California, Feb. 11, 1945.

*ICH ATMET' EINEN LINDEN DUFT*—Song Recital, Belva Kibler; Gerhard Albersheim at the piano; University of California, Los Angeles, Sept. 17, 1944.

### SEASON 1945-1946

### BRUCKNER

IV Cincinnati Symphony, Goossens, Mar. 1 and 2, 1945.

VII Cleveland Orchestra, Leinsdorf; Cleveland, Oct. 26 and 27, 1945; Ann Arbor, Michigan, Nov. 11, 1945.

IX Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Walter, Mar. 14, 15, and 17, 1946. (The last performance broadcast over CBS).

*TE DEUM*—Choral Society of Institute of Musical Art, Juilliard Graduate School Orchestra, Igor Buketoff, Conductor; Soloists: Angelene Collins, Frances Bible, Delbert Starrett, Francis Havener; New York, Dec. 18, 1945.

*F MINOR MASS*—San Francisco Municipal Chorus, Dr. Hans Leschka, Director; Stanford University, Nov. 11, 1945. (The *Kyrie* was broadcast over KYA on Nov. 16, 1945).

*Chord and Discord***MAHLER**

- I Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Rodzinski, Oct. 18, 19, 20, and 21, 1945. (The last two movements were broadcast over CBS, Oct. 21, 1945).
- II *Andante*. Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y. (Stadium Concerts), Smallens, June 24, 1945.  
Southern Symphony, Carl Bamberger, Conductor. (Broadcast by NBO from Columbia, S. C., Apr. 27, 1946).
- IV Philadelphia Orchestra, Walter; Soloist: Dezi Halban; Philadelphia, Jan. 4 and 5, 1946; New York, Jan. 8, 1946; (Broadcast by CBS Jan. 5, 1946).
- V *Adagietto*. Cleveland Orchestra, Leinadorf, Mar. 7 and 9, 1946.  
Chicago Orchestra, Lange, Feb. 28 and Mar. 1, 1946; Cornell College Music Festival, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, May 11, 1946.  
Juilliard Graduate School Orchestra, Buketoff; New York City, Dec. 18, 1945.
- VII *Serenades*. Cleveland Orchestra, Leinadorf, Apr. 4 and 6, 1946. (Broadcast over Mutual Apr. 6, 1946).  
*Second Serenade*, Pittsburgh Symphony, Reiner, Apr. 19 and 21, 1946.
- IX Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Walter, Dec. 20 and 21, 1945.
- LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN**—Song Recital by Karin Branzell, Juilliard School of Music, New York City, (Broadcast over WNYO, July 17, 1945).  
Pittsburgh Symphony, Reiner; Soloist: Carol Brice; Jan. 25 and 27, 1946.  
San Francisco Symphony, Montoux; Soloist: Marian Anderson; Feb. 22, 1946.  
Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Rodzinski; Soloist: Marian Anderson; Apr. 4 and 5, 1946.
- DES KNABEN WUNDERHOEN SONGS**—Columbia Concert Orchestra, Herrmann; Soloist: Evelyn Pasen; Broadcast by CBS, July 18, 1945.
- RHEINLEGENDECHEN, DAS IRDISCHE LEBEN**—Song Recital by Mona Paulee; Milne Charney, Accompanist; Town Hall, New York, Dec. 16, 1945.

# Symphonic Chronicle

## 1945-1946

### GUSTAV MAHLER: SECOND SYMPHONY (ANDANTE MODERATO)

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Alexander Smallens, Conductor; Stadium Concerts, June 25, 1945.*

The Andante Moderato from Mahler's Symphony No. 2 in C Minor, which followed, was new to this reporter and seemed full of space and a certain rural serenity. It possesses some lovely if slightly saccharine, melodies, which one suspects will sound less and less dated as the years pass because of the grand and sensitive formal scheme in which they appear. One memorable moment, beautifully performed, came after a fully scored passage and an ending of a few gentle notes surrounded by stretches of silence. The string section is heard playing the principal theme in a plucked version; and suddenly, for all its size the orchestra becomes a small group of street serenaders.

L. H., *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

### GUSTAV MAHLER: FIRST SYMPHONY

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Artur Rodzinski, Conductor; Oct. 18, 19, 20, and 21, 1945. Two movements were broadcast over CBS on the 21.*

The orchestra played the work exceptionally well. If Dr. Rodzinski took advantage of every sensational effect and climax in the finale, he was only within his rights and the quality of the score which he gave such a sympathetic reading.

There was long applause for this.

OLIN DOWNEY, *N. Y. Times*

They presented two works which are very familiar, and one which while far from unknown, deserves to be more familiar than it is. This was Mahler's first symphony, last played in Carnegie Hall three years ago.

Mahler's D major symphony, written in the composer's late twenties, gives an impression of remarkable youth and freshness in its fifty-sixth year, especially in its first two movements, and, with the possible exception of the reference to a grotesque picture of a hunter's funeral in the third movement, needs no annotations to be understood. There are some prolix measures, these mainly in the finale, but in listening to yesterday's performance one seldom thought of length.

FRANCIS PERKINS,  
*N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

### ANTON BRUCKNER: SEVENTH SYMPHONY

*Cleveland Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, Conductor, Severance Hall, Cleveland, October 25 and 27, 1945; Ann Arbor, Mich., Nov. 11, 1945.*

Quite matching the notable performance of this Wagnerian excerpt was the Leinsdorf presentation of the Bruckner Symphony opening the program. His reading of this profound and sometimes labored masterpiece was really superb. And he richly deserved the medal presented him by the Bruckner Association for helping to keep before the public the music of this famous Austrian.

It is tragic right from the start. Its reception when it was first written was favorable, but the composer found the going difficult. As a friend of Wagner's he was the storm center of the then current controversy over Wagner's music. And there's particular Wagnerian flavor in the score for the basses—Director Leinsdorf substituting horns and trombones for the four Wagner tubas Bruckner used.

A ghostly glimmer, a touch of sadness is apparent even in the lighter episodes of this work. The memorial Adagio is touching in its depth of sadness. It reveals, too, flashes of nobility and grandeur.

ELMORE BACON, *Cleveland News*

The Bruckner was the Seventh Symphony in E Major. There are many

beautiful passages in this romantic symphony that are unsurpassed and the orchestral developments of the Austrian composer are masterful. Even though one can quarrel with a certain amount of musical garrulousness the whole effect of Bruckner is of the stunning kind that envelops the hearer in a roseate atmosphere.

In this work, too, Mr. Leinsdorf showed off in top form. The conductor has hit his stride and his definitive beat; deep knowledge of both the score and its import were easily transplanted to a grateful audience.

MILTON WIDDER, *Cleveland Press*

Bruckner's monumental work Leinsdorf took quite in stride. It is magnificent music, as long on intrinsic worth as it is lengthy, and Leinsdorf let it speak for itself with straightforward tempi and due observance of the composer's wishes, which might serve as an object lesson to certain conductors who are overly zealous as "interpreters." If heavily handed in spots and less incisively played than it is in the recording by the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra, under the direction of Jascha Horenstein, the Symphony nevertheless came off, and with a consistency in its address which made for unqualified conviction.

The orchestra was at its very best throughout the piece, with the basses outstanding, due to Bruckner's grateful writing for these instruments.

CARL GEBRING, *Ann Arbor News*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: NINTH SYMPHONY

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor, New York, Dec. 20 and 21, 1945.*

Mahler's last symphony was heard last night in Carnegie Hall in a gripping reading by Bruno Walter and the Philharmonic Symphony . . . the Mahler Symphony was last night's news, and it was easy to see why.

This is music of power and warm beauty. Mingled here are far flung outcries of rage and a wondrous calm. There is peace, the peace of the grave, and a violent unrest, too. And over it all broods Mahler's defiance of the final blackout.

For Mahler was obsessed with death while penning this titanic score. A note of sharp pessimism creeps into pages, and at times you sense the bitter

pathos of a last farewell. You hear the flapping of wings as the angel of death hovers about.

And yet there are sequences of almost childlike whimsy, of Viennese *Gemuettlichkeit*. In places the orchestra rocks in a frenzy of Austrian dance, and you suspect a sardonic mood of challenge and mockery. Mahler could even laugh in the teeth of death, and he hadn't long to go.

With the final fadeout you felt Gustav Mahler had written a ringing last will and testament. The music seemed to sum up a man's life and philosophy—a great man's, it did not seem possible that Mahler could go further. He had said his last word in glowing symphonic speech.

Just why the Ninth Symphony is a stranger around town puzzles me. The Philharmonic had never rendered it before, and you could count its American performances to date on 10 fingers. The symphony runs a bit long, but duration is nothing to hold against a symphony so long as it can keep going on its own power. And Mahler's Ninth has power, plenty of it.

LOUIS BIANCOLLI,  
*N. Y. World Telegram*

There have been many reasons to be grateful during recent years for the activities of Bruno Walter, and not the least important among his many fine accomplishments have been his ministrations to the music of his life-long friend and mentor, Gustav Mahler. Last night Mr. Walter brought forth the first unfolding by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of the Austrian composer's Ninth Symphony . . .

The Ninth Symphony of Mahler is, along with the preceding "Lied von der Erde," his most consistently impressive and moving music. In it his preoccupation with death continues. The two slow end movements indeed give us at great length the composer's most intimate thoughts on final things. In the opening *Andante commodo* Mahler depicts the bitterness, the tortured despair and hopelessness of man's inevitable end and he accomplishes his objectives with all the expressive means at his disposal, yet without, as was the case in most of his earlier symphonies, resorting to megalomaniacal orchestral effects or reverting to the sentimentality which has made him so many enemies. In the final *Adagio* he has given up the hopeless struggle against death and resigns himself to its all-answering, all-releasing attri-

butes. It is here that the composer reaches his greatest musical heights and carries there unwaveringly.

The two rapid middle movements, the characteristically bitter-sweet Ländler and the no less individual, self-mocking Rondo Burleske are perhaps the composer's way of reviewing his life, attempting to epitomize therein his love of nature and his contempt for man and his futile strivings before giving himself over to inescapable thoughts of finality.

JEROME D. BOHM,  
N. Y. Herald-Tribune

Considering the amount of nonsense the Philharmonic has played in the thirty-four years since this work was written, it is rather remarkable that the orchestra had not gotten around to it sooner . . .

This is not to say that it is an unsullied masterwork; but there is so much impassioned music in its hour and twenty minutes that unfamiliarity with it leaves a definite gap in one's orientation to music of this century. Even that statement is questionable (as so much about Mahler is) for there is much to support the belief that this is the last stanza of what, according to Ernest Newman's description of Mahler, is "the swan song of Western romanticism," of the nineteenth century variety.

Mahlerians will doubtless wince at a likening of this huge and troubled work to Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique," but the fundamental premise is identical—man's brief moment of being, its insufficiency especially to the artist haunted, as Mahler always was, by things to say and the little time he had in which to say them. Whereas Tchaikovsky strove only for an assuagement of his personal grief (which he felt so deeply that it has become one with the world) Mahler seems to strive for the ultimate eloquence, the world-embracing utterance, and, so far, has only made us aware of his own voice crying in the wilderness of time. There are confessedly broad likenesses, but the fact that Walter made us aware of them is a tribute to the intensity, fervor and superlative enthusiasm he has for this music. Under his urging arm, the Philharmonic played like a great orchestra, with a distinctive kind of tone, a warming kind of personality it attains only on occasions . . .

But the shadow cast by Mahler in the setting sun of his career was long

enough to envelop the hall for this evening at least.

IRVING KOLODIN, N. Y. Sun

### GUSTAV MAHLER: FOURTH SYMPHONY

Philadelphia Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Desi Halban, Soloist, Philadelphia, Jan. 4 and 5, 1946; New York, Jan. 3, 1946. A performance of the Fourth was broadcast over CBS.

Bruno Walter inscribed another memory in his Book of Mahler with a stirring reading of the Fourth Symphony at the Philadelphia Orchestra's concert in Carnegie Hall last night. On the same level was the singing of the gifted Viennese soprano, Desi Halban, in the finale solo . . .

When Mr. Walter revived Mahler's Ninth Symphony with the Philharmonic a few weeks ago, many were bowled over by what seemed revelation—revelation of a great beauty lost or ignored.

Others who knew the symphony swore they were hearing it for the first time, that Bruno Walter was giving the massive score fresh glow and a kind of rebirth.

So with last night's Fourth Symphony—possibly the simplest of Mahler's nine symphonies, simplest in its childlike mood of open-eyed whimsy. It seemed fresh from a giant's nursery.

This is an uncanny span, this Fourth of Mahler, bristling with the good things of theme, color and warm feeling. Mahler loved children and he bowed before nature. He knew how to bring both into his symphonic wonderland . . .

Today concertgoers don't form battle-lines the way they once did when a Mahler symphony appears. And to paraphrase a famed quip, the door signs no longer stand for "Exit in case of Mahler."

The public is growingly alert to Mahler's greatness. It is more patient with the one-hour symphonies, less annoyed, possibly even charmed now by the little things that seem unnecessarily there.

LOUIS BIANCOLLI,  
N. Y. World Telegram

Bruno Walter, as guest leader of the Philadelphia Orchestra, gave some of the greatest performances we have ever heard from him last night in Carnegie Hall. He interpreted Brahms, Haydn and Mahler . . . The combina-

tion of such an orchestra with such conducting was fortuitous and memorable . . . Anyone who had not heard the other Mahler symphonies, but had read the extravagant praises and the hearty denunciations visited upon them, would have wondered, listening last night, what on earth all the shooting had been about. The Fourth symphony is mild as a lamb; very folk-like, therefore in Mahler's best melodic vein; pastoral; a reverie, the whole enveloped in the atmosphere of a dream . . .

The pages of the symphony which have the loftiest and most sustained eloquence, as well as the most compact and enchaind thinking, are those of the slow movement, freely in variation form. The theme is present sometimes in its original melodic simplicity, and then there are the counter-themes, such as the song of the oboe, in elegiac mood, over a motive made from a few notes of the original phrase. This is the movement which Mahler told Mr. Walter was inspired "by his vision of the church sepulchre showing the recumbent stone image of the deceased with the arms crossed in eternal sleep . . ." Mr. Walter's interpretation was that of a great master. There was long and enthusiastic applause for the symphony and its interpreter.

OLIN DOWNES, *N. Y. Times*

The blizzard of pros and cons may still whirl over the Mahler symphonies, but I don't think that anyone who heard Bruno Walter's performance of the "Fourth" with the Philadelphia Orchestra last night at Carnegie Hall would deny that this concert was one of the orchestra's best . . .

The picture the audience got of Mr. Walter conducting this symphony must have been a familiar one. Here was Mr. Walter, the devoted Mahlerite, touching every passing phrase and nuance with an affectionate gesture, bringing out every point with the final, revealing stroke. And it was a familiar Philadelphia Orchestra playing under him, an orchestra that can be as sensitive and responsive and as transparent in its tone as a single instrument.

And in the last movement, contributing her bit, and doing it with the simplicity and reserve Mahler's setting of these old Bavarian verses calls for, was Desi Halban, the soprano.

EDWARD O'GORMAN, *N. Y. Post*

The fourth symphony, first played here under Walter Damrosch in 1904, has not been played often in Carnegie Hall, but yet it can be ranked among the most readily appealing of Mahler's symphonies. It has not the frequent proclamateness of some of its companions, and, with the possible exception of parts of the *andante*, it has not the atmosphere of philosophic resignation which appears in the ninth symphony and the "Lied von der Erde." The prevailing atmosphere of this work might be described as one of melodic, imaginative intimacy, and such atmosphere marked the interpretation of the orchestra and was communicated to an intent audience . . .

The Brahms and Haydn works on the program were well performed, but it was Mahler's evening.

FRANCIS E. PERKINS,  
*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER:

#### LIEDER EINES FAHENDEN GESELLEN

*Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Frits Beiner, Conductor; Carol Brice, Soloist; Pittsburgh, Jan. 25 and 27, 1946.*

The Mahler items are the outpourings of another great composer, whose works during the years ahead are destined to supremacy over many of the so-called modern pieces now enjoying a vogue.

RALPH LEWANDO, *Pittsburgh Press*

New to our audiences were the four songs of Mahler, "Songs of a Wayfarer," as tuneful a cycle as this composer has left us, disclosing his wonderful sympathy for folk ways in his own verses, and his variation from the Wagnerian line. The simple clarity of the orchestra's role is far more economically treated than in subsequent symphonies, the voice not so extravagantly exploited.

J. FRED LISSFELT,  
*Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*

Mahler's simplicity and affinity to the earth were never more present than in the Four Songs of a Wandering Wayfarer. Miss Brice, possessing a rich contralto—this is no flimsy mezzo voice—is an ideal interpreter. In character, she has the necessary hollow effects so reminiscent of Marian Anderson. Moreover, she is extremely mu-

sical, and since Mahler's accompaniment is symphonic, she needs to fit into the over-all picture. This she does perfectly. The songs were projected so unaffectedly and yet so expressively that one wonders why they haven't been heard here oftener.

DONALD STEINFIRST,  
*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*

**ANTON BRUCKNER:  
FOURTH SYMPHONY**

*Cincinnati Symphony, Eugene Goossens, Conductor; Feb. 28 and Mar. 1, 1946.*

Its uncommon treatment of the French horns is so apparent that the nickname for this "No. 4 in E-flat" could easily be the "Horn Symphony." While the entire horn section deserves special praise, the entire orchestra and Goossens merit the highest acclaim . . .

HOWARD HESS, *Times Star*

Mr. Goossens inspired the orchestra to give a superb reading of the Bruckner.

MARY LEIGHTON, *Enquirer*

**ANTON BRUCKNER:  
NINTH SYMPHONY  
(ORIGINAL VERSION)**

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Mar. 14, 15, and 17, 1946. The last performance was broadcast over CBS.*

A symphony dedicated to God! Such was Anton Bruckner's Ninth Symphony, rendered in epic style by Bruno Walter and the Philharmonic-Symphony in Carnegie Hall last night . . . as Mr. Walter read it last night, it seemed complete. True, Bruckner made sketches of a Fourth Movement. But the chances are he had said all. The Adagio packs such power that the best Finale was silence.

And even at the end of the Adagio, where the mood grows ghostly and elegiac, you feel Bruckner knew the end was near, that he was breathing his symphonic last, too. Death, you might say, wrote his Finale and the Ninth's.

Mr. Walter's fervid conviction was on every phrase of the gripping score. The first movement ~~was~~ like a Gothic steepie, or maybe just a prayer. The crescendos were what Bruckner meant them to be—moods of exalted piety.

Few other symphonies bristle with such resounding peaks. The climaxes come like proclamations. They make you understand what is meant by Bruckner's being a prophet. His faith was his theme-song, his creed his inspiration.

Of course, Mr. Walter's rendering was of Bruckner's original version, first heard in America in 1934 at a concert of the Philharmonic led by Otto Klemperer.

The revised version made by Ferdinand Loewe as an act of devotion to a revered teacher was long in use. It was later replaced when the native strength of the Bruckner original was revealed in a new edition.

Mr. Walter's reading again showed why Loewe, though meaning well, almost twisted the Bruckner score out of shape and meaning with his orchestral changes.

The Bruckner original stands out in direct force. The speech is simpler, starker than Loewe's revision. The colors are less lush but fiercely expressive.

LOUIS BIANCOLLI,  
*World Telegram*

I may be letting my enthusiasm run away with me, but I think that the inspiration that guided Bruno Walter's pen when he planned last night's Philharmonic-Symphony program, as well as his baton when he conducted it—and this is a matter that is pretty far out of reach of whatever critical praise I can give it—must have come straight from the heavenly choir.

The performance of the Bruckner Symphony, which closed the program, was one of those moving experiences whose success is best measured, I think, by the reluctance of the audience to shatter the last fleeting spell of the music with a sudden burst of applause. There was this moment of spellbound hesitation after the adagio, a movement that soars on that serenely solemn plane for which there is only one descriptive word—Bruckner. And then the applause, and it was an ovation, a demonstration which Mr. Walter and the orchestra, each in his own way, attempted to divert to the other. It was a becoming exhibition of modesty.

EDWARD O'GORMAN, *N. Y. Post*

Bruckner's Ninth Symphony, which Bruno Walter, conducting the Philharmonic Thursday night in Carnegie Hall, played for its first time here since 1934, is a noble work of music.

It is big of sound, long of structure, utterly without vulgarity of thought and deeply expressive. What it is expressive of seems chiefly to be a pure-in-heart devotion to the Viennese symphony . . . Everything about it Thursday night was clear, straight-forward, confident, and this listener, though the three surviving moments of the unfinished piece are long, was not aware, as one is so frequently at performances of this author's work, of being present at a devotional act. Mr. Walter played it as live music, and its effect on the audience seemed to be that of live music. Bruckner's very particular approach to musical composition became thus a fact of life and ceased, at least for the evening, to represent any kind of lost cause.

Whether Bruckner is in the long run a losing cause depends on whether Brahms, who was aiming at the same goal, is a losing cause. Both hoped to continue the Beethoven-style symphony in a worthy and resembling manner. This meant basing structure on thematic development. And thematic development, as a continuity device, had already been pretty thoroughly exhausted by Beethoven. Wagner had also applied it to the opera, with spectacularly beneficial results; but that was about the end of it as a major method. Modernism, as we know it, has prospered most when it has used other methods. The fact that Brahms and Bruckner did not choose to search for a replacement to this exhausted device, but blindly, devotedly sought to make it still more expressive, puts them, with regard to all the music written since 1860, in a technically reactionary position. So be it. Reaction of that high intellectual quality and perfect professional integrity is not easy to laugh off. They used a cumbersome and outmoded system of composition, but they were masters. And Bruckner's Ninth Symphony, incomplete, is a master's masterpiece.

VIRGIL THOMSON,  
N. Y. Herald Tribune

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
*LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN  
GEBELLEN*

Philharmonic Symphony Society of  
New York; Conductor, Artur Rodzinski;  
Soloist, Marian Anderson; April 4 and  
5, 1946.

Mahler's "Lieder eines fahrenden  
Gesellen" are seldom performed here

with orchestra, although this work of the composer's youth is one of his most ingratiating musical productions, both in its deep emotional appeal and in its use and combination of vocal and instrumental hues. It was sung with notable expressiveness by Miss Anderson.

FRANCIS PERKINS, *Herald Tribune*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
*ADAGIETTO (FIFTH SYMPHONY)*

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Hans  
Lange, Conductor; Feb. 28, and March  
1, 1946.

Mr. Lange's entire program was one of the most emotionally appealing of the season, being "music" throughout, instead of proposing problems for the brain of the listener to wrestle with instead of letting his heart have its way. Yet, it bristled with ideas, not the least of which was the demonstration of the worthiness of Gustav Mahler . . . Mr. Lange, last night, avoided any appearance of propagandist. He played one beautiful movement from one symphony, again a Fifth (remember the Fifties of Beethoven, Tchaikowsky and Shostakovich) and let it go at that.

C. J. BULLIET,  
*Chicago Daily News*

This was music of exquisite tenderness, filled with manifold poetic touches, and with poignancy of expression which rose superior to the often naive banality which figured in so much of the Austrian master's melodic writing. The conductor clearly had made a careful study of the score, had sensed its emotional significance and had been able to convey it to his players. The strings sang Mahler's subject matter with beautiful tone and expressiveness.

FELIX BOBOWSKI, *Chicago Sun*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
*SERENADES (SEVENTH  
SYMPHONY)*

Cleveland Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf,  
Conductor; Apr. 4 and 6, 1946.

The two Serenades from the Mahler were musical highlights of the program. The beauty and elegance of Mahler has not yet been equalled, and in spite of its repetitions, this half

hour portion of the program was the most satisfying.

MILTON WIDDER, *Cleveland Press*

In the first Serenade with its horn calls and echoes, its bucolic scenes and pastel tints a realistic touch is provided by the tinkle of cowbells. And it was Dr. Rudolph Bingwall, associate conductor, behind the scenes who "tickled the cow" at the proper time.

The second Serenade is not as lengthy and verbose as the first . . . but provides a beautiful lyric line, a stringed whispering of romance which easily could have become schmalzy, but didn't. Sometime we'd like to hear this whole symphony even if it does consume an hour and a quarter.

ELMORE BACON, *Cleveland News*

The audience was given a first hearing of the two Serenades from Mahler's Seventh Symphony . . . The Serenades afforded an interesting, if abbreviated, glimpse into an historically important work and a taste of its pleasantly provincial atmosphere.

The most striking thing about this

leisurely, sentimental music is its utter remoteness from anything associated with the contemporary American scene.

HERBERT ELWELL,  
*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

GUSTAV MAHLER:

## SECOND SERENADE (SEVENTH SYMPHONY)

*Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra,  
Fritz Keiner, Conductor; April 19 and  
21, 1946.*

The Mahler piece is another exquisite tonal etching of this great composer. In addition to the regular instrumentation it uses a guitar and mandolin. The latter instruments were played with finesse by Frank J. Natale and Gregorto Scalzo, respectively.

Every detail of the work received the devoted attention of conductor and players. The incidental violin solos were played with style and ingratiating tone by Concertmaster Samuel Thaviu.

RALPH LEWANDO, *Pittsburgh Press*

### In Memoriam

Since the last issue of *Chord and Discord* was published, four important champions of the works of Bruckner and Mahler passed away: Frederick Block, Thorvald Otterstroem, Frederick A. Stock, and Erno Rapee.

FREDERICK BLOCK, born in Vienna on August 30, 1899, studied music with the Czech composer Joseph Bohuslav Foerster (Vienna Conservatory) and Dr. Hans Gál (University of Vienna). When Block was twenty-three years old a program of his own compositions was broadcast in his native city. Subsequently his music was performed by the *Vienna Symphony Orchestra*. In 1936 his one act opera, *Samum*, based on a play by Strindberg, was given its first performance in Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, under the direction of Karel Nedbal, Czech composer and conductor. The opera had three performances, one of which was broadcast. By 1941 Block had composed more than forty-two works, including eight operas for which he wrote his own librettos (*Platonow*, *Rauschgold*, *Samum*, *Fiore*, *America*, *Pan*, *Schattenspiel*, and *Esther*). Forced to leave Austria, he arrived in the U. S. in 1940. Here he became music editor for various publishers and wrote music for radio programs and films. He had a part in writing the music for the motion picture *We Are the Marines*. Block's article on Mahler's *Tenth* was published in *Chord and Discord* in December, 1941.

On June 1, 1946, exactly one year after Block's death, WNYC broadcast a memorial concert. The program was made up of music composed by the late Frederick Block.

THORVALD OTTERSTROEM was born in Copenhagen in 1868. He studied music in the Danish capital and later in St. Petersburg, then the capital of Czarist Russia. In 1892 he went to Chicago where he died in 1942. His piano works were introduced by Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler and Rudolph Ganz. Several of his compositions were performed by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. He was one of the earliest Brucknerites in this country and fought for his cause for many years; he became a member of the Bruckner Society as soon as it was founded and contributed two articles of lasting value to *Chord and Discord*: *A Word to Anti-Brucknerites* and *Bruckner as a Colorist*.

ERNO RAPEE was born in Budapest in 1891. Eighteen years later he was graduated from the Budapest Conservatory. In 1913 he be-

came musical director of the Hungarian Opera Co. of New York. He made guest appearances with various European orchestras. He conducted several U. S. orchestras and was music director for a number of New York theatres. He was general music director for Radio City Music Hall from 1932 to 1945 when he died. Erno Rapee was the first conductor to broadcast a Mahler cycle in the U. S. which included a performance of Mahler's *Eighth*. The Mahler Medal of Honor was presented to him by Mayor La Guardia on behalf of the Bruckner Society of America after the performance of Mahler's *Eighth*. The performance and the Mayor's speech were broadcast by the American Broadcasting Co. over a nation-wide hook-up.

FREDERICK A. STOCK was born in Julich, Rhine Province, Germany, in 1872. He studied at the Cologne Conservatory with Humperdinck, Wuellner, and Jensen. He was a violinist in the Cologne Orchestra. Later he went to Chicago where he became a violinist with the Chicago Symphony. He was made Theodore Thomas's assistant in 1899 and succeeded Thomas as conductor of the Chicago Symphony six years later. Stock gave first performances of a number of American works and carried on the Thomas tradition of catholic taste. He was director of the Musical Art Club and became conductor of the Civic Music Student Orchestra in 1920. He was elected a member of the American Institute of Arts and Letters. Northwestern University conferred the degree, *Mus.D. honoris causa*, on him in 1915. His compositions include a symphonic poem, *Life* (in memory of Thomas); Symphonic Sketches: *The Season*, *Symphonic Variations*; a string quintet and sextet; Psalmodic Rhapsody for solo, chorus, and orchestra.

On March 23, 1939, Dr. Martin G. Dumler, the President of the Bruckner Society, presented the Bruckner Medal of Honor to Stock after a performance of Bruckner's *Ninth*. Dumler had traveled from Cincinnati for the occasion. On Feb. 1, 1940, Stock conducted the first performance of Bruckner's *First* given by a major orchestra in the United States. At the concerts commemorating the 100th anniversary of the birth of Theodore Thomas, Stock included Bruckner's *Ninth* on the program (Jan. 2 and 3, 1936). Throughout his musical career Stock had been an ardent advocate of Bruckner's music; he had also conducted a number of Mahler's works. He was an Honorary Member of the Bruckner Society of America. He died in Chicago in 1942.

## Chord and Discord

### Bruckner-Mahler Record Festival Broadcast over KUOM

July 13, 1946

The Bruckner Society of America  
697 West End Avenue,  
New York, New York

Dear Sirs:

Beginning today at 2 o'clock P.M., Central Standard Time, I am presenting a two-hour concert of music by Bruckner and Mahler. This will be the first in a series of eight such programs which will make up a Bruckner-Mahler Festival. These programs will be presented on records from now until August 31 each Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock over KUOM, the University of Minnesota Radio Station, 770 kilocycles, 5000 watt power. Following is a list of the works to be included in this series.

#### Works by Bruckner:

- I. Symphony No. 1—*Scherzo*
- II. Symphony No. 2—*Scherzo*
- III. Overture, G minor
- IV. Mass No. 2, E minor
- V. Symphony No. 4, E flat major, ("Romantic")
- VI. Symphony No. 5, B flat major
- VII. Symphony No. 7, E major
- VIII. Symphony No. 9, D minor

#### Works by Mahler:

- I. Das Lied von der Erde
- II. Symphony No. 1, D major
- III. Symphony No. 2, C minor, ("Resurrection")
- IV. Symphony No. 4, G major
- V. Symphony No. 5, C minor—*Adagietto*
- VI. Symphony No. 9, D major
- VII. Songs—"I Breathed A Tender Air" and "Hans und Grete"

I thought that you would appreciate knowing of this survey of these seldom performed works by Bruckner and Mahler.

Yours sincerely,  
PAUL E. BRISBY,  
Music Director—KUOM

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

**PHILIP GREELEY OLAPP**, a Bostonian by birth, conducted the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra during Kunwald's illness in 1913. His works include the tone poems *Norge* and *A Song of Youth*, *Symphony in E-Minor* (played by the Boston Symphony), the orchestral prelude *In Summer* (performed by the St. Louis Symphony), *Symphony in E-Flat* (performed by the Boston Symphony), songs, etc. He wrote a number of essays and reviews on Bruckner and Mahler in the *Boston Transcript* and lectured on the works of these composers before professional groups and in the classroom. The performance of Bruckner's *Fourth* was the first performance of a complete Bruckner symphony by a university orchestra in the United States. During the season 1940-1941, Professor Clapp included Bruckner's *Seventh* as well as Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* and the *Adagietto* from Mahler's *Fifth* on his programs. In 1942 the State University of Iowa Orchestra under the direction of Philip Greeley Clapp performed Mahler's *II*, *IV*, *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, and the *Adagietto* (Mahler *V*). He has been head of the Music Department of the State University of Iowa since September, 1919.

**JACK J. DIETHER** was born in Vancouver, B. C., in 1919, and has just emerged from seven years in the Canadian forces. Despite a late start he has been an enthusiastic musical amateur for about ten years. He has had some training in psychology and intends to continue in a new field of psychotherapy.

**MAX GRAF**, renowned Viennese critic, scholar, and musicologist, is the author of *German Music in the 19th Century*, *Music in the Renaissance Period*, and numerous other books and articles. He taught at the Academy of Music, Vienna. His latest volume, *Composer and Critic: Two Hundred Years of Musical Criticism* (published by Norton in the spring of 1946), won widespread acclaim. Graf's *Modern Music* is scheduled for publication in the fall of this year.

**WILLIAM PARKS GRANT** is the pen-name of William P. Grant. He was born in Cleveland in 1910. He holds a Bachelor of Music degree (with honors) from Capitol University, Columbus, Ohio, and a Master of Arts degree from Ohio State University. Mahler was the subject of his Master's thesis. After having taught music in the Ohio public schools and at John Tarleton College, Mr. Grant became the Head of the Music Department at Northeast Junior College of Louisiana State University. He has written a number of articles for *Chord and Discord*. Among his musical compositions are two symphonies, a horn concerto, clarinet concerto, songs, a ballet, etc.

**ROBERT SIMPSON**, born in London, 1921, originally intended to study medicine. After two years of medical studies, Mr. Simpson decided to turn to music. He holds a Bachelor of Music degree from the University of Durham. At the present time he lectures and occasionally teaches in schools. He has composed several orchestral and chamber music works. His article, *Bruckner and the Symphony*, appeared in the February, 1946, issue of *The Music Review*, published in England.

**CURTIS SWANSON** was graduated from the School of Journalism, University of Minnesota in 1941. He became a reporter for the Elmhurst (Ill.) Press. In May, 1942, he joined the Army and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the U. S. Air Forces on November 13, 1943. He recently returned to the U. S. from India.

## Chord and Discord

**WABREN STOREY SMITH**, born in Brookline, Mass., succeeded Olin Downes as Music Editor of the *Boston Post*. His musical compositions include orchestral and chamber music works as well as songs and piano pieces. He became a member of the faculty of Faelten Pianoforte School in Boston after his graduation from that school. He was assistant music critic on the *Boston Transcript*. In 1922 he became teacher of theory and composition at the New England Conservatory.

**WOLFGANG STRESEMANN**, born in Dresden, studied law and music. After practicing law for several years, he decided to devote himself to music. He has written symphonies, songs, chamber music, etc., and has conducted orchestras in New York, Buffalo, and Princeton. He came to the U. S. in 1939 and became a citizen. At the present time he is music critic on the *Staats-Zeitung* in New York.

**HANS TISCHLER**: B.A., Gymnasium 9, Vienna; B.Mus., State Academy of Music, Vienna; Ph.D. Musicology, University of Vienna; Ph.D. Musicology, Yale University; Professor of Music, Head of Music Department, West Virginia Wesleyan College; active member of the American Musicological Society

**LOUISE H. TISCHLER**: B.A., Gymnasium 9, Vienna; B.Mus., State Academy of Music, Vienna; Ph.D. Musicology, University of Vienna; Faculty Member, National Guild of Piano Teachers.

# CHORD AND DISCORD

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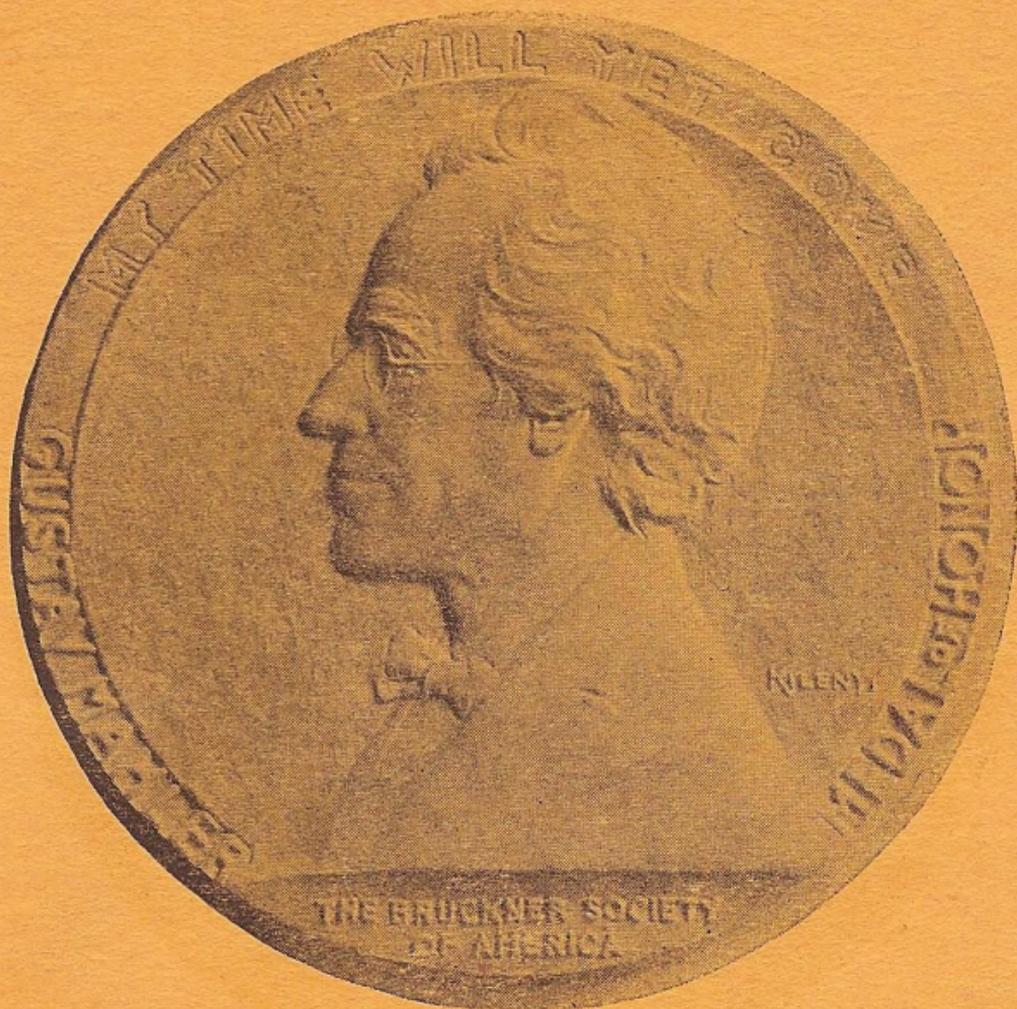


THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

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1948

"MY TIME WILL YET COME"



THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL

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# CHORD AND DISCORD

A JOURNAL OF MODERN MUSICAL PROGRESS

Published by THE BRUCKNER SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.

GABRIEL ENGEL, *Editor*

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## WITH HAMMER AND COWBELLS

### MAHLER'S SIXTH COMES TO AMERICA

By GABRIEL ENGEL

The prolonged, spontaneous ovation accorded the belated American premiere of Mahler's *Sixth* at each of its three performances (Dec. 11-13, 1947) by the N. Y. Philharmonic under Mitropoulos' brilliant direction, should go a long way toward proving that this sadly neglected work is in reality one of the most vital and appealing of all Mahler's symphonies. Given perhaps less than a dozen times during the two score years of its existence, mostly during Mahler's lifetime (i.e., before 1911), it is not likely that any living American reviewer had ever heard it before. Of course, the premiere at Essen, as well as the performances that followed, had elicited the usual raucous chorus of critical abuse heaped upon any Mahler achievement by a world in which petty jealousies were busy every moment producing fresh axes to grind. Yet even had it been a new work by Beethoven or Brahms it could scarcely have better survived the heavy cross of rejection laid upon it by apologetic extenuations on the part of confessed Mahler devotees. "My time will yet come", Mahler used to say, commenting upon the failure of his contemporaries to understand his works. He meant hostile critics and musicians, no doubt, but so far as the *Sixth* was concerned, he might as well have included most of his friends. Significant in this connection are some words Arnold Schoenberg spoke about Mahler's art:

"In place of many words, it would perhaps be best for me to say, 'I believe firmly and unshakably that Gustav Mahler was one of the greatest of men and artists'. For there are only two possible ways to convince anyone of an artist's quality: the first and better way, to produce his work; the second, which I must now use: to communicate to others one's own faith in that work. . . .

"In reality there is only a single towering goal for which an artist strives: *to express himself!* If he succeeds in that he has won the greatest success an artist may achieve; beside that everything else is minor. Self-expression embraces all: death, resurrection, fate, etc., as well as the lesser, though not unimportant human problems. . . .

"I believe that Mahler simply did not notice that his themes were banal. And, to be sure, for a single reason: *that they are not banal.* I must confess here: I also belonged at first to those who found these themes banal. I believe it important to admit that I was Saul before I became Paul, for it may be deduced therefrom that I too was misled by that *fine sense of discrimination* of which his opponents are so proud. Rather, only now have I come to heed that *fine sense* no longer, since my ever growing impression of the beauty and grandeur of Mahler's work has convinced

## Chord and Discord

me that such judgments arise not from a truly fine sense of discrimination, but on the contrary, from the total lack of ability to discriminate.

"I had found Mahler's themes banal, although the work as a whole had made a great impression upon me. To-day I could no longer maintain such a stand, even with malice. Just think! If those themes were really banal, I could not help find them still more banal to-day than I did at first. Banal means rustic, signifying a retarded state of culture. Such a state of culture does not imply anything bad or false. It merely represents something superseded, obsolete, once-right, but no-longer-true. The peasant behaves not badly, but in an out-dated manner, aping those of a once higher cultural state. Banality, then, implies an out-dated state of manners and outlook, once really the manners and outlook of the more cultured; not banality from the outset, but merely grown to be such when supplanted by the succeeding stratum of cultural progress. But it can never become valid again; once rendered banal, it must remain banal. And when I now declare that I can no longer find these themes banal to-day, I know they could never have been banal; for a banal idea, that is an idea that strikes me as outmoded, trite, can seem to me, upon further acquaintance, only more banal, more trite. Certainly, never more significant. Furthermore, when I keep discovering in this idea, the more I contemplate it, (and this is my experience with Mahler) new facets, fresh beauties, splendors, then there can remain no doubt: the idea is the very opposite of banal. It is not something that has been long since by-passed for reasons that cannot be misunderstood, but rather something the inmost meaning of which has yet to be fathomed, something that was too deep to permit immediate grasp of more than its outer form. And in reality it has gone thus not only with Mahler; almost all the other great composers were subjected to the censure of banality. I need only mention Wagner and Brahms.

"Equally silly is another criticism hurled against Mahler: that his themes are unoriginal. In the first place, just as in art the isolated detail, so in music the theme alone, is not the main thing. For an artwork, like a living organism, emerges an entity. Exactly as with a child, it is not just an arm nor a leg that is first created. Not the themes, but the entire work is the inspiration. Not his is the true gift of invention who creates a good theme but rather his who conceives a whole symphony at once. In the second place, however, Mahler's themes are original. Naturally, one who singles out the first four notes will detect reminiscences, but he is no less ridiculous than one who hunts for original words in an original poem. The theme consists not of a few notes, but of the musical products of these notes. The little structure we call a theme should never be the sole yardstick of the large form of which it is the relatively smallest element. Schopenhauer once remarked that the most unusual things have to be said with the most usual words. That must of necessity be the case with music as well; that the

most unusual things have to be said with the most usual sequences of tone. One is almost tempted to go further: that it is unnecessary for a musical composition to have an original theme. Otherwise Bach's Chorale-Preludes would not be works of art. Yet artworks they certainly are."<sup>1</sup>

To some extent Mahler himself must be held responsible for the timorous pre-disposition of the musical world, conductors as well as music-lovers, toward the *Sixth*. The references to the work's content and complexity in his letters are confused and confusing. In 1904 he wrote to Richard Specht:

"My *Sixth* will pose riddles the solution of which will be possible only to a generation that has already accepted and digested my first five."<sup>2</sup>

The work was then complete in concept, but probably still in rough sketch form.

In a letter to Bruno Walter in the summer of 1906 Mahler, in his usual exuberant, elated manner following the completion of a symphony, scolds him with good-natured impatience for quixotically condemning as unsound one of Wagner's polemics in favor of program-music.

"True, just as in all art, the utmost purity of the means of expression is desirable. When making music one should not seek to paint, describe, etc. Yet whatever the music one creates it cannot help being the complete human—feeling, thinking, breathing, suffering.

"In a word, one who lacks the necessary genius should keep hands off; but he who has it need fear nothing. All this arguing about the exact nature of a work of musical art strikes me as though one, having begotten a child, starts breaking his head afterwards over whether it is really a child, begotten with proper intentions, etc. In short, one has made love and—succeeded: That's that! And if one does not and cannot love, why there just is no child. Again that's that! And if one does and can—well, there is a child. And again that's that!

"My *Sixth* is done. I believe I have succeeded. A thousand times that's that!"

And then came the premiere at Essen, with its hostile critical reception, nothing new to Mahler, who had learned to take rebuffs from the press in his stride. Bravely he wrote to Mengelberg preparing the *Sixth* for its Amsterdam premiere:

<sup>1</sup> *Rede über Mahler*. Translated by Gabriel Engel from excerpts included in a privately printed pamphlet issued by Schoenberg's friends and pupils in celebration of his 60th birthday. The complete text will be included in the collection of Schoenberg's writings to be issued in the fall of 1948 by the Philosophical Library Inc., 15 E. 40th Street, New York, N. Y., under the title, *STYLE AND IDEA*.

<sup>2</sup> This letter, as well as the others that follow, is translated by Gabriel Engel from Mahler's *Briefe*, (Vienna, 1924), by kind permission of Alma Mahler Werfel.

## Chord and Discord

"My *Sixth* appears to be too hard a nut for the tender little teeth of our critics of to-day. Just the same it manages to push its way through the concert halls."

Shortly after this Mahler sent his friend Joseph Reitler, conferring in Paris with the conductor Colonne, who wished to introduce a Mahler symphony there, the following amazing note:

"Under no condition would I advise the *First*. It is very difficult to grasp readily. I would rather recommend the *Sixth* or *Fifth*."

It seemed now that the *Sixth* was not such "a hard nut" to crack, after all.

By then, however, the damage was done. Bogy gossip he had unwittingly helped further by sanctioning dour programmatic allusions to the score, added to the snide remarks of jealous musicians of note concerning the precocious cowbells and hammer and the inanities and insanities of the orchestration, had transformed the symphony's hoped-for laurels into a crown of thorns.

Following the few performances during Mahler's lifetime the *Sixth* remained virtually taboo. Most surprising has been the attitude of Mahler devotees toward this mistakenly neglected work. Paul Bekker, author of a monumental German tome on Mahler's symphonies, published in 1921, may be regarded as the spokesman for the majority of these. He said:

"It would not be right, in order to overcome the antipathy to it inspired by its exceptional content and form, to call for more frequent performances of this symphony as a separate work."

Heard as an entirely separate entity, with a message complete in itself, Mahler's *Sixth* might well persuade the listener that the composer was a pessimist. Yet the same listener hearing the *Fifth* independently, with its enthusiastic message of joy and love of life, could not help concluding by the same logic that Mahler was the very voice of affirmation. The truth, however, is that each of these works, indeed every one of Mahler's symphonies, stresses a different facet of the "complete human" mentioned in his letter to Walter. Man's ever-changing experiences in life exert subtle influences over his spiritual alchemy; they cause changes in his "feeling, thinking, and suffering" which determine his consequent spiritual state.

If I may use the apt contrast of Milton's immortal odes, the tragic *Finale* of the *Sixth*, a veritable Ode to Human Suffering, is but the momentary *Il Penseroso* of an artist, whose inner life was one vast *L'Allegro*, ecstatic with the urge and the felicity for self-expression. Viewed from the first movement's arduous ascent to life's topmost summit, whence the homely echo of cowbells still tinges the transfigured revelation of eternity with mundane limitation, this *Finale* may well reflect Mahler's hopeless struggle to maintain his lofty ideals at the Viennese Opera against the stumbling-blocks set in his path by malicious, powerful opponents, envious of his high artistic authority. For years Mahler suffered under the premonition that this episode would end tragically for him, as it did, though not till

some seasons after its probable prediction in the foreboding hammer blows of the Sixth.

Only absolute belief in their indispensability could have caused Mahler to introduce the hammer and cowbells, scored here for the first time in any symphony. Those who suspect that he might have hit upon such precarious tonal timbres out of a desire for sensational effect, need only be reminded that he would transport a special set of cowbells, constructed according to his own specifications for this work, hundreds of miles to insure accurate rendition of the desired timbre. Mahler's conception of the hammer blow, on the other hand, seems never to have been adequately realized. Paul Bekker, who attended some of the rare early performances, concludes, naively enough, that this failure was perhaps intentional: that it supports the validity of Mahler's symbolism by suggesting MAN's insurmountable limitations, the vanity of his effort even so much as to mirror the voice of Fate. The score calls for "a short, powerful, but dully echoing stroke of unmetallic character." Paul Stefan hints, "Like a falling tree." In a letter dated Aug. 18, 1906, to Mengelberg, in a quandary about the hammer blow, Mahler said:

"Too bad you told me so late just how you felt about the hammer blows. I can make no change now, as I gave my *imprimatur* to the publisher weeks ago. Frankly, I felt just as you do about the matter, but forgot to note the change. Well, let's try it your way in Amsterdam and perhaps it can be appended somehow to the score later."

The original score shows that Mahler did omit the third and most fateful of the hammer blows (as published in the study-score released after the world premiere). However, the published version greatly intensifies the work's sensational appeal. Perhaps this fact will continue to influence the conductors of its rare performances to retain the third stroke. Once heard it cannot be forgotten. Whenever the work is performed listeners will be told about it in advance and they will await it expectantly. It is literally the death blow. Why did Mahler change his mind about mirroring the very stroke of death in tone? Perhaps superstition had something to do with it. Yet artistic integrity actually demanded that it be omitted. The two preceding hammer blows were warnings, premonitions, sufficiently sombre to lend conviction to the description "Tragic". The third, followed by the mourning choir of trombones, involves an almost photographic bit of realism, violating the pure symbolism Mahler really intended, but apparently himself understood clearly only after it was too late to amend the score in press.

Just another word about the cowbells and hammer. At the American premiere, in almost every detail a perfect presentation of the work, these two important symbols, so difficult of realization in accordance with Mahler's intent, might possibly have been improved upon. The cowbells, rather spasmodically sounding, seemed somewhat harsh and over-prominent. The score stresses particularly that the bells be rung "at a distance." As this sound, in particular, tends to produce a disturbing audience-reaction, aside from feeding the hostile critic's penchant for gibes, it should be most meticulously tested before a performance. The greatest feasible distance from

which the bells would be sufficiently perceptible to show that they are related to the score would be the proper distance. As for the right timbre, one would have to unearth Mahler's own specially constructed cowbells to know the exact truth in that regard. The score reveals the unbroken, gently waving line Mahler used for his cowbell notation, indicating that he desired a soft, unbroken tone, but the timbre he fancied may remain a mystery forever. The hammer blow at Carnegie Hall was startling, sharp, and penetrating, in all, surely impressive, yet as a symbol of Fate not overconvincing.

At first, perhaps, some of the hostile scribes were driven by urgent deadlines to snap judgments, the equally ready retraction of which might have involved some sacrifice of authority and pride. With each fresh ovation granted a Mahler Symphony their stand grows more puzzling, almost seeming the expression of a planned, hammer-like attitude already notorious in America in Mahler's lifetime. At any rate, the hammer and cowbells provided their now very banal remarks about Mahler's alleged banality with a grateful point of departure. Gleefully, they rose to an all-time low of superficial condemnation. To them we heartily recommend the telling words of Schoenberg on the nature of banality (with special emphasis on Mahler's art). By his own confession once in agreement with them, this man, one of the foremost creative artists of all time, is not merely a great musician, but a keen esthetician as well. Having survived a half-century of critical buffetings, with his artistic integrity unscathed, he recently viewed with whimsical pardonable irony a belated American Academy of Arts award in recognition of a lasting contribution to art, already realized in great measure just about the time of the world premiere of Mahler's Sixth.

#### FIRST MOVEMENT

Listening to the opening strains one seeks in vain to single out a definite lesser melodic component corresponding to the traditional concept of "first theme." There is here no cadence, no marker for the quick, facile analyst. One is swept along by an impassioned march-like outburst of lyricism, the vehicle of a number of motivating sources. It surges impetuously onward by ramifications rhythmically ever new. Through sixty measures of alternate wide leaps and zig-zag rushes it pursues its breathless way. It is not just a theme; it is a march-song of symphonic scope, an integral creation of the process known to musical rhetoric as "free fantasy". The powerful forward urge of this march is not the expression of restlessness. It mirrors the heroic determination of man's will to surmount all obstacles.

A singular motive, of grim, relentless power gives the first hint of a tragic outcome for all the earth-bound aspiration just presented. A word about the origin and nature of this fateful motive, destined for a paramount role in the symphony, may be of interest. At the end of the opening movement of Mahler's *Second* there occurs a particularly gloomy, brief episode, reflecting the victory of death over life. It involves an instant change of mood from major to minor by the depression of the middle tone of a major triad. The aptness of this harmonic transformation as a symbol of the shadow of death ever-impending over life must have struck Mahler when planning the *Sixth*. No less singular than this fate motive itself is the instrumental dress in which he arrayed its initial appearance. Trumpets and

oboes sound it simultaneously, the former graded from *ff* to *pp*, the latter from *pp* to *ff*, the darkening of the harmony thus being reinforced by a corresponding darkening of orchestral timbre, as the dimmed brilliancy of brass gives way to the increased nasal volume of woodwind. Whether or not one favors such intricacies of dynamics in mingled timbres, this is a characteristic example of the meticulous virtuosity Mahler brought to the scoring of the *Sixth*, that seems worth pointing out. Echoes of the fate-symbol's harmonic change haunt the brief, mysterious chorale that follows, softly chanted by the woodwind. Gradually the air grows more peaceful and cheerful, to greet the advent of the light-hearted song-theme, which seems at first nothing more than the idealized chorus of a Viennese popular song, characterized by short, separated phrases, alternately amorous and lilting.

Ah, the song-theme, into which symphonists have traditionally poured the utmost melodic magic of which they were capable! Yet certainly not so Mahler, especially in this simple, diatonic song-theme. Obviously its chief mission is not of a cantabile nature; it is above all the vehicle for two contrasted motives, destined to high importance in the movement's development. Therefore, the listener should realize that instead of compact themes the exposition of Mahler's *Sixth* is devoted to contrasted moods, presented in freely evolving, song-like structures, the primary aim of which is not to sing, but to convey the motives, the characters in the symphonic drama about to be unfolded. So numerous are they, especially in the opening march, that Mahler, eager to familiarize the listener with these essential particles flashing by with kaleidoscopic swiftness, resorts to the classic device of repetition. In view of the brevity of this exposition and the enhanced comprehension of the ensuing development a second hearing of the many motives would afford, Mahler's demand for such a repetition should not be ignored.

As first heard, but a simple melody clothed in simple harmonies, it returns shortly a transformed creation, impetuous, joyful, resplendent in a luxurious contrapuntal garb of supporting voices. After full, satisfying expression it subsides in a dreamy cadence.

The extended development section falls into four divisions, separated by the strongly contrasted moods which hold successive sway. The first of these exploits a number of varied rhythmical motives drawn from the march, culminating in a new, more impassioned march-melody freely evolved out of those motives. The listener becomes aware of the lessening weight of conflict, the melodic line almost attaining an air of open exultation as it ascends to a more ethereal plane.

"Gradually more sustained," says the score. The violins leap jubilantly upward, to become transfigured in whispered, closely harmonized *tremoli* suggesting the rarefied atmosphere of a lofty summit. Faintly echoing out of the valley below rises the homely sound of cowbells. A choir of eight muted horns and trombones intones the chorale-theme. This passage, a marvel of orchestral color achieved by purely indigenous means, is one of the most felicitous instrumental inspirations of a composer whose pioneering achievements at the threshold of twentieth century economy of instrumental means are still regarded by experts as the supreme models in their field.

The song-theme, hitherto only an occasional, fragmentary apparition in

## Chord and Discord

the development, now flowers into a full-blown, tender melody in the solo flute. Inverted it gains immeasurably in grace and expressiveness. Transmuted by this brightening magic the stormy march re-enters regenerated, now major, strong and confident, bolstered by a powerful orchestral setting. The song-theme, eloquent in the violins, ascends to the brilliant plane of D-Major, where it achieves its fullest, warmest utterance.

Ominously a shadow of the original, dark march-mood looms up in the trombones over aroused, pulsing basses. Alarmed, the entire orchestra falls upon it with full force, "as though bursting in, furious with anger", hints Mahler in the score. In the stirring passage that ensues, Mahler's inexhaustible polyphonic resourcefulness is revealed in the masterful way he marshals the multitude of motives in ever new combinations. The brass now takes charge, dispelling every vestige of the sombre elements that threatened. The song-theme, rising in the trumpets, becomes a veritable hymn of triumph. Unbounded joy fills the air as the movement draws to a close.

### ANDANTE

Mahler decided that the placid *Andante*, third movement in the original score, would serve to better advantage if heard immediately following the dynamic, exciting first movement. Certainly, its marked contrast of spirit affords the listener grateful relaxation. Yet there is a more valid reason for the change. The Scherzo includes dark motives that attain full significance in the Finale. Closer to the latter in content, it is in that respect a preparation for it.

The opening theme of the *Andante*, set in major, and entrusted mainly to the violins, is a tender love-song, of deceptive simplicity, if one passes too lightly over the striking injection of evasive touches of minor in the melodic line. Those more intimately acquainted with Mahler's individual characteristics will appreciate their significance. They know Mahler's irresistible urge to parody and satire, sometimes not even sparing the lugubrious air of a funeral march. Yet the subtle interchange of the theme's major and minor moments is firmly based on the fate-symbol. Early in its unfolding is heard a plaintive motive, aptly set for the oboe, its rocking rhythm much like a lullaby-fragment. This lullaby-motive becomes one of the principal vehicles of the movement, a dream of love, peace, and contentment colored by a profusion of typically Mahlerian instrumental imagery. In a polyphonic setting enriched by ever-varied re-echoings of this motive in strings and woodwind the love-song attains increased ardor, gradually luring the entire orchestra into warm participation. Finally it subsides in a gracious, leisurely cadence amid a rich interplay of imitative voices.

A few measures in minor cast a momentary shadow, quickly dispelled by an exultant outburst of the lullaby-motive in the trumpets, over an impressive hymn-like melody in the horn choir. The mood at this point is closely akin to that of the Finale of the *Fourth*, Mahler's Ode to Heavenly Joy. Cowbells, heard faintly, as from a valley deep below, bear the everyday world's last greeting to the intrepid mountain-climber (the human will) on the lonely lofty summit he has scaled. The very gates of Heaven seem to open before him, revealing indescribable super-earthly splendors. Swiftly the veil is drawn. Yet vestiges of the celestial vision survive in the

violin's ecstatic countermelody as the love-song returns with almost devotional fervor in horn and woodwind. Interpolations of the lullaby-motive enhance the breath-taking beauty of this passage, one of Mahler's most felicitous polyphonic inspirations.

Again the melancholy minor theme, horns and deep strings predominating, yields to the broad-winged countermelody of the violins, awakening the whole orchestra to full-throated, ardent participation in the love-song. The first theme is not heard again. The movement draws to a close along a fine-spun, ever-softer strand of motives, rising and falling like sighing heartbeats in the breast of the lonely one whose yearning evoked the song.

### SCHERZO

The swiftly changing panorama of dance elements, by turns graceful, lumbering, lilting, whirling, presents a weird, shadowy world of rhythmic life gripped by the fantastic spell that sways the Scherzo. A vividly picturesque creation in A-minor, the symphony's reigning key, it is the typical goblin-haunted Mahler scherzo, the proving-ground of an almost uncanny display of tonal wit. Yet it never bursts forth into merry laughter. Instead of humor it offers the wild cachinnation of lurking demons; in place of a smile of cheer, a gargoyle leer. The opening theme (rather, a succession of varied dance-themes) reveals several salient points in common with the march of the first movement, the highly serious mood of which it seems at times openly to parody.

Especially striking is the delicately constructed oboe theme in major, corresponding to the trio section in the classical scherzo. Labeled *Alt-väterisch* (in archaic style) it pretends to evoke a memory of pre-Haydn Austrian folk music, where the oboe was the melody-carrying instrument. Yet even here the unsettled rhythm, alternately 3/8 and 4/8, shows a Mahler not just making, but rather poking fun. Nevertheless, the charm and pseudo-naiveté of this passage are irresistible.

The fate-motive, dormant throughout the Andante, reappears here, adding an ominous element to the fantastic spell. At first it takes the form of a sudden, shattering outburst of trumpets, too brief to dispel the spirit of the dance. At the end, with trumpets muted, it is a descending succession of sardonic, nerve-tingling utterances, lending the close an air of dire foreboding. The scene is now set for the mighty, tragic Finale.

### FINALE

In the Finale the dark elements lowering over the Scherzo burst forth with utmost power to present the fateful solution to life's problem. Hitherto but scattered phenomena, since the content of the earlier movements did not require their planned union, they are now subjected to close integration. The listener becomes aware that all that preceded was a preparation for this titanic welding of forces. The heroic ascent of the mountain-climber (the human will) only to awaken at the summit to the insuperable limitations of the earth-bound mortal; the idyllic invocation to love and peaceful contentment, a fleeting, yearning dream; the diabolic mockery of malicious demons; and over all, the shadow of inevitable Fate, a warning apparition, briefly glimpsed at widely separated moments of portent, foretelling the tragic outcome.

Set in a tremendously magnified sonata-form framework, introduced by an extended *sostenuto* passage 114 measures in length, this Finale is the longest instrumental closing movement in symphonic literature. From the viewpoint of intent, as well as extent, the preliminary *Sostenuto* is a direct offspring of the introduction to Mahler's *First*, that magic spell woven by young genius over a weirdly colored 64-bar organ-point. That initial haunting prelude raised the curtain, not on a single movement, nor just on one symphony, but in fact on that entire enchanted quartet of major works known to the world as Mahler's *Wunderhorn* Symphonies. The introduction to the Finale of the *Sixth*, a grim creation, equally purposeful, more profound, is the eloquent prelude to tragic disclosures. This Finale is unique, even with Mahler, being the only tragic closing movement in all his symphonies. Every other one (the song-cycle *Lied von der Erde* excepted) ends on a major note of dazzling apotheosis.

The Finale's principal divisions are set off by the three much-discussed hammer blows, the first marking the beginning of the development, the second its close, and the third (the blow Mahler afterwards wished to omit) bursting in on the coda's opening phrase. This added formal function enhances the hammer's tragic symbolism, giving it authority over the form of the movement, as well as over its content.

The violins leap aloft in C-minor along an impassioned melodic line as free as the flight of a cadenza. Descending they are overtaken by the fate-motive, blared forth by the horn choir, and forced to enter the symphony's ruling tonality, A-minor, foreordained key to the Finale's gloomiest revelations. In no other Mahler symphony does a single tonality play so significant a role. Clearly, he regarded A-minor as tragedy's own peculiar tonality, for he set it to rule over the opening movement, Scherzo, and Finale.

A fresh motive, beginning with an octave-leap, lugubrious in the tuba, is but an inversion of the first march-motive. Stariled reiterations of an upward-rushing phrase are familiar from the Scherzo. Accentuated march-motives of brighter cast fail to achieve definite major tonality in the horns. Fantastic fragments of themes unite ever more closely in polyphonic embrace, to flower sombrely in a softly muttered, yet "heavily accentuated" (Mahler) funereal chorale in the deeper-toned wind instruments. The march-motives seek thematic integration on a brighter plane, but the fate-motive, masterful in the trumpets, bars the way. Again and again it frustrates them, pointing the way in gradually livelier tempo to the mighty *Allegro Energico* section, the Finale proper.

The first theme, like the march-song of the opening movement, is not a theme in the traditional sense, but rather a theme-group, a larger song-structure of almost spontaneous growth, each succeeding motivated portion of it seeming to issue from the previous one by a sort of dynamic self-evolution. The octave-leap continues prominent in this rhythmic outburst of stormy passion. The fate-motive sounds more threatening than ever in an angry rhythmic variation by trombones. An accentuated melody, product of the octave-leap and the chorale, bravely shakes off the latter's funereal air and mounts by daring leaps and punctuated rhythms to an exultant climax in the trombone choir. In this suddenly brightened atmosphere is born the second theme.

Of combined heroic and lyric cast, the song-theme presents in definite major tonality the aspiring melodic line denied thematic fulfillment by the

fate-motive in the preliminary *Sostenuto*. Horns, then woodwind, deliver its opening phrases, whereupon the violins, warm and sensitive, transmute the rhythmic strain into a song of soaring lyricism. A shadow in minor hovers over the cadence, evoking familiar dire motives. Yet only for moments is the smooth tide of the theme stemmed. It rises again, more impulsive and impassioned than at first, a veritable hymn of joy, luxuriously colored by alternate instrumental groups of varied timbre, the violins contributing to the background a particularly striking series of closely harmonized *tremoli*. The very peak of triumph appears at hand—then suddenly, the first crushing blow! The hammer of Fate has struck. The orchestra recoils, as though paralyzed by the shattering edict. Austere motives of the funereal chorale in diabolic augmentation leap to the foreground, dragging in their wake the terrifying fate-motive.

What now? Panic—but not for long. Presently, the still indomitable will to resistance, mirrored in rapid, driving motives in strings and woodwind amid excited ripples of the harp. A new melody, rich in heartfelt lyricism, brings reassurance in trumpet and horn. In the clash of these elements of darkness and light the principal song-theme reappears, transformed by inversion and clouded in minor. "Everything with rough strength", hints the composer, as swiftly pounding rhythms in woodwind and trumpet and a depressing motive in the basses strive in vain to thwart the song's purpose. They are put to rout by the march-song, which now enters in a "fiery" (Mahler) re-creation, clearing the path for the returning melody of reassurance. Brighter and surer than at first it soars aloft on broad wing, bearing a message of hope. This time its flight is unhampered, attaining completion in an extended melodic line of transfigured lyricism, its cadence evoking further affirmation in an eloquent re-birth of the song-theme itself. Then, at the very threshold of supreme fulfillment, the fateful hammer strikes again. Once more the mighty edict of Fate, but this time unaccompanied by the fate-motive, a psychologically sound omission, tending to enhance the motive's effectiveness later in the *Finale's* tragic climax. Again the struggle of the stricken will to survive, reflected in fleet, panicky runs in the strings.

The trombones, in a broad, powerful, cadenza-like passage, inspired by the octave-leap, parallel the first strains of the preliminary *Sostenuto*. The recapitulation here begun is comprehensive, embracing not only the themes of the *Allegro Energico*, but the introductory *Sostenuto* as well. In no respect a mere repetition, this restatement has the air of thematic consummation. It is a fresh presentation of the principal ideas in new, more impressive instrumental garb, rich in polyphonic revelations of melodic facets hitherto scarcely suggested. Here for the first time the fate-motive is granted full thematic formulation. The octave-leap yields its noblest fruit in a heroic four-part fugato in the brass choir. The melody of reassurance becomes a hymn of triumph in the horns, last and most convincing reflection of the human will to win to the topmost summit.

The violins have just entered upon their final impassioned cadenza, a restatement from the *Sostenuto's* beginning, when the third and last hammer blow falls. Yet the cadenza continues on, descending into the unfathomable depths. There remains only the dark fundament of tonality—A-minor, pedestal for the foreordained triumph of tragedy. Gloom invests

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the hushed closing measures, a brief, mournful epilogue, based on the octave-leap, intoned in canon-style by trombones and tuba.

The curtain falls on darkness. Yet there is left not death, but only night, a night that ends a dark chapter in Mahler's vast symphonic autobiography. Further chapters, some brighter than any that have gone before, are yet to come—the new dawn of the *Seventh* and the transfigured choral *Eighth*, "Symphony of a Thousand", aptly called by one of Europe's outstanding composers "the world's greatest *Te Deum*", rounding out Mahler's second symphonic tetralogy, of which the *Sixth*, with its sombre finale-nocturne, constitutes but a dark, yet very great, intermezzo.

### IRENE JESSNER SINGS MAHLER SONGS

Irene Jessner, the well-known Metropolitan Opera lyric soprano, who distinguished herself by her portrayal of such roles as Sieglinde, Elsa, Elizabeth, Chrysothemis, and notably the Marschallin, made her bow as a *Lieder* singer at Town Hall on Nov. 9, 1947. Included on her program of unhackneyed songs were three by Mahler: "*Ich ging mit Lust durch einen gruenen Wald*," "*Scheiden und Meiden*," and "*Ich atmet' einen Lindenduft*." These proved a particularly happy choice with their challenge to the artist's highest capabilities in the interpretive field. Responding to their challenge, Miss Jessner rose to her full artistic stature, projecting their deeply felt moods so vividly that the listener was instantly caught up in their colorful spell. She revealed these songs to be second to none in their richness of psychological nuance, indispensable to the vehicle of the truly great *Lieder* singer.

Representative of the laudatory comments by reviewers after the concert are the following newspaper excerpts. H. C. S. of the N. Y. Sun thought that "she should be heard in recital more often" and commented on the beauty of her voice which is "capable of dynamics ranging from an exquisite pianissimo to a ringing full voice". According to R. L. of the New York Times, she was at her best in the Schubert and Mahler numbers. "Schubert's famous *Der Jungling an der Quelle* was exquisitely done, both for the spirit of the song and in matters of tonal beauty, form, and color, with a beautiful pianissimo in the top of the voice and sometimes an effect of glittering ice. Similar qualities were noticeable in Mahler's *Ich ging mit Lust durch einen gruenen Wald* and *Ich atmet' einen Lindenduft*, given with a delicacy and an elegance most characteristic of the composer." A serious singer aspiring to distinction in the concert field might do well to emulate Miss Jessner in her wise choice of a group of Mahler songs to enhance the poetic wealth and variety of her program offerings.

## BRUCKNER'S SLOW MOVEMENTS

By ROBERT SIMPSON

In his programme-note on Bruckner's Fourth Symphony, Sir Donald Tovey says, "The plan of his *adagios* consists of a broad main theme, and an episode that occurs twice, each return of the main theme displaying more movement in the accompaniment and rising at the last return to a grand climax, followed by a solemn and pathetic die-away coda". It will be found instructive to look for evidence to support this generalisation, considering the slow movements of the symphonies in chronological order. The first and least important is that of the exercise of 1863. It has a broad main theme which is the only really characteristic element in the whole of this F minor symphony; the work cannot have been intended for performance, since in it Bruckner deliberately abates his own individual style, already present in his mind as the Mass in D minor, written down soon afterwards. Although the main theme of the movement faintly prefigures glories to come, the piece as a whole, ternary in plan, is cramped by a stiffly formal middle section. The earliest mature orchestral slow movement is found in Symphony No. 1 in C minor.

There is to be heard all that is finest in early Bruckner. It begins darkly, in an F minorly A flat, with ominous stirrings in the bass, rising slowly twice to threatening outcries. After the second of these the air clears, and in an unambiguous A flat major comes a very soft *chorale*, modulating gradually until it settles on B flat major. In this key there is a beautiful curving melody, joined by equally gracious counterpoints. B flat, however, is not secure in its own right and is very soon revealed as the dominant of E flat, where the melody alights, reaching a broad climax in a remarkably short time. This device of shortening and broadening a design by allowing the second group to commence while the transition is still in progress is derived from Schubert, who often creates wonderful subtleties that are misconstrued as weaknesses by the unwary.

The key remains as, with a change of time, a new idea enters. This, a glorious flow of really Brucknerian melody, in some ways prophetic of the famous *Moderato* in the slow movement of the Seventh Symphony, turns out to be an expansive central section. Many lovely modulations pass before the tranquillity becomes overcast and mysterious flowing semiquavers mask the return of the dark elements. The semiquavers persist to add power to the recapitulation, the *chorale* follows with shadowy new scoring, and then the second theme, starting in E flat and moving to A flat. The music then drifts into a serene *coda* upon which no trace of the original unrest is allowed to creep. The design is thus an unusual blend of ternary and sonata forms, a sonata exposition being followed by a middle section based on new material; not a development section but the first two-thirds of a ternary structure which, instead of completing itself with a restatement of its own, returns to the opening of the exposition. That follows, like a sonata recapitulation, its keys rebalanced, and is joined to a *coda*.

The slow movement of the posthumous symphony in D minor is far less

valuable, though Bruckner was rather harsh in rejecting the symphony, which is well worth hearing. The form of this B flat major piece can be described briefly. First comes a hymn-like tune, somewhat lacking in character. This, with its alternations of strings and wind, establishes the tonic. It modulates towards the dominant, where a second, more graceful theme appears, longer than the first and tonally more free. The flowing scale figures that occupy its latter part then move into D flat, the first theme joining them in the basses below. The same thing occurs in A flat and then phrases from the second theme are used to turn the music back to the tonic. The first subject returns over a *pizzicato* bass. It tends to modulate but is checked by the restatement of the second group in the tonic. That merges into a *coda* and the only further reference to the opening theme is at the end. The movement is therefore in sonata form with a desultory "development". As a whole it lacks a sense of climax, a fault rare in Bruckner, but it certainly does not conform to Tovey's formula.

The *Andante* of the Second Symphony in C minor is of higher calibre. It is one of the earliest examples of a way of composition that gave rise to many later and quite dissimilar masterpieces by Bruckner. The method is based on the very quality that is absent from the *Andante* of the previous symphony; the composer's sense of climax lets him raise vast mountain ranges. This is one of the smaller chains, but it is impressive. A flat major is the main key and in and around it the calm first paragraph remains, eventually coming to rest on the dominant of F minor. Beginning in F minor there sounds a typical soft horn solo against a *pizzicato chorale*, very like some passages in the Fourth and Fifth symphonies. This, as the music soon shows, is not the start of a second group or section, but is a slow link to an immense counter-statement of the opening paragraph, illuminated by counterpoint and making the first climax of the design. The music dies away never having left the environs of A flat, and the *chorale-like* link reappears, this time starting in the supertonic. In character with the spaciousness of the plan as a whole, the *chorale* is now heard twice without losing its essential transitory quality and the final return to the opening is thus rendered more striking by the delay. Decorated by complex rhythmic combinations, the theme begins again in A flat, which has hitherto not been challenged. As it soars towards a great height, there is a magnificent modulation to the bright key of B major, the first fundamental change in the whole movement. The rest of the music after this culmination concerns itself with reinstating A flat in a gentle and moving *coda*. This form would be like Tovey's if there were an extensive "episode". The twice-used horn theme cannot be so regarded since it merely links the three great waves that constitute the main body of the structure. When Bruckner writes a distinct episode it is always in a contrasting key and expands itself on a large scale. That is not the case here.

The Third Symphony in D minor contains one of the grandest of Bruckner's earlier slow movements. It is large and clear-cut, externally simple and internally complex. It bears a Neapolitan relationship to the main key of the symphony, being placed in E flat major. Not enough attention is normally given to the beauty of Bruckner's key-schemes; too often he is said to modulate haphazardly when in fact he is weaving a fine tonal net which spreads further than the average listener can at once perceive. Even at this stage of his career there is a striking though compara-

tively small example of the power in the opening part of this Adagio showing how he can establish a key by exploring wide surrounding areas that Brahms, for instance, would call remote. The majestic main theme soon moves into darker regions, but after rising to two great bursts separated by a soft phrase the music subsides into E flat again in such a manner as to show that the tonic has never been disturbed; all "modulations" have hitherto been mere links in one thread. The first real change of tonal centre is felt with a new theme in a different time and tempo (*Andante quasi allegretto*) ( $\frac{3}{4}$ ). This is the outset of a huge middle section poised, in spite of many other incidental keys, on B flat. The new stream flows richly, anticipating in its harmony the second idea of the Adagio in No. 8, and its counterstatement leads to another thought (*Misterioso*) in G flat, another of Bruckner's beloved suggestions of *chorale* style. This receives separate treatment before giving way to its immediate precursor, which, launched gently in C major beneath smooth semiquavers, gains intensity as it glides from key to key, arriving at a chromatic canon in the strings. The dominant of F flat is then treated as a German sixth and the opening strain returns, this time expanded and developed, accompanied by sweeping string figures (at first *pizzicato*), touched with deliberate quotations from Wagner (to whom the work was dedicated), and at length achieving symmetry by delivering two full bursts of cathedral music, separated by the same soft phrase mentioned at the corresponding point in the first part. To all this is attached a finely held *coda*. Here the scheme is roughly ternary A-B-A; B is naturally less cumulative in effect than A, which is given added force on its second entry. In every detail this movement has true greatness.

Although Tovey is sympathetic to Bruckner, his analysis of the *Andante* of the Fourth Symphony does not seize on what is literally the key point, Bruckner's use of tonality. Had he noted this he would certainly not have remarked, "his all-important episode is as slow as his vast main theme. The result is curious; the thing which is oftenest repeated and always expanded, the vast main theme, is welcomed whenever it returns; while, as Johnson would have said, 'the attention retires' from even a single return of the episode". It is surprising to find this great scholar not noticing that what is at first part of a really gigantic paragraph behaves as an episode only when it is heard again much later. This phenomenon is entirely the outcome of Bruckner's subtle distinction between real modulation and mere passing references to foreign keys.

The character of the movement as a whole is that of a veiled funeral march, with the strange effect that the observer's distance from the dark cortege seems to vary uncannily. At one moment the action is so far off that it might almost be static; at another the hearer is himself in the midst of the procession. Pervading the whole is a sense of dreamlike unreality. The key is C minor and the colossal first section is centred firmly around C, ending in the major. It contains three thematic elements. First there is a plain marching tune with a subdued accompaniment of muted strings. C minor is obscured but not banished when this leads to a most solemn *chorale* that modulates too constantly for any other key to establish itself. Dying away, it is succeeded by the most mysterious idea of all, a *cantilena* of violas, almost still, with the distant tread of remote *pizzicati*. Dimly lit by different key-colourings, it finally settles in C major, which, miraculously

sounds as if its sovereignty had never been in question. Truth is that Bruckner has so far allowed no other key to gain a foothold. One of the grandest aspects of his art is its way of forcing the hearer to enlarge his conceptions of nearly all musical devices. This is not megalomania; it is mastery. It may be averred that this C major is really the dominant of F minor, but it should be remembered that in a minor key the tonic major always sounds as if it might at any moment fall to the subdominant.

The change, through D flat to A flat, that follows this section shows at once how different is the effect of a clean change of key. Starting in A flat, fragments of the first tune are developed with new shapes, building a big climax which subsides on the home dominant, awaiting the restoration of the opening in C minor. At this stage a symmetrical restatement would be clumsy, and Bruckner treats his recapitulation in an individual way. In order that he shall be free to reserve his greatest effort for the *coda* (an unusual balance of force in a slow movement in any case), the composer reverses normal methods. His opening expository part is dominated by one key. It does not move definitely to a new one, as do all sonata expositions. This procedure does not preclude the need for an extensive development, for no sense of form is yet achieved; the music must expand further. Bruckner does not, however, wish his plan to end flatly with a return of the opening; the central development must be balanced by a proportionate *coda* that is to crown the whole with a great climax, which must be prepared if it is not to sound like a mere addition to something already complete.

The surprising solution to the problem is Bruckner's treatment of the necessary restatement as if it were a primitive kind of sonata exposition; its end thus left open, a *coda* grows perforce. The first theme moves out of C minor, the *chorale* is omitted (since it would give the impression of a symmetrical repetition) and the remote viola phrases are heard, grouped this time round D minor-major. This key is very expressive because it has so far been allowed no independence. Only now can this passage be regarded as a true "episode". After this the composer moves with suitable gravity back to C minor for a *coda* which creates a tremendous mass of tone. The subdued end contains oblique references to both the *chorale* and the viola theme. It should now be clear that Tovey's episode (the viola theme), far from being "as slow as the vast main theme" is purposely much slower, and is, each time, a much needed period of repose before a return to action.

In the Fifth Symphony is at last to be found an *Adagio* that Tovey's formula describes, though it is still questionable how far the word "pathetic" is ever applicable to Bruckner's music. "Solemn" it always is, but it is too grand for pathos.

D minor is the key of this great movement, whose proportions are as simple as they are magnificent. The main subject is on an oboe over a *pizzicato* accompaniment that is also used in the *Scherzo* of the symphony. The whole of the first group is quietly devotional, resting eventually in F major. Its rhythms, combining 6/4 with 4/4, have immense potentialities. The second part begins at bar 31 with one of the world's greatest melodies, the purest and noblest Bruckner; it gathers strength as it climbs to a full climax, turning majestically in combination with its own image and with other aspiring phrases. At its height it is poised on the dominant of C, but with a sudden hush the home dominant intervenes.

There now follows an expansion of the other group, in D minor at first, but moving with the aid of swirling quavers through other keys as it becomes sterner in mood, ending with dramatic alternations of pp and ff. It breaks out suddenly and misty harmonies make a beautiful return to the second theme (Tovey's episode), this time in the tonic major. After passing through entirely new developments, it slips into a long-drawn link that brings about the last return of the original material with due mystery. The strings join the woodwind and brass, accompanying them with wave-like semiquavers, and the whole last section resembles some mighty minster nave, full of great sweeping curves of breathtaking grandeur. At the end the light fades into the mystery of the opening. In one important respect, Tovey's description is incomplete. It gives the impression that the "episode" is repeated literally and that it is mainly the "accompaniment" that changes at each appearance of the main theme. In most cases the term "accompaniment" can mislead, though here it is just if it is applied to the activities of the strings during the presence of the first subject.

The next instance needs less description than most, for it perpetuates Bruckner's mastery of sonata structure on the vastest possible scale. Tovey has rightly said of the *Adagio* of the Sixth Symphony, "the slow tempo inspires him to a mastery of the big and supple paragraph that Brahms would have been compelled to praise." Though the key is F major, the beginning is nearer to F minor with its descending minor scale in the bass. The contrasting group starts with a very gracious theme in E major, but soon enters the orthodox dominant, C major, sustaining a climax in that key. From this comes a calm descent to a grave theme in C minor. There is no break at the end of the exposition and the C minor tune drifts into other keys, leading to a deliberate development of the opening subject. The recapitulation is defined by a clearly fixed F minor-major, but the theme expands into a massive *crescendo-diminuendo* in a manner that makes it the logical continuation of the development. The second group is restated with remarkable poise and subtlety, growing this time from the tonic instead of from a remote key and having an entirely new set of modulations besides added beauties in the scoring. There is an optional cut in this passage (from bar 113 to 132 inclusive). Tovey approves of this, but reluctantly; without it Bruckner's exquisite redistribution of keys in the second group is lost. The movement cannot be thus truncated; its exposition is wasted if it is not explained by the restatement. This exposition recalls that in the slow movement of the First Symphony and also has its origin in Schubert. The perfectly shaped coda is as peaceful and strong as the summit of Mount Everest in the sunlight.

The *Adagio* of the Seventh Symphony was not, as is often thought, composed in memory of Wagner. Most of it was finished before Wagner's death, and only the coda is funeral music that can definitely be ascribed to Bruckner's sorrow at that event. The whole elegiac movement is perhaps the most immediately accessible of all Bruckner's compositions. In its key-system it is one of his profoundest essays and can be analysed fully only at greater length than is possible here. (This remark applies also to the slow movements of the last two symphonies). The opening is huge, a sombre train of themes, originating in C sharp minor and creating a climax on the threshold of F sharp minor. After some dark hesitancy, the tonal trend of the first section is explained by the second, the famous and

glorious *Moderato* in F sharp major. In due course it sinks again to C sharp minor. This time there is a slow growth to a very powerful utterance in G major (bar 127), one of the remotest possible keys. This G major behaves momentarily as if it intends to be the dominant of C, but leads instead to A flat major, in which the second group sounds with fresh orchestration. Now A flat is simply G sharp, the home dominant, and consequently the recapitulation of this group acts as an immense dominant preparation for the restoration of the tonic and the main theme. This is a new application of the cardinal principle of restatement. Bruckner rarely restates material to serve mere demands for symmetry. He treats each case as a novel phenomenon. Because he sees the true nature of his material, he is able to use familiar devices to mould it into unfamiliar, living forms.

The main theme now becomes the backbone of an enormous structure, towering high and crowned with a superb climax in C major. This key is directly related to G major, which emphasized the previous somewhat less prominent peak. The whole mighty design is thus integrated at a stroke. All that remains to be executed is the sublime coda. C major itself, like G major before it, is a link in a tonal sequence and moves one step further into D flat major (C sharp major, the tonic major). The rest is music of extraordinary depth. In examining these works it becomes increasingly obvious that Bruckner's "constant modulation" is illusory, for he often circles a single tonal region with many different keys, none of which asserts itself above the others. They are as dancers in a group; one may be momentarily in possession of the stage, but the rest are still performing in support. An iron discipline regulates their movements.

This iron discipline is evident at the beginning of the slow movement of the Eighth Symphony. The key is D flat major. For the first twenty bars D flat (or C sharp) persists in the bass, with the result that its re-emergence at bar 29, after the intervention of remote keys, comes with real assurance. Its grip has not been loosened. It then gives way to the dominant of E major, which is a long-distance preparation for the opening of the second group in that key. Like the *Adagio* in No. 5, this design comes close to Tovey's dictum. It is conceived on a gigantic scale and the main point for remark is the fact that each return of D flat is convincingly driven home as an establishment of the tonic. The sum effect is that the whole vast organism has never really left its roots in that key. The achievement is the more remarkable when one considers that only once is D flat established by dominant preparation. The key relationships are extremely intimate and intricate. E major in which Group II is first heard is, despite its sharps, a dark area beside D flat, being in reality F flat major, and the later resurgence of the same subject matter in the supertonic major, E flat major, has a distinctly brighter effect. As in the *Adagio* of his previous symphony, Bruckner relates the two main climaxes tonally, the first coming at bar 125 with a 6/4 chord of B flat major and the other, the result of one of his greatest passages, at bar 239 with a wonderful 6/4 chord of E flat major. It is also worth noting that E major is given prominence several times; first it comes as the key of the second group (bar 47), then again at bar 119 as a bright contrast to E flat minor, and thirdly with tremendous effect at bar 211, where it is approached suddenly after a vehement preparation on the dominant of A flat. This latter change recalls the so-called

"Recapitulation" in the first movement of No. 7, and is indeed, one of this composer's favourite modulations. Of the sheer majesty of this movement it is impossible to speak, since such music can be described only in its own terms. It is, without doubt, one of the greatest of all symphonic adagios. More than that cannot be said here.

Lastly, what can be said of the movement that now has to end the Ninth Symphony, of the ultimate expression of Bruckner's art and faith? It is a commonplace to state that this Ninth, like Schubert's B minor symphony, is satisfying in its unfinished form, that there is a sense of finality in the slow movement which makes anything else needless. It has even been asserted that Bruckner's death was somehow opportune, that the work was saved from the encumbrance of a *Finale* by a considerate Providence, presumably intensely musical and not given to bothering with Long Works. Had the *Finale* been completed, it would probably have combined the contrapuntal brilliance of that of the Fifth with the massive, granite-like consistency of that of the Eighth. Such a movement would have made all existing theories about the present "completeness" of the Ninth ridiculous and its loss is a matter for deep regret. One must, however, remain thankful that the torso of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony ends with so wonderful a sense of peace, rather than with the fierce *Scherzo* which, like that in the Eighth, is placed second in order.

The opening of the *Adagio* of No. 9 has often been compared with that of *Tristan und Isolde*. No two works could be more dissimilar, in spite of certain surface resemblances. That Wagner influenced Bruckner technically is true, but the Austrian's ethereal music has nothing in common with Wagner's richly, rather aggressively sensuous mode of expression. This plan is far removed from Tovey's formula. It is, as one expects, gigantic, and begins with the usual pair of theme-groups. The first of these evolved from a daring leap of a minor ninth from the dominant of E, and as a whole this section is pervaded by shifting, restless harmonies, reaching a mighty, strange climax, the mysterious echo of which contains a marvellous use of trumpets. As the mood deepens, a slow *chorale* moves towards the second group. The first group, while it is firmly based upon E major, does not parade that key, which nevertheless is a true tonic. Bruckner's well-loved major mediant is the key of Group II, a fine *cantabile*, the last development of the types found in the First and Seventh symphonies. But here there is a new austerity beneath the graceful forms. Bruckner's spirit is now too quiet, too close to the awesome reality of death to find pleasure in warm, emotional utterance as in past years. There is here a soft tension, a waiting for an unknown experience. It is this sense of having been created on a strange threshold that gives the whole movement its uncanny power.

The tonality is deliberately obscured for long stretches of the music by the remarkably bold use of chromaticisms, which are carried far beyond those of any other contemporary composer. It is also notable that all the big crises of the movement are moments of dissonance. On all previous occasions they have been blocks of consonant harmony. This is quite a new element in Bruckner's music, yet more evidence of the constantly expanding, forward-looking nature of his mind. The second group leads to a return of the first, which brings itself to a solemn *tutti* beginning in B minor, but modulating freely. Another quiet passage, full of strictly con-

trolled power, causes a big outburst on the dominant of C, similar to the first high point in the opening paragraph. The mystery is not resolved by the entry, in A flat, of part of the second group, which soon breaks off with dejected echoes on oboe and horn, to be replaced by strenuous developments of chromatic figures from the main theme, interspersed with great *chorale* phrases. At length E major takes control once more. This time Bruckner's manner of design is quite unprecedented. The second theme, greatly augmented, and with an agitated accompaniment, is sung by the first violins in the tonic. Very slowly the agitation and the grandeur increase until the music reaches one of the most stupendous and terrifying culminations in all music, with a discord of truly astounding force. This chord, which was severely diluted by Ferdinand Löwe in his "revision" of the symphony, contains the following notes—E, F sharp, G sharp, A, B sharp, C sharp. The mighty crisis resolves into utter peacefulness and the *coda* that ends the movement quietly is perhaps the profoundest passage Bruckner ever wrote. Not only is it a summing up of the whole *Adagio*, but it can be regarded as a backward glance of the old composer at his entire career, as subtle allusions to themes from earlier works indicate.

The inadequate description of the Bruckner *adagio* by Tovey meets its final repudiation in this movement, in which the second group, or "episode" is used to provide the biggest climax in the piece. It should not be forgotten, however, that Tovey's remark occurred in a concert note, and he himself would, no doubt, have been the first to admit that it was loosely applied. One should therefore not criticize that remarkable thinker on such flimsy grounds. It suffices to be grateful for provocation to pursue the matter further. The above sketches of the music in question must on no account be regarded as analyses. Their failure to deal properly with at least the last two cases is only too clear, but, pending fuller discussion at some later date, it is hoped that they may provide still more provocation for others to pursue the matter further.

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#### WNYC AND WQXR BROADCAST BRUCKNER AND MAHLER RECORDINGS

Performances of Bruckner and Mahler as well as recordings of their music are being heard on the air with increasing frequency. New York City's Municipal Station, WNYC, and Station WQXR broadcast available Bruckner and Mahler recordings regularly. Both stations deserve special commendation for their contributions to the musical and cultural life of the communities within their radius.

To commemorate the 87th anniversary of Mahler's birth, Station WNYC broadcast Walter's recordings of Mahler's IV and IX on July 7, 1947, while Station WQXR (New York City) devoted its July festival to the music of the Austrian master. The Municipal Station also took cognizance of the 16th anniversary of the founding of The Bruckner Society of America. On January 4, 1947, WNYC broadcast a recording of Bruckner's *Fourth*. Preceding the broadcast the Executive Secretary of the Society gave a five minute talk. During September WNYC broadcast a Bruckner Festival. Recordings of Bruckner's *Fourth*, *Fifth*, *Seventh*, and *Ninth* were played.

## ARNOLD SCHOENBERG'S DEBT TO MAHLER

By DIKA NEWLIN

The superficial observer, unfamiliar with the Viennese musical scene, would be indeed hard put to it, confronted with one of Schoenberg's twelve-tone scores and Mahler's First Symphony, to determine what influence the older composer might have had upon the younger. And yet the influence of Mahler is ever-present in Schoenberg. Indeed, to me, it seems increasingly impossible to understand Schoenberg without understanding Mahler. If the works of Schoenberg are seldom heard and even more seldom understood, it is at least in part because the great tradition of music-making in Vienna—a tradition of which Mahler was among the most outstanding latter-day representatives—has not really been understood.

To one who knows the proud and independent nature of Schoenberg, it is by no means surprising that he did not, at first, succumb to Mahler's influence willingly. He and young Alma Maria Schindler—later to become Alma Mahler—were fellow-pupils of Alexander von Zemlinsky. Often they saw each other at the Sunday evening musical gatherings of Frau Conrat, the friend of Brahms; it was on one of these occasions that Alma asked young Schoenberg if he were going to hear the Vienna Philharmonic's performance of Mahler's Fourth Symphony.<sup>1</sup> "Why should I bother?" replied Schoenberg—or words to that effect. "Mahler already couldn't do anything in his First and I suppose the Fourth is the same, only more so!"

But Schoenberg could not hold out forever against Mahler; fundamentally he did not wish to. His relationship with Mahler seems to be characterized throughout by that curious ambivalence of love and hate which, in a similar way, always characterized the attitude of the Viennese intellectuals towards Vienna.<sup>2</sup> That Mahler should sooner or later exert a profound influence on Schoenberg seems inevitable, given the special position which Mahler occupied in Viennese musical life from 1879 onward. The mighty spiritual influence which the powerful director of the Vienna Court Opera exerted through his performances, not on musical circles alone, but on every aspect of intellectual life, is hardly conceivable to those who did not undergo it during Mahler's regime. Performances of Gluck, Mozart, Weber—and Wagner—became celebrations in a new temple of art. And the young Schoenberg, though his firm grounding in the practice of chamber music prevented him from falling into the epigonous *al fresco* music-making of so many of his contemporaries, was, like his entire generation, under the thrall of Wagner. When he was twenty-five he had heard all Wagner's operas between twenty and thirty times each. *Tristan* was so familiar to him and to his friends that they evolved a game to be played during its performances; the winner was the one who could find

<sup>1</sup> January 12, 1902.

<sup>2</sup> This feeling about Vienna finds characteristic expression, appropriately enough, in a letter from Schoenberg to Mahler wherein Schoenberg uses the highly significant phrase "our hated and loved Vienna."

the most "new melodies" in Wagner's highly plastic inner voices. Elsewhere I have discussed the significance of this highly analytical method of listening for Schoenberg's technique of composition. Does it not also tell us something important about Mahler's technique of conducting?<sup>3</sup> It was not the broader outlines and the most obvious melodies alone that were important to Mahler the conductor; every inner part had to have its own life, its own plastic form. This concern for the clarity of each individual voice, ever-present in Mahler's compositional consciousness as well, led him to exercise the utmost care in the indication of the various dynamic levels in his scores. At one and the same moment, one instrument might be playing *piano*, a second *mezzo forte*, and a third *fortissimo*. (But Schoenberg, though his fine ear would delight in distinguishing Wagner's inner voices in a beautifully articulated Mahler performance, did not like these nervous paroxysms of the most varied simultaneous dynamics on the printed page. He preferred to reduce the dynamics of a given vertical combination to a single common denominator, and to indicate the relative emphasis of the different voices by means of his symbols H- and N- or P and S.)<sup>4</sup>

It was through Arnold Rosé, Mahler's brother-in-law and the concertmaster of the Vienna Philharmonic, that Mahler and Schoenberg first came into friendly contact. Mahler, visiting one of Rosé's rehearsals of *Verklärte Nacht* in 1903, was impressed by what he saw and heard, and realized that young Schoenberg was a force to be reckoned with. Then, Zemlinsky brought Schoenberg to visit the Mahler household, and a rather lopsided friendship, with many ups and downs, developed among the three composers. Mahler regarded "Eisele und Beisele," as he called his two talented juniors, with a mixture of affection and exasperation, while Schoenberg wavered between admiration of Mahler's mastery and irritation at his frequently condescending manner. At one time, Schoenberg was occupying a garret in Vienna and was much disturbed while composing by the constant pealing of church bells which dinned into his eyrie from all sides. He complained about this situation in Mahler's presence, but Mahler responded *sehr von oben herab*, "Oh, that doesn't matter; just put the church bells into your next symphony!" Schoenberg was much annoyed, but bided his time until chance furnished him with the opportunity for the perfect *riposte*. Mahler, about to go away for the summer, remarked that he supposed the birds singing all around his *Komponierhäuschen* would make life miserable for him as usual. Schoenberg promptly retorted, "Well, just put the birds into your next symphony!"<sup>5</sup>

But the casual bickering could not conceal the fact that Schoenberg's relationship with Mahler was becoming even closer and warmer. The friendship was further cemented by Mahler's hiring Zemlinsky to conduct at the Vienna Opera in 1906. It was during the summer of that year that

<sup>3</sup> Of course I am not forgetting that Schoenberg must have heard, in his youth, many Wagner performances which were not under the direction of Mahler. But it is scarcely conceivable that Mahler's dynamic concept of the Wagner scores—which, be it remembered, he insisted upon presenting in their uncut form, as his predecessors had feared to do—can have failed to accentuate the influence of Wagner upon Schoenberg.

<sup>4</sup> *Hauptstimme* and *Nebestimme*: principal and subordinate voices.

<sup>5</sup> Of course Mahler had already done so in his *First* and *Second*!

Schoenberg, who was just finishing his first *Kammersymphonie*, found time to write to Mahler, "Nothing could please me more than your saying that we had come closer together." And, during the following concert-season in Vienna, Mahler found ample opportunity to defend the cause of the younger composer. The famous tale of Mahler's rising up in wrath to quell the opposition on the occasion of the Rosés' première of Schoenberg's First String Quartet in Vienna (February 5, 1907) has been too often told to need further repetition here, but its implications do need further elucidation. Mahler's bold defense of Schoenberg certainly did not mean that he completely understood what Schoenberg was trying to do. In fact, with characteristic intellectual honesty, he admitted that Schoenberg's concept of music often surpassed his comprehension. Of this very First Quartet, he said to Schoenberg, "I'm accustomed to reading thirty-voiced orchestral scores—and the four voices of your Quartet give me at least twice as much trouble!" And, after a performance of the *Kammersymphonie* which he had noisily applauded in defiance of the anti-Schoenberg faction, he frankly said that he did not understand this music; but he had the courage to blame this deficiency on his own ear, not on the unfamiliar sonorities. There is no doubt that his public defense of Schoenberg was, in spite of his private mental reservations, utterly sincere. In Schoenberg he recognized a man of his own kind, an intransigent spirit in whom respect for the noblest traditions of music was combined with the courage to break away from outworn conventions. Schoenberg's well-nigh frightening sincerity and directness inspired in Mahler a confidence which was not dependent on understanding alone, but on the emotional response to a kindred soul. Schoenberg, unavoidably on the defensive in these critical years of his development, yet felt this confidence of Mahler's and responded in kind. In his last letter to Mahler (July 5, 1910) he reveals himself completely under the spell of his mentor; he begs Mahler to pardon him for his one-time contrariness which had so often forced him into contradiction for its own sake. That forgiveness had long since been granted. Mahler, during his last illness, often thought of Schoenberg and begged Alma and her stepfather, Carl Moll, to stand by him always. The fund for the support of young composers which was established as a result of this forethought of Mahler's frequently benefitted Schoenberg. How fitting that this last gesture of Mahler's helping hand should have been reciprocated by Schoenberg's supreme act of devotion, the dedication of the *Harmonielehre* to Mahler's memory!

The friendship between Schoenberg and Mahler is a matter of record; but it is more important for our purposes to assess the specifically musical influences of Mahler on Schoenberg. What are these and where may they be found?

Let us consider first the knotty question of tonality. Schoenberg's identification with the process whereby individualized tonalities are fused into the larger system of "pantonality" (a term which he prefers to the inaccurate "atonality") is universally known. Less well known, perhaps, is the fact that Schoenberg himself credits Mahler with playing a significant part in the preliminary stages of this process. To be specific, it was Mahler who first introduced into the symphony a concept which I have called "progressive tonality." The classical symphony either began and ended in the same key or, if beginning in minor, frequently ended in the parallel major.

## Chord and Discord

Bruckner was quite satisfied with this principle of his forebears;<sup>6</sup> Mahler, however, was not. In the First Symphony he applies his new principle to one movement only. The song-cycle on which the symphony is based, *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, began in D minor and ended in F minor. Mahler now transfers this idea to the Finale of the symphony, which begins in F minor and ends in D major. But the principle must now be extended to the entire symphony instead of being limited to a single movement. This happens in the Second Symphony, which begins in C minor and ends in E flat major. Of course, this is not a very striking modulation, for the relative major is as closely related to the minor as the classical parallel major would have been. Mahler finds his way to a more radical application of the principle in his succeeding symphonies, with the exception of the Third, Sixth, and Eighth. The Fourth Symphony moves from G major to E major, the Fifth from C sharp minor to D major, the Seventh from B minor to C major, the Ninth from D major to D flat major, and *Das Lied von der Erde* from A minor to C major. Mahler follows the classic pattern of ending a minor symphony in a major key (the tragic Sixth is the only one of his symphonies in which he did not do this). He seems to have a particular fondness for the tonal progression of a half-step from beginning to end of a symphony, a preference which he evinces in the Fifth, Seventh, and Ninth Symphonies. In the Fifth and Seventh Symphonies the half-step is ascending (C<sup>♯</sup>—D, B—C); this ascending motion gives these symphonies a certain forward impulsion which is synonymous with an optimistic approach to life. This impression is strengthened by the fact that in each of these cases the beginning key is minor and the ending key is major, as well as by the busy and energetic tone of the Finales. On the contrary, the descending half-step in the Ninth Symphony (D to D flat) seems to strengthen the feeling of resignation which imbues that work.

What has this to do with Schoenberg's dissolution—or expansion—of tonality? That question is answered if we turn to Schoenberg's Second String Quartet, the first work in which he completely transcends the limits of the tonal system. The significant thing here is that Schoenberg composed the first three movements in clearly defined keys with key-signatures—F sharp minor, D minor, E flat minor—and did not enter the realm of "pan-tonality" until the Finale. Beginning a work of symphonic proportions "tonally" and ending it "atonally" is surely the next step beyond beginning it in one key and ending it in another very distant one. In the preceding paragraph, I indicated that the concept of progressive tonality in Mahler has something to do with expressing the emotional climate, as it were, of each individual symphony. For Mahler, each symphony was a world in itself, which had to be constructed according to its own laws; as this applied to form, it applied to tonal progression also. Now, the progression from "tonality" to "atonality" is closely involved with the emotional content of Schoenberg's Second String Quartet, especially insofar as this is expressed in the text of the last movement. Attention has been drawn before now to the relationship between the idea of the Stefan George poem which Schoenberg chose, "Ich fühle Luft von anderen Planeten," and the concept of a new musical world in which the old laws of tonality are transcended.

<sup>6</sup> Obviously the ending of the Ninth Symphony in a different key is a special case, akin to that of Schubert's *Unfinished*.

This very Second Quartet of Schoenberg's seems to be the meeting-place of a number of different trends, all of which may be traced, in one way or another, to the influence of Mahler. I mentioned the text of the last movement. The use of the soprano voice in the third and fourth movements of this quartet may surely be attributed to the influence of Mahler's symphonies. It was, of course, quite typical of Schoenberg to introduce an innovation instead of slavishly copying the older composer, as some other less independent spirit might have done. Instead of composing another "choral symphony" more or less successfully, Schoenberg chose to introduce the human voice into a new genre, that of the string quartet; thus he continued that tradition of innovation in chamber music which he had begun with his *Verklärte Nacht*, the first symphonic poem for chamber ensemble. He did not, however, repeat this particular experiment a second time, although his preoccupation with the infinite expressive possibilities of the human voice is well known.

In the Second Quartet, there also arises that problem of "quotation" which plays so prominent a role in Mahler's work. All students of Mahler are familiar with his practise of self-quotation, which also extends to the quotation of familiar extraneous motives. (The most famous example of this latter development is the third movement of the First Symphony, with its all-pervasive *Frère Jacques* motive.) What is not always realized is that such quotation, either of one's own work or of other familiar themes, is in its essence *operatic*. Classic instances of this are the citations of *Una cosa rara* and *The Marriage of Figaro* in *Don Giovanni*, and of *Tristan* in *Die Meistersinger*. Every such quotation in an "abstract" work of music represents an expansion into the dramatic field. Hence, when we consider Mahler's lifelong preoccupation with opera—even though he never composed a dramatic work in his maturity—it is by no means surprising that the use of such quotations became basic in his concept of the symphony. From him, this idea passed to his great Viennese successors—both music-dramatists—Schoenberg and Berg (but not to Berg's great co-disciple Webern, whose musical nature was to lead him along paths far removed from opera). Berg used such quotations more often than Schoenberg; we might cite his quotation from *Tristan* in the *Lyric Suite* for string quartet, and his use of the Bach chorale *Es ist genug* in his Violin Concerto, as well as numerous quotations (both from his own works and from others) in his two operas *Wozzeck* and *Lulu*. However, it is Schoenberg's use of such material which primarily concerns us here. The most characteristic example of it is precisely in the Scherzo of the Second Quartet, where *Ach, du lieber Augustin* makes an unexpected appearance. I have always felt that this idea was, at least indirectly, suggested to Schoenberg by a particular movement of Mahler—the above-mentioned third movement of the First Symphony, that very symphony which Schoenberg had long ago considered a prime example of Mahler's incompetence! I have often heard Schoenberg discuss this movement in terms of the deepest admiration; he likes to characterize it as the first consciously wrought expression of irony in music. One might be tempted to apply a similar interpretation, then, to the Scherzo of Schoenberg's quartet—a movement which is, perhaps coincidentally, also in D minor; but the composer specifically repudiates such an interpretation. To Schoenberg, the words "Alles ist hin," so characteristic of the old

Viennese song, were utterly without ironic or satirical intent, but had a real and deep emotional significance.

Finally, in assessing the influence of Mahler upon Schoenberg, we must approach the problem of orchestration. This has two entirely different aspects. On the one hand, Mahler's celebrated Monumental Instrumentation certainly affected the orchestration of Schoenberg's greatest essay in the monumental style, the *Gurre-Lieder*. It is true that the original conception of the *Gurre-Lieder* antedates Schoenberg's conversion to belief in Mahler; on the other hand, the entire period of its instrumentation covers those years when Mahler's influence on Schoenberg was steadily increasing. This monumental orchestral style, whether in Mahler or in Schoenberg, is characterized by a willingness to introduce any and every effect necessary for the complete expression of the musical idea, even if it requires the use of instruments never before heard in a conventional orchestra. In this sense, Mahler's cowbells in the Sixth Symphony are the pendant to Schoenberg's heavy iron chairs in the *Gurre-Lieder*. Thus we see that both Schoenberg and Mahler escape from the limitations of the conventional ready-made large orchestra which must serve for the expression of every sort of idea or emotion. While the monumental orchestra is sometimes considered to be inflexible in its modes of expression, this is obviously not true if it permits the addition of special instruments for special purposes. This process will eventually lead to the creation of a specialized ensemble for each new composition according to its particular musical needs. It is to Schoenberg and his disciples that we owe the most stimulating developments of this idea, which is a logical outgrowth of Mahler's feeling that each symphony is a separate world with its own laws of construction. Nor is Schoenberg's use of chamber-music combinations for this purpose in any sense a repudiation of the Mahlerian tradition—this in spite of the fact that Mahler was not a composer of chamber music in the ordinary sense. Works like the *Kindertotenlieder* certainly have the character of chamber music; and, even in Mahler's most fully orchestrated scores, many passages may be found in which unusual combinations of solo instruments play together with the utmost finesse. It is from the influence of passages such as these, combined with that of such works of Brahms as the Horn Trio and the Clarinet Quintet, that music like Schoenberg's two Chamber Symphonies and Berg's Chamber Concerto is derived.

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Unavoidably, an essay of this character can only scratch the surface of the subject which it purports to discuss. However, if it induces in those readers who already know and love Mahler a new interest in becoming better acquainted with the works of his supreme spiritual disciple Schoenberg, it will have served its purpose.

<sup>1</sup> In connection with this concept of quotation we might also cite Schoenberg's use of the Beethoven victory motif in the *Ode to Napoleon*.

## BRUCKNER AND MAHLER AND TONALITY

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

What was the attitude of Bruckner and of Mahler toward tonality, both as to keys they preferred and their method of employing them? Before attempting to answer the first part of this question, it would be profitable to examine that of certain of their predecessors. Prior to the nineteenth century the choice of keys was governed largely by expediency and by custom. With the advent of Romanticism we encounter definite key-preferences and key-antipathies, often directly traceable to the composer's temperament and personality. Are we to believe that Mozart disliked the key of F-sharp minor because he chose it for only one of the hundreds of movements that he wrote, the Adagio of the Pianoforte Concerto in A major (K. 448)? Probably not. The key was usually avoided at that time, even though Haydn did make use of it in the *Farewell Symphony*.

But how about Chopin's seeming aversion to D major and D minor? His tonal scheme obliged him to use them both in the Preludes, Opus 28. Otherwise, the former turns up only in a single Mazurka, Opus 33, No. 2, and the latter in the insignificant and posthumously-published Polonaise, Opus 71, No. 1.

For these particular keys Schumann had an especial fondness, and Mendelssohn was certainly partial to them. You might sum it up by saying that, whereas Chopin and Liszt inclined toward the richer and darker tonalities, Mendelssohn preferred the clearer and brighter ones; and that Schumann occupied a middle ground. The mere mention of Mendelssohn in this connection suggests the keys of A and E, major and minor: the *Italian* and *Scottish Symphonies*, the *Midsummer-Night's Dream Music*, the Violin Concerto and sundry piano pieces. A psychiatrist would have no difficulty in showing why Felix, the Happy One, avoided the nocturnal key of D-flat, for which both Chopin and Liszt had a natural affection. And now for Bruckner and Mahler.

Of the two, I would say that Mahler had the more pronounced key-affiliations, but the case of Bruckner is by no means uninteresting. When the latter would be portentous he turned instinctively to D minor, the key of Beethoven's Ninth, as witness his own Ninth and Third Symphonies. For Beethoven this was also the key of storm and stress, vide the Piano Sonata, Opus 31, No. 2; while a storm, whether at sea or on land, turned Wagner's thoughts D minor-ward. At first Bruckner favored the keys with fewer sharps and flats; later he courted the richer ones, particularly in his slow movements.

E-flat major was for Beethoven, and later for Strauss, the manly, the heroic key. It is no mere coincidence that this is the key of both the *Eroica* and *Ein Heldenleben*. For Bruckner it spelled romance. To transpose the magical opening of the *Fourth Symphony* would be to thwart entirely the composer's intention.

The significance of E-flat in the music of Mahler is, of course, enormous. To him it stood for nobility, loftiness of utterance, exaltation, triumph

over despair, the victory over death. It is the key of his two greatest climaxes, namely, the concluding pages of the *Second* and *Eighth Symphonies*. It is also the key of the rapturous "Ewiger Wonnebrand" of Pater Seraphicus, wherein the theme of the finale of the *Eighth* is first disclosed. As the key of consolation it sheds, in the idyllic *Andante moderato* of the *Sixth*, almost the only ray of light that falls upon that tragic work. That there is no natural affinity between that key and A minor, the tonality of the other three movements, makes its use here the more striking. Incidentally, in choosing A minor as the key of the *Sixth*, as well as of the despairing first movement of *Das Lied von der Erde*, Mahler aligned himself with the Chopin of the morbid *Second Prelude*.

If E-flat spelled triumph for Mahler, so did D. But the latter sounds for him a brighter, a less solemn note. One need only instance the finales of the *First* and the *Fifth*, though they exult in very different ways. Does it weaken the argument to recall that the infinitely sad opening of the *Ninth* is also in D major? Or to remember that what Bruno Walter called the "radiant Rondo" of the *Seventh* and the end of *The Song of the Earth* are both in C major? I think not. Joy and sorrow are of nearer kin than we are sometimes inclined to believe. Schubert knew this and so did Mahler. Indeed, these two, who had so much in common, who were in so many ways alike, shared the profound knowledge that the major mode could be sadder by far than the minor. You can forget the end of Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* once you are outside the concert hall; the closing pages of *Das Lied von der Erde* may trouble you for days. If we consider this, for some Mahler's most treasurable page, Schubert's *Am Meer* and the *Dead March* from Handel's *Saul*, we can well believe that no key can be more eloquent of grief than bright C major. Again, in that treasury of sad songs, Schubert's *Winterreise*, the saddest of all, *Das Wirtshaus* and *Die Nebensonnen*, are in major. Nor am I forgetting that *Der Wegweiser* is in G minor.

While on this matter of key preferences, it should be noted that if two of Bruckner's symphonies are in D minor, no less than three of them are in C minor: the *First*, *Second* and *Eighth*. The others are, respectively, in E-flat, B-flat, A and the rarely-encountered E major. The nine of Mahler (ten, if we include *Das Lied von der Erde*) exhibit a wider variety, though we should recognize that the *First* begins and ends in D, that the *Third* begins in D minor and concludes, serenely, in D major and that, as noted above, the *Fifth* ends and the *Ninth* begins in the last-named tonality.

The nineteenth century saw a gradual relaxing and widening of the old concept of key relationship. Haydn and Mozart actually initiated the process, though they respected convention in the matter of their second subjects and side subjects and the respective keys of the several movements, whether in their sonatas, their symphonies or their chamber works. We must not forget, however, that Haydn wrote a piano sonata in E-flat with a middle movement in E, the boldest stroke of the kind until Beethoven turned to that key for the *Largo* of his C minor Piano Concerto.

So far as I am aware, Schubert was the first to use three keys, or rather, three tonal centers in a four-movement symphony, his *Third*, in which the several movements are respectively in B-flat, E-flat, C minor and B-flat. Mahler went him one better. His *Ninth Symphony* has four movements in as many keys, and the five-movement *Fifth* presents this unorthodox

array: C-sharp minor, A minor, D major, F major and D major. Curious relationships are to be encountered in both the *Third* and the *Seventh*. And surely Mahler was the first to begin a symphony in one key and finish it in another. Thus we find the *Second* commencing in C minor and ending in E-flat; the *Fourth* beginning in G major and ending in E; the *Seventh* having an E minor first movement and a C major finale; and the *Ninth* beginning in D and concluding in D-flat. A like procedure in the *Fifth* has just been noted.

The finale of Bruckner's *Eighth Symphony* starts off in F-sharp, though its main tonality is C minor with a C major close. This trick is common with Mahler and might be set down as a personal idiosyncrasy and as his most striking contribution to the widespread disruption of the tonal conventions so characteristic of the twentieth century. We find it in the finale of the *First* (F minor to D major); in that of the *Second* (C minor to E-flat); in the first movement of the *Third* (D minor to F major); in the finale of the *Fourth* (G major to E); in that of the *Sixth* (C minor to A minor); and in the initial movement of the *Seventh* (B minor to E minor).

Beginning with Beethoven, composers broke away from tradition and placed their second subjects in keys other than the dominant and relative major. Here Bruckner occasionally outstripped them all. The *Fourth Symphony* is in E-flat, yet the second theme of its first movement begins in D-flat, in the exposition, and in B major in the recapitulation. In the first movement of the *String Quintet* he went even further. The key is F major and the second subject enters in F-sharp and modulates to C, the expected dominant.

Nevertheless, in the last analysis neither Bruckner nor Mahler can be regarded as tonal anarchists, something that Wagner very definitely was in *Tristan*. They adhered to the classical media, the classical forms, and their breaks with the past were incidental rather than fundamental. We can say of the music of both that it was rooted in the tonal system and that their musical thinking, like that of Brahms and Strauss, was essentially diatonic rather than chromatic. Beyond question, this has helped to give their music its permanency. Tonality and diatonicism are the bedrock of music, let the atonalists protest as they may.

## MAHLER'S FIFTH SYMPHONY

By WOLFGANG STRESEMANN

Mahler's *Fifth* is a masterpiece. Its music is tremendously vital, passionate, and exuberant, traversing the widest possible scope of human emotions. Never again did Mahler take so firm and positive an attitude towards the problems of life; never did he write more optimistic music than in the *Finale* of the *Fifth*. This work surely deserves a permanent place in the repertory of our orchestras. When played by Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in 1947 it was received with tumultuous applause. So great was the impression it made everywhere that "Columbia" decided at once to have it recorded by Walter and his orchestra. These recordings, now available, are truly magnificent. They should help greatly to increase the popularity of the work.

The *Fifth* is, indeed, a monumental symphony in every respect. Its five movements, divided into three parts, last more than an hour, each part containing music of the first order, representing a "high spot" in Mahler's creative achievement. Unlike his preceding symphonies, the *Fifth* has no program, yet, like all the others, it is a true expression of his own beliefs. Moreover, it has an enhanced sense of spiritual unity. Prokofiev's remark that his own *Fifth* reflects the "spirit of Man" is equally true of Mahler's composition. There is a great difference between the *Fifth* and the *Fourth*. The latter sings of "Heavenly Joy", while the *Fifth* is, in the best sense of the word, earthbound. It deals with the eternal struggle of mankind against the heavy blows of Fate, mirroring man's titanic defiance of the dark elements and his final victory. In spite of its two big sections in "minor" the *Fifth* is the work of one who believes in himself, who is determined, audacious, and daring. Here, more than ever before, Mahler follows in the path of Beethoven. Therefore, it is not surprising that in this work he adopts Beethoven's symphonic principles to a degree not met with in his former symphonies.

The *Fifth* marks a notable change in Mahler's creative activity. Suddenly, he now turns to "absolute" music. With the unerring instinct of genius he finds a new technique, suitable to this new species of symphonic writing. Compared with its predecessors the *Fifth* is far more polyphonic. It has a greatly expanded development section of increased symphonic scope. In addition, it contains several fugati, as well as a world of contrapuntal phenomena unparalleled in Mahler's earlier symphonies. It is interesting to note that Mahler later changed the entire instrumentation of the *Fifth*, something he never did in any other case, before or afterwards. This is especially astonishing as the composer was (and deservedly) considered one of the greatest experts in orchestral writing. Yet the *Fifth* meant such a bold step into "new territory" that, although successful in realizing the right form, Mahler failed at first to find the right orchestral garb for it.

The symphony begins with a funeral march, which bears the notation "Wie ein Kondukt" (like a funeral procession). Because of its spiritual

significance this funeral march represents a sort of prelude to the symphony. In this first movement Mahler offers a breathtaking, intensely profound vision of a funeral procession, with its fateful atmosphere and all its inherent, but momentarily suppressed grief. The march consists of three parts, of which only the short middle section rises to a passionate lament. The rest of it is "dead", i.e., devoid of open feeling. This "dead" music belongs among Mahler's greatest inspirations. Not only does it afford a graphic picture of the passing of a funeral procession, it symbolizes the (temporary) deadness of the human heart and spirit at the moment when the hammer of fate has struck. How MAN awakens from this state of torpor, how after a long struggle he finds his way back to himself, how soul and heart revive, all this is set forth in the following movements. Though the *Fifth*, as stated before, has no set "program" (music must always follow its own laws) yet throughout the symphony the fundamental idea of human resurrection is clearly perceptible.

The second movement, thematically related to the "prelude" (both forming the first part of the symphony) is marked "Stürmisch bewegt, mit grösster Vehemenz" (stormy, agitated, with utmost vehemence). As though tormented by pain, the music mounts to the utmost peak of violence, reflecting despair, anguish, and terror. This *agitato* phrase is followed by a beautiful cantilene, one of the saddest, most expressive melodies ever written by Mahler. Later there is unfolded a third mood. The knife of despair is blunted, but its wounds unhealed. There remains an empty, ghost-like atmosphere, symbolizing the dawn of a dead morning after the great blow.

The second movement closes in this completely desolated mood. Its coda is one of the most ingenious inspirations of the entire symphony, containing measures unforgettable to one who hears them with keen ear. Yet this dark, despairing movement would not be a true Mahler piece did it not also include a few signs of hope and encouragement. Mahler, optimist with a bleeding heart, has the strength of conviction needed to glimpse the light, even midst the torment of this raging music. When, in the development section (though only for a few bars) as well as near the end of the movement, a chorale-like melody makes its dramatic entrance, it seems as though the clouds suddenly part and the sun breaks through. At this moment the music rises to even greater heights. Yet this brief vision of light must remain a phantom (like the triumphant episodes in the second movement of Beethoven's *Fifth*). The mood of despondency has prevailed too long to be dissipated at once by the advent of the chorale. As the *Fata Morgana*, impressively and movingly set forth, fades away, the music resumes its previous character, this time seeming even more ghostly, shadowy.

The third movement (the second part of the symphony) is a scherzo of huge dimensions, in D-Major, apt tonality for symbolizing strength and vitality. Its unusual length is justified, for it is intended to form an important (correspondingly extended) contrast to the gloomy first part of the symphony. Although it is one of Mahler's favorite *Ländler* type expressions this scherzo is not a *humoresque*, but a forceful piece, loaded with tremendous energy. Like a mighty storm it scatters the darkness of the preceding movements, immediately establishing an atmosphere of vigour and buoyancy. The untamed forces of nature are shown revived in this exuberant music, which spreads a vernal influence with all its wondrously manifold moods. The eternal miracle of rebirth is its great theme. For

such a subject there could be no better form than the dance, symbol of activity and abundant strength. Mahler succeeds here in vitalizing this form to a degree unknown before. Almost unending is the stream of his inventive power and imagination, both resulting in music extremely rich in expressiveness and rhythmic vitality. Its pulse varies. At first it pounds violently; it is equally strong at the end of the movement. Yet between these the beats grow softer and, in the dream-like horn episode, seem to come to a temporary standstill. The way Mahler combines these extreme moods within the framework of a dance, and creates an entire world full of ever-changing colours without abandoning the moving pattern of the  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, shows a greatness of conception as yet unsurpassed. The third movement is an integral part of the symphony, for it is, on the one hand, juxtaposed to the opening section, and it also serves as a bridge to the *Rondo-Finale*, itself preceded by another "prelude", the short *Adagio*.

The fourth movement, scored for strings and harp only, is thematically related to the *Finale*, which follows without pause. This is only logical as there is also a definite spiritual connection between both movements. The great storms have passed. The road to a new life lies open. But before MAN sets foot upon that path (*Rondo-Finale*) he abandons himself to a few moments of blissful rest (*Adagio*). The fourth movement opens with a beautiful, tender melody. However, it is not entirely free from melancholy undertones. A veiled sadness haunts this yearning, soulful music. At first it sings quietly, later rising to ecstasy, but always maintaining a kind of mysterious, transfigured mood, as if man's conscious and subconscious voices were both sounding simultaneously.

In the *Finale*, however, the latter voice has no place. There is nothing left of sufferings and struggles. After a gentle awakening from repose the music moves on, assuming a serene and cheerful character. This movement combines the moods of the *finale* of Beethoven's *Eighth* and Brahms' *Second*. Again Mahler overwhelms the listener with the great vitality of his music, but unlike that of the third movement this vitality is no longer an unrestrained force of nature. It serves a definite purpose. Now the symbol of human optimism, its powerful drive is transformed into open joy and strength. This new purpose is characterized by the extensive *Fugato*-expression which gives the *Rondo-Finale* an immense impetus. At the end of the movement the chorale-like song is heard again, this time no longer a phantom but a triumphant reality. Its reappearance creates a mighty bridge to the first part of the work and one is, therefore, justified (as is done in analyses of Beethoven's *Fifth*) in emphasizing the underlying spiritual idea of the symphony.

Mahler's *Fifth* is a stirring, exciting work, doubly eloquent, as a purely musical witness to the great symphonic stature of Gustav Mahler and as a mighty human and poetic document, mirroring the struggles and sufferings of his life. This symphony is far more than a spiritual self-portrait. It contains a universal message which cannot fail to move anyone not totally indifferent to MAN's life on this earth. Do not blame Mahler for having written another *Per aspera ad astra* symphony. As long as there is music, composers will, again and again, express the longing of mankind to pierce through the darkness and conquer fate. Only to few may it ever again be given to reach the monumental heights of the *Fifth*. Only few may ever be able to match Mahler's tremendous power of conception, or

his noble, genuine exaltation. Our musical era (and the same holds true for our time in general) is not rich in composers of truly outstanding human stature. For that reason we should cherish all the more Gustav Mahler and his music.

### DISCRIMINATING TASTE FOR GOOD MUSIC IN IOWA

From The Des Moines Tribune, Friday, May 9, 1947

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(By a Member of The Tribune's Editorial Page Staff.)

It's news when any symphony orchestra tackles Bruckner or Mahler compositions on a program. It's bigger news when a college student orchestra performs them, and it's really something when music patrons in a small midwestern town demand both Bruckner and Mahler on the SAME program!

Yet that's what happened when Simpson college invited the Iowa University symphony orchestra to give a concert in Indianola last Sunday.

#### Recognition

Bruckner and Mahler symphonies still suffer somewhat in this country from the adverse criticism which greeted their first performances. Their length has seemed unforgivable to some conductors and audiences, and the technical difficulties of Mahler's works, at least, have posed problems.

However, most leading musicians and conductors, and Bruno Walter, particularly, regard Bruckner as eligible to be counted among the great "Bs". They know that Mahler's music, heroic in proportions and dramatic in development, entitled him to his proper place among the greatest composers of all time.

They know that the only thing needed to accord both of them the wide recognition they deserve is simply more frequent performance of their compositions.

#### Discrimination

The Indianola audience demonstrated that this is true. It thoroughly enjoyed the university orchestra's splendid performance of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony and the exquisite Adagietto from Mahler's Fifth.

The concert was "news" from beginning to end. For one thing, it didn't include the usual "program pieces" which are often included on concert programs as a sop to indiscriminating musical taste.

The only other offering was Bach's Overture in D Major which, in the manner of Eighteenth century overtures, consists of several movements rather than the single one that is typical of overtures today.

The audience was ideal. The listeners would have satisfied even Toscanini in their quietness, attention and genuine appreciation.

The fact that a program including Bach, Bruckner and Mahler was requested and really "went over" is indeed a tribute to Simpson college with its long tradition of leadership in music, and to its music director, Sven V. Lekberg.

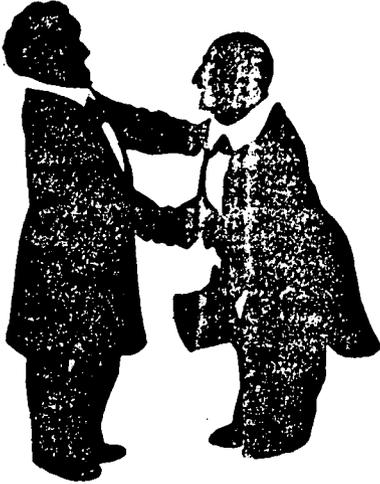
The splendid performance of a program that would have been "heavy" even for a professional orchestra is a tribute to the high standards maintained in the state university's music department and to the outstanding musicianship of the orchestra's conductor, Professor Philip Greeley Clapp.

It seems particularly appropriate that the concert was performed on the first day of National Music week, for it clearly demonstrated that Iowa is in the vanguard of music appreciation and accomplishment.

## BRUCKNER'S SEVENTH

By NEVILLE CARDUS

The following article, which appeared in the February-March 1947 issue of *Hallé*, is reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers, The Hallé Concerts Society, Manchester, England.



ANTON BRUCKNER  
AND "THE MASTER"

It is one of the richest ironies of music that Bruckner should ever have fallen amongst Wagnerians. They used him in the controversy with Brahms; they set him up in a high place; they even altered his orchestrations, making his adagios sound like the Trauermarsch, and his first movement climaxes like the God's entrance into Walhall. He was the simplest and least political man; Mahler found the perfect description of him — "half god, half simpleton." Varied Nature herself could not create two men as unlike as Wagner and Bruckner; Bruckner was unworldly, naive, "God intoxicated," without a hint of sex in his music, not Protean

but always himself. And if he had nothing in common as man or artist with Wagner, so is it a mistake to relate him closely to Beethoven in particular or to the German symphony in general.

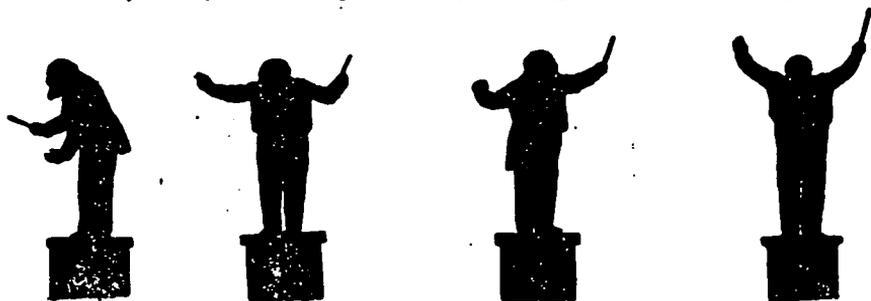
The instrumental symphony came to consummation through Haydn and Mozart. Beethoven fertilised it with drama; and the dénouement was achieved by strength of an heroic conception of man's destiny. He created what the Germans called the *Apotheosen-Finale*. But from the Beethoven conception the classical symphony branched away in two directions: Men-



delsson, Schumann and Brahms gave the stamp and Stimmung of Mitteldeutsch bourgeoisie; after his first symphony, Brahms avoids the "Apotheosis" finale and the "heroic" gesture; the finale to his Fourth is a strictly musical apotheosis. Mendelssohn, Schumann and Brahms each composed German music, and observed the symphonic logic of the great school in which they were nurtured. Bruckner did not grow from this branch. With Schubert was born the Austrian symphony, less academically logical than the German, not heroic but inspired by nature-worship and poetry of heart, and as untrimmed as the *Wienerwald*. To the Schubert symphony (represented by the "Unfinished" and the "C major") Bruckner brought not an abstract ethic of humanity (*Menschlichkeit* is untranslatable, but that is what I mean) but a personally-felt religious note, deep-toned, trustful, and patient. The climax in fact of a Bruckner symphony is the adagio; Bruckner has little to add to his slow movement; his scherzi are genial and psychologically not exactly important; and his finales are too obvious "durchkomponiert," too plainly a matter of music-making—as in the finale of the Seventh symphony

Bruckner is really a curiosity. In Vienna he came to be ranked with the greatest—far above Brahms. Outside Austria he has led a chequered posterity. No Italian could sit through music so un-vocal, no Frenchman could listen for long to music so little of the world of wit and women. He has recently enjoyed a vogue in the Woolworth's Store of music, which is the U.S.A. In England he is invariably dismissed as a "bore," and an "organist" thrown in (Bruckner was indeed a very great organist). "Bruckner," writes Frank Howes in *Full Orchestra*, "may be described as a Wagnerian operating in the sphere of symphony, though his own musical origin was the organ." Bruckner, it is true, frequently uses the orchestra like an organist; he cuts-off suddenly a mass of block-harmonised tone, then you can almost see him pulling out a stop—consider, for example, the middle part of the adagio of the Seventh symphony. The recurrent pauses in a Bruckner symphony, especially during an adagio, are as though born at the organist's fingers and feet; but Bruckner uses them with absolute rightness in the development scheme of the Austrian symphony, which, as I say, is not of a German rigidity of logic. Sense of improvisation, or of a reflectiveness that turns so raptly inward that the outer world and its prosaic consequentiality, is forgotten—here is the unmistakable mark of a Bruckner adagio.

Adagio in music is not merely a term indicating a certain tempo; the word has come to mean a certain kind of musical emotion conveyed in a certain style. If you were to play quickly the adagio of the Ninth symphony



of Beethoven, it would still remain an *adagio* in feeling; a real *adagio* is a meditation along labyrinthine ways; and it must sound with a spaciousness of harmony, and the melody must be broad and unhurried. So, the *adagio* of the Seventh symphony of Bruckner, the greatest I think since the *adagio* of Beethoven's Ninth: it begins in this noble way:



This is not only a noble and symphonic sound; it is a noble idea, expressed with a power not forcible, but simple, even though Bruckner conveys it to us by means of two Wagner tubas, two bass tubas and contrabass tuba and violas.

It runs almost imperceptibly into—



These quotations do not represent separate themes; rather they are sentences in a continuous paragraph, with the suggestion of a pause, the semi-colon. After Bruckner has "stated" a thematic group, he quotes phrases from it and contemplates their significances at his organ. There are devout intakings of breath during the sequential treatment of—



Next, after a modulation naively Brucknerian, comes one of the most seraphic melodies in existence, a song entirely at peace and lost to the world, which goes its ways echoing, in the wood-wind, its own hearteasing cadences:



Such a melody is not only beautiful as music; it contains the quality of a mind unburdened with earthliness. If any mortal man may be said to have held communion with bliss it is here; the music is in a state of grace . . . . From the mundane point of view of composition, I may add that the melody is scored with a perfect feeling for string and wood-wind tone counter-point and responses.

The length of the development-section in a Bruckner symphony has served as the basis of much complaint, but critics have seldom taken the trouble to understand that development-sections in Bruckner are elaborate because of the elaborate and rich nature of his material. Even musicians who belittle Bruckner as a whole are prepared to admit that his themes are magnificent. There are none *more* magnificent. Take the theme that begins the Seventh symphony



and so on, for twenty-one bars. Bruckner certainly does not build from straws or bricks, he handles rocks, and encompasses his symphonic world in one sweeping glance. But the point is generally overlooked that not only are his themes broad and long; more than that, he goes beyond the two complementary and contrasted themes of classical usage and instead, he gives us two theme groups, each group consisting of separate germ-melodies. To refer back to the image I employ above, Bruckner thinks in terms of sustained paragraphs or periods, each sentence a related idea or nuance. Inevitably he needed to widen the scope of the development-section; and many times he is unable to support the heavy wheel of his universe. He is reduced often to "marking time," deluding himself that he is moving from point to point when as a fact he is remaining in the same place, employing sequences,—sentences taken from the organic paragraphs and rendered rather lifeless by this process of fission. None the less, we must realise that the length of a Bruckner movement is not just the consequence of prolixity; he is not deliberately garrulous. There is another aspect of this matter of duration in a symphony not as a rule considered with enough musical or psychological insight.

To object to the duration of a symphony, and of a Bruckner adagio especially, is irrelevant, if no doubt only natural at times. Duration and stature are necessary to the truly symphonic style; you can no more have a short adagio than you can have a Rossini crescendo that goes on for half an hour. If there is a recurrent tedium in a Bruckner adagio, here again is an attribute which is part of the sublime manner. A sleeping sort of grandeur falls over sublimity; only the artist who is always aware of an audience remembers to make points bar by bar. Bruckner was never a

conscious artist; he seldom tried to arrest attention; he composed with no heed of the phenomenal and transient universe.

This music is called "old fashioned" nowadays. Possibly. But perhaps Hindemith, Britten, Stravinsky and Bartok may one day become "old-fashioned," too. Bruckner was advanced enough in 1880 to assimilate technical ideas from Wagner (note that I say "technical ideas"); and Wagner was then as "advanced," to say the least, as any of the present-day experimentalists. Nothing matters except genius. And perhaps greatness of spirit is something even above what is generally understood as "genius."

Mahler was right—"half god, half simpleton." The way to the heart of Bruckner is through love; you must get rid of the idea, so prevalent amongst the young today, that music depends on cleverness or a formulated aesthetic. Bruckner's music was the man himself, the man who was born when Beethoven walked the earth, who died in Vienna, ill at the age of seventy-two, still a rustic by nature. When his Fourth symphony was conducted in Vienna by Richter, Bruckner went round after the performance to the artist's room and shyly gave Richter a four-shilling piece as a tip—a *Trinkgeld*. He was so grateful.

The adagio in the seventh symphony was once supposed to have been written after Bruckner had heard the news of the death of Wagner; but later researches suggest that the movement was nearly finished before Wagner died, and that the coda is really Bruckner's tribute to the composer he always called "The Master." But the approach to the coda is one of the majestic crescendi of all symphonic music, built on rising sequences and the second theme quoted in this essay; the climax is achieved by a stroke on the cymbals which elevates this usually anonymous instrument to a radiant height. It was with this cymbal clash probably in mind that Hugo Wolf uttered his infamous "One cymbal clash in Bruckner is worth all the symphonies of Brahms, with the Serenades thrown in."

The coda begins with brass echoes from Walhall and Wotan, and now like a benediction we hear the ineffable cadences of



Bruckner made the adagio both the musical and psychological apotheosis of the symphony. His scherzi, are redolent of Upper Austria, not grotesque in the Beethoven way, but homely with the *Lokäl* tone. The middle section of the scherzo of the Seventh symphony is a nostalgic memory of little Styrian villages, cosy low-raftered interiors and check tablecloths at noon, and bird-calls and hazy distances. But the great first movement and its magnanimous exposition, and the subsequent adagio have exhausted the underlying imaginative conception; for the rest, Bruckner has to be content with "music," excellent and resourceful enough, but unable all the same to achieve a synthesis of the grandeur that has gone before. The conception of the symphony as a continuous unfolding activity of the imagination, each movement not only a musical form complete in itself, even if under the obligation to go into a context and serve the uses of contrast, but as an act in a drama carrying onward a creative shaping energy—this is a conception that has not troubled many symphonic composers in England,

France and Russia; but Beethoven was awake to the problems presented by such a conception. He wrote no adagio after the Fifth until the Ninth symphony, then he was urged to call in massed voices for the finale. Bruckner left his Ninth symphony unfinished, without a finale. Mahler, a pupil of Bruckner, ended his Ninth, as Tchaikovsky ended his Sixth, with an adagio.

An age very much in a hurry may not wish to stay long enough to absorb Bruckner's secret. It doesn't matter really. And it is not of major importance that Bruckner does not command audiences in every land. Who has heard "Gerontius" in Vienna? How many musicians anywhere know by heart the "Requiem" of Fauré? As a lover of the Wessex novels, I am not a bit dismayed whenever I am told that Thomas Hardy is unknown in Italy, France and Central Europe.

*The foregoing silhouettes are an impression, by an Austrian artist, of HANS RICHTER conducting the Fourth Symphony, in Vienna, and receiving the homage of the Composer.*

## GUSTAV MAHLER AND HUGO WOLF

By DONALD MITCHELL

The following article by Donald Mitchell is printed with the permission of the author and editors of *Mandrake*, a Review of the Arts, published at Wadham College, Oxford.

In Alma Mahler's recently published "Life and Letters of Gustav Mahler"<sup>1</sup> there are some extremely interesting notes on the early friendship of these two composers. The fact that Mahler and Wolf lived together at the beginning of their careers as musicians seems not to be widely known and has attracted little attention. According to Alma Mahler, her husband's version of the affair was this:

"Their friendship went back to their early life, when, with another man called Krzyzanowsky,<sup>2</sup> they shared a room for a few months. They were very poor and, as all three were musicians, extremely sensitive to noise; so when any one of the three had any work on hand, the other two had to tramp the streets. Once Mahler composed a movement of a quartet for a competition while the other two spent the night on a bench in the Ringstrasse.

"Mahler gave lessons; Wolf did not, or only very few. When their money ran out, one of them gave a pupil notice. The plan was to ring the bell, say he was suddenly obliged to go away and request payment for the lessons already given. The ready money provided meals for all three for a day or two. On the other hand, a pupil was lost forever."

Alma Mahler's account throws a revealing light on both Mahler and Wolf as Wagnerians:

"The three friends made their first acquaintance with 'Götterdämmerung' together, and in their passionate excitement they bawled the Gunther-Brunhilde-Hagen trio to such effect that their landlady came up in a fury and gave them notice on the spot. She would not leave the room until they had packed up their scanty belongings, and then she locked the door angrily behind them.

"One day, as they were talking, Wolf got the idea of writing a fairy-tale opera. This was long before Humperdinck and undoubtedly an original inspiration. They considered many themes and finally hit on Rübzahl. Mahler was young and impulsive and he began on the libretto that very night and finished it next day. In all innocence he took it to Wolf for him to see. But Wolf also had made a start and was so put out by Mahler's having stolen a march on him that he threw up the whole idea and

<sup>1</sup> John Murray, 1946. Trans. Basil Creighton.

<sup>2</sup> I have not been able to trace this musician.

never forgave him. Outwardly they remained on friendly terms for some time longer, but they avoided each other's society. Many years later they met on the way to the Festspielhaus at Bayreuth and passed by with a curt: 'Hallo'.<sup>3</sup>

There it appears that the friendship between Mahler and Wolf ended. They both pursued very different paths and their association was never again as close. Mahler must have seen Wolf for the last time in 1897. According to Alma Mahler:

"Soon after Mahler had been made Director of the Vienna Opera, Wolf was announced: and there he stood, lean as a skeleton, with burning eyes, and imperiously demanded the instant production of 'Corregidor'.<sup>4</sup> Mahler, knowing the work and its defects, made the usual evasions: no singers suited to it, etc. Wolf grew obstreperous and Mahler did not like the look of him. He had a special bell within reach for such occasions. He pressed it and his man came in with the prearranged message: 'The Superintendent wishes to see you at once, sir'.

"Wolf found himself alone. He rushed downstairs and along the Ring. His mind gave way; he thought he was the Director and on his way home. When he arrived at Mahler's flat, 2 Auenbruggergasse, he rang the bell; and when the servant opened the door, he shouted at her to let him pass—he was the Director. She slammed the door in his face in terror. Shortly afterwards he was shut up in a lunatic asylum . . ."

Mahler and Wolf are hardly ever spoken of together. In the case of Mahler, our academicians have classed him inseparably with Anton Bruckner (1824-1896). Both wrote nine immense symphonies, both were Austrians, both neo-Wagnerians, both, say the critics, huge bores. Those whom the music-critics have joined together, let no man put asunder! Wolf is tacked on more fittingly to the list of great German *lieder* writers: not that he fits particularly easily as his conception of the song did not include any reference to folk-melody whatsoever.<sup>5</sup>

To hear Mahler and Wolf talked of in the same breath, to hear their music discussed as being sprung from very much the same soil, is a rare

<sup>3</sup> I doubt whether this trivial quarrel over a libretto is the whole explanation. It seems more likely that Wolf disapproved, and was possibly jealous, of Mahler's growing reputation as a conductor and composer. Alma Mahler recounts that Mahler obtained an engagement at Bad Hall when he was eighteen: "Wolf would not accept any job and said arrogantly that he was going to wait until he was made 'God of the Southern Hemisphere'; and he went hungry until his death."

<sup>4</sup> Alma Mahler states that the first performance of "Corregidor" took place on the 12th of February. Unless she means the first performance under Mahler's direction, her statement is inaccurate. The first performance was at Mannheim on the 7th June 1896. As an opera it is hardly a success. Alma Mahler remarks truly that "a series of songs, however beautiful, does not make an opera". In this connection it is interesting and significant to recall Mahler's completion of Weber's sketches for "Die Drei Pintos". I have always thought it a pity that Mahler did not write an original opera.

<sup>5</sup> A good point made by H. C. Colles in the Oxford Hist. of Music Vol. VII. O. U. P. 1934.

occurrence. More important, they shared a common attitude to life and their music is the product of a similar type of musical consciousness. They might well have agreed with Berdyaev that "being is suffering".<sup>6</sup> The realization of this truth, says Berdyaev, "is already a step towards deliverance from suffering, from the bitterness of being. It is salvation through knowledge—self-salvation". Both Mahler and Wolf sought escape from their suffering through music: music was their own kind of self-salvation, and they were men who had suffered deeply and tasted the "bitterness of being".

Mahler and Wolf were brought face to face with suffering in their early years as children. Mahler was born in the small Moravian village of Kalischt in 1860. His father, who was a brutal, domineering man, owned a distillery. The marriage was an unhappy one, complicated by the presence of twelve children. Five of these children died of diphtheria, the sixth, Ernest, died in his twelfth year; Mahler's eldest sister, Leopoldine, after a wretched marriage, died of a tumor on the brain; Otto,<sup>7</sup> his elder brother, a frustrated musician, shot himself in a frenzy of Dostoievskian philosophy, Alois turned forger and had to flee to America. Justine,<sup>8</sup> Mahler's second sister, lived with him until his marriage. She was a neurotic, morbid woman, and Alma Mahler tells how when she was a child ". . . she stuck candles all round the edge of her cot. Then she lay down and firmly believed that she was dead." Such then were some of the fantastic figures that peopled Mahler's youth. Fortunately his talent for music was discovered at an early age and he was sent to Prague to study.

Wolf was also born in 1860, and as he too made his way to Vienna, he was subjected to exactly the same musical influences as was Mahler. He was the fourth son of a prosperous leather-dealer and was born in Windischgrätz in Southern Styria. His father was a competent musician, but in spite of this (or perhaps because of it) he would not hear of his son taking up music as a career. He determined that his child should follow a more settled and safe profession. Until he was fifteen Hugo went from school to school—and in each one he was a disastrous failure. Whatever else was accomplished in these miserable years, at least his proud spirit was not broken. At length his father's resistance collapsed and Hugo went to the Vienna Conservatoire. He lived with an aunt until the worst blow fell in 1877 and he was expelled from the Conservatoire.<sup>9</sup> From then until 1881 he had to endure real poverty and hardship: he left

<sup>6</sup> "Spirit and Reality" Bles, 1939. Berdyaev himself would seem to have a high opinion of music as he writes of "The triumph of music, the greatest of the arts . . ." in "Slavery and Freedom" Bles, 1943.

<sup>7</sup> "His promising younger brother, Otto, of whose musical gifts he thought very highly, shot himself in 1895. Two Symphonies were found in his desk, parts of one of which had been performed. . . . There were a number of songs with orchestra, three books of songs with piano accompaniment . . . while a third symphony was near its completion." Bruno Walter, "Gustav Mahler" Kegan Paul, 1937. It would be interesting to know what these compositions were like.

<sup>8</sup> Bruno Walter, in the preface to his book, speaks of Justine as a "loyal sister".

<sup>9</sup> It appears that Wolf was blamed for some act of indiscipline of which he was not actually guilty.

his aunt's<sup>10</sup> and was dependent on his friends' charity.<sup>11</sup> Wolf never forgot his struggle for existence as a young man.

Vienna, a city with which Mahler and Wolf were much concerned, was a curious place at the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. Divided, as it was, into factions and warring groups arguing over the merits of the particular composers they championed, Mahler and Wolf had to make their decisions as to which they should support.

Wolf was the more vitriolic of the two and as music-critic of the *Salonblatt*<sup>12</sup> he was able to enthuse over Wagner and Bruckner and rage against Brahms. Mahler and Wolf certainly must have been aroused by Brahms' needlessly rude "boa-constrictor" condemnation of Bruckner. Mahler was inclined to stand aside from these conflicts; he had his own troubles as anti-semitism<sup>13</sup> was already apparent in the opposition he met on attempting to gain public appointments. The position being so confused perhaps it is not surprising that Mahler and Wolf did not appreciate their own common basis. Wolf was certainly no Mahler fanatic and Mahler in later years said to Oscar Fried: "Of Wolf's one thousand songs, I know only three hundred and forty-four. Those three hundred and forty-four I do not like."

Nevertheless, it is time that a companion other than Bruckner<sup>14</sup> was found for Gustav Mahler, and time that Wolf was freed from the comment of "perfect miniaturist" by showing him alongside a great (in every sense of the word) symphonist. The squabbles in Vienna are forgotten, Mahler's stricture<sup>15</sup> on Wolf can be disregarded, and their music considered.

At first sight a Mahler-Wolf comparison seems to be grotesque. Wolf's concentration on the song was as intense as Mahler's on the symphony, and possibly no clearer division than that between the song and the symphony exists for the critical mind. The difference in size of Mahler's and Wolf's compositions can be a considerable obstacle, but it is actually a superficial one. Mahler's forty-odd songs and Wolf's symphonic poem "Penthesilea" are significant deviations from their respective obsessions.

Also to be remembered is Mahler's quite definite interest in the function of the human voice in music. There is not much truth in the stock phrase: "Mahler's symphonies are inflated song-cycles" but there can be no doubt

<sup>10</sup> It was probably at this time that Wolf joined up with Mahler and Krzyzanowsky.

<sup>11</sup> One friend who aided him was Franz Schalk, the conductor. Mahler later assisted Schalk by giving him an engagement at the Opera.

<sup>12</sup> Wolf was appointed in January 1884. Hans Pfitzner, the German composer and a keen Wagnerian, is the only contemporary figure to approach Wolf in sheer critical vehemence.

<sup>13</sup> Strangely enough, Cosima Wagner was one of the foremost exponents of this racial discrimination, in spite of Mahler's magnificent productions of Wagner's operas.

<sup>14</sup> Apart from the fact that Mahler wrote symphonies for large orchestras and that his works take as long to perform as do many of Bruckner's, I fail to see any real connection between the two composers. "Child-like and naive" is a favourite phrase of English critics when describing Mahler's music; the phrase can much more properly be applied to Bruckner. It seems to me that the gulf between, say, "Das Lied von der Erde" and any one of Bruckner's symphonies, early or late, is immense.

<sup>15</sup> In any case, Mahler's verdicts on composers were liable to be disconcerting. He wrote in a letter to his wife in 1904: "Now that I've worked my way through Brahms, I've fallen back on Bruckner again. An odd pair of second-raters."

as to the importance he attached to the voice as an instrument. At certain moments Mahler felt that the introduction of the voice was a necessity if his musical conception was to be realised to the full, and use is made of it (in various forms—choirs, soloists etc.) in the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 8th Symphonies and *Das Lied von der Erde* (which Mahler specifically entitles a Symphony for Contralto, Tenor and Orchestra). There are the *Kindertotenlieder* and the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*. Already, by means of this vocal bridge, Mahler can be brought half way to meet Wolf. The Mahler of the enormous Eighth Symphony and its *Veni creator spiritus*<sup>18</sup> does not overshadow the Wolf of:

"Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,  
Auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein."<sup>17</sup>

Yet Wolf could be magniloquent. As H. C. Colles points out: "'Prometheus'<sup>18</sup> is a setting which could only have been made in the Post-Wagnerian era."<sup>19</sup> When heard in its orchestral version, the repeated chords at the opening are as striking as the vigorous theme given to the horns in the first bars of *Das Lied von der Erde*.<sup>20</sup>

It is not suggested that Mahler and Wolf shared any points of style in their music: both of them were too highly original and independent as creators for such similarities to exist. But it is peculiar how some of the very early Wolf songs (published posthumously)<sup>21</sup> have something in common with the early songs of Mahler. There is the same feeling of anguish about them, sorrow at the swift passing of all earthly beauty and the impossibility of achieving permanent happiness. Mahler in "Hans und Grethe"<sup>22</sup> asks:

"Und ist doch der Mai so grün!?"

with extraordinary emotional force, almost as if the wonderful greenness of May was too much for him to bear—Wolf echoes it with his:

"Gesegnet sei das Grün und wer es trägt!"<sup>23</sup>

"Wenn du mich mit den Augen streifst"<sup>24</sup> has the breathless drive of the fourth of Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder*:<sup>25</sup> it may be difficult to imagine the comparison, but mentally orchestrate the Wolf and the task is simplified.

Mahler and Wolf possessed what might seem at first to be a sense of humour; but it is cynicism rather than humour, or a twisted smile nearer

<sup>18</sup> This Symphony was advertised as "The Symphony of a Thousand" owing to the vast forces employed in its performance: Mahler himself called it the "Barnum and Bailey Exhibition".

<sup>17</sup> Book I. No. I. *Italienisches Liederbuch*. (Paul Heyse).

<sup>18</sup> Book II. No. 49. *Goethe Lieder*.

<sup>19</sup> Oxford Hist. of Music Vol. VII.

<sup>20</sup> *Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde*.

<sup>21</sup> Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag. Leipzig-Wien 1936.

<sup>22</sup> Book I. *Lieder und Gesänge*. Schott's.

<sup>23</sup> Book III No. 39. *Ital. Liederbuch*.

<sup>24</sup> Book III No. 38. *Ital. Liederbuch*.

<sup>25</sup> "Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen." (Rückert)

tears than laughter. The scherzi of Mahler's Symphonies are packed with this kind of sinister buffoonery. An excellent example of Wolf's mock-Romantic manner is "Selig ihr Blinden"<sup>26</sup> where the words are sung above a descending accompaniment that is much like a bare trombone-part lifted from the finale of Mahler's Second Symphony. If not humourous (and Wolf's "Storchenbotschaft"<sup>27</sup> certainly can qualify for the term, as can Mahler's "Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt"<sup>28</sup>) Mahler and Wolf can be gay. They both delighted in landscapes of green fields and blue skies. Wolf could sing happily of the town he wandered through with his lute:

"Ich sing' und spiele, dass die Strasse schallt,  
so manche lauscht—vorüber bin ich bald."<sup>29</sup>

and Mahler:

"Ging heut' Morgen über's Feld,  
Thau noch auf den Gräsern hing,  
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:  
"Ei, du! Gelt?"  
Guten Morgen! Ei, Gelt? Du!  
Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?"<sup>30</sup>

Mahler and Wolf had some of the same characteristics. Both were egotistical, abnormally sensitive and nervous, quick to find insults where none were intended. Both could be unbalanced by quite ordinary noises, Wolf by a barking dog or cabmen cracking their whips,<sup>31</sup> Mahler by the mournful lowing of cattle.<sup>32</sup> As types, they were alike: reflections in the same mirror. It happened that Mahler was the public figure with a miraculous command of rhetoric; he was a big man in every sense other than physically. He held important public appointments and wanted to speak for the World: in his own music he tried to embrace the Universe. Wolf was retiring, had no patience with publicity and was not one for making grand statements in the grand manner. His oratory (a legacy from his Wagnerian environment) was persuasive, intimate, and extremely subtle. Wolf wanted nothing to do with the world. "If only," he wrote to Franz Schalk, "I were a shoemaker like the incomparable Sachs. Cobble on week-days and compose on Sundays just for myself and two or three friends."

Neither Mahler nor Wolf were able to compose in long, unbroken stretches. Mahler, torn between his conducting and original scores, could work only in his holidays. Wolf had periods of complete creative sterility which lasted on one occasion for three years.<sup>33</sup> Both died young. Wolf

<sup>26</sup> Book I No. 5. *Ital. Liederbuch*.

<sup>27</sup> Book IV No. 48. *Mörike Lieder*.

<sup>28</sup> Universal Edn.

<sup>29</sup> Book II. No. 27. *Ital. Liederbuch*.

<sup>30</sup> *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*. No. 2. Weinberger, 1946.

<sup>31</sup> Gerald Abraham: "Lives of the Great Composers" Vol. III. Pelican.

<sup>32</sup> Bruno Walter: "Gustav Mahler".

<sup>33</sup> 1892/4. Wolf wrote in this time only the famous "Italian Serenade" for small orchestra.

in 1903, after just over four years in an asylum, Mahler in 1911 of heart-failure. Perhaps it was that Wolf in his exhausted condition felt like Leopardi: "Non posso, non posso piu della vita."<sup>34</sup> Mahler, the public man, had to keep up appearances and died more conventionally if more peacefully. His epitaph is to be found in a song of 1905:

*"Ich bin gestorben dem Welt getümmel  
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet.  
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,  
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied."*<sup>35</sup>

Wolf in his:

*"Sterb' ich, so hüllt in Blumen meine Glieder . . ."*<sup>36</sup>

Mahler and Wolf often joined hands in the "lied": but they deserve to be remembered together, not for any chance similarities in their music, but for their profound belief in the tragic attitude to life, which is no easy philosophy to hold. They expressed, in their own personal ways, the same fundamental truth that slowly developed to be the centre of their artistic consciousness and the fountain of their inspiration.

<sup>34</sup> "I cannot, cannot endure life any longer".

<sup>35</sup> "Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen". CF Kahnt, Leipzig.

<sup>36</sup> Book III, No. 33, Ital. Liederbuch.

## IN MEMORY OF MAHLER

### MAHLER'S EIGHTH (SYMPHONY OF A THOUSAND)

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

The following article by the late Lawrence Gilman, published by the New York Herald Tribune on May 10, 1931, is reprinted by permission of the Herald Tribune.

Twenty years ago this spring, Gustav Mahler abandoned his arduous and stormy activities as conductor of the Philharmonic Society of New York and returned to Europe, an embittered, a heart-sick, and a dying man. On the 18th of May they buried him in the Grinziger Cemetery at Vienna. Was it to observe the death of the remarkable composer, the singular tone-poet who is still a storm-center of dispute among the musicians of two continents, that Mahler's climactic score, the so-called "Symphony of a Thousand," was chosen for performance as the outstanding event of the Cincinnati Festival that has just been brought to a close under the direction of Eugene Goossens?

Whether by accident or design, this revival of Mahler's Eighth Symphony marks the twentieth anniversary of the composer's death. The choice of the score was a fortunate one. The Eighth Symphony, according to the composer's friend and biographer, Richard Specht, was for Mahler "the complete expression in tones of his own inner vision. He regarded his preceding works as preludes to this great 'Hymn of Love.'" It was not quite his last work. Mahler completed the Eighth Symphony in 1909, and in that year he composed his Ninth and sketched his Tenth Symphonies. The poignant "Lied von der Erde"—perhaps his least uneven production—was written while he was still at work upon the Eighth Symphony.

Mahler, says Richard Specht, "spoke proudly of the Eighth when he called it 'a gift to the people'; and he said this in the glad hope that the work, in contradistinction to his other less accessible symphonies, would win the hearts of all his hearers by a single appeal. The overwhelming impression made by the premiere of the gigantic work under Mahler's own direction, the storm of enthusiasm, as of an immense cry of gratitude, that broke loose at the close of the performance, seemed to be a fulfillment of this hope."

It is gratifying to think that the triumphant premiere which Mr. Specht recalls must have brought deep solace to the self-torturing, hypersensitive, unhappy Mahler. The event took place in the autumn before his death, at Munich (the date was September 12, 1910). "After the performance," wrote Leopold Stokowski, who was present, "the vast audience sprang to its feet, and a scene of such enthusiasm ensued as one sees only once in a lifetime. To those who realized, in part at least, the inner sadness of Mahler's life, there was something infinitely tragic in his figure at that moment of supreme triumph."

It was Mr. Stokowski who introduced the "Symphony of a Thousand" to America in an extraordinary series of performances with the Philadelphia Orchestra which he undertook in the spring of 1916. The work

was produced on March 2, and had a run which, for a mere symphony, was almost equivalent to the triumphant persistence of "The Green Pastures." The Academy of Music was jammed at all the performances. For hours before the doors were opened, a line of intending ticket-buyers stretched around the corner of Locust Street and far up the block along Broad, waiting patiently in the raw spring wind. Even the traffic policemen outside the Academy were excited about the attraction, and spoke of it almost as respectfully as if it had been a prizefight.<sup>1</sup>

In the following month, the Society of the Friends of Music imported Mr. Stokowski with his army of executants to New York and the work was disclosed to this capitol at a memorable concert in the Metropolitan Opera House.

Thus Mahler returned as a conqueror to the country which he had left in sorrow and defeat. That he happened to be dead was merely, of course, a fulfillment of the traditional and familiar destiny of the artist.

It cannot be said that he is generally accepted here at the valuation which is placed upon him as a composer in Central and Northern Europe. But there are many enthusiasts for his music hereabouts, and it is perhaps significant that his most exacting and formidable work should have been selected for revival last week in Cincinnati.<sup>2</sup>

If this is to be viewed as another triumph for Mahler—and doubtless it should be so regarded—it must be said that the triumph has not been won by inexpensive lures, by any deliberate address to the groundlings. The Eighth Symphony is austere and remote in subject (*pace* Mr. Specht): it is an expression, conceived upon the loftiest plane, of a supremely exalted theme. Again one must wonder if it was by chance, or by felicitous design, that Mr. Goossens chose this symphony of Mahler's for performance in the year which marks the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's completion

<sup>1</sup> Concerning the nine performances of Mahler's Eighth in Philadelphia and New York, Mr. Stokowski relates:

When we played Mahler's Eighth Symphony it made an impression on the public unlike anything else I have ever experienced. There seems to be a human quality about this work which so deeply moved the public that the greater part of the listeners were in tears at the end of the performance. This happened at all nine performances we gave; so it was not due to an accidental emotion on one particular date.

In an interview with William Engle, feature writer of the New York World Telegram, Mr. Arthur Judson described the above series of performances as the most memorable mile-stones of his managerial career. Only two performances had been scheduled. Quoting the Telegram of December 19, 1933:

Philadelphia, the first night, was dumfounded. Then it was jubilant. Instead of two performances, ten were given and the town celebrated as though the Athletics had won the pennant. In New York the Friends of Music heeded. They engaged Mr. Judson to bring the production here, and in a special train the huge cast came to storm and conquer the Metropolitan.

<sup>2</sup> We have seldom seen an audience display such enthusiasm as did this audience in Music Hall. We have never felt the claims of Mahler and his disciples to have so much justification. . . .

The writer heard the symphony for the first time . . . He could listen with a clear and unprepared mind to the sheer effect of music and performance, and that effect was overwhelming. . . .

. . . He (Mahler) saw mighty visions and he believed, and there is that in his music—at least when it is presented as it was this evening—that makes fault-finding with detail or measuring with a yardstick seem somewhat petty. . . .

Olin Downes, N. Y. Times, May 7, 1931.

of the Second Part of "Faust": for Mahler in his symphony has essayed nothing less than a musical projection of the Final Scene of "Faust," pre-faced by an elaborate setting of the Latin hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus."

The composer sought to link his setting of the ancient hymn of Hrabanus Maurus—which Mahler conceived as "a song of yearning, of rapturous devotion, an invocation of the creative spirit, the love that moves the worlds"—with the concluding scene of "Faust," which he viewed as the invocation's answer, issuing from those transfigured apparitions wherein the poet's visions "are made to pass before us as in a glass, and the heavenly wisdom is unfolded in a divine ascent." For Mahler's inner life was a perpetual and agonized interrogation of the *magnum mysterium*: it was his impassioned aim to achieve those states of transported reverie and mystical apprehension wherein the consciousness is disengaged and enfranchised. As Goethe observed of Filippo Neri, Mahler "sought the gift of ecstasy, that hovering of the spirit above the earth"; and there were moments when he achieved the spiritual liberation, this "standing outside oneself in freedom," and became the Pater Ecstasticus of his own enraptured vision.

It could never be said of Mahler, as a foreign writer once amazingly said of Schumann—apparently in praise—that "Schumann, in his music for 'Faust,' does not attempt to compete with the poet, to convince the world that a musician can be 'a thinker'." Mahler had no such contempt of intellectual activity. It seemed to him not impossible that a musician, no less than a poet, could be a thinker without doing irreparable injury to his work. He was not impressed by the singular theory that music may be benefited by purging it of ideas. Indeed, it is precisely its width of reference, its contact with the great intellectual and spiritual currents of the nineteenth century, that gives Mahler's art its prime distinction and interest as a contribution to the music of his time, whatever one may think of the outcome of his attempt—in Rossetti's phrase—to "mix his colors with brains."

It is no affair of the critic's, so far as his function as a suggester of values is concerned, what means an artist elects to use in embodying his conceptions. A good deal of witless comment has been provoked because Mahler in this choral "Symphony of a Thousand" (or symphonic cantata, as you choose) asks for extraordinary forces—for two mixed choruses, a boys' chorus, eight solo voices, and a huge orchestra, comprising a piano, an organ, and—a mandolin: in all, about a thousand performers. The fact is interesting, but irrelevant. The point, since one is discussing not a circus but a work of art, is rather: What has Mahler succeeded in doing with his multitudinous choristers and his eight soloists and his immense orchestra—and his mandolin?

Well, it is indisputable, we think, that he has handled them like a master: with a constructive technique that takes the breath by its surety, its address, its resourcefulness, its imposing command of mass and its fertility in detail. Here is a superb piece of tonal architecture: majestic and harmonious in plan, noble in its amplitude and sweep of line. But what of the stuff within—the spiritual and poetic content of the score, and the character of its musical inspiration?

It must be evident to any sympathetic student or listener that Mahler has been sensitive to the spiritual greatness of Goethe's conception, and that its quality is reflected in certain pages of his score. This music, in its

best moments, has caught something of the unique ecstasy, the mystical passion, the otherworldliness, the ineffable serenity and tenderness, the rapturous exaltation, of the original. Such moments are the speech of Pater Ecstasticus; the line, "Wenn du hehr gebietest," in the speech of Doctor Marianus, with the succeeding interlude and choral passage; and the lines beginning "Neige, neige," of *Una Poenitentium*—especially the music, of exceeding loveliness, to the ecstatic "Er kommt zurück!"

In the non-Goethian First Part of the symphony, the setting of "Veni, Creator Spiritus," one does not easily forget the overwhelming tonal plangency of the *Gloria Patri*.

That the texture of the music is not throughout of this rich and glowing quality is scarcely remarkable. Mahler undertook a venture that would have taxed the genius of Wagner—the one musician who was fully qualified not only to apprehend but to complement the universal mind of Goethe. Would that Wagner had accomplished in his maturity the "Faust" Symphony of which he had dreamt as a young man!

Bayard Taylor reminds us that in Goethe's poem are "Circles within circles, forms which beckon and then disappear; and when we seem to have reached the bottom of the author's meaning, we suspect that there is still something beyond." How, indeed, shall any music save the greatest convey, without numerous haltings and lapses and futilities, Goethe's sublime phantasmagoria, with its transcendent allegory of the mystical interpenetration of Beauty and Divinity? So one need not be surprised to find Mahler stumbling and groping in his music, and writing passages that are empty or dull or commonplace, or even trivial—as when he transforms Goethe's "Mater Gloriosa" into an insipid tonal nonentity who might have stepped from the pages of a cantata by Gounod. There is no need to specify these passages further—they will be identified by those who are most deeply moved by that in the work which is indubitably choice and rare.

It is curious that Bayard Taylor, half a century ago, should have spoken of the closing scene of "Faust" as "a symphony": "an ever-rising and ever-swelling symphony, with its one theme of the accordance of Human and Divine Love"; as, again, "this mystic Symphony of Love." It almost seems as if he had previsioned the tonal possibilities of the poem—possibilities which Mahler, in this symphony of today, has in so large a measure realized and fulfilled. For here, take it all in all, is one of the noblest scores of our time. In it, now and again, are pages unforgettable for their superearthly beauty—inspirations of which their creator might justifiably have said, with the singer of the Odes of Solomon, "So are the wings of the Spirit over my heart, and I have been set on His immortal pinions."

## WHY NO AIR PREMIERE FOR MAHLER'S SIXTH?

Many who read the momentous announcement made by the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of N. Y. late in September, 1947, that Dimitri Mitropoulos would conduct the American premiere of Mahler's *Sixth* in December were undoubtedly cheered by the thought that at last this great symphony, completed forty-two years ago, would be heard by the large American radio audience. What happened later to cause a change of plans is not hard to guess—the Mahler work didn't fit into the music-news-music-news broadcast pattern C.B.S. had established for the Sunday afternoon concerts. Numerous letters were written urging that the work be broadcast, which, incidentally, would have been a world radio premiere, but the Philharmonic-Symphony Society or C.B.S. remained immovable in this respect.<sup>1</sup> At least two writers of radio and music newspaper columns presented the case for the listener. On two successive Sundays Mr. B. H. Haggin, in his column "Music on the Radio" in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune*, gave prominence not only to the fact Mahler No. 6 had not been broadcast but also to the general state of affairs regarding serious music on the major networks. The importance of what he had to say cannot be underestimated and by permission of the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* Mr. Haggin's column of Jan. 4, 1948, is reprinted in full below.

Mr. Jack Diether—whose complaint about the Philharmonic's failure to broadcast Mahler's *Sixth* and other new works I discussed last Sunday—sent me his Oct. 24 column on the subject in "The Malibu (Calif.) Times," which contained some interesting material that I think worth giving here.

Quoting from the Philharmonic brochure for radio listeners the statements "How America's cultural life has grown during the last century! Radio is responsible for the rapidity of the growth in the past few decades," Mr. Diether wrote: "Those who take those remarks to heart . . . occasionally may wonder wistfully how the growth of culture via radio is faring in other lands. For their benefit I would like to summarize the last three months' offerings, in this field, of another country's radio, that of Britain, as gleaned from the B. B. C.'s weekly 'Radio Times.'"

The three months were July, August and September of last summer; and those of us who can recall what the great American networks offered in that period are in a position to appreciate the B. B. C.'s presentation of "a number of inclusive musical series . . . including the complete sets of Haydn's, Scarlatti's and Debussy's piano works, Mozart's violin sonatas and Schubert's and Brahms's

<sup>1</sup> The B.B.C. two weeks later on December 31, 1947, gave Mahler's *Sixth* its radio premiere. Apparently unable to broadcast the concert performance at the time it was given and fully aware of the significance of the symphony, a transcription was made and broadcast! The performance was given by the Orchestra of the Nordwest-deutscher-Rundfunk under Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt. Earlier in the year the B.B.C. broadcast a performance of Mahler's *Ninth* by the same orchestra and conductor.

chamber music played by Szigeti, Fournier, Schnabel, etc.; nine programs of sixteenth and early seventeenth century chamber and vocal music, nine of eighteenth century chamber and orchestral music, twelve programs of modern British music and four song recitals by Lotte Lehmann. Excerpts from four operatic festivals were transmitted, those at Edinburgh, Glyndebourne, Salzburg and Lucerne; and among the operas that were broadcast twice or more in their entirety were Mozart's 'Figaro' and 'Cosi fan Tutte' (four times each . . .), 'Don Giovanni,' Beethoven's 'Fidelio,' Strauss's 'Salome,' 'Elektra' and 'Arabella,' and Einem's 'Danton's Death.'" Also broadcast were the performance of Mahler's "Lied von der Erde" by Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic in Edinburgh, a performance of Mahler's Ninth Symphony in Hamburg. And "from the other orchestral concerts . . . I will mention only one work, the American composer William Schuman's Piano Concerto, which has never been heard on the American networks."

Turning back to America, Mr. Diether concluded: "The manager of the New York Philharmonic who wrote me that the first American performance of Mahler's Sixth, in December, cannot be broadcast because of its 'unusual length' said more about the true state of American radio than the sweeping words of the Philharmonic's printed brochure. If our radio were really the measure of our cultural growth, as the brochure claims, we would have little cause to be proud of its rapidity."

As a matter of fact one can observe in radio's growth a step backward for almost every step forward. Twenty years ago WOR was broadcasting the New York Philharmonic on Thursday nights and later on Sunday afternoons; a few years afterward it was broadcasting its own Bamberger Little Symphony for an hour on a weekday night and the Perole Quartet for a half-hour on Sundays; still later it broadcast series conducted by Wallenstein; last year its only high-caliber program was the Cleveland Orchestra 11:30 on Mondays; this year it isn't even doing that. C. B. S. took over the Philharmonic from WOR and still broadcasts it; but other programs that it has added—the Budapest Quartet, Egon Petri, and now even Invitation to Music—it has dropped, leaving only Bigg's organ recital early Sunday mornings and Eileen Farrell's vocal hodge-podges late Sunday nights. N. B. C. organized an orchestra for Toscanini which it still maintains at enormous cost, but apparently only to be able to say it maintains an orchestra for Toscanini at enormous cost, for it has shifted the program to the dinner hour on Saturday when people tell me they cannot manage to listen, and some have to hear a rebroadcast of a defective recording late at night when they cannot operate their radios at the necessary volume-level.

All this provides the answer to the talk about the blessings conferred on American music lovers by the American system of commercialized radio. Certainly it gives them performances by the great orchestras and the Metropolitan. But it gives them these all jammed into Saturday and Sunday, except for the Boston Sym-

phony on Tuesday. And it gives them almost nothing beyond these orchestras and the Metropolitan—nothing remotely like the B. B. C.'s coverage of the entire musical literature described by Mr. Diether. Nor do the differences end there. A friend wrote me from Switzerland about the broadcast of Bruno Walter's concert in Lucerne: it was late in starting and there was further delay in the intermission, which led her, after her experiences here, to expect the final work to be cut off before the end. Instead the work was completed and the news program that followed began twenty minutes late. "Could you imagine this happening in New York?" she wrote. What happens here was described by a reader who listened to the Boston Symphony broadcast of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" recently: as a result of delays in starting and between movements the finale was cut off about half a minute before its conclusion—"final hurried announcements [being] made with the orchestra playing in the background."

On January 4, 1948, the N. Y. Philharmonic broadcast *Jeanne d'Arc au Bucher*, a dramatic oratorio, by Arthur Honegger and Paul Claudel. The broadcast began at 3 and, with comments about the work, ended at 4:20 P. M. It was followed by the usual newscast. The broadcast from London was omitted.

In his article in the N. Y. Herald Tribune, December 28, 1947, Mr. Haggin wrote in part:

Mahler's Sixth Symphony, which was given its first American performance recently by the New York Philharmonic under Mitropoulos, was heard by several thousand people who were able to attend the concert on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, but not by several million all over the country who are said to listen to the Philharmonic broadcasts on Sunday afternoons.

One such person in Syracuse, N. Y., who wrote the Philharmonic about this, sent me what he rightly called the "stupid answer" which explained that the playing-time of the Mahler symphony, 65 minutes, made it impossible to fit the work into a Sunday broadcast program. The entire broadcast lasts 90 minutes, which is enough to contain a work lasting 65; but the Philharmonic representative was speaking from the point of view of C. B. S.; what the symphony didn't fit into was the style of the broadcast—approximately 45 minutes of music, 10 minutes of intermission with a speaker, and another 30 or 35 minutes of music.

The Philharmonic found a way to broadcast the Honegger work. Lack of time seems to be a lame excuse for the symphonies of Bruckner and Mahler. The Philharmonic or C. B. S. could, if necessary, omit the news casts. Audiences can hear news and commentators on any station several times a day. They hardly need the Philharmonic's news period to keep abreast of the times especially if the newscast deprives them of the opportunity to hear rarely played works.

The question might also be raised as to why a popular program of fam-

iliar music was arranged for the January 25, 1948, Sunday afternoon concert when a performance of the Bruckner *Eighth*, which was played on the concerts of January 22 and 23, and is not often broadcast, would have given the radio audience a welcome change from the customary fare, for Walter's readings of Bruckner's *Eighth* have always been praised highly and received enthusiastically (see pages 56-58 for reviews of the fore-mentioned performance). One month after the *Eighth's* premiere performance in Boston in 1909 it was repeated by request. Many listeners will recall that in January, 1941, the Bruckner *Eighth* was put on the air by the Philharmonic-Symphony Society in response to a telegraphic request sent by interested students at the State University of Iowa when they learned it was not to be broadcast and a different program substituted.

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### BRUCKNER—MAHLER—SCHOENBERG

By DIKA NEWLIN

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE

The above new book was published in 1947 by King's Crown Press, a division of Columbia University Press, 2960 Broadway, New York 27, N. Y. The following information concerning it is reprinted with the publisher's permission.

Arnold Schoenberg, on September 13, 1944, achieved in his exile the age of seventy. The year when Huneker could write of the first performance of *Pierrot Lunaire* that it was "the very ecstasy of the hideous" was thirty-two years behind him. Even further behind was the time when a critic yelled "Stop it!" during the first performance of the First String Quartet. Now the moment had come when the possibly greatest living composer could be considered in relation to his musical heritage, and that is what Dika Newlin has done in this book.

The author's thesis is that, contrary to general opinion, Schoenberg does not stand apart from the past but is the present heir of the great Viennese tradition. He is, she demonstrates, in the direct line of that modern phase of the school of Vienna which began with Bruckner and continued with Mahler.

Since the music of all three men is inseparable not only from their heritage but also from the social, religious, and political milieu of the Hapsburg capital, this book becomes a full-scale presentation of the music and personalities of three composers about whom a great deal of controversial opinion has been written. It is an unusually able and well-written work of scholarship, amply illustrated with thematic material.

CONTENTS: Preface. Introduction: The Continuity of Musical Tradition in Vienna; Austrian Convention and Revolt; I. ANTON BRUCKNER—Conservatism and Catholicism—1. The Problem of Bruckner; 2. Backgrounds; 3. Vienna; 4. Symphonic Style; 5. Sources for Bruckner's Theory of Harmony; 6. Church Composer; 7. Chamber Music; Symphonist; II. MAHLER—1. Mahler, Bruckner, and Brahms; 2. Mahler as a Young Man;

3. *Das Klagen Lied*; 4. Literary Influences on Mahler; 5. Lyricist; 6. Opera Director; Symphonist; III. SCHOENBERG AND BEYOND—Decades of Decision—1. 1874-1899; 2. 1900-1907; 3. First Steps in Atonality; 1907-1911; 4. 1911-1915; 5. To the "Twelve-Tone Scale"—and After; 6. Triumph, Catastrophe, Reorientation: 1924-1944. Bibliography. Index.

## REVIEWS

"Miss Newlin's book provides good biographies of the three men. She conveys that authentic sense of the personalities involved which results from a real understanding of the resolution of many apparent contradictions, in the course of each composer's development. She has added new material to the old biographies, particularly in the field of theoretical and esthetic speculation, and she gives a number of illuminating examples of the influence Viennese composers of the 19th and 20th centuries had on one another.

"The great virtue of the book lies in the fact that, because the author is herself a competent composer, she deals with the dynamic elements in each man's work, instead of making a desiccated analysis. . . .

HENRY COWELL, *The Musical Quarterly*

"Dika Newlin's Bruckner, Mahler, Schoenberg is a fine, well written and admirably reasoned piece of work. It can be unreservedly commended to those who admire these masters and even to those who do not. The authoress, herself a pupil of Schoenberg, has a profound knowledge of her subject and communicates it vividly to the reader . . . . As a very positive contribution to the story of three still controversial figures of musical experience, the volume commands wholesale admiration."

*Musical America*

". . . Interesting chapters on the work of Bruckner and Mahler, and those on Miss Newlin's teacher, Schoenberg, are well worth reading and digesting."

FELIX BORÓWSKI, *Chicago Sun*

". . . Her subject is of great contemporary interest and her research worthy of respect."

*Harper's Magazine*

## BRUCKNER'S EIGHTH AND THE REVIEWERS (1948)

### A MAJOR TRIO AND A MINOR DUO

If a vote is ever taken on the season's 10 best symphonic performances, my guess is that Bruno Walter's reading of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony with the Philharmonic-Symphony in Carnegie Hall last night would be up on top.

Anyway, as of now in midseason, it has my vote for a place among the three most gripping performances since last September. I don't think I would surprise anybody by crediting Arturo Toscanini with the two others.

Mr. Walter would doubtless insist on sharing the honor of last night's rendering with the Philharmonic personnel. Certainly the orchestra cooperated beautifully, and the conductor must have felt special pride in finding it completely en rapport on all details. They played like a band of perfect Brucknerites.

For the main impression was of a group of men working by common inspiration towards one goal—the goal of giving one of the world's most unfairly neglected composers the kind of hearing that would compensate for all the ridicule that pursued him while he lived.

The performance made you wonder why this man's music has been slow in gaining headway among public and critics. True, the symphony is long, but during those 72 minutes so many exciting things happen that dissenters ought to be very few in number.

There are stirring moments all through the symphony—episodes of giant conflict and eerie solemnity; moments of sky-blue calm and poetry, and passages of broad symphonic humor that prove that Bruckner could pause amid his cosmic musings for a little homespun spoofing.

On the whole, though, the symphony moves along the higher planes of discourse. One theory is that the last two movements are concerned with the idea of divinity. This claim is plausible enough, considering that Bruckner dedicated his next symphony to God!

Mr. Walter once told me he regarded Bruckner's symphonic world as a complete cosmos—that is, it left nothing to chance or mystery, and answered every question it posed. You felt that last night in the wondrous unity and clarity of the performance.

There were no dark areas anywhere, or, rather, where spans of mystery arose, the light that was Bruckner's own certainly soon spread over them. The doubts were scattered and the simple man—half-peasant and half-beer—was his confident self again.

Mr. Walter must have been happy last night in the assurance that both the orchestra and the audience were with him—the orchestra proving it through its splendid teamwork, and the audience by way of one of the season's most fervent ovations.

LOUIS BIANCOLLI, *N. Y. World-Telegram*

This listener is deeply grateful to Bruno Walter for his uncut performance of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony with the Philharmonic-Symphony

Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night, a performance which obliterated the unfortunate impression made by Serge Koussevitzky's emasculated version of this work given here earlier in the season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

But there was more than gratitude due Mr. Walter for letting us hear every note of this truly sublime creation; it seems strange that over half a century after the completion of this wonderful symphony it should be necessary to call attention anew to its greatness. For there are still many music lovers and musicians who are baffled by Bruckner's architectonics: by his utilization of groups of themes instead of following classical procedure in his corner movements. But the breadth and depth of his ideas made such formal procedure ineluctable.

It is difficult for me to comprehend how a hearing of this stupendous product discoursed as it was last night can fail to bring with it conviction of its timelessness and the purity of its inspiration. Not only the angelic Adagio, but the three remaining movements are the emanations of pure genius. Mr. Walter has interpreted the Eighth Symphony here before with impressive results; but on this occasion his conception was of such surpassing perceptiveness, so inward and so eloquent in turn that it marks a pinnacle in his long and distinguished career. Nor has the Philharmonic ever in my experience played better; the translucent sensuousness of sound which pervaded the performance will linger long in the memory of all who were fortunate enough to be present.

JEROME D. BOHM, *New York Herald Tribune*

For the Eighth symphony towered over everything. It was given without a cut and it lasted seventy-two minutes. Despite its weakness and discrepancies of structure, especially in the final movement, the listener was not dismayed, or impatient, or less than absorbed in the essential grandeur and beauty of the revelation. True, the first movement also has cracks that cannot be eradicated, even when such an inspired interpreter as Mr. Walter is in control. The movement has also a loftiness and a vision that far surpass its technical limitations. There is the supplication, the mystic fervor, the inner conflict of him who cries out, "Lord, I believe. Help Thou mine unbelief." There are the three titanic climaxes which occur in the development of this movement and seem as if they would rend the orchestra in twain.

Of the form of the immensely expanded scherzo Bruckner is completely and unqualifiedly the master. The movement has the smell and savor of the good earth. Its vigor and jocosity give place in the trio to a passage fully worthy, in its tenderness and vision, of Beethoven. Then comes the lyrical slow movement, the movement in which the artist speaks as simply as a child of the sublime. It is in the finale that the symphony again and again falls to the earth, picks itself up, stumbles forward toward the light. It is curious that such weak and redundant writing could be part of the score which includes three of the greatest movements in the literature of the romantic symphony. This weakness is the more striking, and the more touching, because of the conclusion, wherein Bruckner appears to be groping for a summation after the cyclical manner—a summing up of themes previously heard—which lesser composers than he have frequently achieved.

This method, or a hint of it, only emerges in the final pages in which

## Chord and Discord

there is reference back to the opening theme of the first movement, and a final combination, very magnificent, of themes of both the scherzo and adagio—a flash of sheer grandeur, after a chaos of floundering. For all that, with every defect granted or multiplied, the symphony, so magnificently revealed last night, was a thrilling experience.

The orchestra played magnificently. The conductor missed nothing of the composer's thought and its devoted revelation. He laid us all under an obligation which will not be forgotten or lessened as time passes in the memory.

OLIN DOWNES, *The New York Times*

After intermission Mr. Walter and the orchestra returned for the hour-and-a-quarter panorama of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony. Mr. Walter's devotion to Bruckner, which has earned him the medal of the Bruckner Society, is well known. As a matter of fact, conductors in general appear to be fond of Bruckner, possibly fascinated by the mechanics of bringing his elephantine scores to life. Listening to them is something else again. The Eighth Symphony's splendor or orchestral dress is exceeded only by its banality of subject matter; it is like devising a magnificent Florentine tooled binding for the collected works of Edgar A. Guest. At that, the comparison is probably unfair to Mr. Guest; not even he could match Bruckner platitude for platitude.

JOHN BRIGGS, *New York Post* (Copyright 1948)

The notion that a thing said loudly will enforce its truth has an echo in such music as Bruckner's Eighth Symphony which was played by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under Bruno Walter's direction in Carnegie Hall last night. Like others of this composer's works, it has its felicities, but considering everything it is hard to see how the work as a whole can be taken seriously.

A recent performance by Koussevitzky left the feeling that something more authoritative might add to its meaning. The only mystery that Walter disclosed, however, was how this awkward, well-meaning but essentially second-rate music had survived as long as it has. Sincerity it has, and imposing scoring, but also labored thematic material, sprawling structure and climaxes repeated incessantly. The dignity the score contains was brought out, in a performance of great fidelity.

H. C. S., *New York Sun*

## AMERICAN PREMIERE OF MAHLER'S SIXTH

Mitropoulos Conducts Philharmonic Symphony, New York,  
in Brilliant Performances  
Audience Cheers

The following reviews appeared in the New York papers after the first of three performances given December 11, 12, and 13, 1947.

Co-featured in odd contrast on last night's Philharmonic program in Carnegie Hall were George Gershwin's "Concerto in F," with Oscar Levant as soloist, and the American premiere of Gustav Mahler's Sixth Symphony. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducted.

The one thing in common was the excellent performance. Mr. Mitropoulos added two dazzling readings to his Philharmonic score card, and Mr. Levant re-asserted his claims to being America's chief custodian of the Gershwin legacy.

There comparisons ended. For the Gershwin score is about as close to the Mahler Symphony as Tin Pan Alley is to Kamchatka. But the modern orchestra accommodates all comers, so it was all one world on last night's program.

While there were many ways of viewing the Mahler Symphony last night, there was only one for the Levant-Gershwin episode. The fabulous Oscar made this coiling scroll of the Roaring Twenties live all over again in the moody melody and biting rhythms.

Reaction to Mahler's massive 70-minute span ran all the way from ecstatic accolades to blistering gibes. Most complaints were that the symphony was too long, too loud, and too much of the same thing.

Yet, the symphony was given a strong ovation. Many rose in their seats and shouted "Bravo!" and Mr. Mitropoulos was recalled for repeated bows with the orchestra.

How much of the response should be credited to the performance and how much to the symphony it would be hard to say. Certainly the 41-year-old score packs many orchestral thrills, among them the three-hammer blows of the finale.

There Mahler pictures his future in harsh prophecy, using an actual hammer to accent the personal horror to come. The orchestra shrieks in terrifying tones, and some of the blackest pages in all music follow.

I frankly liked the symphony—the march-like beat of the opening, the pastoral quiet of the slow movement, the odd, zig-zagging rhythms of the Scherzo, and the shattering Judgment Day of the Finale.

Maybe Mahler wrote one or two better symphonies, like the Ninth and "The Song of the Earth;" but the Sixth crams a power of its own in its fierce heartsick moods and tragic foreboding.

And Mahler wasn't wrong in his bleak prediction, for the fatal hammer struck three times, just as he dreaded—his young daughter died; his ideals and hopes as conductor crashed; and he died an untimely death in 1911.

With the grim prophecy fulfilled, life had finally imitated art.

LOUIS BIANCOLLI, N. Y. World-Telegram

## Chord and Discord

This reviewer, who has always considered himself a devout Mahlerite, must confess that a first hearing of his Sixth Symphony performed by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Mitropoulos's direction in Carnegie Hall last night brought with it a temporary defection.

Although dubbed by Mahler himself as "tragic" symphony, this listener could find little in the work which required seventy minutes in traversal to justify this appellation. For all the elaborate symbolism which has been associated with its cow-bells and hammer-blows, the former supposedly suggesting unutterable loneliness, the latter, the ineluctable blows of fate, very little that is genuinely affecting and first-rate musically is to be heard in this expansive product.

In none of his other symphonies is one made so aware of the composer's eclecticism. Some of his ideas come straight out of Schubert, including the principal theme of the first movement of the "Unfinished" Symphony. But not only Schubert but Bruckner and even Richard Strauss enter largely into his thematic scheme and are dealt with at length. Mahler's well known affection for march rhythms is exploited ad infinitum in both the first and last movements with fatiguing results; for the subject matter utilized is incredibly banal.

The best movement is the *Andante moderato*, in which the serenely bucolic scene depicted is peopled by sentimentally inclined beings. There are characteristically ironic touches, too, in the *Scherzo*. But the monumentally conceived finale, which takes twenty-nine minutes to unfold, is Mahler at his most magniloquent and tiresome.

What can be admired unreservedly is the orchestration, which is superb throughout the symphony. Combinations which must have sounded startling when the symphony was first heard in 1906 are still strikingly effective and highly original even today. But despite the truly overwhelming mastery of his technical resources revealed, this is the weakest and most commonplace of Mahler symphonies.

Nothing but praise is due Mr. Mitropoulos for this exhaustive discourse of a highly exacting work, which was conducted without benefit of a score and was fully deserving of the prolonged applause and cheers bestowed upon it by the audience. The reviewer regrets that because of the late hour he was only able to hear a few measures of Mr. Levant's interpretation of Gershwin's Piano Concerto.

JEROME D. BOHM, N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*

The gigantic, 70-minute Sixth Symphony of Mahler was performed for the first time in this country at Carnegie Hall last evening, and the demonstration afterward for Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic-Symphony suggested your reviewer was not the only one who found it a profoundly moving experience.

Since earlier and later works of Mahler are known here, the piece merely confirms what we already knew rather than discloses new aspects of the composer. The staggering instrumentation of the Sixth has been matched in other works. Mahler's morbid sensitivity to combinations of instrumental tone has been revealed elsewhere. His preference for emotional impact rather than formal design also has been demonstrated in his "Lied von der Erde," in that unforgettable passage for the tenor—"Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod." And in fact the final movement of the Sixth is

precisely that mood of overpowering melancholy stretched out to thirty minutes' length. Yet Mahler's stylized despair also is music of such beauty that it leaves the listener depressed, but curiously exhilarated. It is a quality to be found in Mahler's contemporaries, in the febrile, introspective writing of Stefan Zweig; it is the expression of a neurotic civilization, an inbred culture that achieved craftsmanship and refinement at the cost of overstrained nerves.

The program ended with George Gershwin's Concerto in F, with Oscar Levant playing the solo part dextrously. I cannot help thinking that the juxtaposition of the two works by so imaginative a musician as Mr. Mitropoulos was not merely a coincidence.

The Concerto is crude, brash, unpolished in almost every attribute in which the Mahler Sixth reveals excellence; but it has an all-important power to touch the hearts and emotions of listeners. The merit of the symphony is mature sophistication; that of the Concerto is youthful energy. Mahler was the magnificent autumn of Viennese music. The musical mathematicians who followed were dry leaves falling from a plant that ceased to flower. It may be that Gershwin is the imperfect, tentative budding of an equally magnificent plant which some of us may live to see in bloom.

JOHN BRIGGS, *N. Y. Post*, (Copyright 1947)

The first performance in America of Mahler's Sixth Symphony was given by Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra last night in Carnegie Hall. This performance brought cheers and long-sustained applause in its wake. Mr. Mitropoulos kept returning to the stage, bowing graciously, at last gesturing to the orchestra to rise and bow with him. And indeed it would be hard to imagine the symphony played more brilliantly, theatrically, as is its due, and with such immense fortissimos that some supersensitive souls were dumbfounded. But the multitude was delighted, and the performance a triumph for composer and conductor.

And what of the symphony, *per se*?

Mahler averred that he detested program music, that an audience must reach its verdict on the basis of its reactions to the music as music, and not because of some story or special meaning connected with it. If we take the Sixth Symphony from this standpoint it is clear that like every one of Mahler's overextended works in the form it is of uneven merit in the different parts. The first movement of the Sixth is weak, banal in its thematic material, repetitious, anything but convincing in its medley of tragic march rhythms and bucolic tones. The best movement is certainly the slow one.

It has pleasant if commonplace and harmonically uninteresting melodies, and a lofty mood. The melodies soar and foliate more continuously and with less sagging in the middle than is usual with Mahler. There are noble effects for horns and answering trumpets, where the music seems to ascend and to unfold like a vision. No doubt that this is one of the finest lyrical movements that Mahler penned.

Musically it is the summit of the symphony. The scherzo affects again the *ländler* style and the peasant accent, with the false innocence that it often pleases this composer to assume, as if he were saying, "See how

naive, how gay, how innocent and pure of heart I, the tragic, the fated one, can be!" This becomes trite and tiresome, and the repetitions onerous.

The finale is three times as long again—incredibly drawn out, inflated, redundant in the way admirably described by Richard Strauss when he said that Mahler "dampened his fortissimos" and "smothered his effects in the last movement." Everything comes in, all the melodies, motives, developments, all the instruments, which are multitudinous. The orchestra includes doubled horns, augmented trumpets, trombones, woodwinds, cowbells and a hammer—fortunately without a sickle, or Mr. Mitropoulos might be in the custody of the FBI at this very moment.

Now it appears, despite Mahler's coyness on the subject, that this symphony has an underlying program, and one that is deeply tragic. This is unfortunate, because the finale sounds very brilliant, indeed triumphant. Undertones of tragedy are lost in the din and the commotion, the hosannas of the brass, the flamboyant melodies that soar from strings, horns and what not, and reach climax upon climax. The audience seemed to feel victorious too. Perhaps they had not read the program book.

Regardless of these constructions, one is constrained to conclude that this is on the whole a patchy, diffuse and uneven symphony, with the customary bombast and inequality between its pretensions and actual ideas. One more symphony by the grandiose Mahler.

The symphony was followed by a work which on the whole has more originality and inventiveness in it. We mean George Gershwin's Concerto for piano and orchestra, played smashingly and with new authority and power by Oscar Levant as soloist. But the concerto seemed to have caught one bad contagion from the symphony. Its whole performance was exaggerated in scale. In the middle movement it missed a large measure of the poetry with which it was invested in more than one performance that we heard from Gershwin himself.

The piece was over-played, over-blown, over-climaxed. Now that the very gifted Mr. Levant has shown his ample mastery of its pianism, let him please give it more intimate and imaginative treatment when next he plays the work and let not Mr. Mitropoulos conduct Gershwin as if he were Mahler.

OLIN DOWNES, *N. Y. Times*

Taking music for granted can be a temptation in a city which has as much of it as New York; but in what other art could the violent contrast of last night's Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra concert in Carnegie Hall exist side by side? Gustav Mahler, over-driven and introverted; George Gershwin, easy-going and extroverted, each portrayed by a self-likeness as distinctive as a thumbprint.

This audience had the experience of hearing a Mahler symphony—the sixth—which is not merely unfamiliar, as most of his still are, but actually new to this country. Some opinion holds it the weakest of the nine, which might be an explanation; but it is hardly so inferior to the others that no one should have ventured it in the forty-one years since it was written. The oversight, if such it may be called, was rectified by Dimitri Mitropoulos last night.

To one who finds the best of Mahler's symphonic works patchy and insufficiently worked over, only one element of the occasion was truly ab-

sorbing—the consistently magnificent workmanship of Mitropoulos. Phenomenal memories are not new to us; but Mitropoulos left one incredulous of the blueprint he drew for the orchestra with no score in sight. (There was none for the Gershwin, either.)

This symphony has a lovely songful slow movement—and very little else that is not dismally over-written. The finale alone is a twenty-six minute morceau—a time span multiplied by the repetitious elaboration of ideas mostly dreary and second class.

There is scarcely a page that doesn't have its quota of ingenuities, some of them still unique with Mahler, but the totality suggests a completed jig-saw puzzle of an unintelligible design. The ultimate paradox is that the audience received the playing with remarkable enthusiasm.

IRVING KOLODIN, *New York Sun*

That so tremendous a work as Gustav Mahler's Sixth Symphony should have waited 41 years after its European premiere for an American performance is a curious reflection upon the ways of our musical world. This symphony is the autobiography of a great soul; and its subjectivity of style is at once its strength and weakness. Mahler, like Balzac, simply poured himself onto paper, with little regard for academic laws or the emotional reserves of the bourgeoisie.

This is torrential music, filled with the horror of death; the desperate resistance of a creative spirit unwilling to surrender to final oblivion; the struggles of a mind which longs for eternal peace and yet is still torn by doubts. In listening to it, as in listening to the music of Wagner, one either surrenders to the hypnotic spell and understands, or one closes one's ears, and hears only turgid rhetoric instead of the heartbreaking eloquence with which the score is filled.

Purely as an achievement of formal development and orchestration the Sixth Symphony is monumental. The use of cowbells to symbolize the peace of mountain heights, of the celesta, glockenspiel and other coloristic devices never cheapens the work. And the almost unprecedented battery of brass and percussion enables the composer to create a whole new vocabulary of sonority. The exquisite melodic curve of the slow movement and the ghostly trills of the finale represent string writing at its subtlest. And the chorale passages in the deep brass are overwhelmingly majestic. The symphony is tender, savage, capricious, rebellious by turns; almost every human emotion is expressed in this dramatic poem. Yet even the gigantic finale is logically worked out; the length of the work is inevitable, like that of Schubert.

Mr. Mitropoulos conducted magnificently, and the orchestra insisted on his taking the first few bows alone. The tremendous ovation was richly deserved by the conductor, the orchestra—and the music!

ROBERT SABIN, *Musical America*

## MAHLER'S SIXTH

Rare Symphonic Work Impresses Critic in First American Performance

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

The following article appeared in the *Boston Post* on December 21, 1947 and is reprinted by permission of the *Boston Post*.

That we are too familiar with certain important works and woefully ignorant of others was the burden of last week's discourse. The compositions chosen to point the moral were Handel's "Messiah," immediately impending from the Handel and Haydn Society, and Mozart's "Idomeneo," which we get this afternoon, at the Opera House, from the New England Opera Theatre. The point could have been made just as well by citing two symphonies, each their composer's sixth, one of which had just been played here for the hundredth time (speaking in round numbers), while the other was receiving in New York its first American performances. The pieces in question? Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" and the so-called "Tragic" Symphony of Mahler.

Back in 1933 Dr. Koussevitsky proudly announced his intention of playing the only Mahler Symphony still unknown in this country, but it remained for his one-time protege, Dimitri Mitropoulos, as acting conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, to turn the trick. Some difficulty with the Symphony's Leipzig publisher was the reason given for Koussevitsky's failure to come across with the threatened premiere. Mitropoulos had his troubles, too, but they were slightly different. Mahler's music is now in the public domain, but it seems that the orchestra parts of the Sixth went up in smoke when Leipzig was bombed. Scores of the work are scarce, but one was forwarded from London and from it the parts were copied. And so, 41 years and six months after the Sixth was first heard, at Essen, the brilliant and indefatigable Greek maestro gave it to the United States. There were three performances, on Dec. 11, 12 and 13, and it was the last of these that your deeply impressed correspondent heard, as one of a Carnegie Hall capacity audience that received the work with cheers and shouts of "Bravo," fully deserved by composer, director and orchestra.

Even in Europe performances of the Mahler Sixth have been few and far between. From the very outset, it was destined to be the black sheep of the Mahler flock. Not because it was weak—it is, in fact, one of the most firmly-knit, most consistently powerful of his creations—but because, unlike its fellows, it bids us not to hope but to despair. There are, of course, relieving episodes: the slow movement is an idyll, serenely beautiful; the second subject of the otherwise somber first movement has sweep and passion; the trio of what may be termed the grimmest of symphonic scherzos, is pleasant, if not exactly gay. But whereas the other eight symphonies and "The Song of the Earth" have their bitter, their sorrowful or their ironic pages, they nevertheless all end in major, whether the mood be one of triumph, elation, calm resignation or blissful contentment. The Sixth alone withholds this ultimate consolation.

"The symphonic gradations and climaxes of the final movement," writes Bruno Walter, Mahler's most devoted disciple, "resemble in their dismal power the towering waves of the ocean that rush at the ship and wreak destruction." Nor does Mahler soften the blow through a merciful brevity, as does Tchaikovsky in the finale of the "Pathetic." On the contrary, this concluding movement lasts close on half an hour, with only a passage here and there to offset the prevailing gloom. Without resorting to hyperbole, you can call it both terrible and terrifying. It has at times a nightmarish quality. Were a contemporary composer possessed of Mahler's remarkable powers, both of musical invention and of orchestration, he might thus paint the darkest side of our unhappy day. The three New York audiences that cheered the symphony could hardly have enjoyed this finale. Enjoy is not the word. Let us rather say that they responded instinctively to something by which a more innocent generation would have been shocked and repelled. In fact, we know that in the past the Sixth has had this very effect.

Like most of the Mahler symphonies, the Sixth calls for a huge orchestra—incidentally, Mr. Mitropoulos conducted it, as he does everything, from memory—and included among the percussion instruments are cowbells, (used with enchanting effect in the *Andante*, as a symbol of loneliness), a "rute" (a sort of a birch brush applied to the bass drum) and a hammer. "Thus Fate knocks at the door," said Beethoven of the opening of his Fifth Symphony. In the Mahler Sixth it strikes us down.

## AN AMERICAN BRUCKNER PREMIERE

### HOOSIERS INTRODUCE FOURTH (ORIGINAL VERSION)

Fort Wayne, Indiana, Jan. 21 and 22, 1948

This week has brought another big achievement by the Ft. Wayne Philharmonic Orchestra of some 80 amateur and semi-professional musicians.

Under the energetic guidance of Director Hans Schwieger, the orchestra won critical acclaim Tuesday and Wednesday with an American premiere of Bruckner's Fourth Symphony in its original unedited version. The two concerts represented not only a big forward stride for the orchestra itself, they also indicated increasing demand by the Philharmonic's audience for more and more substantial music.

"I wouldn't have dared to present the Bruckner two years ago," Mr. Schwieger told me. "We used to do things like 'Carmen' excerpts or Liszt's 'Les Preludes.' Nowadays I'd put them on a pop concert program," he added.

HENRY BUTLER, *The Indianapolis Times*

Awe and reverence were apparent in Mr. Schwieger's conducting as he guided the orchestra and the audience through the massive tonal edifice reared by the devout and simple-hearted Austrian. It was a reading founded on a deep-seated realization of the power and the glory inherent in the music.

In the first movement of his "Fourth" Bruckner meditates now and then on some of the beauties of nature. The "Scherzo" leads the listeners out of the cathedral and lets them disport themselves for a time in the company of hunters and happy Austrian peasants. The greater part of the work, however, is impregnated with profound mysticism. Bruckner's "Fourth" is filled with nobility and loftiness of utterance. It is, to borrow Bruno Walter's apt expression, "a kind of musical Gothicism." Brahms, it is true, called Bruckner a "fraud," and Eduard Hanslick laughed the peasant from Upper Austria to scorn; but there is reason to believe that Brahms knew better, and some scholars are convinced that Hanslick was not completely honest in his diatribes.

The playing of the orchestra was not always accurate, and the tone was sometimes lacking in the sumptuousness which the character of the composition requires. Nevertheless, Mr. Schwieger imbued his reading of the symphony with warmth, sincerity and devotion. His feeling for vitality of rhythm was keen to the highest degree, and his thorough acquaintance with the structure of the work in all its many details kept him from presenting a gnarled and misshapen performance such as is bound to result when a conductor with no insight into Bruckner's way of writing undertakes to expound the Austrian master's scores. It was a memorable performance—memorable because of its dignity and its honesty of purpose, memorable because it made history in Fort Wayne and in the United States. The orchestra has never played better.

WALTER A. HANSEN, *The News-Sentinel* (Fort Wayne)

The Bruckner Symphony dates back to the last century, but has suffered from the lack of appreciation long applied to Bruckner's work in general, a neglect nobody seems to understand when said work is given competent performance in a concert hall.

The premiere American performance was better than competent. The array of part-time musicians led by the energetic Mr. Schwieger played the massive score with an alert sincerity that more than compensated for occasional technical flaws in recreating Bruckner's sprawling, cathedral-like structure. Mr. Schwieger's thoroughly informed, carefully prepared reading disclosed both the composer's heavenly vision and the peasant earth on which his feet were planted. He found vitality and character in music too many authorities heedlessly dismiss as simply inflated. It was a masterful achievement.

The young and willing Fort Wayne Orchestra is founded on lines pioneered by the Indianapolis Symphony in its earlier years under Ferdinand Schaefer. Most of its members are gainfully employed at other occupations—in fact, full time positions in local business and industry, are the inducement. R. H. Wangerin, manager of the orchestra, uses to bring many qualified musicians to Fort Wayne.

CORBIN PATRICK, *The Indianapolis Star*

The greater portion of the evening was dedicated to the work of Anton Bruckner's Fourth (Romantic) Symphony, in E Flat Major. Bruckner was a Nineteenth Century composer and organist. In this decade when the formless music of moderns receives so much acclaim and attention, it was soul-satisfying to hear the music of a long-neglected man—one who might well be worthy of being called the fourth "B."

Bruckner's conception of music is absolute. His form is classic, as opposed to the oversize-orchestras and impressionism of the Strauss school. That Bruckner was a devoted student of that master of instrumentation, orchestration, and harmony—Wagner—was readily felt. The solidity of structure (especially strings), the breadth of tone, the boldness of contrasts, and the variety of coloring were nerve-tingling. Yet it was all subsumed under the framework of the sonata form. This is genius: a composer who binds himself in chains, and then proceeds to caper as an acrobat with a moving counterpoint. The first movement contained a triple counterpoint. Shades of "Die Meistersinger!" Yet of far greater importance is the fact that in this symphony are united intellect and emotion. One knew that this music was created by a person of depth. The themes, so simple, were always bold, and the last movement, militant. To follow the intricacies of the counterpoint demands tremendous concentration. But even without so doing, the deep faith and conviction of Bruckner himself shone forth.

Mr. Schwieger's conducting, and the visible earnestness of the orchestra-members, were effective throughout. Mr. Schwieger never is a time-beater. Nor is he a mere showman—despite his prodigious memory. While details never escape him, he is not a detail-hounder. His aim, and ability, is always to convey. This is because he grasps the inner meaning—intellectual and ideal—of the composer. The orchestra responded well in most instances, especially the strings, winds, and French horns. That Mr. Schwieger had the courage to undertake a premiere—in America—performance of a neglected work shows the possibility of having eclectic tastes without lower-

ing standards. Schumann is credited with saying that his own development began when he got it into his head that there were other countries than Germany in the world. Perhaps Fort Wayne's musical development has begun in earnest, now that we realize that there are other composers than Beethoven, Brahms, and all the other familiar names. For this, thank you, Mr. Schwieger.

ROBERT V. SCHNABEL, *Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette*

## LIST OF BRUCKNER AND MAHLER PERFORMANCES

SEASON 1947-1948

### BRUCKNER:

- II Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Efrem Kurtz, Conductor; Jan. 27 and 28, 1948.
- III New Haven Symphony Orchestra, Paul Hindemith, Conductor; Jan. 12, 1948.
- IV (Original Version) Fort Wayne Philharmonic Orchestra, Hans Schwieger, Conductor; Jan. 21 and 22, 1948.
- VII Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, Conductor; Feb. 20 and 22, 1948.
- VIII Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitsky, Conductor; Boston, Nov. 7 and 8, 1947; New York, Nov. 13, 1947; Boston, Dec. 30, 1947. (Last performance broadcast over A.B.C.)  
Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, Conductor; Dec. 11 and 13, 1947.  
Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Jan. 22 and 23, 1948.
- STRING QUINTETT Little Orchestra Society, Thomas K. Sherman, Conductor; New York, Nov. 3, 1947.  
Friends of Music, San Diego and La Jolla, Calif.
- TE DEUM The Mozart Orchestra, assisted by Henry Street Settlement Music School Chorus, Robert Scholz, Conductor; New York, Mar. 14, 1948.

### MAHLER:

- I Cincinnati Symphony, Thor Johnson, Conductor; Jan. 2 and 3, 1948.  
Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Efrem Kurtz, Conductor.  
Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, Reginald Stewart, Conductor; Oct. 29, 1947.
- II Boston Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein, Conductor; Harvard and Radcliffe Chorus; Feb. 6 and 7, 1948.  
Cincinnati Symphony, Fritz Busch, Conductor; Cincinnati May Festival.
- IV Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Efrem Kurtz, Conductor; February 1948.  
Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, Fabien Sevitzyk, Conductor; Eleanor Steber, Soloist; Feb. 28 and 29, 1948.
- LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN  
Columbus Symphony Orchestra, Izler Solomon, Conductor; Carol Brice, Soloist; Feb. 17, 1948.  
Rochester Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, Conductor; Dorothy Maynor, Soloist; Dec. 4, 1947.
- VI Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor; December 11, 12, and 13, 1947.
- VIII Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; December 1948.  
Hollywood Bowl Symphony, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Summer, 1948.
- DAS LIED VON DER ERDE  
Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, Conductor; Nov. 6 and 8, 1947.  
Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Bruno Walter, Conductor; Jan. 15, 16, and 18, 1948. (Last performance broadcast over C.B.S.)
- KINDERTOTENLIEDER  
Little Symphony Orchestra Society, Thomas K. Sherman, Conductor; Karin Branzell, Soloist; New York, December 1, 1947.

## MAHLER'S FIFTH ON RECORDS

### PROBLEM CHILD

By GABRIEL ENGEL

The following review was published in the *Saturday Review of Literature* November 29, 1947, and is reprinted by permission.

Dazzling orchestral clarity and a spirit of high jubilation are the most striking musical and emotional indices of Mahler's extremely polyphonic "Fifth Symphony," just released by Columbia in this superb recording under Bruno Walter. Listeners acquainted with his earlier symphonies (the "First," "Second," "Fourth," and "Ninth" have been published in fine recordings in this country) may wonder how so sudden and apparently total an upheaval in the composer's human and artistic make-up came about. The explanation of the amazing transparency of the massive orchestration is simple. Fifth in number, the work is, from the viewpoint of orchestral idiom, in fact Mahler's last symphony. The following note dated 1911, written shortly before his death, proves that he brought to the scoring of this "problem-child" of his fantasy, all the technical skill and maturity of artistic judgment he had gathered throughout a busy life's vast symphonic labors.

The "Fifth" is finished. I have been compelled to reorchestrate it completely. I cannot understand how I could have at that time (1902) written so much like a beginner. Clearly the routine I had acquired in the first four symphonies failed me altogether, as if the new message called for a new technique.

Spiritually, the "Fifth" seems only at first a revolutionary Mahler expression. Repeated hearings reveal it to be a closely related sequel to the earlier symphonies—a comparatively gigantic follower, to be sure, but nevertheless a symphony undeniably of the same basic emotional, as well as musical, fibre. The "Fifth" employs no themes transplanted entire from Mahler songs, as do the earlier symphonies. Its method of melodic generation is more elemental. Its principal themes arise out of subtle paraphrases of melodic fragments, dominant motives, borrowed from the Rueckert songs composed by Mahler before the "Fifth."

Structurally, the first movement, the Scherzo, and the stupendous rondo-finale are magnified re-creations of the corresponding sections in the preceding symphonies. Beside this frankly joyous scherzo, which might be called the symphonic apotheosis of the Viennese waltz, the earlier scherzos seem almost miniatures, parodies of joy, qualified by frequent touches of bitter, spiteful irony. Like the "Second," the "Fifth" begins with a funeral march. In the former the entire movement is swayed by the tragic drama of the "Death Celebration." In the "Fifth," however, the funeral march is in the main a serene song of sorrowful resignation, as brief as a prologue, uncomplicated by symphonic development. Culminating in a song based

on a phrase borrowed from one of the "Kindertotenlieder," where it is significantly set to the words "Freudenlicht der Welt" ("joyful light of the world"), it suggests the happy goal to which the work aspires.

The Adagietto separates the scherzo and rondo-finale like an exquisite elfin spirit between giant elemental forces. It is a reverie of loneliness, of world-abandonment. Significantly, its yearning first melody is an unmistakable paraphrase of the famous Mahler-Rueckert song "Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen" ("I am become a recluse from the world"). The two possess undeniable kinship of content. Strings and harp are the only instruments used in the Adagietto.

Just as Beethoven, in the finale of the "Eroica," had transformed the normally disjointed variation-form into a mighty framework suited to the weightiest revelations, so Mahler, in this rondo-finale, evolved a mighty integral structure, equal to the fullest symphonic formulation of spiritual triumph. From the chief motivating elements of the preceding movements he constructs two vitally rhythmic themes, not for a mere rondo, but for a rondo-like structure into which he builds a masterful double-fugue on those themes, crowning the whole with a magnificent chorale.

As for the musician who was at once the heart and mind behind this splendid first recording of Mahler's great "Fifth Symphony," Bruno Walter has performed a true labor of love. For him this means more than just another recording. It is his supreme tribute to the loftiest manifestation of his revered master's genius.

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**UNIVERSITY OF IOWA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PERFORMS  
MAHLER'S FIRST UNDER CLAPP'S DIRECTION  
IOWA CITY, IOWA, JULY 16, 1947**

From the first measures through the final surging moments of this arresting composition by one of symphonic literature's most inventive creators, the orchestra noted and made proper mention of each of the varying moods, the tuneful melodies, the attention-holding harmonies, the emphasizing repetitions—and then managed to weld these many musical moments into a cohesive whole that made genuine symphonic sense.

Perhaps the one element above all others that makes of the playing of Mahler compositions such genuine experiences on the University of Iowa campus is that Doctor Clapp somehow manages to transmit to his student-faculty musicians a considerable measure of his own deep love for that composer's works. In other words, the university musicians quite obviously enjoy themselves as they play, and thus enjoying are better able to win the audience's pleasure, too.

RON TALLMAN, *Iowa City Press-Citizen*

Conductor Philip Greeley Clapp can take a deep breath and rest in the knowledge that last night's concert of the summer symphony orchestra held in the main lounge of Iowa Union was a success . . .

Following the intermission, Clapp paced the orchestra through the difficult Mahler Symphony No. 1 in D major. Professor Clapp, is certainly an enthusiastic admirer of Gustav Mahler.

The music was descriptive, gay at times, sorrowful at others. With every change of emotion, the orchestra projected the feeling with a force that held the audience captivated.

DICK DAVIS, *Daily Iowan*

## MAHLER'S SECOND SYMPHONY IN NEW YORK AND BOSTON

BERNSTEIN DEDICATES HIS FIRST PERFORMANCES  
OF RESURRECTION SYMPHONY TO MEMORY  
OF FIORELLO H. LAGUARDIA

City Symphony Orchestra — Conductor: Leonard Bernstein; Soloists: Ellabelle Davis, Soprano, and Nan Merriman, Mezzo-Soprano; Chorus: Schola Cantorum, Hugh Boss, Conductor — City Center of Music and Drama, New York (Sept. 23 and 24, 1947 — Opening Concerts of the Season)

On the afternoon of Sept. 22, 1947, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, the man regarded by many the best mayor New York ever had, was laid to rest. He was esteemed not only by his friends but by his political enemies as well, for his was that rare political genius that had translated ideals into action. He loved people and he loved the finer things of life. A passionate devotee of good music, one of his fondest dreams was the establishment of a great municipal hall where the economically less favored might attend at low cost excellent performances of the masterworks of the realm of music, operatic and symphonic. The City Center of Music and Drama was the realization of that dream. Therefore it was peculiarly fitting for Leonard Bernstein to dedicate his splendid heartfelt reading of Mahler's monumental *Resurrection Symphony* to the memory of the man who had given so much of himself to the spiritual betterment of his fellow citizens, as evidenced by this very temple of music which his dynamic personality had called into being. Here the music lover of modest means might share just such experiences of beauty as this great symphony, a work that had meant so much to Fiorello H. LaGuardia. In his moving, spontaneous prefatory tribute, Mr. Bernstein said:

"We are gathered here tonight largely because of the devotion and foresight of one man. That man is not with us tonight, for he was buried this afternoon. Therefore, although this program has already been dedicated to a great cause, I should like to re-dedicate it—not to the resurrection of his soul, for he does not need that from us. No man who gave and received so much love in his lifetime could possibly need it from us. But rather we should dedicate it to the things he stood for and fought for, along with those two others so recently taken from us, Wendell Willkie and Franklin Roosevelt. Let us dedicate our performance of this great *Resurrection Symphony* of Mahler to the resurrection of our world, that it may become the kind of world he hoped for and struggled for with his very life."

To venture the *Second* of Mahler, a composer still hotly debated thirty-six years after his death, with any but an orchestra of major caliber requires a conductor of more than ordinary courage and ability. But to per-

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form this difficult and gigantic work at an opening concert of any but the most seasoned band calls for something beyond the proverbial angel's tread; it demands a kind of daring born of flaming enthusiasm. Clearly such was the *daemon* that swayed the young orchestra led by a young conductor when the New York Symphony began its season with Mahler's *Resurrection Symphony*. Under the circumstances a merely good performance could justly have been a source of keen satisfaction to its participants; the actual stirring performance can be hailed as a major accomplishment. So completely had the youthful leader communicated his enthusiasm to the players, soloists, and chorus that the fiery playing and singing more than compensated for some shortcomings of polished detail. Cold, chiseled perfection would have been a sad exchange, if achieved at the sacrifice of such overwhelming warmth and zeal. The principal rough spots evident at the first performance were ironed out to a great extent when the work was repeated. Mr. Bernstein built up the climaxes with amazingly mature skill; none of the highlights of the work, whether dramatic or lyric, seemed to elude him. He painted its darker moments in especially sombre colors, its message of hope in truly radiant hues. As the strings sang and the music soared this listener realized that *Gustav Mahler—Song Symphonist* was indeed a happy choice for the title of the Mahler biography by Gabriel Engel.

Ellabelle Davis and Nan Merriman proved to be excellent artists. Miss Merriman's singing of *Urlicht* will long be remembered as an outstanding rendition. She had obviously mastered the deepest implications of the text, so tellingly did she convey its meaning to the audience. Beneath her flawless diction, the vibrant warmth of her voice, and her intelligent interpretation the unutterable loneliness of the great soul from which this song sprang found poignantly eloquent tongue.

The gusto of the choral rendition revealed the choir's own pleasurable participation in the music. Its almost hushed entrance, its expectant pronouncement of the passage, "*Bereite Dich*", and of the climactic close (sung rather than shouted), its invariably clear enunciation, these were virtues of achievement reflecting great credit upon Mr. Hugh Ross, distinguished conductor of the Schola Cantorum.

The public, which, in the words of the late William J. Henderson, is the final jury, rose to its feet, cheering and whistling its approval at the end of both performances.

### MAHLER'S RESURRECTION SYMPHONY RETURNS TO BOSTON AFTER THIRTY YEARS

Wins Acclaim of Critics and Audience

Boston Symphony Orchestra—Conductor: Leonard Bernstein; Soloists: Ellabelle Davis, Soprano, and Suzanne Sten, Contralto; Chorus: Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, G. Wallace Woodworth, Director—Symphony Hall, Boston, Feb. 6 and 7, 1948.

Why it has taken a generation to hear the "Resurrection" Symphony again one may only wonder, considering how many piddling items have turned up in that time. Let us give thanks that we have heard it at long last, for it is a masterpiece of splendor and noble vision and of a scope that can only be called tremendous.

This is characteristic Mahler, full of that composer's painfully sharp

sense of mankind's struggle and aspiration, joy and suffering, and of his unanswerable last question: What is the meaning of Life itself? But the pessimism that overwhelmed Mahler in his later years of the Ninth Symphony and "Das Lied von der Erde" was yet to come when he penned the magnificent and profound pages of the Second Symphony.

He ended it upon a mood of shining hope and reassurance, of eternal life to come after the Last Judgment which his mighty horns, trumpets and trombones so impressively herald. The sense of mystery, so essential a part of Mahler's musical expression, permeates the first movement and most of the scherzo. The "Primal Light" section wherein, on words taken from the verses of "Youth's Magic Horn," man asks for light to guide him, is of a really poignant beauty. As for the majestic finale, that comes as close, I think, to anything one will ever hear in suggesting The Last Trump and the choir of the Heavenly Host.

Yesterday's performance was the finest work I have yet heard from Bernstein, who has caught the spirit and the style of Mahler. He showed he can handle triumphantly the huge apparatus Mahler needed to express himself. Bernstein further achieved a personal and an emotionally overwhelming performance. This was no less than masterly and deserved every cheer and round of handclapping of the noisy ovation which followed the last E-flat major chord.

Miss Davis and Miss Sten sang with absolute beauty of tone and style, and the chorus produced a marvelous pianissimo, thanks to the excellent preparation of G. Wallace Woodworth. The orchestra, especially the hard-driven brass, was magnificent. Very likely this will prove the high point of the Symphony season.

CYRUS DURGIN, *The Boston Globe*

It is difficult to write calmly and impossible to write adequately about what took place at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Before an audience that largely did not know the music or possibly that such a piece existed, Leonard Bernstein restored to the repertory of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the Second or "Resurrection" Symphony of Gustav Mahler, previously heard here at two special concerts under Dr. Muck just 30 years ago. Mr. Bernstein's triumph, and incidentally Mahler's was no less dramatic than the Symphony itself.

It was obvious all along that Mr. Bernstein had orchestra and audience in the hollow of his hand, and the music in his head and in his heart. Through the three purely instrumental movements the spell worked by piece and performance was unbroken. Then Suzanne Sten added her contralto voice to the orchestra and sang, with deep devotion, the "Urlicht" (Primal Light), that is the key and clue to the work, the explanation of that which has gone before and of the tremendous things that are to come.

The finale, which Mahler has directed should follow without pause, has been described as a vast tonal fresco of the Day of Judgment. The orchestra sounds the crack of Doom; there are calls from the horns; there is the tread of the hosts marching to the Judgment Seat. The chorale of the funeral first movement is recalled and measures about to be sung are played by the instruments. The voice of doom is heard again and again and after it those amazing bird-calls, in flute and piccolo, that "symbolize the last living sound of a mortal world about to be dissolved." Then, as

## Chord and Discord

from the other world, the chorus—ah, so softly—intones the words "Aufersteh'n, ja aufersteh'n wirst du, mein Staub" (You will rise again, my dust), and the Symphony begins to move toward its climax.

Yesterday this sublime setting of Klopstock's "Resurrection Ode" was entrusted to the choirs of Harvard and Radcliffe, too few in numbers, because of the restrictions of the stage, but mighty in valor. With the chorus was Ellabelle Davis, to sing the measures for soprano solo, as these particular ears have never heard them, and Miss Sten once more entered the picture, with Mahler's own words, "Believe, my heart, you have lost nothing." All too quickly came the overpowering conclusion, in which the bells peal and the very gates of Heaven are opened. When the audience recovered itself, pandemonium reigned. The emotional storm which had slowly gathered was finally released. And, you can take my word for it, no such excitement has been seen in Symphony Hall in many a year.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, *The Boston Post*

Mr. Bernstein achieved a major triumph yesterday with the performance of Mahler's immense Second Symphony. It was an interpretation that caught fire from the first stormy measures to the glorious finale where the composer unleashes all the musical forces at his command. This achievement was the more remarkable in that, owing to the subscription audience, the stage could not be enlarged, and the augmented orchestra, chorus and soloists had to squeeze in as best they could. It must have been very cramping for the players in the hour and a quarter the Symphony takes, but they did their duty with a will and turned in some superlative playing.

Mahler's genius was a strange one and he did not always succeed in pulling off his grandiose designs. The Second Symphony, however, is uniformly and in the end overwhelmingly successful. It is my feeling that too much is written about Mahler's music in the shape of programs for it. Does it really help us in listening to the third movement to read all about St. Anthony and the fishes and the vulgarity of the world? Something, of course, about "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" and the texts of the last two movements should be noted, but for the rest I found Paul Stefan's program mainly pretentious nonsense. Whereas I enjoyed the music thoroughly and was never bored for one instant.

Some have professed to find the third movement one of the finest things in all Mahler, but the truth is that the whole Symphony abounds in these happy touches. For others the ineffable peace of the fourth movement will have been one of the most moving things in the Symphony. And here, incidentally, the effect was enhanced by the beautiful singing of Suzanne Sten. Mr. Bernstein secured a perfect accompaniment for her, and the result was peculiarly felicitous.

ALEXANDER WILLIAMS, *The Boston Herald*

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**LIST OF MAHLER RECORDINGS RELEASED IN 1947**

- SYMPHONY NO. 5**—New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society, Bruno Walter, Conductor. Columbia MM-718.  
**LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN**—Eugenia Zareska with Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Van Beinum. Decca K1624-5.  
**WER HAT DIES LIEDLEIN ERDACHT?**—Mary Paull, Soprano, Kenneth Hieber, Accompanist. Vanguard 3.

## "SALOME" AT CITY CENTER

### LASZLO HALASE CONDUCTS MEMORABLE PERFORMANCES

Although *Chord and Discord* devotes its efforts primarily towards promoting increased public interest in the music of Bruckner and Mahler, it has on occasion included articles calling attention to unrelated musical events of outstanding importance and merit. Indubitably of this category was the series of presentations of *SALOME* during the spring and fall seasons of 1947 by the New York City Opera Company at the New York City Center of Music and Drama. Here was an inspired group heroically working on an all too slender budget, yet with results so successful that they might challenge the best achievements of a long established operatic institution of foremost rank.

The critical keynote of this fine production was struck in the spring of 1947 by Mr. Biancolli of the N. Y. World Telegram, who wrote following the first performance: "Anyway, the City Center Troupe has finally hit the operatic jackpot with Strauss' *SALOME*—and one can only applaud its courage and cheer its success."

Appropriately, therefore, the N. Y. City Opera Company opened its fall season on Sept. 25 with the Strauss classic, "one of the toughest scores in the repertory", according to Mr. Biancolli. Again, as in the spring, critics acclaimed the production as important musical news, while audiences cheered—and with good reason. Here, a reality, at last, was that long cherished dream of the late Fiorello H. La Guardia, the dream of providing the people of the City of New York with the opportunity to hear grand opera produced in the grand manner at prices that the less well-to-do music lover could afford.

At a time when truly great performances of opera in America are sadly conceded by some experts to belong to a faded past, productions conceived in so high a spirit of artistic fervor evoke nostalgic memories of that allegedly vanished operatic grandeur. With this *SALOME*, however, we are once again experiencing a truly unified production of one of the most complicated modern masterworks of the singing stage, again realizing that music drama as conceived by Wagner need not languish a mere unattainable ideal. We see again that, almost insurmountable obstacles notwithstanding, so long as the work is given due careful preparation, it can be translated into a living reality, stirring our emotions to their very depths. Undoubtedly the most notable feature of *SALOME*, as presented by the N. Y. City Opera Company, was the complete subordination of each participant to the role in which he or she was cast. Though several of them deserved the rating of "star", yet none assumed the (alas, too familiar) role of a planet trying to outshine the surrounding lesser luminaries.

Among the minor parts, special mention should be made of Norman Scott's movingly beautiful rendition of the lines about Jochanaan: "He is a holy man—He is very gentle. Every day when I bring him food, he thanks me."<sup>1</sup>

William Horne's clear, resonant voice brought out the pathos of the lines of Narraboth, the weak, lovesick, unfortunate Syrian captain. The

<sup>1</sup> "Er ist ein heiliger Mann—Er ist sanft. Jeden Tag den ich ihm zu essen gebe, dankt er mir."

passion in his voice when he sang the passage: "How fair is the Princess Salome this evening."<sup>3</sup> literally rang throughout the hall. Vasso Argyris' portrayal of the same role made Narraboth one of the more important characters of the drama. He sang effectively and acted with great skill. His gradual surrender to the wiles of the young princess, culminating in Narraboth's defiance of the Tetrarch's orders, and his growing expression of despair at Salome's continued efforts to tempt Jochanaan, held the attention of the audience.

Ralph Herbert, the Jokanaan in five performances, uttered his dire predictions and condemnation of the promiscuous Herodias with great power. The clarity of his diction made the words wholly intelligible. He has a beautifully resonant voice. Carlos Alexander as Jokanaan also made the character highly impressive. His acting, singing, and appearance seemed to intensify the Prophet's fanaticism. Substituting for Ralph Herbert on twenty-four hours notice, the twenty-three year old Michael Rhodes, a newcomer to the operatic stage, distinguished himself by his highly intelligent portrayal of Jokanaan. His is a young voice, vigorous, fresh, pleasing. He seemed a somewhat more gentle prophet than the others. Memorable was the religious ecstasy he instilled into the lines: "He is in a boat on the sea of Galilee and is speaking to his disciples. Kneel on the shore of the sea and call unto Him. And call Him by name . . ."<sup>4</sup>

Excellent as it was at the very outset, Frederick Jagel's characterization of the lustful, degenerate, neurotic Herod, possessed by a vague, indefinable fear, a role shot through with every nuance of abnormality, has grown steadily more convincing. Through his artistry the character of Herod takes on the significance the poet intended for it as one of the central figures and prime movers of the tragedy. At his debut on Oct. 30th, Edward Molitore made it evident that he had given a great deal of thought to the role of Herod. The Tetrarch's vain attempt to hide from Herodias his fear of the Prophet ("He said nothing against you. Besides he is a very great prophet."),<sup>5</sup> his alarm at the thought that the dead might return ("What! He raises the dead? . . . I forbid him to do that. It would be terrible if the dead returned.");<sup>6</sup> his nervous delight while watching the dance; his pleas that Salome accept almost anything but the head of Jokanaan as a reward for the dance; his complete sense of frustration and despair as he utters the words: "Let them give her what she asks. She is in truth her mother's child:"<sup>7</sup>—all these were highlights in his excellent characterization of the unsympathetic Herod. Mr. Molitore has a rich voice; his diction is clear for the most part.

Growing familiarity with the role increased the vividness of Terese Gerson's portrayal of the degenerate Queen. Contempt for Herod swayed her whole being. Voicing this scorn seemed to be of greater moment to this Herodias than avenging Jokanaan's condemnation of her. She almost sneered as she addressed these words to Herod: "My daughter and I are

<sup>3</sup> "Wie schön ist die Prinzessin Salome heute Abend."

<sup>4</sup> "Er ist in einem Nachen auf dem See von Galiläa und redet zu seinen Jüngern. Knie nieder am Ufer des Sees, ruf ihn an und rufe ihn beim Namen . . ."

<sup>5</sup> "Er hat nichts gegen dich gesagt. Oberdies ist er ein sehr grosser Prophet."

<sup>6</sup> "Wie, er erweckt die Toten? . . . Ich verbiete ihm, das zu tun. Es wäre schrecklich, wenn die Toten wiederkämen!"

<sup>7</sup> "Man soll ihr geben, was sie verlangt! Sie ist in Wahrheit ihrer Mutter Kind!"

of royal blood. Your father was a camel driver and a thief and a robber to boot."<sup>7</sup> Mary Kreste's characterization of Herodias was wholly convincing. She directed her wrath at Jokanaan. Her determination for revenge never flagged. There was passion in her voice as she urged Salome to insist upon her "pound of flesh." She reveled in her triumph as she told the miserable Herod: "My daughter did the right thing."<sup>8</sup>

The writer does not recall a Salome comparable to Brenda Lewis's. Pleasing to the ear—and, what is so very rare in opera, to the eye as well—this extremely intelligent, superb actress possesses a voice of great beauty, wide range, and extraordinary telling power. To hear a Salome merely sing this difficult part with such ease is an experience rare enough, but to witness, in addition, an exciting interpretation of the Dance of the Seven Veils renders that experience truly unforgettable. Her cajoling of Narraboth into disobeying the Tetrarch's command not to allow anyone to see Jokanaan; the scene with the Prophet; her brooding after Jokanaan spurns her advances (as Pursifal rejects Kundry's); her first seemingly naive request for the head of Jokanaan; her later ferocious demands that Herod live up to his oath; all these dramatic high-spots revealed Miss Lewis as a consummate actress, able to carry her audience with her. She was a naive, yet a cunning, a brooding, neurotically passionate, yet determined Princess of Judea who, despite the sinister, revolting spell in which her soul was hopelessly gripped, did not fail to arouse pity as she sang the words of the epilogue: "The secret of love is greater than the secret of death."<sup>9</sup> Perhaps the suggestion of ultimate redemption in the closing song-like bars of the score is the artist's answer—compassion for even this supreme sinner, finally awakening, though only to the vaguest glimmer, to the enormity of her sin.

The settings designed by H. A. Condell provided an effective background for the sinister plot. Especially impressive were the floating clouds hiding the sickly moon every now and then, creating the impression of a bad omen and lending emphasis to the words at the beginning of the play: "Something terrible will happen."<sup>10</sup>

Leopold Sachse, the stage director, deserves special recognition for the teamwork on the stage—teamwork that lent importance to the drama as drama rather than to the individual singing-actors.

As for the mighty contribution of Laszlo Halasz, artistic director and conductor, it would be difficult indeed to praise too highly his work in unifying the presentation of so exacting a work. His intelligent, emotionally inspired reading of the dramatic score projected its tragic spell with an integrity that seemed to unite stage, orchestra, and listener in one perfect participating experience. His interpretation underlined with ever increasing intensity the sultry, foreboding, tragic atmosphere of the drama, but faintly relieved at the close of the epilogue by the mere suggestion of a motive of redemption.

For the discriminating, rich and poor alike, City Center productions would be a bargain even at considerably higher prices.

<sup>7</sup> "Meine Tochter und ich stammen aus königlichem Blut. Dein Vater war Kameltreiber, dein Vater war ein Dieb und ein Rauber obendrein."

<sup>8</sup> "Meine Tochter hat recht getan."

<sup>9</sup> "Das Geheimnis der Liebe ist grösser als das Geheimnis des Todes."

<sup>10</sup> "Schreckliches wird geschehen."

## SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

### A RECORD OF CRITICAL AND POPULAR REACTION

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: FIRST SYMPHONY

*Philadelphia Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor, (Robin Hood Dell Concerts); July 27, 1946.*

The Mahler Symphony repeated its success of last season. Though some of Mahler's works are adjudged dull, this opus belied its length, in its forthright construction, firmness of melodic line and frequent freshness. Mitropoulos conducted with a keen insight into its musical qualities, and both he and the orchestra won an ovation.

SAMUEL L. SINGER,  
*The Philadelphia Inquirer*

Musically, the most interesting program of the week took place at Robin Hood Dell last night. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducted, with his usual excellence, Schubert's Symphony No. 6, in C Major, and Mahler's first in D Major. Unfortunately, the fact that it was Saturday night kept the attendance down to 3700 for this truly rewarding concert.

It (Mahler's I) is a piece which holds the attention of the listener very closely, without being overly intellectual and without lacking spontaneity. Its seriousness does not exclude sensuous beauty. The second movement, *Kräftig Bewegt*, is particularly attractive; almost light. One welcomes the playing of a work which has all the hallmarks of greatness and is yet so rarely heard.

C. S., *The Philadelphia Record*

Franz Schubert and Gustav Mahler, not often associated on one program, proved verdant pastures of music, where the lyric qualities of each composer, the contemplative passages, and the joyous pulse of life were seized upon by the conductor and communicated with illumination.

There were 3,500 persons on hand to enjoy this music, which was postponed from the regular Wednesday night schedule. They heard the rarely-played Mahler First Symphony in D major, a long work, whose beauties require gifted intuition and a thoughtful, rather than

heavy hand, on the part of the conductor. Following the excursions of Mahler into the pensive realm of fancy, where nature and philosophy mix, was a rewarding experience for the audience.

E. E. S., *The Evening Bulletin*

#### ANTON BRUCKNER: FOURTH SYMPHONY

*Philadelphia Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor, (Robin Hood Dell Concerts); August 9, 1946.*

Bruckner composed with a wide sweep, using all choirs of the orchestra freely, particularly the brass, a good instance being the dancing Scherzo. The first movement has simple themes vigorously treated.

SAMUEL L. SINGER,  
*The Philadelphia Inquirer*

This is not the kind of symphony to send you away whistling and it's easy to understand its lack of popular appeal. But it does leave you with a challenge and the desire to hear it again. Under the masterful baton of Dimitri Mitropoulos and the superb playing of the Dell orchestra, it proved an exciting and stimulating experience.

JUNE HERDER,  
*The Philadelphia Record*

As far as Philadelphia is concerned the programming of a Bruckner symphony is an extraordinary event and many have had to form their knowledge and appreciation of this master's accomplishments through available phonographic recordings or occasional radio broadcast from other cities.

It has been said that the length of Bruckner's symphonies militates against their acceptance in the concert repertoire—a specious argument in view of the fact that in the seventh and eighth symphonies of Shostakovich, not to speak of other less-publicized orchestral creations, present-day conductors and audiences have not hesitated to welcome works of an hour or more in duration. In the final analysis, however, it is the worth, rather than the length, of a composition that

should determine its recognition. A piece of great music may consume a long time in performance yet seems short because of its superlative qualities and elements. On the other hand a meretricious work, while only taking a short time to get through, will seem boring and much too long.

For his listing of Bruckner's magnificent fourth symphony at the Dell, Dimitri Mitropoulos is to be heartily thanked. He is one of our American conductors convinced of the high merits of the composer's music and its title to be heard by audiences. . . . From start to finish the symphony's musical content is replete with passages of touching beauty and refreshing force, and each of the four movements supplies its own particular features to stir and delight. In details of construction and orchestration it certifies Bruckner's sure mastery. There are fascinating modulations, remarkably wrought contrapuntal sections, and themes of stunning contours and patterns. To the attentive listener, unfamiliar with the symphony of Bruckner's music, it will come as a revealing and stimulating experience, the strongest kind of argument that we should have more of the same. For those here who already appreciate the grandeur of the symphony, the occasion will offer gratifying compensation for having had to wait so long for a "flesh and blood" performance of the work in this city.

WILLIAM E. SMITH,  
Robin Hood Dell Review

#### ANTON BRUCKNER: EIGHTH SYMPHONY

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor; Oct. 11 and 12, 1946.

Two strongly contrasting symphonies, Mendelssohn's "Italian" and the Eighth of Anton Bruckner, make up this week's program by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Symphony Hall. Serge Koussevitzky chose Bruckner's long and massive work as an observance of the 50th anniversary of the composer's death.

Although composed and revised between 1884 and 1890, Bruckner's Eighth has certain aspects that looked considerably ahead of its time. In it you find the same German continuity and logic you find in Brahms or Beethoven, and you find Wagner to be the origin of much of the instrumentation. Yet there is more

than that: a certain sense of modernity that led to the more sophisticated and involved style of Mahler and others who followed.

The element native to Bruckner, however, was a sense of emotional naiveté, of splendid visions and unworldliness. That element is on every page of the Eighth Symphony. Here, perhaps, is the fact that has kept Bruckner from achieving wide popularity. It very well may be that concert-goers are still confused by the paradox of naive expression set in a complicated and grandiose style, and that it is hard for them to distinguish between Bruckner's highly developed technic and the provincial simplicity of the man himself.

CYRUS DURGIN,  
The Boston Daily Globe

According to how you look at it the monumental Symphony of Bruckner was judiciously curtailed or ruthlessly cut. The performance consumed not much over 50 minutes and the piece should last closer to an hour and a quarter. In the case of the Adagio, always the climax of any Bruckner Symphony, it is a shame to omit a single measure. It is all too heavenly. Yet this is a restless age and rather than have his audience grow fidgety a conductor will use the blue pencil. Nevertheless, we have had to endure the entire opening Adagio of Shostakovich's Eighth Symphony, lasting some 20 minutes; and Bruckner had a great deal more to say and said it a great deal better.

To turn to Bruckner's merits, we have here, as elsewhere, themes of incomparable strength and beauty, wondrous harmonies and magnificent orchestral sonorities. This simple, uncouth man spoke with the voices of Beethoven, Schubert and Wagner, not copying them but paralleling their eloquence with his own. Dr. Koussevitzky gave the Symphony a fervent and devoted reading, one in which the many beauties of the music were fully revealed.

WARREN STOREY SMITH,  
The Boston Post

But the essential nobility and spiritual fervor of the man are what remain in the mind after hearing the Eighth Symphony. These qualities were the more deeply impressed on us by the intense and sympathetic interpretation which Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave of the score.

ALEXANDER WILLIAMS,  
The Boston Herald

## ANTON BRUCKNER:

## FIFTH SYMPHONY

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Desire Defauw, Conductor; Nov. 14 and 15, 1946.

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra dedicated its concert at Orchestra Hall last evening to Anton Bruckner, who died half a century ago last month. In order to demonstrate that the composer really had been one of the notable figures of his day—and is even of ours—Desire Defauw, who conducted, revived his Fifth Symphony, which had not been heard in Orchestra Hall for nearly 40 years.

It had been played in Chicago only once before last night and then under the baton of Frederick Stock, who, we believe, did less well with it than his successor, inasmuch as he omitted to provide the extra instruments of brass which Bruckner added to the finale of his work. In any case, the revival of this massive score was a welcome one, for much of it is fine and noble music, sometimes, to be sure, a little long-winded, but fertile with thematic material of high distinction.

The performance was admirably conceived and executed. Whether the conductor's idea of the score was the most exalted Bruckner cannot be declared, but it did achieve great richness of tone and well molded phrasing. The brass passages were handled with impeccable taste, not made too exuberant until the final moments, when the chorale was chanted fortissimo, with all the stops pulled out.

FELIX BOROWSKI,  
The Chicago Sun

It's too bad his (Bruckner's) over-zealous friends have made a cult of Bruckner. The great and superior rival of Brahms deserves to be heard more often on his own merits.

C. J. BULLIET,  
Chicago Daily News

Both strings and winds had a purity of tone that fell happily on the ear, and at the finale when the brass choir spoke from its lofty place, it made you think there might be something to the Bruckner school holding out for the gentle old Austrian's apocalyptic visions.

CLAUDIA CASSIDY,  
Chicago Daily Tribune

## GUSTAV MAHLER:

## FOURTH SYMPHONY

San Antonio Symphony Orchestra. Max Reiter, Conductor; Frances Yeend, Soloist, Dec. 19, 1946. First performance in San Antonio.

The mighty Fourth Symphony by the controversial Bohemian composer, Gustav Mahler, enjoyed an expressive, poetic reading by Reiter and the Symphony. The work is a wondrous poem which is transformed into a vision of heavenly bliss in the third and especially the fourth movement where the poem, "The Heavenly Life," is sung by a soprano soloist.

In the solo part of the Mahler Symphony and two Strauss lieder, "Freundliche Vision" and "Kling," Mozart's "Alleluja" and Marietta's Song from the Korngold opera, "The Dead City," Miss Yeend displayed a rich, well-controlled lyric soprano voice. In the scant time since Miss Yeend's last appearance here with the Symphony—she sang the role of Micaela in the organization's production of "Carmen" last February—her voice seems to have grown in quality and increased in range. This depth and texture were especially noted in the solo part of the Mahler work.

San Antonio Evening News

## GUSTAV MAHLER:

## DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

Dallas Symphony Orchestra. Antal Dorati, Conductor; Set Svanholm and Suzanne Sten, Soloists, Jan. 12 and 13, 1947.

A music and a performance of superlative beauty were heard here Monday night, an occasion which the discerning hearer well may store in memory as one of the significant events of his musical experience.

The music was Gustav Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" ("The Song of the Earth"), his last large symphonic work.

In Miss Sten and Svanholm we had two superb artists, vocally and artistically. When have we had a voice as brilliant and compelling as Svanholm's or one so like molten gold as Miss Sten's? Aside from the appeal as gorgeous sound of tone and quality, the service of fine musicianship was devoted to the interpretation of the difficult score, difficult

technically and enormously so emotionally.

"The Song of the Earth" is made up of six movements, allotted three each to the singers, who virtually are a part of the instrumental complex, and uses for text purported German translations of Chinese poems. It was unfortunate that the audience was not supplied with the English version of the text. The text reflected the trend of German intellectualism during the early years of the present century, an inevitable development through pessimism, negation and materialism to disaster of which the first World War was a symbol rather than a cause. Even so, the poetic beauty of the text and its veiled symbolism were ideal stimulus to Mahler's soaring imagination, and the musical texture with which he surrounded it is of exalted beauty, as materialized in a musical complex rich in the magic of inspired uses of instrumental means.

A compelling device is the use of melodic formula A-G-E, which becomes at the end a kind of dematerialized extension of the tonic chord. The brightness of the two middle movements, named "Youth" and "Beauty," with their pentatonic scale formula, led on to the intensity of the final section, "The Farewell," wherein Miss Sten sustained even in inaction the emotional exaltation of the situation.

B. CLYDE WHITLOCK,  
Fort Worth Star Telegram

#### GUSTAV MAHLER:

##### DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Alfred Wallenstein, Conductor; Set Svanholm and Eula Beal, Soloists, Jan. 16 and 17, 1947.

Gustav Mahler's great song-cycle, "Das Lied von der Erde," occupied the attention of Alfred Wallenstein and the Philharmonic Orchestra last night.

Contralto Eula Beal and tenor Set Svanholm were soloists for the tender and bitter soliloquies from Chinese poetry to which Mahler set the music which many consider his finest. Even those who cannot go all-out for his symphonics have to succumb to its final bitter-sweet moments, whose whispered syl-

lables of resignation and farewell closed his own life.

MILDRED NORTON,  
Los Angeles Daily News

#### GUSTAV MAHLER:

##### LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Goossens, Conductor; Donald Dickson, Soloist, Jan. 17 and 18, 1947.

Eugene Goossens returned to the Symphony Concerts Friday afternoon and put on a program of such positive musicianship and such constant interest that it will stand on its own merits and match any other program of the season. Donald Dickson also made a sure place for himself with Cincinnati Symphony patrons by the fine way he interpreted Mahler, Mednikoff, Massenet and Rachmaninoff.

Dickson has a brilliant baritone voice that has the Wagnerian tenor quality in the top notes—which does not mean that his scale was at any time uneven. Dickson had unlimited power and he colored soft tones so that they were exceedingly beautiful. His interpretation of the four songs in the Mahler "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen" established him a future favorite. His German was clear and so easily understood that the English translation in the printed programs was unnecessary. Goossens and the orchestra gave him sure support and the audience enjoyed each song so much that they interrupted the cycle with positive applause and called Dickson back to the platform many times.

HOWARD W. HESS,  
The Cincinnati Times-Star

Works of Mahler's youth, between engagements as chorus-master for the Italian opera season in Vienna and director at the Cassel opera house, the song-cycle seems influenced by dramatic association with the stage. Mahler wrote both the words and the music; the tunes were simple and folklike and might appear trivial except for the effective orchestration, which was Mahler's real idiom. . . .

The instrumental coloring is kaleidoscopic, and the orchestra played it so-fashion. The melodic line is simple but emotional, and thus Dickson sang it, his voice well-controlled from a tenor-like G, all the way down to a full-blown A.

JOHN P. RHODES,  
Cincinnati Enquirer

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
NINTH SYMPHONY

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor, Jan. 24 and 25, 1947.

Every time a work of Bruckner is performed, and that sadly is not often, the whole question of "Bruckner and Mahler" is brought up again. Those two late romantic composers of the 19th Century are regarded as great by some, and by others as negligible. At any rate, while the music of Bruckner and Mahler is still hotly disputed, the fact remains that Mahler is not frequently performed here, and Bruckner even less so.

The Bruckner Ninth shares with its fellows those typical Brucknerian qualities of remarkable orchestral counterpoint, soaring expression, vast formal scope and towering visions. It is really a great symphony in its facture and in what a noble if naive and peasant soul succeeded in expressing. It is at once austere and intimate, general and personal, passionate and tender as, in the greatest of all paradoxes, great works of art can be.

If the first movement is the most heroic of the three, the closing adagio, rapt and exalted, is the peak and crown of the Symphony. Surely it is true that while the Ninth, from a formal point of view, may be unfinished, no finale could follow the adagio, which was Bruckner's valedictory. Incidentally, Mr. Walter gives us this week not the Ferdinand Loewe edition, but the "Urtext," the original score as Bruckner left it.

As last week, Mr. Walter's conducting is an almost miraculous blend of expression genius, consummate orchestral technic and profound scholarship.

CYRUS DURGIN,  
*The Boston Globe*

The controversy over the two versions of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony is mild compared to the hostilities over Bruckner himself. To his supporters he is a genius of the first order, to his detractors, a gifted but clumsy peasant. Here again, it is useless to join in the fray. If your predilection is for the Bach-Haydn-Mozart line you still cannot deny that Bruckner, for all his debt to Wagner, had individuality and was a master of composition and orchestration. If you belong to the other wing, you will not mind, will indeed revel in, his episodic style, his verbosity, his surcharged emotion.

Regardless of sides, there was no dis-

puting the masterly quality of yesterday's performance, which was as persuasive a statement of Bruckner's case as can be imagined. Dr. Walter left no beauty unrevealed, no climax understated. His success repeated that of last week, with ovations again from audience and orchestra for every number. . . .

L. A. SLOPER,  
*The Christian Science Monitor*

As a community we may be said to enjoy an acquaintance with great music. Some of it, thanks to our present-day habits, has become almost a drug on the market. It was an unusual experience, then—and for a fortunate few a rather crushing and shattering one—to be brought face to face at yesterday's Symphony Concert for the first time in 33 years with one of the greatest things in all music. The work in question, the Ninth Symphony of Bruckner, was restored to us (in its original, unedited form) by Bruno Walter, and no hand would have been worthier for the task.

To give Dr. Koussevitsky his due, he has planned more than once to revive the Bruckner Ninth; but intention is one thing and accomplishment another. Accordingly, to Mr. Walter our deepest gratitude. The three movements of the Symphony which Bruckner left unfinished on his deathbed, and which he desired to dedicate to "the dear God," are not easy to take in at a first hearing. Nor would many yesterday have remembered the three previous performances in Symphony Hall between 1904 and 1914. The advantage lay with those who have been able to familiarize themselves with the work through its recording, while only last year Mr. Walter broadcast it from New York.

The tremendous first movement is a direct descendent of the first movement of Beethoven's Ninth, and Bruckner, alone among subsequent symphonists, was able to wield the thunderbolts of the Jove of Bonn. Will the last trump sound in more awful accents than the chief theme? Yet there are few things in music more beautiful than the group of melodies that bring the needed contrast. Surely no one yesterday could have had any difficulty with the scherzo, which an early critic called the ugliest piece of music ever written, though many may have found the long adagio a hard nut to crack. In this music Bruckner tried to piece the veil which separates us from the Beyond. You may find some of it cryptic, but blind is he who cannot see in it celestial visions. Mr. Walter, who

conducted as a priest before the altar, had his reward, if he so considered it, in the cheers that accompanied his final return to the stage. He had given us a performance that we will not soon forget.

WARREN STORRY SMITH,  
The Boston Post

## GUSTAV MAHLER:

### FIFTH SYMPHONY

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor, Feb. 6 and 7, 1947.*

With a managerial storm bursting over its head, the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra went its blithe way in Carnegie Hall last night with a memorable concert led by Bruno Walter.

Except for the usual speculative chit-chat in the lounge at intermission time, the concert moved ahead as if the main thing in music was music and the main people in it the musicians.

Twin-featured on last night's program were Artur Rubinstein's stirring rendering of Chopin's E minor piano concerto and a no less stirring reading of Gustav Mahler's Fifth Symphony.

For both the Mahlerites and Rubinsteinites were in clover last night; whether the two were always one and the same was hard to say. Probably Artur's friends outnumbered Gustav's.

But the ovation following the long-shelved Mahler masterpiece really did every true Mahlerite's heart good last night. This seemed like one of the biggest tributes yet given the music of this lonely and tragic genius.

It is no news that Mahler's case in New York is still an uphill struggle. What is always news is a great performance of one of his symphonies and still greater news, a warm reception.

Opinion, as usual, was divided as to whether this acclaim went to a great symphony or a great conductor. My feeling is that it went to both, with some extra warmth, no doubt, to Mr. Walter.

And Mr. Walter deserved it—first for the courage of rendering so huge and controversial a score; second, for the devoted attention given it. For only a disciple could show the loving care he did.

The man made you feel the importance of the slightest phrase. He seemed to be saying all the time: "Don't fail to notice this and this and this. Everything counts in this music."

I agreed with him last night. I felt more strongly than ever that Mahler was

always giving his best to his music, that he never slurred over a phrase or took short cuts to the grand finales.

Granted the symphony is long; many say it repeats itself, and that what is repeated is often childish and banal. Actually there is less repetition in Mahler than in most classic composers. He is always saying new things.

Maybe he says too many of them, or, as my neighbor remarked last night, maybe "he talks too much." The answer is to hear Mahler more often in readings that overlook nothing in bringing out the power.

Mr. Walter's reading, for instance. More of that kind of performance and Mahler's symphonies would soon become daily concert bread to local fans. . . .

LOUIS BIANCOLLI,  
N. Y. World Telegram

Bruno Walter, the incomparable interpreter of Mahler, chose the Austrian composer's Fifth Symphony to begin his seasonal engagement as guest conductor with the Philharmonic-Symphonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night. It was a triumphant occasion for all concerned: composer, conductor and orchestra, for no performance of any work, no matter how superb, could have elicited the prolonged ovation tendered Mr. Walter and the orchestra, had the music itself not been worthy of the extraordinary discourse accorded it.

All of Mahler's symphonies are difficult to perform, but none probably makes such inordinate demands on the brass choir which is employed in this work for purely expressive objectives to a degree unparalleled in any other symphonic product by a first-rate composer.

Mahler's mastery of his resources reaches a climax in this symphony. His command of the architectonic aspects of his art, his utilization of dissonant counterpoint for emotional intensification reach new heights of accomplishment here, heights hitherto unattained in his earlier symphonies. Since Mahler stubbornly maintained that this C sharp minor symphony had no program it would be both futile and overweening to formulate one for him; but this music surely encompasses a wide gamut of human attributes as it unfolds its lengthy course—the desolation of the funeral march, the anguished despair of the second half of the first movement, the characteristically Mahlerian ironic humor of the scherzo, the touching inwardness of the adagio and the joyous abandon—culminating in

the radiant affirmation of the concluding chorale.

All of these moods were suggested by Mr. Walter in a manner which only he, among living conductors of Mahler's music, can conjure from the intricacies of the printed page. No other interpretative musician has his profound perceptive insight into the azygous creative world of this still often misunderstood composer. Nor could a finer account of this score from the technical and tonal aspects be imagined than that vouchsafed by the Philharmonic last night. Here was a truly miraculous transvaluation into meaningful, unflinching, sensuous sounds of a composer's inmost thoughts.

JEROME D. BOHM,  
*The New York Herald Tribune*

What Mr. Muench did recently at a Philharmonic-Symphony concert for Berlioz of the "Symphonie fantastique" Bruno Walter did last night, on the same podium, in Carnegie Hall, with Mahler's Fifth symphony. The hour-long symphony made the first half of a notable program completed by the performance of Chopin's E minor concerto by a master pianist, Artur Schnabel.

We do not believe that a more eloquent performance of Mahler's immense score than this one could have been given. Its revelation was the result of a lifetime of devotion to music and of a profound inner faith in Mahler's message. We leave aside for the moment estimates of the worth of the symphony itself, in its formidable length, breadth and thickness. The point is that Mr. Walter believes to his last fiber in this symphony; he knows and loves its every note. He conducted with the passion of a crusader, and so struck fire from the orchestra and did everything that interpretive power could do to impose the music upon the audience.

That this achievement was to be was shown instantaneously, with the opening trumpet calls of the "marche funebre." For a great performance, in music or drama or on the forensic platform, reveals itself in the inflection and architecture of the very first phrase. In those preliminary flourishes, which later enter so importantly into the scheme of the entire opening movement, there was felt the inevitable progress and summation of the entire work. . . .

The symphony and the performance were long and roundly applauded.

OLIN DOWNES,  
*The New York Times*

## GUSTAV MAHLER: FOURTH SYMPHONY

*Cleveland Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Desi Halban, Soloist, Feb. 20 and 22, 1947. Broadcast over Mutual Broadcasting System on Feb. 22, 1947. Rebroadcast over WOR on Feb. 24, 1947.*

Bruno Walter, distinguished musical advisor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony, Desi Halban, Viennese soprano, and the Cleveland Orchestra thrilled a capacity audience at Severance Hall last night with a gorgeous performance of the Gustav Mahler Fourth Symphony. . . .

Director Walter who knew Mahler in his Vienna days and has written a book in that connection, brings to this Fourth Symphony a sympathy and uncanny expressive art that points its haunting beauty, its occasional peasant jollity, its dramatic episodes and its shifting lights and shadows with a feeling of expectancy and reality that make up for its overlong score. He etched the ever fluid and glowing melodic line with clarity no matter where or how it shifted through the orchestral choirs. And in Miss Halban with her nicely-ranged soprano of fine texture, he had a most artistic collaborator.

ELMORE BACON,  
*The Cleveland News*

Yet one had ample opportunity to taste to the full the typically Viennese character of the music, its effusive up-beats, its warm, leisurely flowing melodies, its wistful humor, and above all its extraordinary scoring, where color demands are so specific that the solo violin in the eerie second movement is asked to play on an E string tuned a tone higher. Miss Halban sang the folkish strophes of the last movement with sensitive and appropriate feeling.

HERBERT ELWELL,  
*The Cleveland Plain Dealer*

. . . The part was rendered with understanding and taste by Desi Halban, an Austrian singer new to Cleveland.

The rest of the Symphony is integrated with this mood of happy simplicity. There are mystical overtones, such as in the second movement, where Death, the mediator of all this bliss, is pictured as a good-natured fiddler who is sure to get his fee in the end.

A somewhat humorous effect is produced by having the fateful fiddle tuned

up a tone, giving a kind of queer stridency. Concertmaster Thaviu did well by this episode.

The work presents the familiar Mahlerian compound of flavors: A German folkiness in the melody, a sugared Viennese harmony and figuration occasionally bordering on the frivolous, a highly individual sophisticated and witty orchestration, and a general atmosphere of mellifluousness.

Nothing could exceed the loving care which Walter devoted to the proper realization of the lines of his revered master. The Symphony's many beauties seemed persuasive under his hands, and the audience manifested an unusual enthusiasm at the end, some of which was also intended for Miss Halban and the orchestra.

ARTHUR LOESSER,  
*The Cleveland Press*

GUSTAV MAHLER:

LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN  
GESELLEN

Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, Conductor; Blanche Thebom, Soloist, Feb. 23, 1947.

The easy harmonies and conventionalized sentiments of nineteenth century Romanticism fell on grateful ears Sunday afternoon as an audience of 4,000 persons gathered for the thirteenth subscription concert of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra at Fair Park Auditorium. This audience had been hearing things less dulcet and caressing, to say the least. It was a beautiful, impeccably styled concert that Antal Dorati arranged and still lovelier concert that he delivered. Of no little help were Blanche Thebom, Metropolitan Opera mezzo-soprano, as soloist for Brahms' "Alto Rhapsody" and Mahler's "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen" and the Dallas Male Chorus, which participated in the Brahms work.

Miss Thebom sang them with compelling intensity, met their vocal exactions and their emotional contrasts with complete success. The orchestra under Mr. Dorati found Mahler's plangent accompaniment another opportunity for some of the season's best playing.

JOHN ROSENFELD,  
*The Dallas Morning News*

Her performance in the Mahler songs was similarly breathtaking. She imparted color and drama to the composer's laments, sorrowings supposedly stemming from one of Mahler's numerous frustra-

tions in love. Miss Thebom understands about such matters as phrasing and she takes the high and low points of a song with equally expressive ease.

CLAY BAILEY,  
*The Daily Times Herald*

GUSTAV MAHLER:

FIRST SYMPHONY

The Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Efrem Kurtz, Conductor; March 20, 21, and 23, 1947. The last performance was broadcast over CBS.

One of the tests which conductors welcome, if only for the reason that they furnish abundant opportunities for display of batonic skill, are the symphonies of Mahler. Of these the First is one of the best. It is deeply saturated with the folk element which is a sympathetic characteristic of this composer, and it is possibly the least laden with bombast.

Mr. Kurtz approached this music with evident sympathy, especially in the pages which have the unmistakable reflection of nature, and the Hansel and Gretel-like fragments of song.

OLIN DOWNES,  
*The New York Times*

Everything was well performed and at the end of Mahler's First Symphony there was cheering.

Indeed, one is not accustomed to such transparent tonal textures, such clear balances and blends of sound in the rendering of Mahler as Mr. Kurtz produced. The desire to treat this composer as emotionally profound has imposed, I think, a certain obscurity upon even the scored sound of his symphonies. Mr. Kurtz has approached the matter more realistically, though with an obvious love for the music. By loving it and playing it cleanly he has turned the First Symphony from an unconvincing essay in profundity into a thoroughly convincing descriptive piece. This listener, for one, is pleased with the transformation.

What the work is descriptive of we have been forbidden by the composer to guess. So be it. The pastoral style remains unmistakable in the first movement. So does the gypsy night club style in the third (ostensibly a funeral march). Later there is a passage that, whatever its original intent, may have been, would be ideal to accompany a conflagration in the films, with love being reborn out of the ruins.

VIRGIL THOMSON,  
*The New York Herald Tribune*

## Chord and Discord

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
FOURTH SYMPHONY

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Desi Halban, Soloist, March 21, 22, and 25, 1947. The last performance was broadcast over ABC.

First as disciple, then as a colleague, and an intimate friend of Mahler, Mr. Walter ultimately became the composer's greatest prophet. To him fell the responsibility and honor of first performing, after Mahler's death, "Das Lied von der Erde" and the Ninth Symphony. Without exaggeration, it may be said that everything in the way of profound comprehension and special knowledge of Mahler's musical idiom is possessed, and uniquely so, by Bruno Walter.

As the Fourth is the shortest and the lightest in texture of all nine Mahler symphonies, so it is the most untroubled. The grotesquerie which pervades it is naive and serene rather than demonic. Yet, as in all Mahler, melancholy lies just beneath the surface. And over the whole symphony hovers that nervous restlessness which is expressed by a constant flow of counterpoint, from instrument to instrument of the entire orchestra.

CYRUS DURGIN,  
*The Boston Daily Globe*

Yesterday's concert was memorable for the ingratiating performance of Mahler's 4th Symphony, perhaps the best possible introduction to the works of that composer. Under the expert guidance of Mr. Walter, who is probably the world's leading interpreter of Mahler, the 4th Symphony yesterday could be regarded as an acid test.

Mahler is a composer whose name is too frequently coupled with that of Bruckner. Actually it should be possible to form independent judgments of the music of either composer without having both of them thrown at you like a pair of Siamese twins. This 4th Symphony is one of Mahler's happiest and least troubled creations. Its intimate charm is something very special among musical compositions, and a fine performance of it is something to cherish.

Mr. Walter was fortunate in his choice of a singer, as we were lucky to have him as interpreter of this music. Miss Halban sang the music of the finale simply, gracefully and clearly. As was to be expected under the circumstances it was a performance without exaggera-

tion or parody, in the spirit in which Mahler conceived it.

ALEXANDER WILLIAMS,  
*The Boston Herald*

At the concerts of this week Mr. Walter is playing the Mahler Fourth with Desi Halban as soprano soloist. Previously we had heard the entire symphony but once, in March, 1945, and the last two movements three years before, both times from Richard Burgin. In view of the fact New York has been hearing the work at intervals since 1904, the various conductors of the Boston Symphony may be said to have been singularly remiss, for the Fourth is a masterpiece, though not without flaws.

The trouble with both Bruckner and Mahler is that they never could learn that enough is better than a feast. Even trifling cuts in the first and third movements of the Fourth Symphony would make it a work of unqualified delight, in spite of the fact that the four movements offer little contrast. They are all on the leisurely side, the only measures approaching real excitement occurring in one of the variations in the third. Hearing this division yesterday, as set forth hypnotically by Mr. Walter, there was a temptation to proclaim it the most beautiful slow movement since the Cavatine in Beethoven's B flat-major Quartet. No other among Beethoven's successors had the secret of this quiet intensity, this almost unbearable sweetness. And yet we would not go far astray in calling Mahler the father of the modern symphony; in his disregard of symphonic conventions, in his capriciousness and whimsicality, in the astounding clarity of his orchestration and his "horizontal" writing. In the first movement of the Fourth we find the earliest example of neoclassicism, and that Shostakovich has sat at the feet of Mahler is common knowledge.

Desi Halban was the soloist yesterday in the fourth movement, a setting of a folk poem that depicts a peasant's or a child's naive concept of heaven. Miss Halban has, indeed, the light, floating almost child-like voice that this music requires. Yet some still gratefully recall Cleora Wood's performance of five years ago. At the end of the Symphony yesterday there were cheers for all concerned.

WARREN STOREY SMITH,  
*The Boston Post*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
FOURTH SYMPHONY

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Desi Halban, Soloist, April 11 and 12, 1947.

Mr. Walter gave a superlative reading of the score, and his evident love for and admiration of it clearly was reflected in his influence upon the orchestra. Every detail was so clarified, every nuance so affectionately considered, it would be difficult to imagine a finer interpretation. Withal, only the slow movement impressed this listener as truly great music, and the depth of emotion in it, its eloquent tenderness made listening a joy.

FELIX BOROWSKI,  
The Chicago Sun

Between that and the Strauss you knew the textures and colors of Mahler's Fourth Symphony would be in sympathetic hands. I don't mean Mr. Walter's, of course. He is the supreme master of Mahler in our time. I mean the orchestra's, for that orchestra achieved one of the most remarkable performances I have heard it play, and I have been listening to it for 20 seasons. It was a performance of tenderness, of power, of wit, and it so superbly sustained the line that spans the shifting Mahler moods that if you insisted on calling the symphony long, you could only steal a phrase and make it, too, "the symphony of heavenly length."

Perhaps Mahler's symphonies really are "mystery plays rooted in earth and reaching for heaven." The Fourth is a lovely thing, with glinting brilliance, extraordinary tonal textures, particularly in the second movement where the solo violin is sometimes tuned a note higher than normal tuning (which is why John Weicher used two instruments), and a slow movement of such profoundly moving sadness it must reach to heaven for comfort. So the soprano, who was beautiful Desi Halban, quiet as a good child in white, enters to sing the reassuring song of heavenly bliss from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," a song which in its way wraps up the whole symphony by singing, "Our conduct, while truly seraphic, with mirth holds voluminous traffic." For this is music for men, which reminds them of angels.

CLAUDIA CASSIDY,  
The Chicago Tribune

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
SEVENTH SYMPHONY

San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, Conductor; May 22, 23, and 24, 1947.

Alfred Hertz used to play the symphonies of Anton Bruckner when he conducted the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra 20 years ago, but, in all probability, none of them had been performed here since that time until yesterday afternoon, when Pierre Monteux directed Bruckner's seventh symphony at the War Memorial Opera House.

It was a welcome revival for many reasons. For one thing, Bruckner reminds you that composers, performers and audiences once had leisure. The modern composer Roy Harris has written a "Time Suite" in which the basic formal element is the minute, and Morton Gould, the well known radio musician, has excused his use of the word "symphonette" (in place of the conventional "sinfonietta") on the ground that, with two syllables less in the title, he can get an extra half-measure into the music. But no one ever held a stop-watch over Anton Bruckner. He was free to develop his ideas as spaciouly and grandly as the architects of those baroque Austrian churches in which his spirit was most at home.

Every work of Bruckner is an act of religious faith, whether or not it is associated with a religious text. To be sure, his symphonies have other positive qualities, too—a sonority, and a kind of provincial heavy-handed force that led Bruckner's biographer, Werner Wolf, to call him a "rustic genius"—but the main thing about this composer is that he was a genuinely serene human being. He knew what it was all about and he knew it was good, and that is something worth clinging to in our more nervous and fearful time. . . .

With Bruckner a symphonic movement is an accumulation of episodes, and there are joints and fissures between. His music unfolds like pages in a diary; you can see where each day's ideas stopped and the next day's began. For this reason people sometimes find Bruckner long-winded. But this long-windedness is not so much a matter of time consumed as of a kind of flaccidity in the organization of the time. Bruckner's seventh symphony is a good deal shorter than Beethoven's ninth, with which Monteux will end the San Francisco Symphony

season next week, and nobody ever complains that Beethoven's ninth is too long.

The performance was big and broad, laid down the huge lines of the piece with appropriate weight, was crisp and clean throughout, and achieved the apocalyptic climax of the slow movement with the true accent of glory.

ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN,  
San Francisco Chronicle

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
SECOND SYMPHONY

New York City Symphony, Leonard Bernstein, Conductor; Schola Cantorum, Hugh Ross, Conductor; Ellabelle Davis, Soprano, Nan Merriman, Contralto, Soloists; Sept. 22 and 24, 1947.

Mr. Bernstein and the City Symphony did full justice—for an orchestra gradually coming up in the world—to the Mahler work. There were two soloists, Ellabelle Davis, soprano, and Nan Merriman, contralto. Besides, the Schola Cantorum, in serried ranks, delivered the choral parts of the last section, where the composer required "the word" to complement his instrumental expression.

In any case, the performance was most musical and finished, and it is to Mr. Bernstein's and his co-workers' credit that it came off as well as it did. Both Miss Davis and Miss Merriman were superb in the delivery of their parts and the chorus sang effectively.

ROBERT BAGAR,  
New York World Telegram

The richly-wrought musical tapestry of Mahler's "Resurrection" Symphony unrolled at the City Center last evening, as Leonard Bernstein led the N. Y. C. Symphony in its first concert of the new season.

As usual, the Mahler proved too much of a very, very good thing. It is too bad that present-day concert practice is to do things complete or not at all. While this custom prevails Mahler will likely remain in the revival category—a big production number undertaken infrequently and with a certain amount of trepidation.

And audiences are the losers thereby, for the "Resurrection" Symphony has moments of seraphic loveliness, and in its maestoso moods it is quite overpowering.

The Bruckner Society (which also interests itself in Mahler) would be horrified, but some irreverent conductor might well revive for Mahler's benefit the cus-

tom that flourished in Beethoven's day, of performing separately the movements of a large work. As musicology it might not be sound, but it could make Mahler a great deal more accessible.

Last evening the orchestra played the work with zeal and devotion. The soloists, Ellabelle Davis, soprano, and Nan Merriman, contralto, performed so prettily one wished they had had more to do. The dry, unresonant properties of the hall, which often make the orchestra sound thin and watery, last night proved admirable for this heavily-scored work, which in more resonant halls (and especially with a violently energetic conductor like Mr. Bernstein) becomes a noisy blur of thick brass and cloudy overtones.

JOHN BRIGGS,  
New York Post (Copyright 1947)

Even for those who do not take the Mahler gospel on faith, this is a work to be heard and re-heard as often as a symphony orchestra, a chorus and two soloists can be marshaled into doing it—which is, approximately, once a decade. It has, in its quieter, more introspective passages, some of the most beautiful music ever written, by Mahler or anyone else; for which the listener must pay the price, in the "epic" pages of the score, of enduring even more of the most bump-tious, empty noise ever contrived.

This is hardly a score to be delivered unembarrassed by a pick-up orchestra (which, essentially, the City Symphony is) and more rehearsals would have smoothed rough spots, improved the blend of sound. But it was a major accomplishment for Bernstein to deliver the work, from beginning to end, with as much articulation and clarity as he managed, and, withal, an insinuating mood at many places. In addition to Miss Merriman's luscious singing, Ellabelle Davis, soprano, and the Schola Cantorum performed affectingly in the last section.

IRVING KOLODIN,  
New York Sun

The New York City Symphony opened its fifth season, and its third under the conductorship of Leonard Bernstein, last night at the New York City Center. The program was dedicated to the resurrection of Palestine, and began with a work by a Palestine composer not previously unknown here.

Mr. Bernstein's interpretation showed a notable understanding of this music; the performance was well integrated and

balanced and expressive. Miss Davis and Miss Merriman sang with pleasing tones and interpretative sympathy; the choristers sang commendably, and at the close the participants avoided an impression of overstraining in striving for culminating climax.

FRANCIS D. PERKINS,  
*New York Herald Tribune*

Mr. Bernstein added that he wished to dedicate it (Mahler's Symphony No. 2) also to the memory of Fiorello H. LaGuardia, who, as Mayor, brought about the organization of the City Center and the New York City Symphony. At the conductor's suggestion the audience rose and stood in silence for a minute before the second half of the concert began. . . .

Mr. Bernstein and the orchestra gave both works expressive performances. In the Mahler, Ellabelle Davis and Nan Merriman contributed artistic solo singing and the chorus of the Schola Cantorum, Hugh Ross, director, did a good job with its share. Mr. Bernstein made the Mahler symphony as dramatic as he could, sometimes dramatizing it excessively. But it was lively, crisp, mettlesome playing.

HOWARD TAUBMAN,  
*The New York Times*

## ANTON BRUCKNER: EIGHTH SYMPHONY

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor; Boston, Nov. 7 and 8, 1947, *New York*, Nov. 13, 1947.

Years ago, the mere mention of Bruckner would have brought on a stampede toward the nearest exit. Today the Austrian composer, who has been called half-peasant and half-mystic, is rated by many sound critics as the "Fourth B" of music. Hardly anybody now slips out of the hall between movements. . . .

But the center of gravity—both in weight and quality—was the huge Bruckner symphony last night. Even the half-hearted Brucknerites in the audience had to admit every phrase of the hour-long epic was crammed with high-powered brilliance.

On that point the symphony is almost tailor-made for Mr. Koussevitzky's orchestra. Fortissimos come like cloudbursts and the long stretches of scoring for massed strings bring out the band's

known flair for unctuous speech. And there are plenty of spots for Mr. Koussevitzky's brass units to go to town on all valves.

There may be room for argument as to whether last night's performance snared every potentiality of the score on the poetic side. A few places called for deeper probing, and one or two passages, deceptively naive and childish, were overstressed, almost inviting the charge of banality often brought against Bruckner.

Those were small matters beside the over-all effect of the reading. With his known gift for the dramatic, Mr. Koussevitzky managed to pack excitement into all four movements.

The big moments were worth waiting for in the Eighth Symphony—moments like the blunt, square-toed buffoonery of the Scherzo, the eerie crescendo of the Adagio just before the brasses blare out a lush Wagnerian motif, and the piling sonorities of the finale.

LOUIS BIANCOLLI,  
*New York World-Telegram*

The program was unusual, beginning with the vast Eighth symphony of Anton Bruckner, undoubtedly that composer's greatest work in the classic form. Contrasting with the fundamentally Germanic score were two of the most sophisticated and skillfully organized works of the Frenchman, Maurice Ravel.

These scores called for completely different interpretive approaches. They tested variously the powers of the orchestra, which remains unrivaled for the glow of its tone, its technical precision and finesse and consummate virtuosity which it has attained under its present leader. As a result Bruckner came out differently than he ever had before in the writer's experience, the difference being thrown into the stronger relief by the effect of the Ravel pieces which followed.

For the symphony was not traditional Bruckner. The tempi were mostly faster than those adopted by German conductors; the orchestral tone was lighter in texture and in color more luminous than it was deep and rich in baroque style.

At the same time, in point of rhetoric and sheer orchestral effect, the score never sounded more gorgeous and dramatic. Dr. Koussevitzky, if memory faithfully serves us, made advantageous cuts which remedied the discursiveness of various pages—a defect which can lessen the effect of Bruckner's grandest pas-

rages when they come. It was striking, also, to hear the grand phrases given a suppleness and a sensitiveness of nuance which at moments made one think of Franck. (Indeed there are analogies between the music of the Austrian and the Belgian mystics, both organists, both apostles of the faith.)

And what a symphony! Only the last movement is irremediably weak. The others are all masterpieces. There is the inner drama of the soul that supplicates and cries out in its need, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." The peasant laughter and smack of the soil are in the inimitable scherzo. The slow movement, which is as the vision of John of Patmos, is perhaps the supreme flight of Bruckner's spirit. Then one asks, "Is Dr. Koussevitzky's conception, profoundly felt, that of Bruckner?" and must leave that question, in the light of a new interpretation, for the present unanswered. Let it suffice that the symphony was given a singularly eloquent and effective performance.

OLIN DOWNES,  
*The New York Times*

In these days it probably is necessary to make cuts in the monumental scores of Bruckner, with their long sequences and what Felix Weingartner called "terraced progression." Mr. Koussevitzky accordingly does make cuts in three movements, leaving only the scherzo intact. But why does he find it essential to cut out anything of the kind which, to make a very unoriginal observation, is the finest movement of the four? Surely no audience would grow restive while music of such celestial beauty was going on!

Yesterday's performance was indeed a miracle of orchestral magnificence, with all intricate details, wealth of counterpoint coming out in superlative clarity and detail. As in the Schubert Concerto, everything "sang" all the way. The brass sections, which are the foundation of Bruckner's orchestra, covered themselves with glory—and, probably, exhausted themselves at the same time, for the Austrian composer demanded a lot of hard blowing. The quality of the four "Bayreuth tubas," especially, was rich and poised.

CYRUS DURGIN,  
*The Boston Globe*

## GUSTAV MAHLER: FIRST SYMPHONY

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, Reginald Stewart, Conductor; October 29, 1947.

By repute, Mahler's work is ever ponderous, abstruse, overlong. But if the audience harbored any such impression, they were soon disabused. The first two movements are pastoral impressionisms of an engaging character, climaxing in the full majesty of high sun.

Focussing the third movement is a supposedly burlesque funeral march, said to lampoon the obsequies of a hunter and scored with appropriate sound and fury, satirically phrased. While the finale, marked "sturmisch bewegt," works up to a fine frenzy of storm and stress.

A trifle long—a modicum repetitious—but all in all, we are hoping that Mr. Stewart will continue the public education along Mahlerian lines. Last night's was a spirited and revealing interpretation and was received with every sign of satisfaction.

HELEN A. F. PENNIMAN,  
*The Baltimore News-Post*

Concluding the concert, the Baltimore Symphony gave Mahler's "Symphony No. 1" a fine performance, achieving mellow tone and varied shading under Mr. Stewart's direction. The first three movements were especially successful.

In Mahler's music, one may find the spirit of the Vienna of Schubert, Beethoven and Haydn, yet it is a Vienna grown old. Perhaps Mahler's scores contain a prophecy of the mood of today, and perhaps that is the reason we may feel closer to him than did his contemporaries.

His "Symphony No. 1" seems to depict the warm colors and atmosphere of the Austrian countryside, yet there are dead leaves on the landscape.

One of his themes suggests a rough peasant dance, yet all is not simply joy. A sinister undercurrent suddenly whips the music into a frenzy.

A waltz brings back the memory of carefree times, but the dances turn to ghosts, and the ballroom floor is covered with dust. Ironically, Mahler builds a funeral march on the folk theme of "Frere Jacques," but this is no funeral for a hero.

There are bird notes, but spring is past; distant hunting calls, but the hunt is over.

WELDON WALLACE,  
*The Sun (Baltimore)*

## ANTON BRUCKNER:

## QUINTET

Little Orchestral Society, Thomas Scherman, Conductor; November 3, 1947.

The great music of the first half of the program was the opening piece, the Bruckner Quintet for strings, scored for chamber orchestra. This score may have its weak places; in the sum it is noble music, chanted rather than merely vibrated by the strings.

OLIN DOWNES,  
*The New York Times*

The Bruckner Quintet for Strings (comprising two viola parts) was played by the full string orchestra, the last movement being omitted for reasons of length. It is a warm and tender work, Bruckner at his sweetest and most continuous. The Adagio is particularly satisfactory, but the whole work is more than agreeably inspired.

VIRGIL THOMSON,  
*New York Herald Tribune*

## GUSTAV MAHLER:

## DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, Conductor; Set Svanholm, Tenor, and Louise Bernhardt, Contralto, Soloists; November 6 and 7, 1947.

The capacity audience at Severance Hall last night was fairly stunned to silence for a short period following the intensely emotional and dramatic close of the Mahler "Song of the Earth."

Director George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra had the assistance of Louise Bernhardt, contralto, and Set Svanholm, tenor, in presenting this monumental work. And so emotionally gripping was the finale of the "Abschied" with its haunting "Eternity," a mere whisper at the close, that it was nearly a minute before the pent-up enthusiasm of the big audience could be demonstrated in applause.

Even though "The Song of the Earth" starts out with a drinking song there's death in the shadow of the wine cup. There's a hint of tragedy, too, throughout this symphony of song—a melancholy born of the Chinese philosophy of sorrow permeating the poems Mahler chose for this work. The two soloists, making their Cleveland debuts, were particularly suited to the unfoldment of this great work.

Director Szell brought to this six-part

symphony a keen insight into its depth, its sometimes long drawn out, gorgeously beautiful revelation of the utter futility of things mundane. And he particularly pointed the sweeping phrases of the Mahler message. The Mahler music sometimes rose to Wagnerian heights of splendor. And in the final movement offered a funeral march to end all funeral marches.

Seldom do we hear music as beautiful as the fourth movement, a Song of Beauty, which Miss Bernhardt sang with fine artistry. A mandolin is used in this with the harp and other instruments. Her fine contralto, warm and resonant, brought out all the beauty, too, of the "Lonely One in Autumn" and provided a haunting view of heartache and sorrow in the finale.

The Svanholm tenor, of fine quality and of Wagnerian power, was particularly sensitive in the Youth song and the fifth movement drinking song. Through the Mahler magic the solo parts seem to be merely another voice of the orchestra, outstanding, but still definitely a part of the whole.

ELMORE BACON, *Cleveland News*

The symphony concert conducted by George Szell at Severance Hall last night was especially notable for the presentation of Gustav Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," in which the Cleveland Orchestra had the assistance of two excellent artists, Louise Bernhardt, contralto, and Set Svanholm, Metropolitan Opera tenor, first heard here last spring as Lohengrin. The hall was packed with an enthusiastic audience.

Mahler's swan song of romanticism has never sounded more poignantly expressive or more troubling to the spirit. Dripping with sorrow even when it lifts its head and tries to be gay through the tears, it is long in its singing of *Weltschmerz* and autumnal nostalgia. And it begins over again many times after it seems to conclude. Yet who with any soul in him would not wait out the long waits to hear its many heavenly pages?

Beautiful production from Miss Bernhardt's full-bodied contralto gave her part a mellow glow, and she wove it through the mystic tonal web with the most sensitive artistry, rounding her eloquent phrases with complete assimilation of style and content.

The more exuberant portions allotted to Svanholm were sang with robust elan and the virility of true tenor quality, infinitely more attractive than when his voice is amplified. Behind the soaring

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voices was an orchestral fabric of wondrously varied nuances, all receiving loving attention and effective projection from Szell and his musicians.

A modified version was used of Stuart Wilson's English translation of the Chinese poems on which the symphony is based. Few of them came through with any clarity, more of them being audible in the contralto than in the tenor part. Skillful as he is, Mahler sometimes covers the voices with too interesting instrumentation, but of course he cannot be blamed for weakness of a translation which must replace "ewig" with a word like "ever."

HERBERT ELWELL,  
Cleveland Plain Dealer

"The Song of the Earth" has an elusive beauty, a mystical quality. Composed in the imminence of death, it seems to view that adventure as a kind of boundary which outlines the joys of life all the more clearly.

The long last movement, sombre and serene, but with many tonal shreds and wisps, ends in effable peace: it is a climax, but of the depths rather than of the heights. This is Mahler's greatest work, many think, and it may be that history will prove it to be one of the great works of its time.

Set Svanholm, tenor, and Louise Bernhardt, contralto, besides evincing thorough vocal competence, sang their parts with thoughtful sympathy. Surely this is the highest commendation that can be given singers in such a work as this. Miss Bernhardt earns a special credit for her sustained effort in the final "Farewell."

The orchestral performance seemed generally admirable; it seemed in the first movement as if Svanholm occasionally had to strain to hold his own against a heavy instrumental background. Possibly the orchestra is often more important than the voice, yet it seems a pity to compromise the distinctness of the words.

ARTHUR LOESSER, Cleveland Press

### GUSTAV MAHLER:

#### KINDERTOTENLIEDER

Little Orchestra Society, Thomas K. Scherman, Conductor; Karin Branzell, Contralto. New York, December 1, 1947.

Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder," familiar to local audiences chiefly through Antony Tudor's ballet "Dark Elegies," are as intense in their sadness as the Schubert work is in its joy. Karin Branzell sang

them, for the most part, beautifully. . . . Myself I find the work touching and musically interesting, as well. It is not musically easy, however. . . .

VIRGIL THOMSON,  
New York Herald Tribune

### GUSTAV MAHLER:

#### FOURTH SYMPHONY

Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, Conductor; Dorothy Maynor, Soloist; December 4, 1947. First performance in Rochester.

So far as this reviewer knows, Gustav Mahler's Symphony No. 4 never has been played in Rochester. One wonders why, after hearing Leinsdorf's comprehending and persuasive interpretation, which opened the program.

Your humble servant is no anti-Mahlerite, but never until last night has he been an enthusiast over the music of the Austrian composer, a controversial figure whose works have aroused either bitter condemnation or violent praise. Here is a symphony which creates no listening problems whatever.

There are no profound utterances, only one glorious song from start to finish, the Viennese flavor present always. The first movement suggests peasant dances, the second is fascinating with imaginative use of the wood-winds and the fiddle tuned a whole tone higher than usual, producing a piercing effect; the third entrancing beautiful in its Schubertian lyricism and simplicity.

It is not a choral symphony in the usual sense, but Mahler, who depended frequently upon voices to express himself, incorporates in the final movement a solo for soprano voice, setting of a poem from "The Youth's Wonder-Horn," this particular one a delightfully naive picture of the joys of Heaven.

Miss Maynor sang this deceptively simple finale with brightness and aliveness of spirit, the balance of voice with orchestra good. Our gratitude to Leinsdorf for this item overflowing with charming melodies and many moments of astounding beauty, with its masterful orchestration.

NORMAN NAIRN,  
Democrat & Chronicle

Erich Leinsdorf knows how to provide novelties, as well as solid classical fare, on his programs, and the spice of variety marked last night's Philharmonic concert in Eastman Theater.

There was provided another effective demonstration of the progress of the orchestra, which played extraordinarily well, while Miss Maynor, the celebrated Negro soprano, sang like a seraph. It was, in a word, an evening of unusual musical interest and beauty, and the large audience made the welkin ring with its applause at the close of the performance, as conductor and soloist were repeatedly recalled to acknowledge the tribute paid by a delighted house.

The feature of the concert was the Fourth Symphony of Gustav Mahler, the curiously controversial Austrian composer and conductor, who has his violent detractors and his equally passionate admirers. Last of the line of Viennese "classical" composers, he completes the Romantic symphony form handed on to him by Schubert and Bruckner. But if acquaintance with Mahler's music was confined to his symphony No. 4, which was first given in Munich in 1902, one would wonder why there has been heaped on him so much extravagant praise and so much bitter condemnation, for this score came to the ear with the gentleness of a Spring zephyr, filled with folk-like airs, and almost constantly, therefore, melodic. Its pastoral quality is persistent, and although it tends to monotony its spirit and mood are that of a reverie.

Much of the symphony is lyrical and there are moments of lofty eloquence, the final movement being featured by the introduction of some verses from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," which are sung in heavenly fashion by Miss Maynor, the celestial timbre of whose voice has no counterpart on the concert stage. The symphony is too long, yet it is shorter than Mahler's other symphonic works, and its performance was of a calibre to bring out all that is best in the score which Mr. Leinsdorf obviously loves. He conducted it with the utmost concentration and warmth, and the musicians under him, and Miss Maynor, contributed their share to a presentation that stands as a striking success.

A. J. WARNER,  
Rochester Times-Union

#### ANTON BRUCKNER: EIGHTH SYMPHONY

Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell,  
Conductor, December 11 and 13, 1947.

We might imagine the Bruckner Eighth a Germanic Old Man River flowing along, sometimes at ease, sometimes troubled,

sometimes amid towering peaks and hoary crags peopled with the legendary gods, sometimes traversing the gentle fields amid the plain people.

It is true that it is lengthy. But as compensation Bruckner offers music that has a depth, an emotional tension and a gorgeous coloring that few modern writers can produce. The troubled heart of mankind is revealed in the opening dramatic gropings. And the Adagio stands out as a melodic outpouring that is hard to match for sheer beauty.

There are episodes of gay peasant lollings, and brassy Wagnerian blasts from the Brucknerian Valhalla. And in the finale there are places where high climaxes lead one to look for the end, only to find there's more to come. Director Szell and the orchestra deserved the high acclaim they received for a magnificent performance. By the way, only a few short bars were snipped out of the score.

ELMORE BACON, Cleveland News  
The audience showed marked enthusiasms also for Szell's reading of the Bruckner symphony, and with good reason, for here was an interpretation rare in those qualities of relaxation and perspective necessary to hold in focus a work so monumental and so leisurely in its song-like eloquence.

This milestone in musical evolution demands something foreign to modern listening habits. It is without sharp contrasts in movement. It is grandiose, prolix and phenomenally distended. Yet, presented with such mastery and understanding as Szell and the orchestra displayed, the work retained a message for modern ears. One could, in fact, feel at home in the great nobility of its mellow brass choirs and the wonderful peacefulness which could exist only in the spaciousness of its cathedral-like structure.

HERBERT ELWELL,  
Cleveland Plain Dealer

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: FIRST SYMPHONY

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Thor  
Johnson, Conductor; Jan. 2 and 3, 1948.

Mahler's symphonies (as, in fact, do Sibelius's) sometimes keep the listener on tenterhooks—waiting, as it were, to see what comes next. It all depends on the conductor, whether Mahler's moods or his methods of composition are the more apparent. Less adept musicians than Johnson often reveal the skeletal joint-

## Chord and Discord

... in the Austrian composer's works, and by a process of pedantry, manage to make them seem incredibly long.

There were no weighty lengths in Mahler's First Symphony yesterday afternoon (there was one fairly sizeable cut in the last movement, which did not detract from the overall effect). The music was theatrical and good theater—but not stagey. The players caught their cues, dove-tailed and underlined each others' speeches, and avoided any prima donna impulses to steal the show.

The music is handsome, if ever the word applied to music; it is colorful and it is emotional. In fact, there are moments of such sheer beauty that the susceptible listener almost winces with the sensuousness of it all. The first movement yesterday was other-worldly, and at times in the second movement icy fingers trailed down one's spine. The ecstasy of crashing rhythms toward the close made sitting still almost impossible.

JOHN P. RHODES,  
*The Cincinnati Enquirer*

But, whatever the individual opinion of the merits of this first symphony may be, there can be a degree of unanimity in the statement that the orchestra has seldom played better and that the presentation was a labor of love on the part of Mr. Johnson. Perhaps some of the irony purported to be contained in the third movement—the so-called Callot funeral march—was missed; but on the other hand there was sheer beauty and edifying restraint in the second movement and a noble climax in the finale.

J. H. THUMAN,  
*The Cincinnati Times-Star*

### ANTON BRUCKNER: THIRD SYMPHONY

*New Haven Symphony Orchestra, Paul Hindemith, Conductor; Jan. 12, 1948.*

Anton Bruckner's Symphony No. 3 in D Minor, was superbly presented by Mr. Hindemith and the orchestra, the director evidently keenly feeling the Wagnerian influence in the Bruckner work. The unusual parts for the horns were very dramatically revealed in this exposition of a theme in double-rhythm as the composer sought to present the various life impulses controlled by the over-powering Prime Source. There are both the depths and the heights presented, with light and airy dance themes running concurrently with sober themes expressing the sterner side of life... the vivacious third movement contains a gay folk dance which

in turn is followed by the majestic finale, the Allegro movement which sums up the total of Bruckner's interpretation of the complexities of life.

F.R.J., *New Haven Journal-Courier*

### GUSTAV MAHLER: DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

*Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Kathleen Ferrier, Mezzo-Soprano, Set Svanholm, Tenor, Soloists; Jan. 15, 16, and 18, 1948. (The last performance was broadcast over CBS.)*

A stirring performance of Gustav Mahler's masterpiece, "The Song of the Earth," marked the return of Bruno Walter to the Philharmonic podium in Carnegie Hall last night.

Still, the highlight of the evening was the Mahler reading. There Mr. Walter was on special ground. One felt a personal interest in the score, the concern of a friend and devoted disciple who treasured the memory of Mahler.

This is Mahler's testament of life and death, brimming on one side with a fierce love of life and on the other with the spectacle of vanishing youth and beauty that haunted him all his life.

Mahler was obsessed with the flight of time, and his despair as artist and man was over seizing the glow of the moment and making it last. No composer ever expressed such nostalgia for things passed and passing.

And Mr. Walter knew how to give every nuance its full due of poetry. This was music warm with humanity and helpless protest, and one felt it in every fibre of last night's reading.

Miss Ferrier ought to make a permanent addition to the vocal wing of New York music. The voice is warm and vibrant, easily produced, and capable of rich applications of color. Phrasing and diction both showed a sure grasp of style and content.

Mr. Svanholm's resonant voice sounded even bigger and brighter than it does at the Metropolitan. The full tones came through with the impact needed to heighten the effect of the grim outcries of Mahler's text.

But then they all sang well last night, the soloists in the actual vocal line, the orchestra in making the accompaniment sound like one varicolored voice—and Mr. Walter, whose guideline you could follow like a voice through every phrase.

LOUIS BIANCOLLI,  
*New York World Telegram*

Making his first appearance of the season as conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall last night, Bruno Walter wisely included on his program Mahler's "Lied von der Erde"; for few would dispute the fact that Mr. Walter is incomparably the most discerning interpreter of the Austrian master's music and especially of this work, perhaps the most touching, aside from his Ninth Symphony, of all his symphonic products.

The occasion was further distinguished by the debut here of the young English mezzo-soprano Kathleen Ferrier, who delivered the contralto solos. Miss Ferrier, known here hitherto through London Decca phonograph records, which indicated that much was to be expected of her, proved to be a singer of uncommon ability. Her voice is a fine, voluminous one which has been cultivated with exceptional care. Her scale throughout the range employed was even, and there was no deterioration of quality in the rapid sections of the fourth movement, "Von der Schoenheit," where most singers who attempt this music are troubled by problems of breath control. Miss Ferrier's phrasing was exemplary and her claim to complete artistry rests not alone on the unallied beauty of tonal texture with which she invested her lines but on the unfailing perceptiveness and inwardness which pervaded her conception of this music with its blend of hopeless despair and resignation.

Set Svanholm, who returns to the Metropolitan next week as a matchless Siegfried, sang with the utmost assurance and with flawless musicianship. His tenor voice sounded rather inflexible in the opening "Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde" and in "Von der Jugend," but with the fifth section of the work, "Der Trunkene im Fruehling," he achieved greater vocal elasticity and therewith greater musical conviction.

JEROME D. BOHM,  
*The New York Herald Tribune*

Bruno Walter, back from his European triumphs, returned to conduct the Philharmonic-Symphony in Carnegie Hall last evening. Orchestra members rose as a tribute to the first appearance this season by the orchestra's musical chief, which tribute Mr. Walter proceeded to justify by a performance of uncommon excellence.

The principal feature of the evening was Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," a work for which Mr. Walter has special affinity, since it was he who conducted

its first performance, in Munich in 1911. Mr. Walter also has led it twice previously with the Philharmonic, in 1934 and 1941.

As performed under Mr. Walter's direction, "Das Lied von der Erde" is an absorbing musical experience, and one which, thanks to Mr. Walter's friendship with the composer, may be regarded as definitive. Like most of Mahler's works, "Das Lied von der Erde" is wonderful to listen to and difficult to write about. The poignant work, rich with exotic overtones of the Orient, and conceived in a sort of exhilaration of despair, seeks to express the inexpressible, and comes very near to succeeding.

JOHN BRIGGS,  
*New York Post (Copyright 1948)*

One's reasons for admiring the "Lied von der Erde" are doubtless generally shared. The lyricism of the poetry has an inspired parallel in the completely lyrical nature of the scoring both for voices and orchestra. Tenor and contralto—last evening the mezzo-soprano, Kathleen Ferrier—carry the burden of the song. But the orchestra also, with its remarkable devices of coloring and of dramatic accentuation, sings its song, and intersperses the final verses for the woman's voice with an interlude which is a "lied" of its own. The very melodic writing needs no translation or commentary to exert its immediate appeal. Sentimental or not, the complete sincerity of the music is unquestionable and affecting.

Saying this, one adds reluctantly that the performance, for one reason or another, began to fall before it was over. This at least was the reaction of one listener who is not a perfect Mahlerite. Was this only due to certain characteristics of the performance? Both soloists were deficient in diction. Svanholm, the tenor, could only shout, in the opening verses, against heavy orchestra, and in this Mr. Walter did not spare him.

But Mr. Svanholm was prevailing hard-voiced and lacking in variety of tone color. Miss Ferrier had but recently emerged from a bad cold. Her voice became freer as she went on. She could not, however, give the full significance to her text and music. Some time before the end was reached "Lied von der Erde" was becoming langweilig, lachrymose, old-fashioned.

OLIN DOWNES,  
*The New York Times*

There was Mahler at the Philharmonic Symphony last night in Carnegie Hall, but no Mahler "problem"; for the work was his "Lied von der Erde," about which virtually all shades of opinion are in agreement. If it is not the greatest music of the century from Central Europe, it is the last great music written there. As delivered by Bruno Walter, with masterful pace and comprehension, it was food for the mind and balm for the spirit.

With texts from "The Chinese Flute" as the unifying factor, Mahler's response to the states of mind expressed by such words as "Sehnsucht" ("Longing"), "Seele" ("soul"), "Leben" "Tod," "Herz" and virtually every other key word of German lyric poetry—down to and including "ewig" ("eternity")—has a cleaner structure and a longer line than anything in his purely orchestral writing. It is doubtful, for all of that, that he ever invented elsewhere the sensitized, compelling and wholly personal ideas that flood this score; but even so, their course is better channeled, a stream straight through from the source to the sea.

It was a great return to the Philharmonic for Walter, who gave this work its world premiere in Vienna thirty-seven years ago, and has lived to see it accepted into the fraternity of the works that endure. The Mahler who said, "My time will come," has, in Walter, a champion who has seen that, for "Das Lied von der Erde," at least, those were words of prophecy, not merely of hope.

IRVING KOLODIN, *New York Sun*

## ANTON BRUCKNER:

### SECOND SYMPHONY

Kansas City Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Efreim Kurtz, Conductor; Jan. 27 and 28, 1948. (First performance in Kansas City.)

Not quite the biggest, nor yet by any means the smallest audience of the season, braved the near-zero weather last night to hear the eighth program on the Philharmonic subscription concert schedule. Those who turned out were well rewarded. They heard, most of them for the first time, the great Second Symphony of Anton Bruckner, . . .

The playing of the Bruckner symphony last night was, so far as Conductor Efreim Kurtz has been able to dis-

cover, the second performance of that work in America, although it is something like seventy years old. Its only previous reading in the current records was by the New York Philharmonic in the middle '20s, when Willem Mengelberg, the Dutch conductor, held the post there.

A single hearing of the symphony serves to revive, but not to explain, the mystery of why Bruckner's great orchestral works, so highly esteemed in Austria and Southern Germany, have been so slow to move beyond their native borders. Most of the symphonies are of great length; the Second is perhaps the shortest of the nine. But many others are long, too—Beethoven's Third and Ninth, for example, and the Schubert C major.

Perhaps the Bruckner symphonies seem dull to outlanders. The Second, undoubtedly has its dull spots; but so have most symphonies, if you pick the spots out of their context and quote them singly, as a politician does when quoting from a rival candidate's speech.

Yet throughout the Bruckner symphony last night there were many beautiful episodes. Some of them were not worked out as we are accustomed to hear themes worked out by Brahms or Beethoven; and some were worked to excess, a la Wagner. But the work typical of most carefully-written works in the late romantic period of the nineteenth century, abounded with melodies, beautifully intoned by a master instrumentalist. There is no doubt that Bruckner had almost a Wagnerian ear for sound; almost every phrase is placed in the orchestra to the best effect, and his use of alternating strings and winds, if not highly original, is most effective and agreeable. The symphony is quite long, as modern symphonies go—almost an hour. But leisure was a mark of the composer's age; while the Victorian novelists were writing long novels, the Germans and Austrians were writing long symphonies and operas. Bruckner was guilty, too, but not uniquely so.

Mr. Kurtz gave the symphony the most careful preparation, and emerged with one of the greater reading triumphs of the season. The tempi were always interesting, and the climaxes well planned and executed. The close attention the audience gave to the long slow movement was evidence of interest unusual in an unfamiliar piece of abstract music.

C.H.T., *The Kansas City Times*

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## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

**NEVILLE CARDUS**, for many years Music Critic of the *MANCHESTER GUARDIAN*. Author of *Ten Composers* and several other books. His *Autobiography* appeared in September, 1947, and was selected by the Book Society as the Book of the Month. *Remembered Pleasures*, a volume of reminiscences on which Mr. Cardus is now working, is being published in part by HALLÉ in serial form, prior to its complete publication as a book.

**GABRIEL ENGEL** is a graduate of Columbia University. He was a Pulitzer Scholar. He is the author of *The Life of Anton Bruckner and Gustav Mahler, Song-Symphonist*. Since its inception, he has been the Editor of *CHORD AND DISCORD*. He has contributed to the *Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians*.

**DONALD MITCHELL**, born in London, 1925. Educated Dulwich College. In film industry before Army service. Demobilised 1946 and now busy lecturing and school teaching. Editor of the quarterly review *Music-Survey*. Contributor to *Mandrake* (Oxford) and A. L. Bacharach's forthcoming *The Music Masters*. Broadcasts and does research for the B.B.C. Made a particular study of the life and music of Max Reger.

**DIKA NEWLIN**, born in Portland, Oregon, on November 22, 1923, is assistant professor and composer in residence at Western Maryland College, Westminster, Maryland.

While a high school student she composed her *Cradle Song*. It was orchestrated by Vladimir Bakaleinikoff and performed by the Cincinnati Orchestra under his direction on December 28, 1935. Since that time it has received performances by other concert orchestras.

Having entered Michigan State College at the age of twelve, Dika Newlin took a full liberal arts course, majoring in French. In 1938 she began studying with Schoenberg, whose influence aroused her interest in the work of Bruckner and Mahler. She was the first ever to receive a Ph.D. degree in musicology at Columbia University. Her work there was under the direction of Douglas Moore and Paul Henry Lang. Her doctor's thesis, bearing the title "Bruckner-Mahler-Schoenberg", was published by the Kings Crown Press in 1947 and is about to go into a second edition. While at Columbia she continued to study the piano (with Rudolf Serkin, and later with Artur Schnabel) and composition (with Roger Sessions). Her one act opera, *Feathertop*, based on Hawthorne's story of the same name, won the Seidl prize for distinguished accomplishment in the field of the lyric stage. Excerpts from her second full length opera, *The Scarlet Letter*, have been played in concert.

**ROBERT SIMPSON**, born in London, 1921, originally intended to study medicine. After two years of medical studies, Mr. Simpson decided to turn to music. He holds a Bachelor of Music degree from the University of Durham. At the present time he lectures and occasionally teaches in schools. He has composed several orchestral and chamber music works. His article, *Bruckner and the Symphony*, appeared in the February, 1946, issue of *The Music Review*, published in England.

**WARREN STOREY SMITH**, born in Brookline, Mass., succeeded Olin Downes as Music Editor of the *Boston Post*. His musical compositions include orchestral and chamber music works as well as songs and piano pieces. He became a member of the faculty of Faelten Pianoforte School in Boston after his graduation from that school. He was assistant music critic on the *Boston Transcript*. In 1922 he became teacher of theory and composition at the New England Conservatory.

**WOLFGANG STRESEMANN**, born in Dresden, studied law and music. After practicing law for several years, he decided to devote himself to music. He has written symphonies, songs, chamber music, etc., and has conducted orchestras in New York, Buffalo, and Princeton. He came to the U. S. in 1939 and became a citizen. At the present time he is music critic on the *Staats-Zeitung* in New York.

Among American artistic developments of recent years the rebirth of interest in the music of Bruckner and Mahler is second to none in significance. When *The Bruckner Society of America* was founded on January 4, 1931, performances of these two composers by our major musical organizations were not merely rare, but also ineffectual, because American music-lovers had no adequate approach to the proper appreciation of the art of either Bruckner or Mahler. Therefore the Society, having adopted as its chief aim the fulfillment of this void, published the first biographies of these composers in English and issued a magazine, *CHORD AND DISCORD*, devoted almost entirely to discussions of their works.

The Society solicits the cooperation of all who are interested in furthering this aim. Inquiries concerning membership may be directed to Robert G. Grey, Executive Secretary, 697 West End Avenue, New York 25, New York.

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# CHORD AND DISCORD

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THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

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1950

"MY TIME WILL YET COME"



THE KILNYI MAHLER MEDAL

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# CHORD AND DISCORD

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# INSTINCT AND REASON IN MUSIC

By Ernest M. Lert

## INTRODUCTORY

One of my students, a highly gifted young composer, agreed with an enigmatic smile when I pointed out the spiritual (not stylistic) affinity of composers like Howard Hanson and Olivier Messiaen with Anton Bruckner. But he dissented violently when I dared to see more future in the evolution of their emotion-born idioms than in the technical experiments of the art-for-art's sake composers. Dissatisfied with the (necessarily sketchy) discussion in class, he wrote in flaming words a touching, well-founded oath of allegiance to music for music's sake. Music, to him, is the product of deliberate objective *workmanship*, isolated from any influence of extra-musical feelings and ideas. He simply hates music on words. Music, to him is "abstract," it is nothing but "the realization of INTRINSIC principles and ideas," as stipulated in Willi Apel's "Harvard Dictionary of Music." Every extrinsic, i.e., not strictly musical, influence leads to Romanticism.

Romanticism, today, is dreaded as a mental disease no self-respecting artist mentions in ideological company. Schumann's "the aesthetics of one art is the aesthetics of all arts" is anathema. So is every hint at the rationalistic Theory of Emotions (*Affektenlehre*) of the recent Enlightenment, and of tone painting, so dear to music from the ancient Greek Sakadas to our own Virgil Thomson. This student spoke for legions of contemporary musicians. Their violent resistance to the excesses of programmatic and hypercarnal music since Berlioz and Wagner is understandable, just as Romanticism was understandable as a reaction against the dictatorial formalism of classicism.

But is the understandable always right?

Does not the whole world of music thrive between the poles of Classicism and Romanticism?

Music-for-music's sake amputates itself from life and isolates itself in a vacuum. Music-for-painting's sake subjects music to rationalistic interpretation and deprives itself of its emotional identity and independence.

The entire evolution of music is one running battle between emotion and reason, between music generated by our irrational instincts, and music fabricated by our calculating reason. Curt Sachs justly calls the two antagonistic categories "pathogenic," born of emotion, and "logogenic," born of ideas. But neither of the two can ever be chemically pure in itself. The most workmanlike music rises to some emotional climax, while the most informal expression of emotions and impressions frames itself within some reasonable style and form.

With Mozart, to whom (operatic) poetry (i.e., reason) was the "obedient daughter of music," the instinct for correct form was so natural and

spontaneous that any interference by his reason would have spoiled its spontaneity. He made his wife Constance read fairy tales to him which occupied his reason, while his instincts jotted whole symphonic movements on the paper. He rarely had to apply corrections.

With Beethoven, however, the power of reason was so demoniacal that with each new work he had to fight a veritable Jacob's wrestling match with the Angel of Reason to win his way to the blessings of the irrational beyond. His sketch books frantically mix musical with worded notes. There are almost no manuscripts of his without profuse and drastic corrections. Quite a few of his works have come down to us in different versions.

Thoughtless commentators brand Richard Strauss a Wagnerian. He was one, theoretically, until he discovered he was a Mozartian. Wagner was logogenic. In his world each motif MEANS something extra-musical, each piece of music TELLS something extra-musical. You cannot understand Wagner without the running comment of your reason. The music of the Mozart-conductor Strauss, from leitmotif to whole operas and symphonies, always expresses some emotion or state of mind in direct terms. You can understand *Der Rosenkavalier* from the first to the last curtain without knowing what its single leitmotives "mean." You feel his *Heldenleben* without a program. You simply participate without thinking about it. The Straussian forms grow as instinctively as Mozart's forms. (Unbelievers read his letters to be converted.)

A similar relationship holds true between Bruckner and Mahler. They, too, are usually coupled together. Yet, the same writers label Bruckner "naive" and Mahler "intellectual". To a certain degree they are right. Bruckner is "naive" as Schiller defines the term: "naive, from *nativus*, which means inborn, natural, a not artificial expression of a childlike or virgin pure mind." To Schiller the highest cultured genius of the classic period, Goethe, was "naive". Bruckner thus is in good company. He never was the simpleton liberal half-wits see in him. "Naive art", to Schiller, is an expression of reality *not* tinged with speculation. Its counterpart is *sentimentalisch* art, which superimposes upon the world of reality idealistic (and therefore intellectual) longing for a more perfect world. Schiller regarded himself as *sentimentalisch*, which lodges Mahler in respectable company too.

Bruckner's world is God's own world, as mirrored in a virgin mind and soul. It is always the WHOLE world, heaven and earth and hell, expressed and heard in one single complex—hence, the complex polyphonic Gothic texture and structure of Bruckner's realistic mysticism in music. Bruckner was all spiritual and spontaneous. His greatness is in his symphonies. They are without words and without programs. His worded music (except that in Latin) has little of the transcendental surge of his wordless compositions and Masses. He was pathogenic.

Mahler was Bruckner's counterpart. He was rationalistic and *sentimentalisch*. His romantic longing for a naive world led him from the artificial naivete of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* to the gigantic conception of his *Eighth*. From cover to cover this spiritual epic is hatched on words. Naive longing for a visit of the Creative Spirit, as expressed in a medieval prayer-hymn, blends with the intellectual vision of the redemption of

mankind, as it is word-painted at the end of the second part of Goethe's *Faust*. The result is an almost Dantesque manifestation of mysticism. But this mysticism is idealistic, *sentimentalisch*. As in Beethoven's *Fifth*, the very first theme of the symphony, the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, announces IN WORD AND TONE the meaning of the whole work. This motto resounds again and again across both of the gigantic parts until it rears up desperately against the ultimate revelation "the eternal feminine is lifting us upward," at the very end of the whole symphony. Here, an intentionally simple harmonic texture forced into a complex polyphonic structure is the prize of another Jacob-like combat with the same angel Beethoven had to engage. Here, a born rationalist struggles desperately for his place in the irrational mystical Body of God. Mahler was intellectual and idealistic. He was logogenic.

These are the basic contrasts of pathogenic and logogenic musicianship. But how much have both schools, basically, in common?

Both schools created high standards of their peculiar styles and forms. And yet, their individual members are very rarely caught discussing techniques and workmanship.

The pathogenic J. S. Bach wrote didactic music. He prefaced these works with a kind of philosophical program, but he never wrote a book on theory. (His rather academic-minded son Philipp Emanuel did.) Pathogenic Brahms and Joachim tried an exchange of letters on counterpoint, but soon gave up. Pathogenic Bruckner, though a university professor, left no textbook on any theory. Neither did logogenic Haydn and Beethoven. It is not strange that our contemporary composers, in their efforts to isolate music behind an iron curtain of technique, write textbooks. Schoenberg, Hindemith, and Piston are three random examples.

Yet, both parties instinctively exert every possible effort to reach beyond their rational experience, confessing freely that their music springs from their *Weltanschauung*, their spiritual experience, and their theory. But they never try to show us HOW they convert *Weltanschauung* and theory into music.

Perhaps, if we could find out what kind of spiritual experience beyond our rational life makes us sing, dance, and play instruments, we could help our creative musicians tell us more precisely how their music becomes a sounding mirror of their life or experiences. Perhaps a chunk of rudimentary *erlebtes Leben* psychology may advance our experiment.

Let us try to single out a few specific instincts which may arouse emotions that sing.

#### THE SPIRITUAL INSTINCTS

Animals make music. Birds sing, elephants trumpet, dogs bark, horses neigh, bees hum. Animals are not equipped with reason or rational workmanship. They live by instincts only. An instinct is, for our purpose, an irrational urge to do something vital. Thus, since animals make music, MUSIC MUST BE PRIMARILY INSTINCTIVE. What are these instincts which make animals sing and dance? They are seven. Three of them are spiritual: the instincts of ecstasy, symbolization, patternization. Four are physical: the instincts of sex, cruelty, joy of suffering, collectivism.

### A. The Instinct of Ecstasy

When do animals sing? Mostly, when they are excited, particularly at mating time. In excitement we are "out of our (normal) mind", with our reason, partly at least, switched off. The Greeks had for it the word *ekstasis*, "standing outside" one's self. Ecstasy expands our normal frame of mind to an imaginary but clearly felt infinity—we crave to grow different, to worship, to become mentally intoxicated, to sing out "la la la", "hurrah", "hallelujah", and other senseless syllables. Our shouts take melodic shape, our jumps pattern dances. Handclapping and foot-stamping are not powerful enough for our now expanded ego. We evolve rattles and drums, cymbals and bells. Our megaphone-like cupped hands beget trumpets and trombones. Kiss-like pursed lips whistle and soon blow flutes and *chalumeaus*. Singing bows bring forth harps and viols.

In my Oxford Dictionary "ecstasy" hugs the connotation "poetic frenzy". Originally, poetry and music are congenital, they are one.

Music becomes the natural expression of our ecstatic expansion. The aboriginal orchestra grows out of it, all without the benefit of a coolly planning reason.

The initial musical creator is the Instinct of Ecstasy.

### B. The Instinct of Symbolization

What kind of music do animals make in their ecstasy?

The zoologist answers: music of mating and music of anger. With many animals mating call and battle cry are identical. They differ only in intensity. To our practical reason a love call has nothing to do with the sexual act as such, while a battle cry never killed an enemy. Both are senseless wastes of energy.

Yet, are they really? The sexual act, as a bare fact, is something brutal, disgusting, and ludicrous. It is so even to the animal. To overcome this disgust the animal must be "out of its own self", i.e., it needs a high degree of ecstasy. Music provides it. The male mountain cock dances and sings, often for hours, until it arouses the coy female to the right degree of "poetic frenzy." Only at this tremendous climax are both ready for the act itself. It is performed in silence, as an anticlimax. It is over in a few minutes. *Post coitum omne animal triste*.

The song and dance of the male bellbird or mountain cock or certain species of antelope consist of "sexual signals," stylized sounds and movements of the body, which (often very vaguely) suggest the movements of the real sexual act. These "signals" are symbols.

My dictionary defines "symbol" as "an emblem or sign representing something else." A flag is a multicolored piece of cloth. But this cloth represents my country. This symbol is so real and alive in itself that we swear allegiance "to the flag AND (sic) for what it stands." We seal our oath by singing our National Anthem. This anthem, too, is a symbol. Symbols are our worded and wordless musical sounds, from whistling and handclapping to symphonies and musical dramas. According to origin, at least, our instruments are pregnant with symbolism: drums and bugles symbolize war; organs and church bells stand for religion; flutes suggest love and fertility; harps are attributes of the heavenly hosts.

Our changing moods find themselves expressed, i.e., symbolized, in music. The first eight Gregorian modes awoke in medieval man Dignity, Sadness, Firmness, Piety, Joy, Mourning, Sublimity, Narration. Musical expression of our states of mind and emotion have been with us ever since.

Expanding ourselves to the infinite, we understand more easily why, to the Chinese, the five notes of their ancient pentatonic scale could mean Earth, Water, Air, Fire, Wind. We also understand why, in highest ecstasy, Pythagoras, the sober mathematician, could hear the whole Universe sound its Music of the Spheres. The psychologist C. G. Jung says somewhere that a symbol makes no sense, save it be symbolical sense. (That sounds almost like saying: music makes no sense except musical sense.) To the Chinese and medieval man this sense-for-symbol as the highest reality was a kind of sixth sense, placing music between the mathematical sciences and theology, the disciplines of ecstatic abstraction. This sense makes sense only to our feeling, not to our thinking. It is pathogenic.

Whoever, today, is without this sixth sense had better give up trying to UNDERSTAND music.

Perhaps he will have better luck with TONE PAINTING. From the primitive bull-roarer of the jungle, imitating the howling of the wind gods, to the Muspilli, the cataclysm of the world in Wagner's *Dusk of the Gods*, tone painting symbolizes almost everything thinkable and unthinkable. There the *tertium comparationis* helps the rationalist to understand. If the 'cello plays certain low humming runs, I am reminded of something I have heard before in real life. At once my dormant reason awakes and tries to find out what the humming runs on the 'cello recall to me. During this search my emotional participation recedes. When my factual and musical memory flashes: Bumblebee!, I suddenly feel elated. I have found the *tertium comparationis*: the humming of the bee. But from now on my reason remains alert to find out how correctly the 'cello imitates the bee. This interference by my reason infects my emotional participation with logical deductions. I GROW LOGOGENIC.

Only where tone painting is "more the expression of feeling than painting" (Beethoven), i.e., where reason is relegated to the background, can ecstasy enjoy fully the sounding symbols of music. Thus, absolute or abstract music and tone painting or programmatic music are both symbolic expressions. Only the proportion of the emotional and rational substance defines them as pathogenic or logogenic.

The second creator of music is the Instinct of Symbolization.

### C. *The Instinct to Pattern*

Our life runs in pattern like pulsing heartbeat or marching feet, through the rhythm of day and night, of the four seasons, of the cycles of history. Without that unconscious, subconscious and conscious urge to pattern them, the routines of our daily life were impossible. Music is pattern. Between the two notes of the cuckoo call and the gigantic ritual of Bach's *Passion According to St. Matthew*, the pattern of rhythm, scales, chords, motives, themes, phrases, periods, stanzas, and arias, of simple and complicated forms and designs, grows as naturally as snowflakes and redwoods. Whether Handel's hothouse of inspiration produced his *Messiah* in 24 days, or Beethoven's gestation of his Ninth stretched itself over

thirty years, makes no basic difference. Both masterpieces, conceived in ecstasy and symbolization, are born of patternization. If ecstasy is the driving force, while the symbols it begets are the substance of music, the Instinct to Pattern constructs the musical forms.

Our raptures and imaginations are somehow beyond our control. They are irrational. But with the urge to pattern, Reason, the antagonist of Emotion, enters the ring. Reason, the goddess of workmanship, is the defender of the generally accepted patterns of generally accepted traditions. It is her task to consolidate the irrational phantom sounds of our imagination into readable formulas, fit to be sung or played by instruments.

The way from brain to paper is short but hard. To a Mozart, as we have seen, formal workmanship came as naturally as breathing. His first drafts usually were his final drafts, fit for print. Beethoven was different. He was the philosopher musician. His music had to symbolize lofty ideals, where Mozart expressed straight "naive" ideas. Beethoven confessed, "I hear a melody always on an instrument, never in a voice," i.e., never in words. His music, even when tone painting, was "more the expression of feeling than painting." He thought in sounds, not in words or pictures.

Therefore, it was a titanic task to express philosophy by sheer pattern of sounds. We know how he raved at work. Inevitably, at length his struggle exploded the pathogenic pattern. The finale of his last symphony had to burst into words.

Thus, Beethoven, one of the great masters of form, proves that music cannot thrive on abstract form without substance. Workmanship, the obedient daughter of reason, simply will not suffice.

Yet, workmanship is needed to master the tonal material which constructs the musical forms. This material consists of the three Basic Features, basic with the Instinct to Pattern.

The first Basic Feature is REPETITION.

It furnishes the bricks of the construction: the rhythms, scales, motives, themes, chords, phrases, periods, and so on. But already here reason interferes. The endless litanies of primitive men remain as unchangeable as the two notes of the cuckoo call, the monotonous bark of the dog, the brilliant trills of the canary. But with growing consciousness reason opposes identical repetition more and more. Reason drives straight "to the point." Music "goes round and round." Resisting reason's pointed attacks, the instinct to pattern is gradually forced to disguise its irrational repetitions behind rationally altered variations, ranging from insignificant changes of the basic theme, as in heterophony, to such complicated structures of repetition as the fugue. The emotional, spiritual, and mental evolution from the cuckoo call, endlessly repeated, to the Protean versatility of the motto-motif of Beethoven's *Fifth* is tremendous. Yet, this symphony is built up on the two notes of the cuckoo call.

The second Basic Feature, TENSION AND RELAXATION, braces the structures of the bricks. In high tension our heart beats hard and fast; in relaxation its beat softens and slows down. Thus, musical tempo and dynamics originate, literally, in our heart. Systole (tension) and diastole (relaxation) somehow convert themselves into STRONG and WEAK beats. They control the emotional tides of dissonance and consonance, of ac-

celerando and ritardando, of increasing and decreasing volume, of stormy ascents to top notes and exhausted glides to bottom notes. They instigate the ups and downs of varying, inverting, augmenting, diminishing, sequencing, etc., of the thematic material. They thicken up and thin down the orchestration. They contrast and balance fast and slow, tense and relaxing sections and movements.

Again emotion holds reason at bay.

Both (Repetition plus Tension and Relaxation) combine forces to create the third Basic Feature: **FORMALISM**, the code for designing the musical piece as a whole. It is here that workmanship and cool-headed planning finally seem to get the upper hand. The form frames the picture. The frame obeys expediency, while expediency obeys reason primarily.

Yet, even here the rational is based on the irrational. The monotonous, but somehow formally concerted symphony of barking by the village dogs, and the chanted litany of the leader of cavemen at the campfire, answered by short refrains of the whole tribe, are as many wild seedlings of complicated musical forms as the minutely planned religious rituals out of which our oratorios, operas, symphonies, and concerti emerged.

In Formalism, too, reason plays a rather supporting role. The lead is still with the instincts.

THE THREE SPIRITUAL INSTINCTS, INCLUDING THE THREE BASIC FEATURES, ARE BLENDED INTO, AND ACT AS, ONE SINGLE ORGANIC COMPLEX. THE PROPORTION OF PATHOGENIC AND LOGOGENIC GENES IN THE ORIGINAL INSPIRATION AND THE PROPORTION OF THE INDIVIDUAL DOSES OF ECSTASY, SYMBOLIZATION, AND PATTERNIZATION, BLENDED INTO THIS COMPLEX, DETERMINE BOTH STYLE AND FORM OF EACH INDIVIDUAL PIECE OF MUSIC.

That this complex is irrational at its roots is proved by the religious origin of all music. To the rationalist religion is superstition and magic nonsense. But ask him to explain WHY a lullaby lulls a baby to sleep, WHY the military band stirs his heart and feet, WHY boogie-woogie on the factory radio increases production, WHY musical therapy records cures, and WHY he himself loves to dance and hum silly "crooners" at his mate. He will have no reasonable answer. Tell him that lullabies, war dances, working songs, witch-doctor incantations, and love ditties are the primeval ancestors of all our modern music and he will simply laugh at your credulity. Yet, all songs, originally, were magic formulas. The word "charm" (from the Latin: *carmen*, a musical-poetic conjuration) and the word "enchant" from the Latin: *incantare*, hence incantation) are almost synonymous with the word "magic."

Out of such individual magic grew the collective magic of rituals. Sacred and secular rituals are symbolic actions eternalized by rigid traditions. Woe unto him who fell out of step with the sacred routine. Many primitives, including the pre-Platonic Greeks, killed performers who desecrated the magic action by a single sour note or by one faulty dance step.

Magic is the mother of religion, music its father. Sir James Frazer speaks for many anthropologists when he contends that music "CREATES as well as EXPRESSES religious EMOTION (sic)" and that "THE MUSICIAN HAS

DONE HIS PART AS WELL AS THE THINKER (RATIONALIST) AND THE PROPHET (ECSTATIC) IN THE MAKING OF RELIGION."

If music is so vital that it co-creates man's innermost power, his religion, for which he gladly kills and dies, how can music be nothing more than a workmanly form of sounds roving in the vacuum of abstract principles and formulas?

#### THE PHYSICAL INSTINCTS

The Spiritual Instincts develop the elements of style and form in music. The Physical Instincts fill them with the substance of Sex, Cruelty, Joy in Suffering and Collectivism.

WE MUST NEVER FORGET THAT THE SPIRITUAL INSTINCTS INCITE, CONTROL, TRANSFIGURE, AND, AT THE SAME TIME, INTENSIFY THE PHYSICAL INSTINCTS so that sex is transfigured into love, murder is glorified as a patriotic duty, the "can-take-it" bravado of prize fighters and pole sitters grows into heroism and martyrdom, and mob riots are ennobled to spiritual rituals—all with and by music, of course.

##### A. *The Instinct of Sex*

The Brazilian bellbird, singing and dancing his sexual signals to enchant his female, transfigures sex into a primitive kind of love. His mating period is the bird's only opportunity to transport itself beyond its animal semblance. Thus sex virtually becomes the religion of the animal.

The human species, aware that self-perpetuation and mating are inseparable, sanctifies marriage by musical sacraments. Ecstasy sings out that the whole world was begotten by World Parents, that fertility of fields, cattle, and wives is the work of phallic divinities. The primeval, solemn, symbolic cohabitations of Ishtar and Tammuz, Osiris and Isis, Dionysos and the Queen of Athens, Rome's Jupiter and Juno, were performed much like oratorio-opera rituals. Sober Judaism incorporated the sensual Song of Songs in the Old Testament, while ascetic Christianity symbolizes the human soul as the Bride of Christ and sings: "Like a bridegroom Christ rises from his *thalamos* in wedding mood. He walks over the fields of the world." (St. Augustine). The wedding-operas, dedicated to the *Beylager* of the princes of "enlightenment," were sex rituals which survived down to the 19th Century. Spontini and Meyerbeer still wrote Torch Dances. Today's torch songs may be their offspring. Even our juke-box ditties are tinged with the symbols of the divine, like *You Are My Sunshine*, etc.

##### B. *The Instinct of Cruelty*

Cruelty inspires primitive men's religion. There is no religion without a ritual murder at its roots. Thus, the gods equip their faithful with a handy excuse for repeating this murder at its anniversaries when a symbolic equivalent of the god is sacrificed in a musical-dramatic re-enactment of the original killing of the god. Almost all religious cults dramatize our inborn cruelty, ranging from the sacrifice of the Babylonian Thyamat by Marduk down to Bach's *Passion According to St. Matthew* and Honegger's *Jeanne d'Arc on the Pyre*. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is the most sublime transfiguration of man's cruelty to God.

Our secular cruelty has less lofty extenuations. At least, each generation runs amuck through a war or a bloody revolution, or both, with patriotism or party doctrines as excuses and battle hymns and brass bands as intoxicants. In peace time, just for the fun of it, we chase poor foxes to death, hunting-horns tooting and tallyhos howling. Bullfights, horseraces, football, prize fights, radio mysteries, blood and dagger opera, all these are soaked in music of some sort.

Music itself, particularly the art-for-art's sake species, forces singers to venture silly coloraturas and unnatural top notes and instrumentalists to breakneck speed in rapid passages. The gentle listener, spellbound, longs for a crack-up of voices or strings.

With clenched fists Bach forces sharp dissonances down our ears. Beethoven ends eight of his nine symphonies with bellicose marches. Stravinsky, in his primevalistic *Rites of Spring*, enacting the sacrifice of a virgin to the gods of fertility, throws savage dissonances, trombone howls, brutal drum blows, and other torturing timbres and sound effects at his audience.

Even our humor is cruel. The late W. C. Fields once remarked, "If it hurts, it's funny. If it don't, it ain't." Everything funny was blasphemous originally. Our pre-Columbian Indians had clown priests (*koymashi*) who, at the climax of a stirring religious ritual, mimicked the sacred act and its music in obscene parody. The Sorbonne of Paris, in 1444, had to banish the sacrilegious Feast of the Ass from the churches. The pranks of the assorted Lords of Misrule of all denominations, all Saturnalian festivals of licentiousness, the ancient Greek's blasphemous satyr play, his musical comedy, the *mimos*, the Roman *fescennine*, the *serventes* of the Troubadours, the French vaudevilles, the English (anti-)masques, the Italian *commedia dell'arte*, the *opera buffa*, the musical comedy, and the insults radio comedians hurl at each other between blaring theme songs, all these are expressions of that mischievous Circe, Cruelty.

There is nothing abstract or workmanlike in inflicting pain.

### C. *The Joy of Suffering (the Instinct of Self-Sacrifice)*

We not only enjoy cruelty against others, but we ourselves love to suffer and are fond of dying. We call our most poignant desires "passions," from the Latin word *passio*, which means "suffering." The joy of suffering is man's religious complement to his sanctified cruelty. We sing, "As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free," and we mean what we sing. Heroism and martyrdom, too, create music. The Austrian major, Erwin Lessner, while being tortured by the Nazis, thus analyzed his experience (*American Mercury*, September 1942): "The extreme of horror is as hard to describe as the extreme of pleasure or of beauty . . . Had there been a HYMN to express my faith I certainly would have tried to intone it, to defy and taunt the roaring noises all around me. National and religious fanatics have been known to sing on the gallows or the sacrificial pyre. I can understand it . . . I REALIZED THAT PAIN AND PLEASURE MEET IN DELIRIUM." These are the words of a martyr. Lesser mortals whistle in the dark and enjoy a "good cry" at funerals. If there is no dying close relative at hand, the "sob sisters" of soap-and-grand opera must sub-

stitute. Smoke gets in our eyes whenever none-but-the-lonely-heart croons its schmaltz. Bliss-drunk we die with assorted Romeos and Juliets, and Tristans and Isolde. Pathétique (sic) symphonies and appassionata (sic) sonatas, particularly their agonizing slow movements, make us swoon. We enjoy all the cruelties at which we assist as if they were being inflicted on ourselves. The Grace of Tears of the Age of Faith and the tremolo voice of the crooner of the Atomic Age are but different effects issuing from the same cause.

#### D. The Collective Instinct

"Man, by his very nature, is a gregarious animal," says Aristotle. Man, in a mob, loses his self-control and identity. You never start applauding, shouting hurrah, or singing hallelujah when you are all alone. An empty dance floor, theater, concert hall, even an empty church, scares the Casper Milquetoast within us. We need rubbing elbows and moods, the closer the better.

No mob is without music. The frantic chitter of a tree full of sparrows and the silly chatter of a roomful of cocktail socialites is music in the making, too. So are primitive war dances and the shouts of the crowds at ball games. Almost all religious and secular rituals are rhythmic mass-actions. Without the collective instinct there could be neither choral nor orchestral music.

With mobs, craving for excitement (ecstasy), slogans (symbols), conformity (pattern), orgiastic dances (sex), rioting (cruelty), and fighting (cruelty and joy of suffering), the power of these instincts grows in geometrically progressive proportion to the number of participating individuals. Gustave Le Bon proved it.

Again, it is music that whips this amalgam of humanity into action. There is no basic difference between the war whoop of a savage tribe and the shouting choruses of modern political rallies. The St. John and St. Vitus dance epidemics, the spirituals of the Flagellants, the battle songs of the Peasant Wars, the *Carmagnole* and *Marseillaise*, the opera *Masaniello* (igniting the Brussels revolution of 1830), the operatic choruses of Verdi (used as battle hymns by the Italian *Irredenta*), down to Beethoven's *Fifth* whose motto theme spelled "Victory" to the Allies of World War II, all this music was, and is, and will be essential and vital to its religious, social, and political collectives.

Can such music be classified as artifice-for-artifice's sake? Of course, not!

#### CONCLUSION

The purpose of this discussion was to correct two important errors in the esthetics of music prevalent today.

I have tried to show:

1. That music, originally, was not an art for art's sake. It was, and still is, a vital part and function of human life.

2. That vital music is not an arbitrary product fashioned by cerebral workmanship without involving any extra-musical emotion. Music is primarily the expression of extra-musical instincts.

My student admitted spontaneously that he, like any serious, genuine composer, started with imitating a great model before he arrived at his personal idiom of expression. This model, in turn, had started from another model, and so the imitating went on down the line *ad infinitum*. This makes our young composer the offspring of a natural evolution of music as a function of life. When he cared to replace the tabooed word "inspiration" by the more current term "hunch" and the fashionable slogan "subconscious urge," he, without realizing it, gave credit to his extra-musical instincts. His sole mistake lurks in his overestimation of workmanship. This is understandable. The hunch from the subconscious springs up spontaneously without any conscious labor. The transformation of this hunch into notation, however means conscious work. That is why we easily underrate our natural gifts and overrate our not so natural efforts. Edison's inventions also popped up in hunches. But between the happy call *Eureka*, when the creative flash struck, and the finished product of his flash, Edison, too, had to sweat it out. Hence his dictum: "Genius is 10% inspiration and 90% perspiration." But it is just this small 10% that makes up his stroke of genius. With 100% perspiring workmanship you may become a skilful arranger, but never a creator. Perhaps Edison, like Beethoven, needed long hours of sweatshop work, while Mozart created with a minimum of perspiration. Yet, the fugue in the Jupiter Symphony involves as superb an achievement from the viewpoint of workmanship as does Beethoven's *Grosse Fuge*.

This remark is not meant in any way to disparage workmanship. It is but a word of caution against overestimating the labor of reason at the cost of the power of instinct. It is a warning against another mechanization of our natural expression. There is a point where "*Vernunft wird Unsinn*" (where "reason becomes nonsense," Goethe), the exact point where reason seeks to fly without wings of inspiration.

The ivory tower of rationalistic isolation is not a healthy resort for that volatile whim of God and Nature: Music.

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# MAHLER'S EIGHTH: THE HYMN TO EROS

by Gabriel Engel

## INTRODUCTION

"Eighth Symphony, by Gustav Mahler"! Strangely uncommunicative this ascetic title for Mahler's grandest and (he believed) greatest work. Surely so strikingly individual a composition in two parts (rather than four movements), with underlying poetic text throughout, should bear a more picturesque, more revealing name than "Eighth Symphony"! Remembering Mahler's infuriated cry of protest against all musical commentary one can almost hear behind this baffling title his demoniac, scherzo-like chuckle of satisfaction at the discomfiture of critical nicknamers of his eloquently poetic work. His bitter feud (for such it was in reality) with the reviewers had begun with his very first symphony, a purely orchestral work in the traditional four movements, which he had naively programmed as a *Symphonic Poem in Two Parts*. Exasperated by false interpretations and snide remarks in the press he had finally published the composition some ten years later merely as "First Symphony".

Emil Gutmann, his concert agent in charge of all business arrangements connected with the world premiere of the *Eighth*, said, in a letter about that event written a generation ago for a special "Mahler Issue" of *Die Musik*:

"Characteristically, Mahler forewarned the musical commentators:

'My symphony is not called *Faust Symphony*. It is not a 'Faust Symphony'. In fact, I forbid it any descriptive name.'

It is true that the setting of the closing scene of *Faust* constitutes the major portion of the *Eighth*. Yet evidence exists that Mahler did not in fact intend it to be a "Faust Symphony". His original scheme of the work, according to a manuscript leaf (in the possession of his widow Alma), called for four movements:

- 1) The Latin Hymn: *Veni Creator Spiritus* ("Part One" of the published work).
- 2) An instrumental *Adagio Caritas* (perhaps in the manner of some earlier Mahler slow movement, e.g., that of the *Fourth*).
- 3) A Scherzo.
- 4) (And this seems truly a puzzler) A Hymn: "The Birth of Eros".

That the latter could have been Mahler's own title for the closing scene of *Faust* is at first hard to believe. Yet so devious were his trains of philosophic thought that that might well have been the case.

It is possible, however, that he originally had a different text in mind. If so, one other scene in *Faust* presents itself as a likely alternative. Act II, Scene V, portrays the birth of "Homunculus", whom some Goethe commentators regard as identical with "Eros". Certainly, this scene appears a most grateful vehicle for musical formulation. Among various sea-gods and mythological spirits, the Sirens witness the miracle. Their song, hymning the event, forms the climax of the scene. The Song of the Sirens! How the thought of its realization might have lured Mahler, whose previous symphonies abounded in passages, even whole movements, devoted to the suggestion of the magic, the fantastic, and the unearthly in tone!

"The Hymn to Eros", however, is capable of a more simple, direct explanation. Eros, as Spirit of Universal Love, represents the final, crowning element in the "symphonic principle" adopted by Mahler at the very outset of his creative career, when he placed the mystic, symbolic phrase "*Wie ein Naturlaut*" (Like an Utterance of Nature) at the head of the score of his *First Symphony*.

"That Nature embraces everything that is at once awesome, magnificent, and lovable, nobody seems to grasp. It seems so strange to me that most people, when they mention the word Nature in connection with art, imply only flowers, birds, the fragrance of the woods, etc. No one seems to think of the mighty underlying mystery, the god Dionysos, the great Pan; and just that mystery is the burden of my phrase, *Wie Ein Naturlaut*. That, if anything, is my 'program,' or the secret of my composition" (Mahler was writing this to a prominent critic.) "My music is always the voice of Nature sounding in tone, an idea in reality synonymous with the concept so aptly described by Bülow as 'the symphonic problem.' The validity of any other sort of 'program' I do not recognize, at any rate, not for my work. If I have now and then affixed titles to some movements of my symphonies I intended them only to assist the listener along some general path of fruitful reaction. But if the clarity of the impression I desire to create seems impossible of attainment without the aid of an actual text, I do not hesitate to use the human voice in my symphonies, for music and poetry together are a combination capable of realizing the most mystic conception. Through them the world, Nature as a whole, is released from its profound silence and opens its lips in song."

When mentioning Dionysos and Pan, Mahler might also have added Eros, as the three play virtually identical roles in the pantheistic drama of ancient mythology. That Eros, Spirit of Universal Love, poses the "symphonic problem" in the *Eighth*, just as Dionysos and Pan had done in the earlier symphonies, is further borne out by one or two remarkable letters Mahler wrote Alma in the summer of 1910, while preparing the premiere of the *Eighth*. Needless to say, these letters are of the utmost importance towards a better understanding of the composer's intentions in the work.

"In the discourses of Socrates Plato gives his own philosophy, which, as the misunderstood Platonic love, has influenced thought right down the centuries to the present day. The essence of it is really Goethe's idea: that all love is generative, creative, and that there is a physical and spiritual generation which is the emanation of this Eros. You have it in the last scene of *Faust*, presented symbolically . . . . . In all Plato's writings Socrates is the cask into which he pours his wine. What a man must Socrates have been to have left such a pupil with such an imperishable memory and love! The comparison between him and Christ is an obvious one and has arisen spontaneously in all ages.—The contrasts are due to their respective times and circumstances. There, you have the light of the highest culture, young men, and a 'reporter' of the highest intellectual attainments; here, the darkness of a childish and ingenuous age, and children as the vessels for the most wonderful practical wisdom, which is the product of normal personality, of a direct and intensive contemplation and grasp of facts. In each case, Eros as Creator of the world!"

The next letter presents Mahler's own interpretation of Goethe's *Faust* as a whole, with emphasis on the mystic closing stanza, which the composer viewed as the essence not only of the drama but also of his symphony.

"It is a peculiarity of the interpretation of works of art that the rational element in them (that is, what is soluble by reason) is almost never their true reality, but only a veil which hides their form. But in so far as a soul needs a body (which there is no disputing) an artist is bound to derive the means of creation from the rational world. Whenever he himself is not clear, or rather has not achieved wholeness within himself, the rational overcomes what is spontaneously artistic, and makes an undue claim on the attention. Now *Faust* is in fact a mixture of all this, and as its composition occupied the whole of a long life the stones of which it is built do not match, and have often been left as undressed stone. Hence, one has to approach the poem in various ways and from different sides. —But the chief thing is still the artistic conception, which no mere words can ever explain. Its truth shows a different face to each of us—and a different one to each of us at different ages; just as Beethoven's symphonies are new and different at every hearing and never the same to one person as to another. If I am to try to tell you what my reason at its present stage has to say to these final verses—well, I'll try, but don't know whether I shall succeed. I take those four lines, then, in the closest connection with the preceding ones—as a direct continuation, in one sense, of the lines they follow, and in another sense, as the peak of the whole tremendous pyramid, a world presented and fashioned step by step, in one situation and development after another. All point, at first dimly and then from scene to scene (particularly in the Second Part, where the poet's own powers have matured to match his task) with growing

mastery, to the supreme moment, which though beyond expression, scarcely even to be surmised, touches the very heart of feeling.

"It is all an allegory to convey something which, whatever form it is given, can never be adequately expressed. Only the transitory lends itself to description; but what we feel, surmise but will never reach (or know here as an actual happening) the intransitory behind all appearance, is indescribable. That which draws us by its mystic force, what every created thing, perhaps even the very stones, feels with absolute certainty as the center of its being, what Goethe here (again employing an image) calls the eternal feminine—that is to say, the resting place, the goal, in opposition to the striving and struggling towards the goal (the eternal masculine)—you are quite right in calling the force of love. There are definite representations and names for it. (You have only to think of how a child, an animal, or persons of a lower or higher development live their lives). Goethe himself reveals it stage by stage, on and on, in image after image, more and more clearly as he draws nearer the end: in Faust's impassioned search for Helen, in the Walpurgis night, in the still inchoate Homunculus, through the manifold entelechies of lower and higher degree; he presents and expresses it with a growing clearness and certainty right on to the *mater gloriosa*—the personification of the eternal feminine.

"And so in immediate relation to the final scene, Goethe in person addresses his listeners. He says:

All that is transitory (what I have presented to you here these two evenings) is nothing but images, inadequate, naturally, in their earthly manifestation; but there, freed from the body of earthly inadequacy, they will be actual, and we shall then need no paraphrase, no similitudes or images for them; there is done what here is in vain described for it is indescribable. And what is it? Again I can only reply in imagery and say: The eternal feminine has drawn us on—we have arrived—we are at rest—we possess what on earth we could only strive and struggle for. Christ calls this "eternal blessedness", and I can do no better than employ this beautiful and sufficient mythology—the most complete conception to which at this epoch of humanity it is possible to attain."<sup>1</sup>

Still another letter, written the same month, tells (almost parenthetically, hence without a trace of boasting or exaggeration) the amazingly brief period the completion of the *Eighth* required.

"But you know me by this time. In art as in life I am at the mercy of spontaneity. If I had to compose, not a note would come. Four years ago, on the first of the holidays, I went up to the hut at Maiernigg with the firm resolution of idling the

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<sup>1</sup>Alma Maria Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters* (New York, 1946), pp. 258-9.

holiday away (I needed to so much that year) and recruiting my strength. On the threshold of my old workshop the *Spiritus Creator* took hold of me and shook me and drove me on for the next eight weeks until my greatest work was done."<sup>2</sup>

It is fascinating to speculate upon the decisive moment of inspiration Mahler referred to when he said, "The *Spiritus Creator* took hold of me". We may assume that "Part One", identical with the first movement of Mahler's original plan, was already finished. Otherwise we are faced with the truly incredible alternative that he wrote the entire symphony in eight weeks. What is more likely than the conclusion that Mahler, deep in his world of "Faust" cogitation, suddenly saw in the closing scene the possibility of combining the remaining three movements into one, uniting them in a single great master variation-form, at once contrast and supplement to the Latin Hymn? Were this in reality the explanation, the *Spiritus Creator* of that moment might well have been the spirit of Beethoven mingling for a sublime instant with that of Mahler. Not only had the latter regarded Beethoven's pantheism as closely akin to his own Nature-symbolism, but Beethoven had in later years also planned a great work in two parts (two separate symphonies, if necessary) "connected and contrasted by a common idea". Even such is Mahler's *Eighth*: two symphonic creations, "organically connected and contrasted by a common idea". Concerning the nature of his projected "Tenth Symphony", which, of course, he never wrote, Beethoven revealed the following hint:

"Adagio Cantique:—Religious song in a symphony in the old modes (*Herr Gott, Dich loben wir,—Alleluja*), either independently or as introductory to a fugue. Possibly the whole second symphony to be thus characterized: the voices entering either in the finale or as early as the Adagio. The orchestral violins, etc., to be increased tenfold for the last movement, the voices to enter one by one. Or the Adagio to be in some way repeated in the last movements. In the Adagio the text to be a Greek mythos (or) Cantique Ecclesiastique. In the Allegro a Bacchus festival".<sup>3</sup>

Perhaps even more significant in this connection (and from the same source) is Beethoven's avowed purpose in these two related works: "To accomplish the reconciliation of the modern and ancient worlds, attempted by Goethe in the second part of 'Faust'." An added word of corroboration appears in Beethoven's "Conversationshefte, 1819": "Socrates and Jesus have always been my model (*Vorbild*)."

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 265-6.

<sup>3</sup>Romain Rolland, *Beethoven* (Paris, 1903).

## PART ONE

## HYMNUS: VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS

The poet of Part One, set to the medieval Christian Latin hymn, *Veni Creator Spiritus*, was a bishop named Hrabanus Maurus, who flourished about a thousand years before Goethe. His verses, a chain of epigrams of an ascetic, powerful lyricism, mirror a soul fanatically dedicated to the cause of Faith. Singleness of purpose, determined aspiration, rise like the blocks of a towering cathedral from their adamant symmetry.

To Mahler, however, this hymn represented far more than a fervent apostrophe to the Holy Ghost. He conceived it, symphonically, as the first act of the supreme human drama of spiritual fulfilment through redemption, unattainable on earth. Thus all the voices in this initial movement, whether humble or exultant, are earth-bound. They are raised toward Heaven in unquestioning Faith, a Faith at times pierced with Job-like pain and anxiety, but sometimes so exalted that Heaven itself seems to open before its irresistible power.

For Mahler, mighty dramatic implications, calling for a huge sonata-form canvas, lurked beneath the concentrated Latin verses. He saw them as mere indices of boundless underlying spiritual and emotional treasures, capable of inspiring the very soul of eloquence in tone. The depth and richness of the composer's response to these latent stimuli are the measure of his music's greatness.

The symmetrical stanza-structure proved most felicitous for Mahler's setting, actually dominating its sonata framework. To the first two stanzas he allotted the exposition of the two themes (or theme-groups, if regarded in connection with their subordinate thematic concomitants). The next three and a half stanzas, with their array of varied requests from the Spirit, seemed an ideal text to foster the development of these themes. To the last two stanzas he added a return to the first stanza, using its Invocation as a concise recapitulation, and then crowned the movement with a triumphant "Gloria" as coda.

## 1) EXPOSITION.

Veni, creator spiritus,	Come, Holy Ghost, Creator Blest,
Mentes tuorum visita,	Vouchsafe within our souls to rest;
Imple superna gratia,	Come with Thy grace and heav'nly aid,
Quae tu creasti pectora.	And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
Qui Paraclitus diceris,	To Thee, the Comforter, we cry,
Donum Dei altissimi,	To Thee, the Gift of God most High,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas	The Fount of life, the Fire of love,
Et spiritualis unctio.	The soul's Anointing from above.

"Allegro Impetuoso" is the exciting caption at the head of the gigantic

## Chord and Discord

score.<sup>4</sup> Impetuously the double-choir, supported by a tonic fundament firmly set by organ and deep strings, hurls aloft the hymn's jubilant opening invocation: "Veni, veni, Creator Spiritus"

*Allegro Impetuoso*

Ve-ni, Ve-ni, Cre - a - tor Spi-ri-tus

Ecstatic faith, confident of divine audience, is not the sole force swaying this theme. It is also of heroic cast. A restless, irregular metre heightens the impulse of its devotional fervor. Eloquent of spiritual triumph, it is much like the song of the militant medieval worshippers who ventured much for their God. Then sure of reward, they sang to Him their great "Te Deums" of praise. The voices cease abruptly. The theme strikes march-like echoes from the orchestra, the trombones driving a pointed motive straight downward, diatonically. Strange apparition amid all this bold utterance, another motive, of lyric texture, looms in the

## I. ORCHESTRA.

4

<b>Strings</b>	<b>Brass</b>
1st and 2nd violins	8 horns
Violas	4 trumpets
Cellos	4 trombones
Contra-basses (with low C string)	Bass tuba
<b>Woodwind</b>	<b>Percussion</b>
2 (or more) piccolos	3 kettle-drums
4 flutes	Big drum
4 oboes	Cymbals
English horn	Tam-tam
2 (or more) clarinets in E flat	Triangle
3 Clarinets	Bells, in low register
Bass clarinet	Glockenspiel
4 bassoons (fagots)	
Contrabassoon	

## ADDITIONAL INSTRUMENTS.

Celeste, pianoforte, harmonium, organ, 2 (or more) harps, mandolin: In the case of a large chorus and group of strings the higher woodwind doubled.

## AT A DISTANCE FROM THE OTHER INSTRUMENTS.

4 trumpets; 3 trombones.

## II. VOICES.

## SOLI

1st Soprano (including the role of Una Poenitentium)	Tenor (Doctor Marianus)
2nd Soprano (including the role of Magna Peccatrix)	Baritone (Pater ecstaticus)
3rd Soprano (Mater gloriosa)	Bass (Pater profundus)
1st Alto (Mulier Samaritana)	<b>CHORUS.</b>
2nd Alto (Maria Aegyptiaca)	First Mixed Chorus
	Second Mixed Chorus
	Choir of boys

First performance September 12, 1910, in Munich, under the direction of the composer.

First American performance March 2, 1916, in Philadelphia, under the direction of Leopold Stokowski.

violins. It is also a motive of the Spirit, not as Creator, but as Comforter. Later, in the song-theme-group, its significance will be illuminated by the text.

The complete unfolding of the opening (Invocation) theme occupies but twenty measures in stirring tempo. Yet it involves no less than five varied motives consummately welded into an integral melodic succession. Rather a spontaneous, self-evolving melody than the fruit of skilful artifice, it is perhaps the most felicitous example of Mahler's peculiar motive-welding technique of the opening theme, treating it primarily not as a singer, but as a vehicle for introducing the principal motives to be used in the work.

Immediately upon the heels of the cadence follows another theme, contrasted yet supplementary. Set in the same tonality, it obviously belongs to the first theme-group. It lacks the pointed, decisive character of the opening theme, but it is nevertheless also of heroic cast.

Chorus

*ff* Spi-ri-tus, O Cre-a-tor ve - - - ni Cre - a-tor

The orchestra, hitherto mainly a unison support for the voices, now asserts its independence with increasingly frequent contributions of the motives in varied rhythmic and instrumental combinations. Ever richer and more exciting grows the texture of these motivated threads simultaneously sounded, revealing Mahler's creative fancy in its best role, that of polyphonic magician. Sustained fortissimo succumbs to gentler dynamics as the choir repeats the initial verse in a more restrained manner.

The second verse, "Mentes tuorum visita", is set to fresh contrapuntal arrangements of the motives already introduced. The interval characterizing the "Veni" appeal widens, its leap grows more rapid, inspiring the theme-group's climactic choral outburst on a long, high Ab. The tension is relaxed in a suddenly becalmed atmosphere. The presentation of the Invocation theme-group is finished.

"Very softly, expressively," directs the score, as the solo soprano begins the lyric second theme-group, set in an appropriately mystic tonality (D<sup>b</sup> major). The tempo is altered, "somewhat more restrained, but ever smoothly flowing."

*pp* Im-ple su - per - na gra-ti-a, gra-ti-a, quae

Humble appeal is the dominant spirit of this song-theme section. The fervent tones of the oboe spread an air of yearning as the choir of soloists take up the tender, hopeful melody. Its soft texture is rendered more ethereal at first by the omission of the bass voice. The "Veni" motive enters in gentle guise transformed to fit the new mood. The compassionate motive of the Comforter Spirit, previously sounded only instrumentally, is here given its first meaningful expression through the accompanying text, "Qui Paraclitus diceris".



While the air of tenderness continues to hold sway, the unfolding strains radiate gradually increasing warmth. The solo soprano, soaring upwards, culminates in a powerful cadence on the tonic (Eb). Thereupon the triumphant motives of the Invocation burst forth once more and recapture the foreground. "Veni, veni!" again invokes the double choir, while the exulting soloists surpass them in dazzling resonance. The orchestra adds its mighty voice to the jubilation, trumpets and trombones sounding the "Veni" motive in canon-style. Suddenly a chromatic element looms up in the thematic lines amid hammered rhythms in strings and woodwind. It creates unrest, depressing the "Veni" motive, dragging it chromatically downward. A cloud appears to descend, darkening the bright major mood to minor. Deep bells resound. Muffled rolls grumble in the timpani. Only a gloom-clothed fragment of the "Veni" motive survives in bassoons and violins. Sadly, accompanied by a minor transformation of the Spirit Comforter motive, the choir intones the "Veni" theme.



The choir's melancholy whisper in the darkened (minor) scene tells of man's sudden consciousness of his unworthiness. The discouragement of the moment is accentuated by poignant happenings in the orchestra. Brief cries of pain issue from the piccolo; a solo violin wanders disconsolately through the gloom. Disturbing element in a paean of Faith, the shadow cannot long persist; confidence is restored, as the solo voices repeat the song-theme in the tonic major (Eb). Another hitherto purely instrumental motive of compassion attains textual significance in this moment of pain and sadness.



This trusting prayer for strength to overcome all earthly obstacles constitutes the reassuring close of the song-theme-group. At the phrase "Firmans" the music remains suspended on the dominant, expectantly awaiting developments.

## 2) DEVELOPMENT.

Infirma nostri corporis	Thy light to every thought impart,
Virtute firmans perpeti	And shed Thy love in every heart;
Accende lumen sensibus,	The weakness of our mortal state
Infunde amorem cordibus.	With deathless might invigorate.

Hostem repellas longius  
 Pacemque dones protinus.  
 Ductore sic te praevio  
 Vitemus omne pessimum.

Drive far away our ghostly foe,  
 And Thine abiding peace bestow;  
 If Thou be our preventing Guide,  
 No evil can our steps betide.

Tu septiformis munere  
 Dextrae paternae digitus

The sevenfold gifts of Grace are Thine,  
 O Finger of the Hand Divine.

Per te sciamus da patrem  
 Noscamus atque filium,  
 Te utriusque spiritum  
 Credamus omni tempore.

Make Thou to us the Father known;  
 Teach us the Eternal Son to own  
 And Thee, Whose Name we ever bless,  
 Of Both the Spirit to confess.

The development begins with an orchestral passage rich in typical Mahlerian fantastic touches. "Hastily", urges the score, its restlessness reflected in the irregular metre (5/4). Muted horns sound the Invocation theme inverted. Discordant woodwind and muted trumpets try feverishly to round out a melody in pointed rhythm, but meet with a violent rebuff in plucked strings. The horns present the theme again, now in its original form. The music undergoes numerous rapid metrical changes, including  $\frac{3}{4}$ ,  $\frac{4}{4}$ ,  $\frac{5}{4}$ , and  $\frac{6}{4}$ , in an almost bewildering succession. Brief fragments of the theme fly about among the various instruments, will-o'-the-wisps, too elusive to retain. At length the harmony finds firm ground in a dark tonality (C sharp minor).

"Twice as slowly as before", the Solo Bass launches the development proper, presenting the "Infirma", in a new minor guise.



In-fir-ma, in-fir-ma, nos-tri cor-por-is

The other solo voices join in the appeal, rising abjectly as if out of the depths. They gradually transform the darkly impassioned minor mood to major. "Very tender and restrained", as first glimpsed in this new dawn, is the phrase "Accende lumen", a mere glimmer in its initial appearance. Drawn from the song-theme-group, it is set in a brighter tonality (D major). In the background flutes and violins thankfully breathe, "Gratia". The voices ever softer, die away. The music's pulse diminishes, the scene taking on a dreamy air. Suddenly, electrifying though softly uttered, a significant triple-faced formulation of the "Veni" motive, augmented (broadened) in the trumpets, diminished (shortened) in the horns, doubly diminished in the bassoons.

*Molto marcato*  
 Trumpets

A musical score for three instruments: Trumpets (top staff), Bassoons (middle staff), and Horns (bottom staff). The key signature is C sharp minor. The tempo is *Molto marcato*. The Trumpets part has accents and a *pp* marking. The Bassoons part starts with a *f* dynamic. The Horns part has accents. The music features a complex rhythmic pattern with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

*f* Bassoons

Horns

## Chord and Discord

General jubilation in brilliant E major greets the revelation. "Suddenly very broad and impassioned", directs the score. The Invocation Theme is sounded in one brief pronouncement by the whole orchestra. Then an overwhelming cry of ecstasy, uttered in thunderous unison by double-choir, chorus of boys, and all the soloists: the "Accende Lumen", the Appeal for Light.



Supreme in concept, as well as emotional depth, this is certainly one of the most inspired moments in symphonic literature. The boundless yearning faith latent in the Invocation Theme rises on a titanic unison wave, impelled by the giant leaps of the "Veni" motive. A revelation of elemental power, it is a new theme, yet clearly related to the Invocation Theme by community of melodic and rhythmic characteristics. Such interpolations of new themes in the development are sanctioned by Beethoven's own practice.

The mighty choral unison dissolves. The separated voices spread the wondrous revelation, mingling the "Light" theme with the others. The chorus of boys is now first heard independently. Penetrating in its freshness is their marching song, the basses intoning the Invocation simultaneously deep below.

The air of triumph is heightened by horns and trumpets blaring the "Light" theme, amid powerful chords in strings, woodwind, and organ. At the word "hostem" the music grows harshly militant, the accentuated phrases in the voices shrilling like battle-cries. The forces are gathered for the march upon the goal. The great Fugue (for that is the goal of the development) begins. Various verses of the text, streaming in from all sides, become inextricably mingled, showing that to Mahler at this moment of supreme creative construction the music mattered above all. The polyphonic texture of this complex fugue is crystal clear. As the seven soloists, forming an independent choir, join the two choruses, while the chorus of boys (a fourth group) maintains a *cantus firmus* (thematic backbone) every contrapuntal device is masterfully exploited. The Invocation motive dominates the entire thematic web. Retaining its mastery with the advent of each additional theme, it subjects each one in turn to the formal demands of the fugue structure, never permitting it to mar the jubilant march-spirit swaying the entire episode. Even the lyric "Imple superna"

undergoes rhythmic transformation at the touch of the thematic dictator. A long organ point (22 bars) heralds the close of the fugue, the final unwinding of its involved polyphonic texture. A giant unison choral wave, amid sustained outcries by the solo voices, leads to the recapitulation.

3) RECAPITULATION AND CODA.

Da gratiarum munera	Grant us Thy heavenly joy to know,
Da grandiorum praemia.	Abundant grace on us bestow,
Dissolve litis vincula,	From sin's enslavement give release,
Adstringe pacis foedera.	And knit us in the bond of peace.

Gloria Patri Domino,	Praise we the Father and the Son,
Natoque qui a mortis	And Holy Spirit with Them One:
Surrexit, ac Paraclito	And may the Son on us bestow
In saeculorum saecula.	The gifts that from the Spirit flow.

The Invocation Theme now reappears intact, in its initial form. In retrospect, its jubilation was dimmed by a cloud when the development began. Rekindled by the fiery "Light" theme it was immeasurably strengthened by the sturdy fugue. The theme is here re-born, an expression unshakably convincing as peroration. Following upon the prolonged organ-point it seems something truly new, a promise become fulfilment.

The mystic song-theme does not appear in this "recapitulation", a classical term scarcely appropriate to the individual form Mahler gave this movement. Its plea for Divine Grace would be dramatically false at this point. One last call for Guidance: "Go thou before and lead us, so that we may be victorious over all evil". Then with pure, bell-like tones the chorus of boys sounds the majestic "Gloria".



The supreme splendor of the moment is mirrored in awed murmurs in the orchestra: a whispered roll in the timpani; an upward yearning motive in the horns; an ethereal tremolo in the strings. Like a messenger from Heaven, the Invocation Theme, doubly augmented (broadened) is transformed to a "Gloria" in the high voices of the sopranos.



The "Gloria" mood envelopes all, unites all in its universal embrace. With utmost fervor all the choirs, the soloists, the huge orchestra, now increased by an "isolated" brass choir of four trumpets and three trombones, join in the final, most jubilant hymn of all. The scene is luminous with dazzling splendor as the "Light" theme is enveloped in a "Gloria" halo.



## PART TWO

THE LAST SCENE OF *Faust*, PART TWO

The poet of Part Two is a philosopher as well as a singer. Fanaticism forms no element of Goethe's creed. Life-long philosophical reflection has tempered his Faith with an inner fervor so deep, that next to that of Hrabanus it appears curiously calm. Its calmness, however, is only outward. Tempests of spiritual passion, such as the ancient bishop could not have known, rage beneath the romantic German poet's lyric presentation of mankind's yearning for redemption.

The individual metrical structure of each succeeding episode in this "Faust" scene is the sole surface index of its richly varied emotional life. This irregularity gave Mahler the clue to the most apt form in which to set the scene. Probably in a flash of inspiration, as I have suggested in my introductory remarks, he saw the possibility, not only of uniting three symphonic movements into one, but of integrating them in a single master variation-form.

A soft cymbal crash. Above it a high, sustained tremolo in the violins. Thus begins the purely instrumental Adagio that introduces Part Two. Softly the basses (*pizzicato*) send aloft the Light motive in a mysterious, veiled transformation. (As yet there is but a mere hint of the new key, Eb minor, the exact counterpart of the first movement's dominant tonality.) It is an infinitely distant echo of the triumphant "Gloria" that closed the first movement. Drawn from the same melodic source, but set in a totally new rhythm, the gently melancholy main theme is revealed in the woodwind.



The violin's tremolo persists, the only glimmer of light, until the woodwind's shadowy song is brightened by a chorale-like cadence in the bassoons. The horns seek in vain to foster this moment of cheer. The original mood will not be denied. The minor song resumes its interrupted course, dying out on a gradual descent to the tonic. The song-like theme, upon which, more or less freely, the entire Adagio section will be reared, is finished. The rest will be a series of variations, reflecting changes of mood arising as the music unfolds.

The first four variations, the last of which includes an advance fragment of the Scherzo theme, are instrumental, constituting the most extended purely orchestral portion of the symphony. "Tempo somewhat faster", directs the score at the first of these variations. The horn takes up the theme transforming it to a song of passion. Poignant oboes reinforce the new mood, returning the theme to the heights whence it descended. The violins (tremolo) and basses (*pizzicato*) restore the initial atmosphere as the variation closes.

The change of mood is more marked in the second variation. "Faster", urges score. The theme in the horns is opposed by a savage counter-

melody bristling with impetuous, restless rhythms in the violins.

*Allegro Moderato*

Viol. *ff*

Horn

The indications, *accelerando* and *stringendo*, are eloquent of the powerful forward drive of the music. All strings and woodwind are caught up in the abandon of the violins. Darkness falls over the motive of Light, blared in minor by the brass.

In the third variation violent conflict impends, the impassioned mood being maintained throughout. At length a beam of light: a flute quartet "very, very softly", whispers a forecast of joys to come.

4 Flutes

*ppp*

This lightly tripping, rhythmic song (the fourth variation) not only relieves the tension but gives an advance hint of the Scherzo. The cheery message is brief, the melancholy song-theme quickly replacing it. Descending from woodwind to horn, it brings the instrumental prelude to a close.

The curtain rises (Variation 5). The orchestral background is the same as at the start. As though he were setting a drama or oratorio, Mahler actually retains in the score Goethe's scenic description. The aptness of the composer's simply etched tonal picture may be measured by the poet's fancy. Deep solitude hangs over the fantastic, rugged landscape as the voices begin the wondrous tale of the redemption of "Faust's" soul. "Chorus and Echo" sound antiphonally, as if from different levels. The brief choral utterances in sharply pointed rhythms interrupt each other like real echoes. Their peculiar harmonic setting and rhythm lend ghostly character to the voices and the motives. As the antiphonal choirs are suddenly silenced, the instrumental prelude sounds once more. The chorale now issues from the strings, but still remains unfinished. Beneath the portentous tremolo in the violins the significance of the chorale is at last revealed in a full formulation by the choir of "Holy Anchorites".

The scene grows radiant with the original tonality of the work (E♭ major). The solo voice of the "Pater Ecstaticus" takes up the song in a new impassioned reconstruction (Sixth Variation).

*Sehr leidenschaftlich*

E - wi-ger Won-ne-brand,      glüh - en-des Lie - be -band  
 "Eternal flame of Love,  
 The Universe embracing."<sup>5</sup>

Dazzling in the trumpets, the "Light" motive casts a halo over the ardent melody. In its pure, soaring warmth the Pater Ecstaticus seems to reach out yearningly toward the Ultimate Revelation. The earthly shell, however, still clings, hampering the free progress of the soul on its ascent toward Redemption.

Now with mighty tones, "swelling upward out of the deep level," comes the voice of Pater Profundus. His song is intensely dramatic, a veritable storm of emotion. Yet it is lofty in its imagery, as it hymns Nature's mystic role, symbol of the Divinity. It paraphrases the quicker, agitated elements of the instrumental introduction, pointing their significance in words.



cordibus") now becomes the blissful round of the Chorus of Blessed Boys, "circling about the highest peaks".

*ff* Hän - de ver - schlin - get euch freu - dig zum Ring ver - ein  
 "Clasp hands, and dance your blissful roundelay"—

The musical notation shows a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, starting with a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Happy trills in woodwind and strings fill the air, intensifying the fleet, light-textured character of the duet in 'the women's and boys' voices. As these cease, trumpets and oboes carry on the dancelike refrain. Every instrument, with timbre sufficiently light to permit, joins in the blissful trilling. The whole scene is aglow with supernal light. How skilfully the composer has merged the closing portion of the slow section with the beginning of the Scherzo proper!

The Scherzo, now in full swing, is also cast in the variation mould. For the benefit of the more scholarly minded, willing to invest the necessary effort in following, with the score, the stupendous feat in symphonic construction involved in Mahler's successful application of the variation method to this gigantic triple-movement, I offer below, with the kind permission of the author, Hans Tischler's fine analytic diagram, originally published in "Musicology", April, 1949, in connection with his brilliant, scholarly article entitled: "Musical Form in Gustav Mahler's Works". I believe, with Mr. Tischler, that this is the first analysis of Part Two of the *Eighth* ever published, revealing the paramount role played in it by the variation form.<sup>6</sup>

The music displays Scherzo traits for some 50 measures before the descriptive word "Scherzando" in the score gives official confirmation to the new section's character. Utterly charming in its light, rhythmic lyricism is the "Rose Song" of the younger angels ("a selection of the lightest women's voices", directs the score).

*Scherzando grazioso*  
*p dolce*

Je - ne Ro - sen aus den Hän - den

The musical notation shows a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The melody consists of a series of quarter and eighth notes, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are written below the notes.

"Those roses, from such holy hands,"

Set in Eb major, it contains motives drawn from the Invocation theme-group. One of these, originally reflecting conflict with evil spirits, is now eloquent of their conquest through the power of Love, the universal warmth of which is the burden of the "Rose Song". The orchestral tone

<sup>6</sup> "The Second Part of VIII is actually the combination of three movements, namely the usual slow movement of a symphony in variation form, a scherzo, also in variation form, whose theme is exposed in variation No. 4 of the slow movement, and a finale with themes derived from the other two sections, whose

grows more and more ethereal. The happy episode culminates in an outburst of jubilation, the trumpets playing the "Light" theme in the new "Redemption" form it has recently achieved.

Suddenly, a shadow falls over the scene. The swift tempo begins to drag, a depressing motive in fourths reminding one of the end of the Invocation theme-group in Part One. Yet the music, the dark "Infirma" (choral) episode of Part One virtually intact, now takes on a new significance, revealed by the accompanying verses. Sung by the chorus of "more perfect angels", these tell compassionately of the soul of Faust still not wholly purified of earthly taint. Formally, this passage represents an interpolation in the Scherzo, the unfolding of the content (theme) of which has already passed through four variations. "Very ardently", the alto solo brings back the song-theme of Part One, rounding it out completely in a cadence on the tonic. In its former appearance, at the end of the exposition in Part One, it had been left unfinished. The last chasm has been bridged. In a bright melodic reconstruction drawn from the orchestral prelude (Adagio) the chorus of "younger angels"

development is combined with, and in part replaced by, the second section of the scherzo. Several reminiscences from VIII, 1 and a mighty coda further complicate the picture. An approximate analysis would be as follows:

...	N8	N14M3	N18-N21		N24-N32M6		N39
ADAGIO-Theme	Var. 1	2	3	4: Scherzo-Theme	5	6	
	E-flat Minor				E-flat Major		
A	.....			S	.....		A
	N39-N43-M3N48-N53		N60		N63M4		N66M5
	E-flat Minor		Int <sup>9</sup> +VIII, 1	SCHERZO-Var. 1	2	E-flat Major	
A	.....			S	.....		
	N66M5	N70	N75	N81	N85	N89	
	E-flat Minor	E-flat Major	D Minor	E-flat Major-Minor	B Major		
S	.....			S	.....		
	N89	N97	N106	N121	N125	M2N128	
	FINALE-Theme 1	Int	Theme 2	Var. 7	8		
	E Major		E-flat Major	E Major	E-flat Minor	E-flat Major	
F	.....			F	S		
	M2N128-N132-N135		N142		N146-N148	N155	N161
	9	Int	10	11	Int 12+s2	13+s2	
	G Minor	C Major-A Minor		A Major	D Major		
S	.....			S	.....		
	N161-N165	N172	N181	M5N203-N208-N213-N218-end			
	14	VIII,1	s2+1	s2+1	CODA		
	E-flat Major		B-flat Major				
S	.....			F	A		F
	.....				A		.....

## EXPLANATORY

"N" stands for the rehearsal numbers, identical in all forms of the published score.

"A" stands for "Adagio".

"S" stands for "Scherzo".

"F" stands for "Finale".

"Int" stands for "Interlude".

"s" stands for "Subject".

"M" stands for "Measure".

bids the awakening to new life (return to Scherzo) amid radiantly pealing bells.

*Frisch*



Ich spür' so e - ben ne - belnd um Fel - sen - höh'

"Behold how the advancing Spirit  
Wings His way o'er the misty heights."

For the third and last time the Blessed Boys resume their blissful round, welcoming the newly arrived, redeemed soul into their midst. At first merely "accompanying" (subordinated), then suddenly outstanding in its ecstasy, the song of "Dr. Marianus" (whom many Goethe-experts identify with Faust's soul) issues from the "loftiest, purest cell", hymning the dazzling vision of Heaven.

*Mit voller Stimme, plötzlich hervortretend*



*ff* Hö - chste Herr - scher - in der Welt!

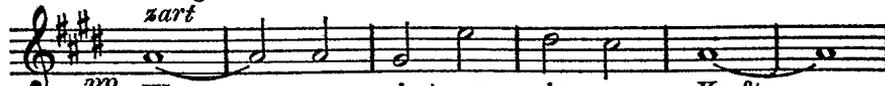
"Empress of the world, Supreme!"

The song, set in the brilliant tonality of E major, is the opening theme of the Finale. Its tremendous devotional fervor receives appropriate harmonic and melodic support in the orchestra. In the solo violin, *molto devoto*, the song becomes a melody of infinite tenderness. "Dr. Marianus", accompanied by a chorus of men, seems to sink into holy contemplation as the song breaks off incomplete on the dominant. Save for the "Light" motive in the horns, only a whisper of harp-like harmonies survives in the orchestra.

The last veil has fallen, revealing Heaven transfigured. Above the ethereal harmonies the solo violin plays a beautiful song (*Adagissimo*) in extremely slow tempo, expressively, yet very softly (with bow near the fingerboard to intensify the melody's sweetness). This deeply spiritual theme heralds the approach of the "Mater Gloriosa". It is a more ecstatic re-creation of the song of "Dr. Marianus" apostrophizing the "Supreme Queen of the Universe".

Choral voices, praying for the female penitents crouched at the feet of the Universal Mother, at first mingle with the orchestral sounds, then achieve independent song in touching phrases.

*Langsam. Schwebend*  
*zart*



*pp* Wer — zer - reisst - aus eig - ner Kraft —

"What mortal has the strength to break  
The chains of all temptations?"



Komm!  
*Sehr langsam*

Komm!

“Come! Come! Ascend to loftier spheres—”

Her compassionate, universe-encompassing single-syllable blessing, “Come”, is echoed by the chorus in an almost toneless whisper. Beyond it only the harmonium continues to sound. Dr. Marianus, first to awaken from ecstatic contemplation, begins a hymn-like prayer. His “tender, but fervent” words and tones, the coda of the poem and the music, herald the solution of the Riddle of Existence to the spellbound assemblage. They disclose the inmost significance of the initial theme of the introduction.

*Sehr gehalten, zart aber innig*

Auf zum Ret-ter-blick, al-le reu-ig Zar-ten

“Up ye penitents,  
Rise to your Salvation—”

The broad-winged melody is taken up by the double choir and Chorus of Boys; its goal is the lofty Gloriosa Theme. Waves of luxurious strings and wood wind harmonies accompany the ascent. The tonality brightens from E $\flat$  to E major. As the Gloriosa melody envelopes chorus and orchestra, all is bathed in dazzling brilliance. A moment of transfiguration, then the choir sinks back to E $\flat$  major to become hushed on the dominant. “Gaze aloft”, echo the horns and woodwind. “Gloria”, intone the trombones (fff). Slowly the scene dissolves amid a shimmer of harp-tones. The Heaven-revealing miracle has taken place.

Devout contemplation follows upon the experience. Muted strings, whispering the tonic chord, open the final song. “Very slowly, mysteriously; a mere breath of sound”, directs the score, as the united choirs disclose the oracular answer to the Great Riddle.

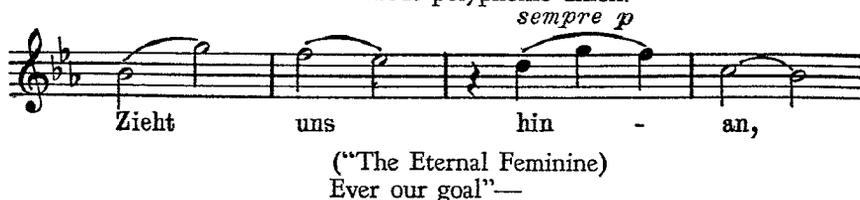
*Chorus mysticus*  
*(Wie ein Hauch)*

*ppp* Al-les Ver-gäng-li-che ist nur ein Gleich-nis

“All things that come and go  
Are merely symbols”—

The introductory theme seems new born, crystal clear at last as symbol

of the transitory. The Gloriosa melody of the omnipotent "Eternal Feminine" dominates it in a felicitous polyphonic union.



"Eternal, eternal", vows the melody ecstatically. The Chorus Mysticus merges all the voices, the supporting orchestral volume mounting to utmost sonority. And now a truly wonderful human touch amid all this supernal glory: one last glimpse of mortal man and his earth-bound yearning: "Trumpets and trombones isolated", as though echoing out of the symphony's Part One in the distant world below, send aloft the broadened Invocation motive. Meanwhile, their heavenly counterparts, the trumpets and trombones in the orchestra, join in the blissful, bell-like instrumental paean surrounding the "Gloria". Thus, in a mystic union of symbols of the mortal and immortal, the gigantic Hymn to Eros comes to an end.

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### BRUCKNER'S EIGHTH ON RECORDS

Among the many worth-while recordings made available by Deutsche Grammophon, easily the most important is that of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, hitherto unrecorded, performed by the Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Eugen Jochum. The dissension in this country between the Brucknerites and the anti-Brucknerites has not lessened. The Austrian master's necessity of a huge canvas for the expression of his ideas is just as great a barrier to the appreciation of his message to some of our commentators as it was to those of a past generation.

Bruckner's architectonical procedure has never seemed anything but ineluctable to me, when the immensity and profundity of his ideational world are properly taken into consideration. And the indisputable fact remains that when the Austrian master's symphonies are played in shortened versions they emerge as emasculated, truly formless monstrosities.

The Eighth Symphony contains some of Bruckner's finest music. The long-spun Adagio is surely one of the sublimest slow movements ever conceived by any composer and the Scherzo too, with its exquisitely tender trio, is among the most extraordinary movements in this form. The corner movements, too, are replete with elevated and deeply affecting pages. Mr. Jochum's discourse is a highly perceptive, admirably integrated one, and the recording is rich and luminous in sound, unsullied by disturbing surface noises.

Jerome D. Bohm, *N.Y. Herald Tribune*

## ALL IN THE FAMILY

by Philip Greeley Clapp

Someone has remarked that an artist has to have artistic as well as biological ancestors, and that, since he can choose his own, he will do well to choose good ones. Inevitably he and his artistic progeny will from time to time show marked "family resemblance" to his forbears, sometimes even to what Mark Twain used to call his "platform ancestors,"—meaning those who might have been hanged on the gallows rather than hung up in the parlor or any other family mausoleum.

In any case, family resemblances, biological or psychological, which attract attention are the ones which recall the best-remembered traits of those ancestors who were most positively alive when they exhibited them; whether a man is conscious or unconscious of emulating or even imitating an ancestor seems less important than whether he thereby becomes more himself or less so. It is no reproach to say, "He has his father's eyes": a man has earned full title to his eyes if he uses them to express his own thoughts, provided he has any and expresses them eloquently. Nobody but a scavenger of "reminiscences" accuses Beethoven of plagiarizing his first *Eroica* theme from Mozart's *Bastien et Bastienne*, though the enterprising "analyst" who first recorded in print what must have been evident to everyone who had heard or read both compositions probably got paid for "discovering" it,—one remembers Brahms's retort to the resemblance of the first measure of his A major sonata to the *Preislied*, "*das bemerkt ja jeder Esel.*" Nevertheless, genealogy is an interesting study psychologically as well as biologically; and, so long as creative artists create personal idioms for themselves rather than brand-new languages, a sympathetic study of "influences" may be enlightening so long as it avoids that pedantry which inebriates but does not cheer.

Our musical genealogists have certainly reached a consensus, too familiar to restate here, as to the musical lineage of Anton Bruckner and every Brucknerian schoolboy knows not only that his great *Te Deum* was performed in 1885 and fairly frequently since, but—and this is more important—has at least a fairly close acquaintance with the actual work itself through study of the score and occasional hearings. Nevertheless, few analysts or biographers give any degree of emphasis to marked stylistic and psychological family resemblances between any passages and sections of this great work to passages and sections in Verdi's *Requiem* (1874), which immediately after its first production became familiar to the musical public all over the world and has remained so. It would be a fascinating and not improbably remunerative project for a historian to try to determine to what extent and in what manner Bruckner may have been acquainted with and influenced by Verdi's work during the

formative period of his own choral-orchestral masterpiece; what is immediately clear to anyone who is fairly familiar with both scores is that the psychology of both composers, the other-worldly and devout Bruckner and the far from other-worldly and hardly conventionally devout Verdi, the one a saintly lay preacher of religion, the other a high-priest of the theater, prompted both masters to express certain cosmic and mystical conceptions tonally in a dramatic idiom which meets and touches again and again. Not improbably an investigator would eventually conclude that there is less probability of a direct influence of Verdi upon Bruckner than of a strong influence of Liszt's *Graner-Messe* (1856) upon both Bruckner and Verdi.

Still more important is the clear fact that Mahler, especially in his Eighth symphony, shows the influence not only of Bruckner's *Te Deum*, but also that of Liszt's *Graner-Messe* and Verdi's *Requiem*, with all three of which he must have been familiar both as a comprehensive student of musical masterpieces and probably as a conductor and production director. However, Mahler's style and individuality are not to be accounted for by adding Liszt and Verdi to such acknowledged influences as Wagner and Bruckner, or further adding Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Berlioz, Strauss, and others, or by conveniently classifying him as "eclectic,"—a favorite *cliché* by which critics insinuate that Mahler or any other composer who displays a richer heritage than the faithful disciple of one tutor might show is a burglarious person comparable to Meyerbeer in acquisitiveness and, if a conductor and producer, exceeding him in opportunity. Mahler indeed, like Bach and Wagner for that matter, is "eclectic" in the sense that he employs a rich vocabulary to express a rich ideology, and that both his vocabulary and his ideology, like those of many eminent composers, poets, and philosophers, show family traits derived from a variety of ancestors, most of them honorable. But whereas an "eclectic" vocabulary without much ideology may produce a Meyerbeer, whose style Wagner wittily characterized as "effect without cause," lack of ideology is hardly to be imputed to a poet and philosopher of dynamic imagination and individuality, whether his name be Wagner, Goethe, Michelangelo, or—Mahler. Naturally, time rather than contemporary criticism is to determine how Mahler is finally to be compared with creative masters who preceded him by decades or centuries; but it seems not too early to compare him with the best rather than the least of his contemporaries and to credit him with a rich classic-romantic heritage rather than accuse him of sneak-thievery.

Meanwhile, the discussion of factors in his style is still pertinent so long as his individuality and achievement as a whole excite lively controversy. The reading musical public is told that Mahler's personal acquaintance with such of his contemporaries as Richard Strauss, Gustave Charpentier, and many another proved intellectually fertile both for him and for them; the listening musical public hears some interchange of ideas among them in their compositions, - an interchange as legitimate as it is natural so long as all concerned are broadened and not narrowed, enriched and not overborne. But the public can hardly be expected to

hear what is not performed, and should not be expected to believe without direct verification too much of what is merely told; thus it comes about that music-lovers are often confused by originality until, paradoxically, they can form some conception of the variety of its origins.

Just as no biographer can catalog all the books which may have influenced the thinking of an active-minded writer, life would not be long enough for one investigator to compile all the influences which affected a mind such as that of Gustav Mahler, who apparently read every book and score which he could lay his hands upon, and spent most of his waking hours throughout his adolescent and adult lifetime planning and preparing for performance a huge operatic and symphonic repertory, concurrently snatching enough time to create a series of monumental symphonic compositions, and quite incidentally carrying on memorable conversations with congenial people on every conceivable subject.\* But now and then one may come upon some apparently significant event or document which acts as a catalytic in the process of learning to understand in some degree the mind of a creative man. Just as one may pick up a key on the highway, and find that it unlocks a door or two which one has wished to open, one may find that a particular document seems at least partly to bridge a gap in some as yet incomplete series of logically connected data.

To-day it seems fairly established that at least Beethoven, Wagner, and Bruckner are prepotent ancestors of Mahler, though controversy still rages as to whether Mahler really has established himself in the royal line as more than a black sheep; on the whole the trustees of the estate are readier than they were to welcome him back as at least a prodigal son, and an avuncular-nepotic relationship to Liszt and even Berlioz is quietly acknowledged if not too emphatically approved. But since, even a few years ago, when Mahler and Strauss still seemed "new" to many, the public was more conscious of their differences than of traits in common, to-day, when more and more listeners find, as the two composers themselves found in their lifetime, that their relationship, though far short of identical twinship, was at least cousinly, their admirers seem to regard any family resemblance as scandalous to one or the other rather than as an honor to both. On the other hand, the closeness of Mahler's artistic relationship to Bruckner is now no longer regarded as that of a son to a father; and there are those who find little in common between them except a tendency to write longer symphonies than the musical police are willing to approve. The last-named gentry are disposed not to listen after thirty minutes, even if they ever start; but listeners who were not "born tired" hear in Mahler much which he shares with Bruckner, including a fair amount which he legitimately derived from Bruckner, together with other legitimate "influences," yet, most of all, so vivid and all-

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\* By sheer luck I found myself, in 1910, in Munich, walking away from the Prinzregenten Theater after a performance of *Salome*, just behind Mahler and Oskar Fried; naturally I trailed them until they found a taxi, and was sorry, like Macbeth, that I had not three ears. What Mahler covered in ten minutes could not have been written out in ten volumes, - or forgotten in thirty-nine years. - P.G.C.

encompassing an expression of his own dynamic personality that people to-day who have heard a fair number of good Mahler performances are ready to enjoy or reject his compositions according as they like or dislike the personality which he reveals in them,—certainly a better criterion than conformity or non-conformity to any pattern or model.

Those who love Mahler best,—and these are usually the ones who love Bruckner best,—still realize that the Mahler psychology is not a simple one, and seek to understand him and his works better and better, leaving “final verdicts” to those sophomores, old and young, who no longer seek truth because they know it already—that is to say, those who do not desire “more light” because they are already dazzled. To people who love Bruckner and Mahler too much to swallow them in one gulp as “Bruckner’n’ Mahler” I address the following paragraphs.—

In 1904 or 1905 Frederick Delius had completed his choral-orchestral *Mass of Life* (published 1907), with text from Nietzsche’s *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. At the time Delius had already received more recognition in Germany than elsewhere, and was devoting more of his attention to German subjects and texts than he did earlier or later. During the same period the Nietzsche cult in Germany had been and still was in full swing; Strauss, always “timely,” had brought out his own *Also Sprach Zarathustra* in 1896, to be followed by *Elektra* in 1909. Delius, during his period of partial preoccupation with German texts and performances of his own works in Germany, continued to live in France, but seems to have been in very close touch with German music and musicians, and the latter seem also to have kept in close touch with him and his works; this is especially true of those German composers who, while proudly claiming Wagner as a prepotent ancestor, were disposed vigorously to strike out for themselves rather than merely repeat and embellish the Wagnerian message and idiom. Full documentation of the relationship of Delius to his German contemporaries is a matter for preparing at least a volume rather than a short essay; but a beginning might be made by a brief review of *prima facie* material to be found in the *Mass of Life*.<sup>\*</sup> This review is, frankly, a series of personal reactions to Delius’s music rather than a technical analysis, and represents direct observation rather than schematic dissection.

\* \* \* \*

Delius’s *Mass of Life* opens, as hymns frequently do, with an affirmation of faith in a creative spirit, and invokes a feeling of cosmic grandeur by immediately employing some standard epic techniques. True, Nietzsche’s text deifies “my Will” where earlier texts praise God the Lord or identify the Holy Spirit with the Creator; but, since Bruckner in his *Te Deum*, Delius in his *Mass of Life*, and Mahler in his setting of the *Veni Creator* all elect to start off *fortissimo* with a rhythmically accentuated tonic pedal as accompaniment to a choral statement of basic thematic material

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\* References are to the vocal score republished in 1935 by Universal-Edition (Wien-Leipzig), based upon the original edition published in 1907 by Verlag-Harmonie (Berlin).

which begins straightforwardly in the tonic but promptly ramifies into other chords and presently presages other tonalities, anyone who hears any two, let alone all three, of these opening passages immediately experiences a sense of "family resemblance" as to content and style, though, if he has been over-trained in the favorite academic indoor sport of reminiscence-hunting, he may, for lack of quotable thematic motives in the respective first phrases, miss the forest because he cannot immediately identify any one "brown tree in the foreground."

Let a listener continue at the alert for about twelve seconds, when Delius proceeds to introduce into his melodic line a variety of curves and angles, some diatonic and some semi-chromatic, of a type which Bruckner had introduced in moderation into the *Te Deum* and Strauss in profusion into *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, with which Delius can hardly have escaped considerable acquaintance. Later Mahler, who presumably knew his Bruckner and Strauss by heart, and probably was acquainted with the *Mass of Life*, used this type of melodic structure again and again in the *Veni Creator*, with masterly logical development.

On page 4 of the *Mass of Life* Delius suddenly plumps out with a thematic bit which sounds like a decided foretaste of similar material and treatment in *Elektra* (1909); on page 7 and thereafter he goes Bruckner's way rather than Strauss's in developing this material. On page 11 he uses two measures of rather Straussian chords as a transition to a prophecy of what Mahler was going to do later in some of his subsidiary passages, and, on page 14, makes joyful noises of a type which Strauss had already made again and again and which he and Mahler were to make again and again afterwards. On page 19 there is another foretaste of *Elektra*, this time rhythmic; on page 23, over some rather Straussian harmony there are some figured embellishments of a type often to be found in Bruckner; on page 25 Delius uses a solo high trumpet in Mahler's manner (not forgetting Strauss); on page 37, just before the climactic close of Delius's first movement, one measure is peculiarly *Elektrical*.

Delius's short second movement makes almost constant use of a rhythm which Strauss employs later as basic material for *Elektra*'s final dance of purification and most of the earlier passages in *Elektra* which foreshadow it, including *Elektra*'s early apostrophe to the shade of Agamemnon. Delius's third movement, though decidedly "in the family," affords fewer specific items for a hungry reminiscence-hunter to pounce upon; but a decidedly Brucknerian bit of florid embellishment on page 51, some Bruckner bass counterpoint on pages 52 and 53, and a sustained climax (pp. 55 ff.) which could hardly have been conceived by a composer unfamiliar with the advent of Isolde's ship in the third act of *Tristan*,—not to mention the *Tanzlied* in Strauss's *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, whose composer knew his *Tristan* rather well,—at least assure us that Delius, though ever himself, was rarely out of touch with his nearer and dearer relatives. However, on page 81, he does seem to have taken a short vacation in England, bringing back a little melody which resembles the folksongs of the country which gave him physical birth but, only later,

artistic rebirth; on page 85 he perhaps gives notice of his return to the bosom of his adopted family by introducing a bass figure in ascending fifths such as Father Anton loved to use, and this figure, by a series of transmutations, gradually assumes, before the close of the fourth movement on page 92, the familiar aspect of the principal motive of Cousin Richard's *Zarathustra*.

Meticulous "analysis" of Mahler's vocal setting (Symphony III. 1896), Delius's vocal setting (*Mass of Life*, pp. 85-6, with later thematic references), and Strauss's orchestral interpretation (following the climax of the *Tanzlied* in *Zarathustra*) of Nietzsche's text, "O Mensch! Gib Acht!" etc., which in Nietzsche's text accompanies the twelve strokes of the "heavy, humming bell," is a musicological job rather than an artistic study, since the three composers give thematically quite different settings of this important textual fragment, each fitting his individual setting into the broad scheme of his respective tonal epic; after all, if one has to count and measure the trees in a forest one employs a forester rather than a poet for at least the statistical part of the task. Of Delius's fifth movement, which completes Part I. of the *Mass of Life*, one may say that it logically completes for the time being the development of musical and poetic ideas presented in the earlier movements, whose progress throughout Part I. is from dynamic and stormy "yes-saying" to a tranquil and serene ecstasy.

But his tranquil and serene ecstasy is no ultimate Nirvana. Part II. opens with a short orchestral prelude (pp. 104-5) in which the listener is aroused from his dreams of eternity by trombone, horn, and trumpet calls, alternately near and far, which derive their whole aspect in matter and manner from psychologically similar passages in the finale of Mahler's *Resurrection* symphony (1895); Delius then promptly discharges his debt to Mahler, in an immediately following first movement (of Part II. pp. 106-130), which foreshadows, not thematically but psychologically, the mighty passage in Mahler VIII. which begins with the words *Accende lumen sensibus* and continues with Mahler, as with Delius, into the beginning of a grandiose recapitulation of earlier material enriched and fertilized by the new motives and themes.

The end of the first movement of Part II. marks a turning point in the development of the whole composition. The five movements which follow, of which only one is long and two are very short, introduce to be sure an abundance of subsidiary themes which seem new in aspect; but these are not new basic themes and motives. They are, rather, evolutionary developments of the material which Delius has already presented and already richly developed in the earlier movements; in developing them further by generative rather than relatively literal restatement Delius realizes the logical requirement of a complete recapitulation yet still continues to build forward and upward steadily toward a final climax which he reserves until the very end. This climax is not the conventional *fortississimo* rumpus of time-hallowed classic-romantic tradition, but a real climax of serene ecstasy, a peace which passeth the understanding even of Nietzsche: for the least sympathetic reader of that would-be philoso-

phical poet must realize that striving vainly to build a Nirvana on nerves had probably much to do with driving the poor fellow mad.

In sketching the *materia musica* of Delius's setting of selected texts from Nietzsche I have laid more emphasis upon its musical than upon its philosophical ancestry, and gone on into a suggestion of its musical progeny; even so the esthetic significance of the *Mass of Life* is psychological rather than technological. Clearly Delius was not primarily concerned to "set" a condensation of Nietzsche's prose poem to music, but rather to express in tones something which he himself, as poet-philosopher, felt urged to say; equally clearly he himself selected from Nietzsche's book such texts as would serve his own expressive purpose, just as he quite properly selected a part of his musical vocabulary from what must be regarded as his "native" language, - the musical speech of his Wagnerian contemporaries, among whom Bruckner, Strauss, and Mahler are the most important. He in turn clearly influenced Strauss and Mahler in their later compositions, and quite legitimately. Had Delius expressed himself in words rather than tones, he would probably have written in English rather than in German, French, or Esperanto, though he was scholar enough to write in any language which would serve his purpose, and the influence of his reading in many languages would have appeared from time to time in his text.

But to trace prepotent influences in a man's style does not account for his individuality, if he has any. What is still more important is what of himself he expresses in what he has to say; and, while this, too, is not a matter entirely of spontaneous generation but has its own ancestry, whatever in a man's style of expression cannot be traced to one or two prepotent influences contributes more to his aggregate individuality than specific "influences," however marked. This is the moment to point out that what makes the *Mass of Life* true Delius and no *pastiche* of "influences," is the fact that, during the whole composition, the rhapsodic Delius of, for example, *Sea Drift* and the preponderance of his earlier and later compositions is ever present, is always in full command, and even grows measurably. By the same token, the *Mass of Life* becomes in turn a living "influence" not only upon the later works of the composers with whom he had an honest exchange of ideas - both matter and manner - but also upon the later compositions of Delius himself. These later compositions as such are not within the scope of the present essay; but, since Delius's "influence" upon other composers is a part of the study of his musical family history, the fertility of this influence must be accounted for, and can be accounted for only by showing that Delius was a growing individual and not a mere copyist.

Part II. of the *Mass of Life* opens with a quasi-quotation from Mahler's *Resurrection* symphony, as previously stated; and, after page 139, there are some lilting passages in which the Rhinemaidens seem for a while to have joined the by now not inconsiderable ensemble, albeit not too obtrusively. Otherwise, in Part II., there is little to reward the reminiscence-hunter, but more than ever to interest the sympathetic student of Mahler and Strauss, who of course were no copyists either, regardless of what the critical muck-raking squad may say.

The short second movement of Part II. may be described as pretty exclusively *Sea-Drift* Delius; but, with the considerably longer third movement, there occurs a marked foretaste (pp. 135-7) of some of the atmospheric orchestral passages early in the *Faust* portion of Mahler VIII., and later (pp. 152-8) some definite anticipations of *Elektra* and even *Ariadne auf Naxos* (1912). In the prevailing quiet and reflective fourth movement (pp. 164-179) there is a contrasting *forte* section (pp. 171 ff.) in which some *Elektra* rhythms served Delius well at the time, and, apparently, proved helpful to Strauss not long after; some of these are continued in the fifth movement (notably on page 181, and rather markedly for a few measures on page 185).

In the *finale* (pp. 189-90) occurs a passage of some duration which definitely foreshadows the invocation of the Virgin in the *Faust* scene of Mahler VIII.; and, from time to time throughout Part II., there are many passages and episodes, besides the one already noted (pp. 135-7), in which Delius's use of solo voices, especially the baritone, with an interweaving contrapuntal accompaniment anticipate rhythmically and in the texture of the orchestration similarly beautiful and rather similarly treated passages in Mahler's *Faust* scene. Still more noteworthy is Delius's use, during the whole of the *Mass of Life*, but particularly in Part II., of passages for solo voice with colorful "open" delicate accompaniments whose harmonic, contrapuntal, and rhythmic structure and texture, at poignant moments, looks ahead again and again to the structure and texture of the many more similar passages of which Mahler builds the larger portion of *Das Lied von der Erde*; instances are too numerous as well as too varied in detail even to begin a catalog, but the fact remains that these two tone-poets so often reacted alike to similar poetic stimuli as irrefragably to prove not only a common psychology but also a considerable exchange of ideas during the period when they could have been and undoubtedly were acquainted with each other's work.

Other psychological parallelisms too numerous to list in detail but apparently too significant to ignore occur again and again in Delius's propensity to employ certain tonalities at determinative points to "key-note" certain moods and to sustain these tonalities as long as they serve to emphasize the special significance of the idea expressed. Delius can almost be depended upon to use E-flat major wherever Bruckner or Mahler would have used it for expressive purposes, and B major wherever Wagner, Liszt, or Strauss would have used it, and in the same manner, allowing for individual differences; and, of course, there is much parallelism in matters of structure as an aid to expression through unity in variety, such as the employment of thematic motives which, as a formally logical development proceeds, take on the attributes of "leading" motives by association with particular characterizing words in the text, and recapitulations which sum up development rather than merely repeat themes.

And so comes the close and climax of the *Mass of Life*—a broadened and enriched restatement of the text, "*O Mensch! Gib Acht!*" which first appeared in Part I.; then it was sung by men's voices with contralto *obbligato*, this time by baritone solo with full chorus. The ineffable calm

beauty of this final passage, after all the storm and stress with which the work began, achieves a climax of serenity which is much helped by the use of the good old family key of B major,—compare the endings of *Tristan*, Liszt's B minor sonata, and the suggested Nirvana in Strauss's *Zarathustra*; and, at the very close, when Delius sets the final word, "Ewigkeit" to a chord consisting of the tonic triad with the supertonic and submediant added (compare the C major ending of *Das Lied von der Erde*, in which a similar chord forms the harmonic and psychological foundation for reiteration of the word "Ewig . . . ewig"), a devout admirer of the whole royal line may be justified in interrupting his devotions long enough to murmur, with a smile, "all in the family."

And a royal family it is, whose outstanding traits persist and grow from each generation to the next because its members stand on their own feet and use their own brains, though they may have inherited both their feet and their brains from their ancestors instead of trying to contrive them *ex vacuo* or from any of the certified *vacua* that one can buy at the academic drugstore or any other, and though they may have been helped in learning to walk and think by studying and emulating their ablest relatives rather than depending alone upon piecemeal instruction purchased by instalments from the officially licensed dispensaries. As to Delius, the musical public knows his later compositions fairly well, and is familiar with most of the principal compositions of Wagner and Strauss, and an ever-growing portion of the public is increasingly familiar with Bruckner and Mahler; but the *Mass of Life* is definitely less well known, and it seems appropriate to direct attention not only to its place genealogically in the dynasty of which it is a part, but to its own inherent beauty, power, and individuality.

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#### KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO RICHARD BURGIN

The Mahler Medal, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the Bruckner Society of America, Inc., was awarded to Richard Burgin for his efforts to create greater interest in and appreciation of Mahler's music in the U. S. A. On January 30 and 31, 1942, Mr. Burgin performed the third and fourth movements of Mahler's *Fourth*; on October 6 and 7 of that year, he conducted two performances of the *First*. On March 19 and 20, 1943, Mr. Burgin presented the first movement of the *Third* and in December of the same year, *Das Lied von der Erde*. *Das Lied von der Erde* as well as Mahler's *Fourth* under Burgin's direction were broadcast over NBC in March 1945. On November 19, 20, and 21, 1948, Mr. Burgin conducted Mahler's *Fifth* which was received with cheers by the three audiences. After the performance of the *Fifth*, the Kilenyi Mahler medal was presented by Mr. Warren Storey Smith, of the Boston Post, acting on behalf of the Society.

# THE EIGHTH SYMPHONY OF BRUCKNER

An Analysis

by

ROBERT SIMPSON

## I

This analysis, the first reasonably complete one in English to be made from the original score, is intended for those interested enough to obtain the new Hamburg recording of the symphony: these notes will be found helpful towards a closer grasp of the work's very massive structure. They do not, however, claim to be exhaustive; space permits only the most rigid adherence to the subject and any points that do not bear directly on the main outlines, however interesting, have been ruthlessly quashed until it becomes possible to include them in a really detailed treatment of the music. As, alas, the majority of readers will have only the "revised" Universal Edition, the bar-numbers of both versions will be given whenever necessary. The relative merits of the two editions will naturally be discussed as the relevant questions arise.

As the Seventh Symphony is Bruckner's most subtly poised and tonally intricate work, so is this Eighth, the third of his C minor symphonies, the sum of all the more trenchant elements of his style. It in no way covers the same ground as its precursor, nor does it, except in matters of harmonic detail, anticipate the Ninth. Its sweeping dramatic force is unprecedented in Bruckner's music: though there are earlier hints of some of the themes (in Nos. 2, 3, and 4, for instance) and individual movements show stirrings of dark energies, no whole work can be said to foretell the Eighth as, say, Mozart's 25th symphony (K. 185) seems to point to the great G minor, or Beethoven's D minor sonata, Op. 31, No. 2 hints at that in F minor, Op. 57. Bruckner's Eighth is the first full upshot of matters hitherto hidden in undercurrents and only intermittently allowed to erupt.

It is very significant that these forces compel Bruckner in the first movement to a mastery of a newly-expanded sonata style. His normal methods are quite opposed to those of the sonata-symphony, and he usually depends on two fundamental principles, (a) a subtly original view of key as a means to structure and (b) a deliberate and far-sighted spacing of mass and void, climax and anticlimax, sound and silence, treated plastically almost after the manner of a visual artist. These processes are well shown (in different ways) in the Fifth, Seventh, and Ninth symphonies, and the superficial semblances of sonata-shapes that can be construed in these works have often led to serious misunderstandings. When Bruckner so wishes, he can create true sonata style on a huge scale; examples of this

can be found in the first movements of Nos. 4 and 8 and the *Adagio* of No. 6. These are not the only cases, but they are undoubtedly the greatest: besides these and a few other large designs, there are also the remarkably terse and varied *scherzi*, all of which are real sonata movements. Like all true and flexible artists, Bruckner bends method to stylistic or expressive purpose and is consistent in so doing: a fascinating essay could be devoted to the reasons for his choice of structural principles in individual works. Here attention must remain on the Eighth, and for the moment it need only be said that the sonata style of the first movement was inevitably dictated by the turbulent nature of the material.

The main theme is given out in grim disquieting fragments, and is in this unusual for Bruckner, most of whose opening subjects are of a flowing continuous quality, even when (as in No. 1) they happen to be rhythmically energetic: here there are long gaps between the phrases. Other themes (in Nos. 3, 4, and 6) anticipate this characteristic, but none has such pith as this.

Ex. 1

The musical score for Ex. 1 consists of two systems. The first system shows a piano (pp) accompaniment with a treble staff of chords and a bass staff of a rhythmic pattern. Annotations (a) and (b) are placed above the bass staff. The second system continues the piano accompaniment, marked with a crescendo (cresc.) and a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. It includes a triplet of eighth notes in the bass staff labeled (c) and ends with 'etc.'.

The tonality is at first obscure, suggesting B flat minor or perhaps D flat, and the mystery is deepened until as late as bar 22, when an expected close in C minor is foiled by the *fortissimo* outburst of the opening F, now felt as the clear subdominant of C. The violent counterstatement reinforces the real tonic, C minor, with the drum, but it is not allowed to close in that key and it softens in the direction of A flat, finally falling on to the home dominant, G major, at bar 51. The appearance of a beautiful new theme insists that the ear accept for the moment G major as an established key.

Ex. 2 (bar 51) (note rhythm derived from Ex. 1 (c))

The musical score for Ex. 2 is for Violin I. It features a melodic line with a dynamic marking of piano (p) and a tempo/style marking of 'breit und ausdrucksvoll'. The score includes triplet markings and a crescendo (cresc.) marking. It ends with 'etc.'.

This contains some of Bruckner's typical "passing keys" and it swells out to an urgent affirmation of the new key (around bar 70). Its second statement (from bar 73) has a different continuation, which moves into the dark region of E flat minor, where a new creeping threat occurs, a theme that must strongly have affected Mahler while he wrote the first movement of his Second Symphony.

Ex. 3 (bar 97)

and that although C minor was strongly thrust forward by the first group, that key was never allowed to form any kind of conclusive cadence. The composer relied on power of suggestion and inference to impress C minor on the mind as the basis of the passage. He now recognises the clamouring fact that a full, sufficiently spacious and unequivocal dominant preparation is the only thing that will replace the home tonic firmly enough to balance and efface the vastly comprehensive establishment of E flat at the end of the exposition. Presumably that is his object as he now settles down to one of his own peculiarly cumulative dominant *crescendi*, with the inversion of Ex. 2 (a) in the violins, punctuated by Ex. 1 (a) deep in the bass at shortening intervals. But Bruckner is not so simple as many would have us believe. Most other composers would have been satisfied to reinstate C minor by an exciting preparation of this kind, with a plain and probably impressive statement of Ex. 1 at the height of the climax, perhaps expanded commensurately and almost certainly chained to the tonic by a pedal, for it is by nature a modulating theme. No doubt to point triumphantly to the essential banality of such a scheme is to be wise after the event, but how, after such an event as Bruckner's actual procedure, can anyone be anything but wise? He allows the dominant preparation to go on for 11 bars, and then the bass (Ex. 1 (a)) starts to rise by semitones, the violins slip weirdly from their pitch and the horns become articulate (bar 212). In five bars the music heaves bewilderingly: then it finds a grip at bar 217 on the dominant of B flat minor and the rising tumult sweeps in Ex. 1 (b) in the bass, augmented and titanic, in precisely the same tonal position as at the start of the symphony, this time combined with a free augmented inversion of Ex. 2 (a) to form a colossal irruption of sound. Three times this mighty combination appears, and at the end of the third there is an abrupt *pianissimo*, with C minor fully established.

What is the real point of this passage? In effect the composer says: "My main subject is a modulating one—it begins on the dominant of B flat minor and moves chromatically to C (Ex. 1 (b)). If I were to recapitulate it in C minor, I would have to do one of two things, (i) I could start it on the note G, whence it would move to D, which could then be treated quite simply as the fifth of the dominant chord, so that it falls naturally by step to C, or (ii) I could flatten out the whole theme into a mere rhythm, so that it would be without any kind of tonal ambiguity and would have plenty of elemental power. Of the two suggestions I would prefer (i), since it is the more musical: but it is unsatisfactory because it fails to ram home what I wanted to show at the outset, that the turn from B flat minor to C is not a full establishment of C minor, in spite of its impressiveness. If I were to shift the theme up a tone, I could without difficulty keep the whole of it within the bounds of C minor, as already argued, but I should lose its most precious attribute, its tonal restlessness. Why not make as if to bring about C minor by dominant preparation and then undermine the whole idea by slipping on to the old dominant of B flat minor, blazing out the theme in its original form (augmented to increase its breadth)? It will then move to its C, which will still demand further confirmation and thus urge me to state the theme in immense steps until

it crashes over upon the dominant of C, leaving no more doubt about the tonality. Three such statements should be enough, the middle one increasing the tension by being a minor third above the first, and the third relieving it by being poised gigantically on the home dominant. I shall thus have made the needed dominant preparation with far more power and incident than if I had been content with my first notion."

This tremendous tripartite passage flings the shadow of C minor across the 53 bars that follow it; when it ceases, a solitary flute is left hovering over a drum pedal on C with faint cavernous sounds of the last four notes of Ex. 1 (b) in the bass; between these extremes the trumpets enter with the bare rhythm of Ex. 1 (b) on the tonic. Thus Bruckner makes a more telling use of this device (that of reducing Ex. 1 (b) to its rhythm) than if he had relied upon it for the previous climax. The bass figure slides into the upper strings and initiates another *crescendo*, curving up into a great wave, through which the trumpet rhythm may still be discerned. The reaction from this is a soft counterstatement of a new form of the main theme in oboe, clarinet and trumpet, with a flickering flute and string *tremolando* accompaniment (the oboe has the very form of Ex. 1 (b) that Bruckner refrained from using in the most obvious place, the form beginning on the note G; here it is carefully hidden for a reason that will appear later in the work). At the end of this the strings burst out with the last phrase (bar 298) much as they did at bar 18, thus confirming the unity of the whole enormous expansion of the first group from bar 224 to 302. During this quieter counterstatement (which contrasts with the loud one of the exposition) there are apparent modulations; they do not affect the issue and are therefore not real and would better be called inflexions.

As before, the expected close in C minor is turned into an alien dominant, which now moves unexpectedly into the familiar region of E flat and a fresh version of Ex. 2. After so spacious a design only a full recapitulation of the second group is possible, and Bruckner, like Schubert, gives it with its thematic material for the most part unchanged, but with quite different key-relationships. By this means he creates symmetry without tautology. At bar 341 Ex. 3 follows in C minor, which key cannot be undermined. The fierce sequel leads directly into the *coda*, where is the grimmest of all Bruckner's climaxes: the rhythm of Ex. 1 cuts clean through the surging mass of the rest of the orchestra and the most startling moment is its sudden isolation on the brass, with nothing but a thunderous drum far below it. At the end comes prostration and collapse, broken wisps of Ex. 1 drifting blackly out. This is the only one of Bruckner's first movements that ends softly: in some ways it is one of the greatest pieces of its type since Beethoven's *Coriolan* overture, with which it shares a certain forbidding defiance, rising to a similarly challenging climax and ending in the same utter darkness. One final point is noticeable; the rhythm of Ex. 1 (a + b) is exactly that of the first figure of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

## II

The *Scherzo* is placed second. As with Bruckner's unguarded and perhaps ironic suggestions for a programme for the Fourth Symphony, his description

of this terrific movement as representing the *Deutscher Michel* is obliterated by the music itself. Little analysis is possible here; the *scherzo* proper is a very concise sonata movement with a comparatively reflective development. Its exposition and restatement are anything but reflective. The piece is in C minor and is remarkable for its brilliant use of string *tremolandi*, which give it a keen glitter. The main theme has something of the blunt forthrightness of that of the *Credo* in the E minor Mass, but here the effect is overpoweringly athletic; its cumulative energy suggests the pounding of some unearthly machinery. There are no defined thematic first and second groups, and the exposition ends with a climax in E flat major. The development casts new light on the chief theme, which appears inverted and *legato*, giving rise to much fine woodwind writing. The recapitulation is caused by a settling on the home dominant (over a tonic drum pedal) and the entry of the horn which began the movement. The final sledgehammer climax is thrown into C major by a single change of harmony in the restatement (compare bars 37 and 171).

The slow *Trio* is one of Bruckner's most imaginative things. It is in A flat major, a key whose freshness is enhanced by the fact that it has not been previously established in the symphony. Like the *Scherzo* it is a compressed sonata scheme, the exposition ending in E major without any separable second group. For the first time in his career Bruckner employs harps, which he uses with delicate care. The almost French fastidiousness of the scoring in bars 33-44 should be observed; yet the music is innately Austrian. Like Berlioz, Bruckner has a far more artistic and consistent restraint than his detractors will admit. The recapitulation comes at bar 61 after a very succinctly expressive return through four solemn detached phrases. There is a fine alteration of key-relationships in the restatement and the last gentle restoration of A flat major comes, with perfect rightness, only in the last nine bars.

The *Scherzo* returns complete.

### III

The highest tribute to Bruckner's power of composition need do no more than point out that in so immense a piece as the *Adagio* of this symphony, the effect and coherence of the whole hangs to a considerable extent on a single chord. This chord, moreover, is heard but four times during the full half-hour of the movement. If this assertion seems at first to be an exaggeration, the full movement must be analysed, when it will be found that without this chord, the most important passage (and consequently the whole plan) would lose its thread.

Bruckner puts the slow movement in D flat: like the key of the *Trio*, this has not previously been more than touched upon and is new to the ear. The first theme, over faintly pulsing chords, has a strange air of troubled detachment; its first two phrases are heard in the first ten bars.

Ex. 4

(a) Viol. I 

(b) Viol. I *breit gestrichen*

*p* *cresc* *dim*

Extremely important is the persistent D flat (changing to C sharp) in the bass; it is intended to penetrate the mind, for it causes a compelling harshness, almost coarseness, that characterises the first *fortissimo* chord, underlying a loud aspiring phrase. This is the 6/3 chord of A major, with its root (the third, the C sharp) heavily doubled in the bass. Now the most elementary student of harmony knows that a doubled third, particularly in the bass, results in an unpleasant roughness: one may therefore be pardoned for wondering why Bruckner has been at pains to double and redouble in the lower brass this dangerous note. The answer is that he wants this chord to be peculiarly recognisable without being complex or abstruse, as later events prove.

Ex. 5 (bar 15)

*ff* *5* etc.

The reply to this is a marvellously sonorous string passage, which, joined by the brass, rises to a series of seraphic chords for strings and harp, resting at length on F major (bar 28). As if nothing had happened, the opening D flat harmonies are heard again (the drop of a major third, in this case from F major to D flat, is a favourite sound with Bruckner), and Ex. 4 (a) returns. Before (b) can follow, the harmony changes to B major and once more Ex. 5, with its singular scoring, reasserts itself, this time a tone higher than before. Its noble sequel, duly transposed, ends now on a chord of G major (bar 45). As the F major of bar 28 dropped a major third to D flat, so we expect this G major to fall to E flat: that it does not do so is another important factor in the cogency of the movement as a whole. Instead, an intervening horn leads to a lovely new idea, beginning in E major.

Ex. 6 (bar 47)

Vc.

*mf*



As will be seen, the chief characteristic of this magnificent theme lies in its tonal freedom, its refusal to be bound by any one key: its second statement, starting again from E, moves to B minor instead of the original F minor, and then leads to a glorious tuba solo that sounds grandly from C major into F. This second section of the *Adagio* closes in G flat at bar 81, whence a 14-bar link, composed of expressive woodwind derivatives of Ex. 6, drifts back to D flat and the opening theme. The tonality throughout the second group is made purposely kaleidoscopic because the composer requires that D flat shall be the only key to have firm entrenchment: the effect at the end of the whole *Adagio* is that the tonic has never lost its grip. The very fact that G flat is the home subdominant makes the return to the tonic as inevitable as if it were in a *coda*; the entire mighty structure is fixed upon a rock.

The renewal of the opening material brings about a very slow, widely modulating *crescendo*, based entirely on Ex. 4 (a) and (b). As the dynamics increase, the mood becomes gloomier as if a fruitless search is in progress; the climax is approached with a certain dogged persistence that may not appeal to less patient ears, and it finally expires plaintively after a heavy yet unconvinced attack on a 6/4 chord of B flat (bar 125). *The clinching matter of Ex. 5 is not found.* The real character of this passage may be appreciated only in the light of the whole movement. The falling phrases lead now to the second appearance of Ex. 6 and its train, this time beginning in E flat.

The significance of this E flat is simply in the fact that it is the very key in which the second group might well have begun at bar 47, when the music had paused on a G major chord that had every reason to fall to E flat. If Bruckner defeats expectations, it is usually because he has some long-term reason. If his term is sometimes too long for some listeners, the limiting factor is not his. The second group ensues almost complete: it is surely remarkable that this section, the most serene part of the movement (apart from the *coda*), is tonally the most mobile. The orchestration is now enriched in various ways, the end of the group truncated, and a new wistful continuation forms a fine-drawn link to yet another return of the main theme in the tonic. Now follows the crux of the whole.

As so often with the opening of a Bruckner passage designed to generate the last climax, the theme (Ex. 4) is now accompanied by a movement of semiquavers and a number of more fragmentary embellishments, some of which are extremely telling. The tension begins to grow, and at bar 197 the attention is powerfully caught by a *fortissimo* 6/3 chord of C major, its E thickly and grotesquely reinforced in the bass. At last, we think, comes Ex. 5, for this is unmistakable. But it is merely the beginning of a masterly delaying process and this one chord is repudiated by a quick hush and some rising Brucknerian brass chords. Four bars later comes

another identically balanced 6/3 chord of E, with its G sharp underlined at its root: the tension is doubled when this, too, is silenced by a similar hush and a *crescendo* brings about a crashing, urgent, outburst of Ex. 4 (a). At this point occurs the first of the cuts in the revised edition of the symphony. It is a short one, but important. In the *Urfassung* (and in the available recording) the *ff* statement of Ex. 4 (a) at bar 205 is followed by another sudden *pianissimo*, based on Ex. 4 (b), which seems to be drifting when it is suddenly interrupted by a precipitate assault of Ex. 5, the long-awaited subject, but on a 6/4 (not a 6/3) chord of A flat. The clearer dominant sound of the 6/4 chord suggests that a release is in sight, but it comes too suddenly itself to provide a climax: it therefore gives way to a resumption of the soft derivatives of Ex. 4 (b). In the Universal Edition the first *pianissimo* is cut out, so that the outburst of Ex. 5 is joined directly to the forcible entry of Ex. 4 (a) (letter Q, bar 209 in the U.E.). Its dramatic force is thus drastically reduced and its petering out, which had so much significance in the original, is made to sound like a mere excuse to prolong the movement. This is a clear example of the way in which a cut can actually increase the *longeurs* of a piece of music, defeating its own object. After this point it will be necessary to refer to the bar numbers of both versions.

The *piano* is resumed in E major (Orig. bar 221, U.E. 211) and two more *crescendi*, with growing excitement, bring about the real climax, a hugely expansive augmentation of Ex. 5, on a 6/4 chord of E flat, shifting majestically on to a massive chord of C flat, (Orig. bar 253, U.E. 243). This 6/4 E flat chord bears a clear relation to that of B flat at bar 125, the first climax of the movement, in much the same way as the two big climaxes of the *Adagio* in the Seventh Symphony are tonally related. It should now be quite plain that the whole of this process would be impossible, at least as it stands, without the peculiar constitution of the chord of Ex. 5, and it says much for Bruckner's grasp of detail that so vast a plan can be pivoted on so simple a device. His insight is in his ability to make the ear recognise the sound of a single chord (and an ordinary diatonic one at that) in the midst of a movement of almost unparalleled dimensions, when that chord has not in any way been insisted upon. The fact that he gives it no more than four times in all is evidence of his artistic restraint; how many composers, having hit on such an idea, would not flog it to exhaustion? Having invoked its power of suggestion, it is significant that when he arrives at the climax, he is able to use a much more commonplace 6/4 chord, relying on the theme itself to enforce the point.

To increase the sense of symmetry and release, Ex. 5 is succeeded by its original chorale-like continuation and the soaring string and harp passage is now intensified. After this comes the *coda*, perfect and inimitable in its calm solemnity, essentially a long horn solo that forms a completely new, amazingly broad melody from Ex. 4 (a), with soft asides in the violins. In performance, the horns should be brought out and the strings subdued, or the latter's phrases might easily sound repetitive: they must not be allowed to distract attention from the real *melos*; if they are controlled

(rather more than Jochum insists) their figures are heard in true perspective. The orchestration of this *Adagio* sets a precedent for Bruckner, for in addition to the harps he makes use of three solo violins in unison: these are made to enrich the texture in many imaginative and largely unobtrusive ways. At the last climax there are also two cymbal clashes which, unlike the one in the corresponding place in the Seventh Symphony, are to be found in the original score.

## IV

The monumental *Finale* is the greatest part of the symphony, and its style can be wrongly approached by those who feel that Bruckner lacked the knack of "transition." Such a view can arise only from an uncritical acceptance of Wagner's slick theory that "the art of composition is the art of transition." This is one of the most insidious deposits of the nineteenth-century literary mind and has wrought untold mischief by fostering among young composers a belief that music must be "logical." Now logic and description are the sole preoccupations of language; they are not natural to music and the teaching that will not allow a composer to pass from one element in his design to another without an elaborate substitute for logic is, to say the least, pernicious. Bruckner does not need to argue in his music, for he recognises that the apt placing of solids and spaces is in itself one of the most imposing possibilities of music, especially if it is planned on a great scale.<sup>1</sup> Preconceptions that would prevent this recognition are those of language-fettered minds, such as were all too rife in the last century, minds that cannot imagine anything that is neither arguable nor logically describable. Bruckner's object in a typical *finale* is elemental: an architect moving in and round his newly finished cathedral is in a similar frame of mind and will become active and static by turns. The first three movements of a Bruckner symphony provide a background upon which a wide range of reflections may be cast; they create a world within which another, freer kind of activity is relevant. The *finale* is a synthesis of both quick and slow movements, its contrasting passages of action and complete rest being naturally juxtaposed according to the composer's plastic sense. In such a scheme, Wagner's art of "transition" would as a general method be hopelessly out of place, except where musical movement is needed; then Bruckner shows his mastery of it. Stillness prevails whenever the broader proportions demand it and its very inaction (not stagnation) makes argument futile. As I have suggested elsewhere,<sup>2</sup> the one final answer to the transitionists is that such breaks in the flow could be made beautifully transitional by any block-headed Bachelor of Music. Bruckner in his sixtieth year would have had no trouble in writing some smooth Wagnerian bars to this end. But his aims were different, and should be considered before one hears his most characteristic music with ears attuned to Beethoven and Brahms.

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<sup>1</sup>In this he may be said to continue the work begun by Giovanni Gabrieli.

<sup>2</sup>*Music Survey*, Vol. II, No. 1, 1949: a review of the B.B.C.'s broadcasts of the Bruckner Symphonies.

First a thunderous paean for brass blazes across a rhythmic string accompaniment.

Ex. 7 (melodic outline, beginning at bar 3)

It modulates in stages until it settles grandly on the key of C, with the following incisive phrase.

Ex. 8 (bar. 32).

Then there is a beautiful descent to a soft, glowing close in C major, the rhythm of the strings fading out at bar 67. Ex. 8 is very important, for it undergoes several unusual transformations during the movement. After a bar's rest, a new *cantabile* theme comes in A flat major; this, one of Bruckner's noblest, is a double idea in which the figure (b) has the more influence on later events.

Ex. 9 (bar 69)

The second phrase, (bar 75) descends by conjunct motion and should be noticed. It gives rise to an expressive string passage which does not appear in the U.E. (Orig. bars 93-8) (in the U.E. this would come between bars 92-93). Further derivatives of this follow in tubas, in sequential fashion, and then a return to Ex. 9, more fully scored, causes a change to the dominant of E flat, through G flat, during which the first four notes of Ex. 9 (b) assume this shape in the bass.

Ex. 10, (Orig. bar, 123, U.E. 117)

The music begins to sound mysterious and after another distinct break, the determined solemn march of a new theme in E flat minor is heard.

Ex. 11, (Orig. bar. 135, U.E. 129)



The connexion between this and Ex. 10 is made plain by the musical context itself. Ex. 11 breaks off suddenly, to be interrupted by another relative of the falling phrase that followed Ex. 9.

Ex. 12, (Orig. bar. 159, U.E. 153)



This is placed momentarily in a remote key and is then accompanied by the crotchet rhythm of Ex. 10. The rhythm is next given to the bass, *legato*, with new matter above it and is suddenly swept away by a powerful *tutti*, which, animated by the crotchet rhythm, adumbrates the rhythmic shape of the main theme, Ex. 7, on the now fixed dominant of E flat, in which key the first stage of the movement is to end. In the original score this *tutti* leads to a fine twenty-bar cadential passage that wheels gently down to E flat major: this was cut and the feeble four bars that exist in the U.E. are the best evidence of the kind of pedantry that was responsible. (Cf. U.E. bars 205-8 with Orig. 211-30. The recording, of course, contains the latter passage.) The enormously long-drawn close in E flat is one of those inimitable and sublimely static parts of the movement: its real spaciousness can be felt when repeated hearing has revealed its relation to the rest of the design. There is another small discrepancy between the two versions: bars 253-8 of the original were compressed into bars 231-2 of the U.E.

The awakening from the intense quiet is very gradual. First, Bruckner muses upon Ex. 12, modulating to G flat, where its inversion begins the bass to a long, reflective *cantilena* (U.E. bar 259, Orig. 285). This becomes impassioned and returns to E flat minor, where motion begins once more with a soft entry of the inversion of Ex. 11. The rhythm of this theme now dominates the movement and brings about a massive statement of Ex. 8 (still in E flat minor), which now has a new familiarity, explained by its melodic similarity to Ex. 12 and its forbears, to which it is now related. Ex. 11 is combined with it. There are three such combinations (the first two separated by a *piano* development of Ex. 11), each a tone above the other, like great granite planes, the third being on the home dominant. Then comes one of Bruckner's most original inspirations, an extensive treatment of Ex. 7, with free and ever more elaborate imitations, a soft, fine web of delicate orchestral sounds: it modulates gradually, sequentially at first, later rising in tension and breaking off on a diminished chord (Orig. bar 406, U.E. 380).

It will be recalled that the last fully scored passage ended on the dominant of C (Letter Z in both scores). As if the shadow of this is

not yet gone, a quiet paragraph (still developing Ex. 7) now starts in C; clearly a serious effort to reinstate the tonic. But the time is not yet ripe for that: the keys begin to shift again, enlivened by manifold products from Ex. 11, ranging as far as A major and G flat major before settling darkly on the dominant of A minor, (at Letter Dd in both scores). Suddenly the trumpets stab out with the repeated F sharps of the start of the *finale* and the possibility of the return of C is again inferred, since this passage was originally the means of fixing the tonic. The main theme now drives forward powerfully through new sequences, finally completing itself in A flat: is this the expected resolution? Not quite; another series of short and urgent upward steps finally reach C major with terrific force (Orig. bar 495, U.E. 469). A threefold *fff* accentuation of this key releases enough energy to drive the music with high impetus for 58 bars, during which it remains rooted in C major-minor, sweeping over one huge apex and halting abruptly at the height of a second. All this is based on Ex. 7 (b). The tonic has once more been asserted.

The last cut-off climax leaves the horns hanging across a gulf, and they float gently over it to reach Ex. 9, which sounds again in its own A flat major: its calm depth is a relief after the immense and complex stretch of music that has passed. Its paragraph follows, with alterations and some enhancements, this time leading to Ex 11 in the tonic, C minor. The next incident is, like most salient happenings in a Bruckner symphony, best grasped in the light of earlier events. When Ex. 11 first appeared it was eventually followed by a forcible formal *tutti*, based on the rhythm of Ex. 7 (Orig. bar 183, U.E. 177). Now the last re-entries of Ex. 9 and 11 have given a sorely needed sense of symmetry to a design already stretched as far as human imagination is able: this symmetrical impression must be confirmed. A statement of the *tutti* just mentioned would undoubtedly serve that purpose in a conventional way, but would hardly be worthy of its adventurous context. What happens is an illustration of the way Bruckner thinks in terms of balanced masses and voids rather than recapitulated themes or sections in the normal sonata style. His first impulse is that a big *tutti* is required (not so big that it endangers the success of the final *coda*, but big enough to counterweigh its distant predecessor). How can this be done without stiffness? Why not both effect this balance and drive home the point of the whole symphony at a blow? And so he hits on the idea of rising to a crisis, at the heart of which shall appear, grimmer than ever, the theme of the first movement: there is his required *tutti*, and there is the supreme question for his *coda* to answer.<sup>3</sup> Thus Ex. 11 is made to grow towards this point, when Ex. 1 (b) grinds terribly into the score in this form: -

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<sup>3</sup>This is the kind of stroke that distinguishes Bruckner from the type of composer whose weakness is, in Tovey's words, "... where the ghosts of former movements seem to be summoned... to eke out his failing resources."

Ex. 13 (Orig. bar 652, U.E. 614)



A final subtlety of this is that it is the very form of the subject that Bruckner might have used for his first movement *reprise*, the form in which it is most easily kept within C minor's grip: at this moment of the *finale* it is, of course, necessary that the tonic should be solidly founded in preparation for the great *coda*. The composer therefore shows uncanny foresight in reserving this, the most obvious tonal position of his theme, for so cardinal a moment. It will be remembered that its only other occurrence in this form was carefully concealed beneath other counterpoints in the first movement.

After the turmoil has subsided, the final climax is evolved with the greatest possible dignity and grandeur (the *coda* begins at Letter Uu in both editions). As with all Bruckner's final passages it opens in darkness, breathing upon dim fragments of the main theme, passing from key to key as it climbs in a long *crescendo*. The strings persist in smoky quavers that burst into flame as the burning sun touches them. At the last the triumphant affirmation of C major is the complete reply; it contains derivatives of the main subjects of all four movements. The actual end is sudden but tremendous in its finality.

Some comments on the recorded performance will perhaps be expected here. In general Jochum and his Hamburg orchestra give a magnificent account of the symphony, which is beautifully recorded. In some copies the engineers have accidentally cut out bars 321-340 (inclusive) from the first movement, but this has now been rectified. More information about this is given by Mr. Herman Adler in this journal. The only important points for musical criticism concern the conductor's fairly frequent adoption of the rather Wagnerian expression and tempo markings of the 'revised' edition: these are uncharacteristic of Bruckner and nearly always obscure his essential nobility and peacefulness in gushes of romantic emotionalism. This is particularly marked in the frantic *accelerando* that is made to herald the appearance of the first movement theme in the *finale*: there is no such direction in the original score; presumably the conductor was unable to detach himself from the habits formed by long familiarity with the U.E. Since the version being played is the original, it is a pity that the passage is not allowed to sound in all its unhurried strength and inexorability. But one must be deeply grateful to have this gigantic masterpiece on records, and small criticisms are forgotten in the presence of the music itself and its most convincing performance. Here, certainly, is Bruckner's finest complete work, one of the highest significance both in his own work and in the music of his century.

## MAHLER'S THIRD IN IOWA CITY

by Charles L. Eble

In this small university community good fortune in the shape of the State University of Iowa Symphony Orchestra and its conductor, Prof. Philip Greeley Clapp, has enabled the first four symphonies of Mahler to be presented within the space of a few years. One can only hope after hearing the Third Symphony, which has just been performed (May 19, 1948), the practice will continue and the next five will follow, for to one whose familiarity with Mahler started with the Second Symphony, and grew as recordings became available, hearing the Third not only filled the gap between Nos. 2 and 4 but demonstrated anew that Mahler, whose music has been slow in getting before the public, is one of the supreme masters of all time.

Mahler succeeded on a gigantic scale—he was no mere technician, as those critics who so knowingly give him credit for his use of the orchestra would have us believe, but was far beyond what we call skilful and clever. Neither was he a writer of only banal and trite themes as we have been told, but his melodic invention was original and fresh, and, in fact, covers a phenomenal range of expressive character. Furthermore, his handling of material was many sided, ranging from pure simplicity in statement of ideas to intricate and mosaic-like weaving together of separate units, and all laid out with such structural completeness that the climaxes which arise in the course of development reach overwhelming emotional pitches.

When one hears a new work of any composer, the question naturally arises as to where it fits in with the other works. In the case of Mahler, it is useless to attempt to answer this problem as to degree, i.e., whether a work previously unheard is better or not so good as his other compositions. Each work has its own merits and place in our musical life: the frame of mind of a person would lead him on one occasion to seek the joys and delectableness of the Fourth, on another the thoughtfulness, power, and peaceful resignation of the Ninth or perhaps the moving poetry of *Das Lied von der Erde*. Mahler's works all portray in music innumerable experiences of life — not just those sides which are limited to the nice sounding, as is so often the case in music. He covers the entire realm of human existence. He expresses the delights and mysteries of childhood; he captures and puts into music the moments of sorrow, despair, bitterness, and resignation which all human beings feel at one time or another; he paints the tumult of the onrush of the world; he sardonically and playfully likes to make fun of man's follies; he can storm like a demon, yet, and there may be a predominance of the tragic in his music, he never forgets the beautiful, tender, serene moments, those times when "All's right with the world!", and when he does sing of those experiences we surely get a glimpse of that heavenly beauty of which the great poets have sung since the beginning of time.

As to what Mahler sought to express in the Third Symphony he indicated by giving a short title to each movement and these captions appeared on the printed programs at the initial performances. Later Mahler withdrew them and the published score contains no movement labels. For some listeners these suggestive phrases are definitely of help in arousing sympathetic responses to the music; for others they may in no way reflect the reactions enjoyed. Mahler apparently felt the titles weren't absolutely necessary, especially if there was any chance that confusion would result and argument over programmatic implications ensue. In the short descriptions which follow no attempt is made to connect the music with the titles Mahler furnished, but they are listed below for reference. Each listener may accept or reject them as he chooses. I. *Pan Awakes*, II. *What Flowers in the Meadow Told Me*, III. *What the Beasts of the Forest Told Me*, IV. *What Man Told Me*, V. *What the Angels Told Me*, VI. *What God Told Me*. The symphony, in six movements, is divided into two main parts: part one consists of the highly dramatic first movement and part two of the remaining five movements which have varied natures.

The first movement begins with an energetic theme boldly stated by eight horns. This rhythmic and martial pronouncement is followed by a few bars of a different character — mysterious, exploratory, subdued. A short, precise rhythmic figure is sounded softly and kept in motion by the deep brasses and percussion and at alternate bars the bassoons enter inquiringly. This pattern is penetrated by a piercing cry of the trumpets — loud, like a clap of thunder, then dying away. Cellos and basses surge out resolutely in the same spirit as the trumpets. Gradually the atmosphere is intensified; the melodic snatches become more complete, and the forward movement is quickened by diminution. A feeling of awe still pervades. Once again there is silence except for the rhythmic pulsations of a bass drum. An oboe introduces a quaint theme which is taken over and extended by a solo violin. The short, precise rhythmic figure and bassoon counterphrase (now in the cellos and basses) return, and this time a trombone superimposes upon the pattern two loud and arresting sustained tones, separated by a slight pause, and follows these by a free and somewhat rhapsodic treatment of a melodic pattern previously established. This is brought to a conclusion by the juncture of the full body of trombones. The trumpets pierce the atmosphere again, all quiets down and there is set in motion a strong, progressive marching rhythm in which all the material introduced up to this point plus some new matter is used. The pace becomes heightened; a glorious and triumphant processional rises from the integration of the separate fragments which had been only gradually revealed. Steadily moving forward, picking up new force en route, a great climax is reached — we have been swept along so completely that only then does the full impact of what has preceded tear at our being and almost lead us to expect that the final great victory has been achieved. (Few moments have the equal of this.) However, we have only heard, it appears, part of this masterful creation, covered only part of the ground. The intensity lightens, and while the elements which have made up the movement thus far have been what we might call tense, mysterious, martial, and dramatic, now more serene thematic material is introduced—in particular, an extremely

beautiful passage sung first by a horn, repeated in the cellos and then echoed by a clarinet. As this great movement goes on to completion, some of the earlier material is brought before us again. We are reminded of various stages in the development, and with this in mind, we begin to get the full force of what has transpired. The music takes monumental shape. We have now really gained supreme triumph — call it the opening of the heavens or Nature in all her glory, if you wish—and all we can say is:—My God!

The second movement is in the style of a minuet and moves gently and gracefully along, with bright contrasting sections interposed. The charm of this movement is entrancing. There is no rival for its delicate shadings and colorings which paint those moments of fancy and delight that sweep before us, just out of reach. No one but Mahler has done anything like this,

The character of the third movement runs to whimsicality and light banter. In gay, scherzo-like fashion, this part ambles along brilliantly embroidered with a colored tinsel texture (how reminiscent of the polka the syncopated rhythm is!) until a call of a trumpet, sounding through the merriment, brings to a stop the light play which has been the predominant mood of the movement and we hear a posthorn sounding in the distance through a serene violin harmonic screen. This, however, is not just a hunting call, but after a simple call, as if first to gain attention, a peaceful tune is played. Fragments of this melody are caught up by other instruments of the orchestra and there is a short return to the former pleasantries; but the posthorn, now far in the distance, dispels this, the serenity is resumed, and as his notes grow fainter, the trumpet, which had heralded this magic spell, with a fanfare throws the movement back to its initial mood. After a continued development, there is a brief return of the posthorn as before, and the movement ends in the same airy spirit as it began.

The deeply stirring fourth movement is symbolic of man attempting to resolve the mysteries of the world about him. To an accompaniment which reflects the spirit of the text, a contralto sings a few of Nietzsches words — “O Man, give heed — what does the dead of night say? I sleep— I am awakened from a dream! The world is deep, deeper than it seemed in day. O Man, heavy is your woe...” Man’s questioning nature is here revealed and the eternal mystery which the world holds for him. What is life, so full of woe? Where does it lead?

The fifth movement employs a boys’ chorus and a chorus of women’s voices in addition to a contralto soloist. The text Mahler drew from the collection of German folk poetry known as “Des Knaben Wunderhorn.” In the poem three angels sing of the joys of heaven. This joyous account, with the voices of the choirs at times singing the text and at other times only “bimm” and “bamm” to represent the sound of bells, goes gaily on its way and ends in the manner of a jubilee of ringing bells. Mahler later adapted the movement for use as the finale of his Fourth Symphony; among other changes, he dispensed with the two choirs, employed only a soprano soloist, and used a different text from the same collection of poetry.

In the final movement, which is restful and contemplative, tender and soul-gripping, Mahler gives us one vast song from start to finish. The strings begin softly and a gradual building up follows: as more instruments

are added, a more complex and richer treatment of the thematic material becomes possible; the song soars ever higher, and the movement closes magnificently when all forces have joined in the expansion and complete extollment of this hymn-like song.

The work and its great performance brought forth cheers at the end of the concert.

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#### KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO ANTAL DORATI

The Mahler Medal, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the Bruckner Society of America, Inc., was awarded to Antal Dorati for his efforts to create greater interest in and appreciation of Mahler's music in the U. S. A. Mr. Dorati gave the following performances in Dallas, Texas, and in this way helped to familiarize audiences in the Southwest with the music of Gustav Mahler.

*Das Lied von der Erde*, January 12 and 13, 1947;

*Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, February 23, 1947;

*Third Symphony*, November 29, 1947;

*Fourth Symphony*, January 2, 1949.

After the performance of the *Fourth*, Dr. Paul Van Katwijk, Dean of the School of Music at the Southern Methodist University, made the presentation on behalf of the Society. These performances were greeted with great enthusiasm by the audiences.

# AN INTRODUCTION TO BRUCKNER'S MASS IN E MINOR

by Jack Diether

## I

Although Bruckner changed little in his simple personal habits throughout his long life, the musical forms in which he wrote were, I think, influenced by his changing environment to a greater degree than is usually recognized. Thus, his smaller liturgical works were mostly written while he occupied minor church posts, his three mature masses (1864-8) were all written when he was cathedral organist at Linz, and his symphonies, from the *Second* on, after he had made his home in Vienna.

But this is only to say that he consistently turned his imagination to the forms prevalent in his *milieu*. It does not mean that in respect to style and content he wrote what was expected of him. Nothing could be further from that than the eleven great symphonies of 1862-96. Bruckner was, for that matter, as uncompromising in his way as Wagner or Mahler—and this is no less true of the three masses.<sup>1</sup> All of them are thoroughly personal in idiom. The *First* and *Third* are rugged and powerful to a degree unknown in church music since Beethoven; but the *Second*, in E Minor, the "lyrical" of the three, holds a unique place in all music history. I think it is this work above all others that can show us the singly consecrated nature of Bruckner's spirit.

The *Mass in E Minor* was written in the autumn of 1866 in Linz, and first performed in the Cathedral under Bruckner's direction on September 29, 1869, with a dedication to Bruckner's patron, the Bishop Franz Josef Rudigier. It was revived there in 1885 in a new setting revised by the composer, with Bruckner supporting the voices freely at the organ.

There are two editions of the miniature score available, one edited by Josef Woess,<sup>2</sup> the other by Robert Haas and Leopold Nowak.<sup>3</sup> The latter is a reconstruction for the critical edition of the *Deutsche Bruckner-Gesellschaft* of the text revised by Bruckner for the second performance, and dated 1882; the former, according to Gabriel Engel, is based on the earlier version.<sup>4</sup> "As this was mainly a choral work," writes Mr. Engel, "the 'faithful disciples' did not feel called upon to Wagnerize the orchestration." However, so many features seem to have crept into the Woess edition that resemble the Schalkian and Loewenian impurities of the symphonies published under the same imprimatur, that the other edition has a far more authentic ring.

On internal evidence, indeed, it would seem very odd if the present Woess edition represented substantially what was heard in 1869 at Linz.

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<sup>1</sup>An earlier *Mass in B Flat Minor* belongs to the year 1854, and a number of smaller masses to the even earlier St. Florian period.

<sup>2</sup>Wiener Philharmonischer Verlag, 1924. 100 pages.

<sup>3</sup>Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag, Leipzig, 1940. 57 pages.

<sup>4</sup>As the two existing recordings, under the direction of T. B. Rehmann and M. Thurn respectively, are both performed from the Woess edition, a recording of the other is now much needed.

For in comparison to the Haas reconstruction of the 1882 version this has a decidedly un-Brucknerish appearance. There are the extra *ritardandi* and *diminuendi* which it seems unlikely that Bruckner would have first added himself and then gratuitously subtracted again. These *ritardandi* are sentimental interruptions of the musical flow to sugar-coat cadences, while the *diminuendi* achieve the tapering off of the brusque and unexpected *fortissimo-pianissimo* contrasts which are so characteristic of the mature composer.

In addition to a number of obvious misprints, there is in the Woess edition also the general scaling down of the brasses, particularly trombones, the wholesale substitution of ties for repeated stresses, and so on. Supposing that most of these things did represent Bruckner's original intentions, it would be most interesting thus to discover that the additions and emendations of the Bruckner editors accidentally corresponded to earlier practices of the composer in instrumentation, which he outgrew in symphonic maturity. Yet it should not be forgotten that the *Mass in E Minor* is contemporaneous with the *First Symphony*, the only numbered symphony he wrote in Linz, antedating the composition of the *Second* in Vienna by six years.

## II

In the *E Minor Mass*, according to Bruckner's custom, the five main sections of the liturgical high mass are represented by no more than six movements, only the *Sanctus* section being divided into two movements. Contrary to the custom of his other masses, however, there are no solo voices in this work. The instruments throughout seem to be kept pretty much in the rôle of accompaniment and enhancement of the voices, inasmuch as the chorus is nowhere silent for more than six consecutive bars. From the second section to the end, however,<sup>5</sup> the orchestra's accompaniment figures and brief solo utterances, like those of the piano in a Schubert or Wolf *Lied*, are of the utmost thematic significance and potency.

An outline of the six movements follows:

1. *Kyrie*. 8-part.<sup>6</sup> *Feierlich* (solemn).  $\frac{4}{4}$ . E minor.
2. *Gloria*. 4-part. *Allegro-Andante-Allegro*.  $\frac{4}{4}$ . C major.
3. *Credo*. 4-part. (a) *Allegro moderato*.  $\frac{3}{4}$ . C major.  
(b) *Adagio-Allegro*.  $\frac{4}{4}$ . F major.  
(c) *Allegro moderato*.  $\frac{3}{4}$ . C major.
4. *Sanctus*. 8-part. *Ruhig* (calm).  $\frac{4}{4}$ . G major.
5. *Benedictus*. 5-part. *Moderato*.  $\frac{4}{4}$ . C major.
6. *Agnus*. 8-part. *Andante*.  $\frac{4}{4}$ . E minor.

<sup>5</sup>The opening *Kyrie* is essentially an *a capella* conception, the instruments merely supporting the voices at the climaxes. The independent treatment of the instruments thereafter, on the other hand, reaches a climax in the "Pleni sunt coeli" of the *Sanctus*, wherein the trombones take up the opening vocal theme in canon (a quotation from Palestrina) against a new theme in the 8-part chorus.

<sup>6</sup>This refers to the number of staves allotted to the chorus in each movement of the score. Actually the chorus subdivides into eight parts in certain passages of every movement.

Within this scheme of classical simplicity, a world of varied harmonic color lies hidden.

It is suggested that the conciseness, the comparatively ascetic means and polyphonic structure of this *Mass*, basically liturgical considerations, indicate a desire to please the purists of Catholic liturgical music, as represented in Vienna by the *Caeciliaverein* under Franz Witt. If so, Bruckner would have needed to write a work, preferably a *capella*, based on principles abstracted by the theorists from Gregorian chant and the harmony and counterpoint of Palestrina—in other words, as bloodless as a work by Fritz Kreisler attempting to emulate the style of 18th century orchestral music. This opinion is amply supported by the history of one of Bruckner's real *a capella* works, the *Tantum ergo*, published under Witt with a cadential ninth "corrected" into an octave (an ecclesiastical precursor of the symphony corrector Loewe).<sup>7</sup>

What Bruckner did produce in his *E Minor Mass* was something unlikely to be appreciated either by the proponents of popular cloying religious sentimentality on the one hand, or of reactionary absolutism on the other—a work dedicated (regardless of its literal dedication), like all his works, to "der liebe Gott" alone, but with God-given farsightedness comparable to that of his last symphonies. It is a "liturgical" work in the fact that it does not conceal the text, but tends to disclose it to an extraordinary degree. There is nowhere to be found the "polytexture" that results from treating two sections of the text simultaneously in separate voices; literally every phrase is taken in sequence. On the other hand it is, no less than his other masses, a dramatic work, interpreting every important phrase, as in a libretto, in terms of the particularized emotion suggested by it alone, rather than striving for a generalized "devotional" or "sacramental" atmosphere suggested by the function of the mass as a whole.

How subtly and profoundly Bruckner has succeeded in dramatizing these particularized meanings of the various sections can be seen from a close study of the music in relation to the text. Indeed the expressive power of this and his other masses has been no better indicated than through the famous words of the afore-mentioned Bishop Rudigier, variously attributed to this and to the *First Mass*: "During that performance I could not pray."

### III

A closer resemblance than to the style of Palestrina might be found by comparing this work to the great baroque masterpieces of the 17th and early 18th centuries, in particular the works of his Austrian predecessors of those periods, which he had much opportunity to study in the libraries of the Austrian music centers. Thus, as his knowledge of these works probably equalled our ignorance of them, one important approach to the study of Bruckner's works for chorus and orchestra is lost to us. Hans

<sup>7</sup>This *Tantum ergo* was Bruckner's first published work, appearing in *Musica Divina* in 1846. Thus the bowdlerization of Bruckner's music, which has prevailed until the 1930's, began before the mid-point of the last century!

Redlich wrote concerning the *E Minor Mass*: "It reveals familiarity not only with Palestrina, but with Lotti, Caldara, Fux, and other Austro-Italian composers of the late baroque period."<sup>8</sup> I imagine a rather minute number of readers would be in a position to verify today, other than in a very general way, the accuracy of this statement, though it does not require a very profound knowledge of the music itself to see something eminently Fuxian in the way Bruckner applied the earlier contrapuntal style to the form of the classic-romantic symphony, just as his Viennese predecessor did to the form of the classical opera.

Dika Newlin aptly refers to the "seventeenth-century soul of Bruckner".<sup>9</sup> In general it might perhaps be said to be the luxuriant multiple harmony and polyphony of their choruses, the boldness and scope of their designs, and the primitive splendor of their orchestral effects, that attracted Bruckner in the later baroque musicians.

It is probably not known whether Bruckner was as familiar with the earlier baroque masters; if he had known them well, he would undoubtedly have been struck by the possibly even greater richness and complexity of their scores, as compared to those of the later period. We can only wonder what might have been the influence on Bruckner of such a score (printed for the first time in our own century) as the Festival Mass written by Orazio Benevoli for the inauguration of the new Salzburg Cathedral in 1628. Hugo Leichtentritt says of it:

As regards the number of its staves, the Benevoli score of 1628 holds the record of all time with fifty-three on each printed page. Neither Wagner's *Goetterdaemmerung*, nor Mahler's so-called *Symphony of a Thousand*, nor Stravinsky's *Sacre du printemps*, Strauss's *Salome*, Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder*, nor any other monumental work of the last three centuries, can compete in mass array with the fantastic appearance of this score... Here are manifest the pomp, vastness and boldness of construction, the brilliant virtuosity, and the elaborate decorative art of the baroque style, translated into music on the grandest possible scale.<sup>10</sup>

Even more he would have been struck by a feature which seems to have derived for him through another source (though with his prolonged study of counterpoint and history we cannot be sure), namely, the brilliant sense of chromatic coloring in harmony and modulation, which, in Bruckner, Max Auer compares to "the glow of the glorious colors in Rubens' painting".<sup>11</sup> Here too is the crux of the tonal revolution that supplanted the age of Palestrina. Writing of the early 17th century, Leichtentritt says:

The interest in color effects, in light and shade, in striking transitions from one color to another, in a mixture of various colors, leads the great Italian madrigal composers more and more

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<sup>8</sup>Anton Bruckner's Choral Music; *The Listener*, London, November 6, 1947.

<sup>9</sup>Bruckner, Mahler, Schoenberg; King's Crown Press, New York, 1947.

<sup>10</sup>Music, History, and Ideas; Harvard Press, 1938, page 118.

<sup>11</sup>Anton Bruckner als Kirchenmusiker; Regensberg, 1927, page 86.

to what we call chromatic harmony, away from the diatonic severity of the medieval church modes that for more than a thousand years had been the unshaken basis of all artistic music.<sup>12</sup>

This interest paled to such a comparative degree during the whole classical period that we are constantly amazed at the chromaticism of some of these scores when they are occasionally revived, as are those of Gabrieli, Gesualdo, Monteverdi, and Marenzio. Of the last named, Leichtentritt writes further:

In his ninth book of madrigals, Luca Marenzio published a wonderful musical setting of Petrarch's famous sonnet, *Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi*, in which we find almost exactly, note for note, the sensational "Erda" harmonies from Richard Wagner's *Rheingold* and *Siegfried*, with their amazing chromatic progressions. Certainly Wagner did not copy Marenzio, of whose existence he very probably knew nothing at all; he discovered for a second time something that had been alive centuries before but had been forgotten in the course of time.<sup>13</sup>

And Wagner is the different source, mentioned above, through which Bruckner seems to have imbibed his enthusiasm for striking chromatic progressions—except wherein, as has been amply illustrated in the pages of this journal since its inception,<sup>14</sup> he himself anticipated some of the actual most characteristic progressions of the German master by a number of years, and is to that extent as worthy to be mentioned in this respect in a history of music and ideas as is Wagner.

#### IV

There is a third important approach to the present work, and perhaps the most significant for us: its anticipation of the media of our own time. The combination of concerted voices with a small ensemble of solo and doubled wind instruments was a conception new to the extended music of the classic-romantic age. Such an ensemble, sharper and more precise in tone than any solo organ could be (from whose general characteristics Bruckner's seems to derive), not cushioned against the voices by yielding string tone, which blended the whole according to established 19th century taste into a more homogeneous fabric, points ahead unmistakably through the later Mahler to our own day, the day of Schoenberg, Hindemith and Stravinsky.

But the most important fact about the use of such an ensemble was the significance of its employment for the expression of the most exalted religious feelings of 19th century man. Here, as in all his sacred work, was a direct contradiction to the growing vacuousness and sentimentality of religious composition of the time, a contradiction perhaps made possible

<sup>12</sup>Op. cit.; page 119.

<sup>13</sup>Op. cit.; page 120

<sup>14</sup>See Th. Otterstroem's *Bruckner as Colorist; Chord and Discord*, vol. 1, no.2. for a comparison of Bruckner in this regard with other 19th century composers.

by the very fact that Bruckner, as an anachronism, could impart to the subject a freshness, vigor and sincerity lacking in his contemporaries. And in this work, his wind ensemble [two oboes, two clarinets and two bassoons,<sup>15</sup> four horns (tuned in pairs throughout), two trumpets and three trombones] produced a jewel-like setting in which his finely cut choral music might stand out in bold relief.

In this respect the *Mass in E Minor* is a precursor of such modern religious works as Stravinsky's *Mass*,<sup>16</sup> which likewise uses a small wind ensemble (two oboes, English horn, two bassoons, two trumpets and three trombones) and his *Symphonie des Psaumes*,<sup>17</sup> which uses only the lower strings as general bass for a large ensemble of wind and percussion. Both of these works are also without solo voices. Bruckner was an anachronism with a future as well as a past.

## V

This combination of elements assigns Bruckner's *E Minor Mass* a special place in the history of musical aesthetics. It is the most individual choral work of the greatest composer of church music in the 19th century after the death of Beethoven. Its harmonic and contrapuntal splendors link it with all that is best in baroque composition, its boldness of textural outline link it with the modern age, and its depth of romantic emotion, expressed with complete originality, bespeaks the progressive spiritual ally of Richard Wagner. There is a place for such a work in our increasingly enlightened musical age, and such is acknowledged by the rapidly growing interest of an international audience.

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<sup>15</sup>The woodwind is directed in Woess to be doubled again, but not in Haas.

<sup>16</sup>The general effect of this work, however, is said to be *entirely* liturgical rather than dramatic. In comparing these two Masses I am referring solely to the important matter of the medium employed.

<sup>17</sup>The third movement of this work is a setting of the 150th Psalm. Bruckner also wrote, in his full maturity, a setting of this final Psalm of the Vulgate, but this is in a quite different medium, being designed for solo soprano, chorus and orchestra.

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## KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO GEORGE SZELL

The Mahler Medal, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the Bruckner Society of America, Inc., was awarded to George Szell for his efforts to create greater interest in and appreciation of Mahler's music in the U. S. A. Szell performed *Das Lied von der Erde* in Cleveland on November 6 and 7, 1947. He gave the first performances of Mahler's *Ninth* in Cleveland on November 4 and 6, 1948. After the performance of the *Ninth*, Mr. Thomas L. Sidlo made the presentation on behalf of the Society. These performances were greeted with great enthusiasm by the audiences and critics.

## MAHLER EIGHTEEN YEARS AFTERWARD

by Parks Grant

To indulge in reminiscences is always a luxurious form of dissipation, but when they concern the music of Gustav Mahler it can be done with especial gusto.

One of the earliest lessons that I learned in music is that frequency of performance is not necessarily a corollary of greatness, that failure to be numbered among "the fifty pieces" does not prove unworthiness. My curiosity about Mahler was provoked early in my undergraduate days by the statement that Willem Mengelberg considered him the equal or superior of Beethoven. With full knowledge that this was merely one person's opinion rather than a generally-acknowledged fact, I still realized that Mahler must be a composer whom I should hear and know; previously I had assumed him one of the mediocrities which are inevitable in the course of an art. Here was a challenge to make an evaluation for myself—an adventure to be anticipated fervently. Although the name Mahler was familiar to musicians of my acquaintance, the music itself was a *terra incognita*, even to the alert. Superficial ones could mention but a single characteristic of his work, namely unusual length—a description I later discovered by no means always applicable, and one which is quite irrelevant *per se*.

In 1929 I located the miniature score of the *Seventh Symphony* at the public library in Columbus—my home at that time—but found it hard going to conjure up the sounds represented by this jumble of printed symbols, even though an experienced score-reader since my fifteenth year. The general impression was that this music coincided with my expectations in some ways but was considerably at variance in others. Thus, when I had the chance actually to *hear* some Mahler compositions during 1931, the experiences were tremendously satisfying—the consummation of a wish which had gnawed at my musical consciousness for several years. The music I heard was as good an introduction as could be desired: *Symphony No. 2*, the two nocturnes from *Symphony No. 7*, and the *Kindertotenlieder*. My reaction was one which would have designated these works a "missing link" in the stream of the art; it seemed logical and inevitable that music of this kind should exist, that I had been waiting for it, expecting it, even needing it. Although the influence of several other composers could be discerned from time to time,<sup>1</sup> its *sum total* possessed a freshness and unsought originality completely unlike anything I had known previously. And my feeling to this day is that the overall effect, not the minutiae, is the most valid point in judging originality in any composer, since all music is derivative to a greater or lesser extent.

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<sup>1</sup>Mahler has so often been accused of being derivative, even of outright plagiarism, that it behooves everyone to use caution as to where he imitated others and where others imitated him. When I first heard *Symphony No. 1* I thought the quiet passage in the middle of the third movement was influenced by the final duet in Richard Strauss's *Rosenkavalier*—until I recollected that Strauss's opera had not even been performed at the time Mahler died.

In 1932, while studying for a master's degree in music, it took little pondering to decide on the subject of a thesis. The scores of all the important Mahler compositions were made available to me. Studying them silently I little dreamed that the day would finally come when I would have heard almost all of this music, for at that time the only works which I knew *well* were the *Second Symphony*, the *Kindertotenlieder*, and a few scattered songs; a single hearing of the *Fifth Symphony* and the two movements of the *Seventh* brought to a total my actual auditory experience with Mahler's music. Meager as these qualifications were, I plunged into the necessary research with zest and enthusiasm. Even now I look back on the preparation of my thesis as an adventure rather than a task.

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A tally made today reveals a pronounced contrast with the limited experience of 1931 and 1932. I have heard all of Mahler's symphonies and the majority of the songs<sup>2</sup>—a higher percentage of his total output than my aggregate experience with the works of perhaps any other composer.<sup>3</sup>

It is most gratifying to observe the growing general interest in Mahler. To hear one of his themes whistled on the street is no longer a startling experience. The Bruckner Society of America need show no false modesty when credit for this mounting recognition is assigned. In contrast to the deficit formerly endured by recording companies on the handful of Mahler disks they had placed on the market, it is rather well-known today that some firms have found albums of his music financial successes rather than mere prestige items. The playing of his recorded works on broadcasts is a common occurrence.

Mahler "fans" are encountered at various odd times. For instance: the tenants—not musicians—who sub-let our apartment one summer commented, when we returned, on their delight in learning of our enthusiasm for Mahler; revealed that they had discovered a stack of old copies of CHORD AND DISCORD and had particularly been pleased to see the articles I had contributed; that they had regretted our injunction against playing any of the records (including the Mahler recordings)—for we had stipulated all as strictly taboo.

Again: In the course of an organ lesson, a young married woman remarked about the *Ninth Symphony* of Mahler as casually as if mentioning the *Fifth* of Beethoven. To my pleasure I learned that her husband, at that time with the armed services in Germany, was no less a Mahler "fan" than herself. After his return to civilian life my wife and I invited them to an evening of Mahler recordings.

Also: On the elevated one day I observed a passenger engrossed in a miniature score. Even from a distance the tiny booklet had a familiar look—the *Fourth Symphony* of Mahler. I slid along the seat to him and

<sup>2</sup>Those unfamiliar with Mahler's works should be advised that *all* of his mature compositions except the early cantata *Das klagende Lied* fall under one or the other of these two categories. *Das Lied von der Erde* is a hybrid of both.

<sup>3</sup>At this point a profound debt to the radio and phonograph must be acknowledged. Prior to 1947, *Symphony No. 2* was the only major work of Mahler which I had ever heard in an actual performance. I have no patience with those who sneer at "canned music."

broached conversation, which proceeded at a lively rate until the train reached the young man's destination. He explained that he was majoring in piano at the Curtis Institute of Music, that his study of Mahler therefore was not "in the line of duty" but entirely the result of a deep interest. His knowledge of the score was thorough. "This chord," he said, jabbing a finger at a page, "has a truly magical sound." Ardent and specific comment on other passages followed. I often encounter students in my classes—not all of them majoring in music—who reveal close familiarity with one or more Mahler compositions. Once, after a performance of the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* I was sought out by several whose enthusiasm was intense; one especially commented on the unique sound of the orchestra, which he declared quite unlike anything he had heard before—a repetition of my own impressions during 1931. There is every reason to believe that similar experiences have occurred to many readers.

The interest which I find among casual music-lovers as distinguished from professional musicians is particularly pleasing, for there is good reason to believe that Mahler wanted to have mass appeal rather than to acquire a reputation as a "musician's composer." Where his works were a sealed book even to many of the profession during the late '20's and early '30's, the encountering of a trained musician completely unacquainted with Mahler is today an exceedingly rare occurrence. Approval of the music is by no means universal, but utter lack of experience in it can be attributed nowadays only to superficiality of attitude. There are signs that he is being accepted in his proper historical light: as one of the outstanding "post-Wagnerian" composers, as a bridge into the modern period, as a composer of genuine importance who has suffered unjust neglect in the past.

It is gratifying to note the moderation and the critical attitude of most Mahler devotees. Praise of him usually is temperate rather than extravagant or fanatical. It is my feeling that carefully-weighed estimates will do Mahler's cause more good than the wild-eyed exaggerations of zealots, even when such evaluations fall short of what I feel is the real extent of his worth, as they sometimes do.

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Many contemporary composers are more tolerant of Mahler than even a few years ago. They frankly accept him as one whose style, though strikingly individual, now belongs to musical history; a vital contribution, but one to be *studied* nowadays rather than imitated. Different as their music is from Mahler's, they acknowledge that qualities exist in him from which much can be learned. I have heard one prominent teacher of composition extol the last movement of *Symphony No. 4* as a superlative model of writing for voice and orchestra, emphasizing that the singer can be clearly heard at all times without having to struggle against the instruments, yet written in a way that betrays no anxiety or repression on Mahler's part in scoring for the orchestra. He also called attention to the profusion of indications concerning the manner of performance. The minuteness with which Mahler marked his scores may at first glance appear unnecessarily "fussy," but these annotations tellingly reflect his many years of practical experience as a conductor. "These scores abound

in verbal directions," wrote Eric Blom.<sup>4</sup> "To look at their pages is almost like watching Mahler conducting a rehearsal, admonishing and encouraging the orchestra with all kinds of epithets that aptly describe his precise intentions in the briefest and most direct way. The simplest directions . . . . . are often followed by exclamation marks, as though the conductor-composer so vividly imagined the sound of the music that he had to shout through it to make himself understood. No other composer's full scores have so human a look about them as Mahler's."

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It is in orchestration that composers can perhaps study Mahler to greatest advantage. The composer of 1949 has long since turned his back on the merely bizarre, cacophonous, outlandish orchestral sounds of which there was such a plethora fifteen or twenty years ago. Transparency, clarity, striking but unhackneyed effects from various instruments are sought today, and the abundance of such in Mahler is well known to all who are familiar with his music. Although the large ensembles for which he often (not always!) scored are no longer in vogue, contemporary writers are at last learning that hugeness of the orchestra is not invariable, nor, where present, the really essential feature of his style.

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In a day when a healthy emphasis on contrapuntal structure is the norm, much can be learned from Mahler, whose counterpoint was rarely cut-and-dried or formal,<sup>5</sup> but rather an uncontrived interweaving of many lines, which often emerge seemingly out of nowhere only to be swallowed up later in the restless fabric of sounds, just as an individual appears and disappears when moving in the midst of a large crowd. For determined, thorough-going counterpoint one can always study Bach, but for a type of music in which counterpoint results from the character of the thought itself—rather than the character of the thought resulting from the counterpoint—Mahler's informal, vital, and copious use of the device is a field for profitable study by any serious composer.

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As to harmony, we can readily admit that Mahler's musical speech here is a thing past and gone; "modern" harmony, by present standards, is no more to be expected from him than from the late Richard Strauss. Yet it must not be forgotten that Mahler's compositions *in their own day* (the '90's and '00's) were disconcertingly "modern" to the more conservative of the concert-goers.<sup>6</sup> Granting that there is not much which the

<sup>4</sup>In the explanatory booklet accompanying the first issue of the recording of *Das Lied von der Erde*. (Columbia records.)

<sup>5</sup>To illustrate the informal spontaneity of his counterpoint it suffices to point out that fugues and fugatos are almost unknown in his music and canons exceedingly rare. He seems almost unaware of the artifices and clever devices of that element—inversions, cancrizans, etc.

<sup>6</sup>An exceptional passage, but dissonant enough to make Stravinsky and the early Prokofieff sound tame, occurs in *Symphony No. 2*, just before the recapitulation in the first movement. Here we find a chord which I believe is unique even down to the present day: a complete chord of the fifteenth, containing every tone of the C minor scale.

composer of 1949 can learn from him in the way of harmonic novelty, some passages will nevertheless reward close study as examples of pioneering in devices which have since been more fully developed. There are occasional pages which anticipate atonality, while more than one example of polytonality ("bitonality" would perhaps be more accurate) could be cited, especially from *Symphony No. 7*.

A device which is virtually unique in Mahler's music, almost completely unexploited before his time or since, is the simultaneous employment of major triads against melodies in the minor mode. For example, during the course of a sustained CEG triad a melody may move C-Eb-D-C, the chord suggesting C major but the melody C minor. The clash of E natural against E flat occurs not by crudely pounding one against the other but rather by the independent action of two different elements of the texture. This singular device is especially prominent in the *Sixth* and *Seventh Symphonies*. Numerous examples occur in the second movement of the latter, but a more quickly-located instance will be found in the closing measures of *Symphony No. 6*; here an A minor melody is pitted against an A major triad, which later becomes an A minor triad as though yielding to the supremacy of the melody.

Less obvious, but by no means to be overlooked, are the passages which sound conventional when listened to superficially, but which careful analysis proves to be quite the opposite. A good example occurs in the second movement of *Symphony No. 7*. After a picturesque introduction, a gentle march-like theme is announced by the horns. Between the third and fourth measures we encounter a harmonic passage which though tolerably striking is by no means surprising, but of which the utter unconventionality is perceived only after careful study. Another instance is the modulation from C minor to E major which takes place in the first movement of the *Second Symphony* between rehearsal-numbers 2 and 3 (recurring near the end of the movement). It is exquisite but hardly startling, yet one would shrink from having to specify a parallel to it on short notice. Although anyone can invent chords and progressions which are obviously iconoclastic, does it not require the more subtle mind or real genius to devise passages which actually are more original than they appear when just casually heard?

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The accusation of "looseness in form" has been recklessly and I fear unjustly hurled against the bulk of Mahler's output. It must be borne in mind that he belongs to a period when form was de-emphasized, perhaps too much so, but looseness of form, even when perhaps a warranted criticism, is not synonymous with meandering; it does not necessarily denote a fragmentary structure nor an incomprehensible hodge-podge. If there is any Mahler composition whatever which is utterly formless, completely wanting in unity, I challenge any man to name it. Perhaps there are some in which a more tightly-knit structure could be imagined, but there are just as many others, if not more, in which the form would satisfy the most exacting; many indeed are truly "cut from a single piece of cloth." Any student can construct a satisfactory ABA or rondo-form, but it requires genuine creative ability to write a movement similar to the

finale of Mahler's *Ninth Symphony*, which goes ever onward with no exact repetition whatever, and yet holds together marvelously well.

Mahler's very philosophy of composition was one which would tend to rule out abstract formal design. His credo was expressed in the words "To me a 'Symphony' means to build a world;" thus if he at times seems to attempt to be all-inclusive within any given work, this stems logically from his belief and intention. If there is any real looseness of form, it is not the result of technical shortcomings but of his aesthetic outlook. That the latter may be open to question is of course quite possible, but aesthetics, like religion or politics, is basically a branch of philosophy, and one in which dogmatic statements tend to loom up as a form of bigotry; hence it appears sound to judge Mahler in relation to success with his avowed intentions rather than in terms of the individual listener's personal philosophy.

Aware that most contemporary composers are more form-conscious than their predecessors of the past century (except Brahms), Mahler can still be studied with profit by those seeking to master one salient trait of contemporary writing which is equally characteristic of him: varied repetition. Long passages of verbatim recapitulation almost *never* occur in Mahler; rather the character of his thought is constantly undergoing change as the music unfolds.

Admitting that brevity is a significant feature of present-day music, my impression concerning the shopworn charge that Mahler's works are "too long" remains today the same that it was eighteen years ago: namely that many of his compositions (especially the songs) are by no means long—quite the contrary,—and that in the cases where unusual length does occur it is the natural outgrowth of the essential nature of the work. If composers of 1949 write more briefly, that is simply one manifestation of the *difference* between the music of Mahler and that of today. I have never encountered a Mahler piece which struck me as padded beyond the demands of its real nature or one which would not lose some of its inherent character if a cut were made. If there is any evidence that he regarded length a virtue in itself, or believed it has the power to dazzle audiences with a hollow show of impressiveness, such evidence has completely escaped my attention. Bach, Handel, Schubert, Franck, and Wagner all indulged in lengthiness on occasion—also, like Mahler, in brevity—yet when they are "long" it does not necessarily follow that they are "long-winded" or "too long." Unusual length does not necessarily mean tediousness. Nothing is so exasperating as to encounter someone whose knowledge of Mahler is restricted to the isolated fact that his works often exceed average duration.

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Melodically much of his work will repay a composer's study. Mahler often succeeded in writing melodies which seem emancipated rather than chained down to the chords which accompany them.<sup>7</sup> He has a striking way of wandering all around the note which is the true melodic goal

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<sup>7</sup>This is written in full cognizance of the fact that numerous passages may be found in Mahler's work where a single harmony is continued for many measures with a melody which is hardly more than an arpeggio of the same chord.

before finally arriving at it. At times his melodies seem to perch on those notes which are least characteristic of the tonality. For instance, in the first movement of *Symphony No. 9* a theme is announced, seven measures before rehearsal-number 3, in which C sharp and G sharp are the most conspicuous tones, yet the tonality is clearly D minor, and the tonic chord of that key underlies the passage. Later, between rehearsal-numbers 11 and 12 (at *Leidenschaftlich*) the same melody, only slightly altered, occurs over the tonic chord of B-flat minor. Devices such as this have exerted influence on more than one contemporary pen; yet his employment of bold wide melodic leaps, in which he has been seldom equaled and probably never exceeded, still lies open for further exploitation by composers if they will but use the device more frequently.

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The feature of Mahler's music which in my opinion would least repay study is rhythm. It must be remembered that although composers of the sixteenth century employed this element with amazing ingenuity, their followers in the seventeenth surrendered to ease of notation and performance to such a degree that rhythm became quite stereotyped and conventionalized, while during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries it stagnated or perhaps even retrogressed. Mahler came at the end of this long period of decline, during the time when composers seemed hardly able to write anything more interesting than four quarter-notes in a measure, and antedates the unshackling of rhythm (mostly by Stravinsky and to some extent by American jazz) from the fetters which had bound it for so many years. That Mahler occasionally sought to break away from the mathematical employment of rhythm is attested by certain memorable passages: in the *Eighth Symphony*, first movement, between 23 and 30; during many sections in the last movement of *Das Lied von der Erde*; in the fourth movement of *Symphony No. 2* during which we find 23 time-signatures in 36 measures; but most of all in the finale of the same work, between rehearsal-numbers 21 and 25, where a most astonishing passage occurs, not only audacious rhythmically but orchestrally as well, but most of all in its astounding general conception. We can admit that as a rule, in common with all of his contemporaries and predecessors, his rhythm is tyrannized by the bar-line, and that he found escape from the four-measure phrase difficult of accomplishment; yet it is undeniable that for his times he runs quite true to form, while the foregoing instances are a few which might be cited as evidence that Mahler was by no means insensitive to rhythm and was aware that its horizons were capable of being broadened. So if rhythm is usually the least interesting feature of his work, the surplus of other elements in which he may be taken as a positive rather than negative model remains of truly impressive bulk, particularly his use of counterpoint and orchestration.

Mahler's love of good-natured satire and his occasional employment of deliberately vulgar effects has rankled some of the ivory-towered aesthetes who believe that music should under no condition descend from the loftily austere, not to say the rarefied. This too is another outgrowth of the already-mentioned philosophy that regards a symphony as a "world"; Mahler affirmed that the homely and the banal deserve a place

in art. Regardless of whether his conviction is right or wrong, the use of musical parody continues with increased frequency down to the present day, and although Mahler cannot be claimed as the inventor of this quality, it seems quite likely that his employment of it has given impetus to the movement and perhaps been the direct influence on some of our contemporaries.

\* \* \* \*

That Mahler has exerted and continues to exert an appreciable influence on contemporary music is almost undeniable, indirect and subtle though it usually be. This is not confined exclusively to composers of the German or Viennese school, for the vestiges of Mahler in the *Sixth* and *Seventh Symphonies* of Shostakovich have been very widely observed, while his influence on Nos. 8 and 9 and the *Piano Concerto* are also discernible even though less apparent. In the second movement of his *Symphony No. 5* the Russian has written a passage the style of which is practically indistinguishable from that of the older man, while the rousing conclusion of the finale can only be termed "pure Mahler." His love of the satirical and the intentionally vulgar perhaps stems directly from his illustrious Viennese predecessor.

Serge Prokofieff is almost the last composer in whom one would expect to observe the influence of Mahler; yet his *Fifth Symphony* discloses traces of it, notably the somewhat ribald theme for woodwinds and horns in the scherzo.

Aaron Copland has called attention to the importance of Mahler and acknowledges personal enthusiasm for his music. The spacious, wide-open effects frequently employed by the contemporary American, as well as the contemplative gentleness of certain moments in his *Appalachian Spring*, *Billy the Kid*, and *Lincoln Portrait*, would hardly be possible without study of the compositions of Mahler. The brightness, precision, and cleanness of more animated passages exemplify familiarity with another facet of his predecessor's methods of orchestration.<sup>8</sup> To many composers today, *vox Copland* means *vox Dei*. In view of his enviable prestige among American colleagues, there is good reason to expect that increased attention will be drawn to Mahler.

In the eighteen years which have elapsed since my initiation into Mahler's music I have had the pleasure of witnessing a slow but nevertheless positive growth of interest in his compositions among musicians and laymen alike, while my own knowledge has continued and matured. I have seen him progress from the ranks of the esoteric to those of the reasonably well-known. I have heard numerous expressions of a wish to hear more of his music.

As to the continuance of this trend in the future, there seems to be no cause for anything but confidence and optimism.

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<sup>8</sup>It should be stressed that these last three paragraphs point out the *influence* of Mahler; they are emphatically not to be construed as an accusation of plagiarism. A passage in the Shostakovich *Fifth Symphony* seems to my ears an *imitation* of Mahler; the other citations, examples of his *influence*.

## THE SONGS OF ALMA MAHLER

by Warren Storey Smith

More than one composer has been blessed with a musically talented wife who either furthered his cause by performing his music or assisted him in a secretarial capacity. In the first category we could place Schumann, Richard Strauss and MacDowell; and in the second, Bach, Rimsky-Korsakov and Mahler. Both Anna Magdalena Bach and Clara Schumann were composers in their own right; especially Clara, whose songs should be better known. And so was Alma Mahler.

Before discussing Alma's songs and Gustav's attitude toward her composing, which was very different from Robert's feeling about Clara's creative gifts, I might dwell for a moment upon Frau Mahler's influence upon, and expressed opinion of, her husband's music. For information on the matter I have turned to Basil Creighton's translation of her book, *Gustav Mahler, Memories and Letters* (The Viking Press, New York). From the little music of Alma Mahler that is available in print one can readily discern that her musical personality was quite distinct from that of her famous husband. Although the contrary opinion is sometimes expressed, Mahler, a great Wagner conductor, was little influenced by the necromancer of Bayreuth. Again, to run counter to the belief of many, Mahler's music is not erotic, while Alma's in certain instances is exactly that. A frankly sensuous note is sounded in the D-flat melody in the finale of the Mahler *First*, but the influence there—if influence it is—is that of Tchaikovsky, not of Wagner. Again, Mahler's music is predominantly diatonic, while Alma, a true post-Wagnerian, had a chromatic bee in her bonnet. Measures containing no accidentals are rare in her songs.

Anyway, with the knowledge of her musical personality that Alma Maria Schindler-Mahler's nine published songs affords us, it is not in the least surprising that she should have found her fiance's Fourth Symphony unduly naive.

"He brought me his Fourth Symphony one day. I did not, at that time, care for it. I said frankly: 'I feel Haydn has done that better.' He laughed and said I would live to think differently about it. The same day we played it as a duet. I missed a sixteenth note. He laughed and said: 'I make you a present of that sixteenth note. So I would if it had been an eighth, or a quarter. Yes, or the whole—myself.' When we joined my mother, he said to her: 'Mamma, after playing the piano with her, I ask you once again for your daughter's hand.'"

In the making of its immediate successor she played a part. Illness, however, prevented her from attending its first performance, in Cologne. She "lay in bed with a temperature while the Fifth was given its first hearing; the Fifth, which had been my first full participation in his life and work, the whole score of which I had copied, and—more than that—whole lines of which he had left out, because he knew that he could trust blindly to me.

"Early in the year there had been a reading-rehearsal with the Philharmonic, to which I listened unseen from the gallery. I had heard each theme in my head while copying the score, but now I could not hear them at all. Mahler had overscored the percussion instruments and kettle-drums so madly and persistently that little beyond the rhythm was recognizable. I hurried home sobbing aloud. He followed. For a long time I refused to speak. At last I said between my sobs: 'You've written it for percussion and nothing else.' He laughed, and then produced the score. He crossed out all the kettle-drums in red chalk and half the percussion instruments too. He had felt the same thing himself, but my passionate protest turned the scale. The completely altered score is still in my possession."

This was probably sound counsel. There is no evidence that Alma influenced Gustav adversely, but there is reason to believe that Clara Schuman's conservatism had something to do with the fact Robert's music became more orthodox after their marriage. The thought is expressed by Robert Haven Schauffler in his *Florestan* (Henry Holt and Co., New York):

"The Court-city of Dresden was, as we have seen, notoriously prim and reactionary in its musical taste. And when he compared Clara to a 'Dresdner Fräulein', he was fighting to save that original forward-looking individuality of his which had had such free play in the piano music and the songs. However, despite his determined struggles, Clara, from her wedding day on, was at times successful in Mendelssohnizing his music to some slight extent, making it more conventional and less utterly Schumannian."

Robert encouraged Clara to compose, though she was asked not to practice when it interfered with his writing, but Gustav forbade Alma to exercise her creative gift, changing his attitude only when their brief association was drawing to a close. Writes John N. Burk in his admirable biography of Clara (*Clara Schumann*, Random House, New York): "He . . . received from her on the first Christmas Eve of their wedded life three songs of her own, dedicated to him 'with the utmost modesty'. Robert was highly pleased with them, and urged her to collaborate with him in a published collection of settings of Rückert's poems. In a single week of January, 1841, he turned forth nine songs at white heat. Clara could not keep up this pace; she lagged behind with three, which were duly published with the others. They were well made, effective, not without invention — could have held their own proudly with partners from a lesser hand than that of Robert Schumann."

For a rather different picture I turn once more to Alma's *Memories*:

"In one of his last letters he said I might speak to my mother on his behalf, because he wanted to be accepted by her as a son as soon as he got back. However, just before his return to Vienna our first serious quarrel occurred. I happened to say that I could not write any more that day as I had some work to finish, meaning composition, which up to now had taken first place in my life. The idea that anything in the world could be of more importance than writing to him filled him with indignation, and he wrote me a long letter, ending up by forbidding me

ever to compose any more. It was a terrible blow. I spent the night in tears. Early in the morning I went sobbing to my mother, and she was so horrified by his unreasonable demand that, deeply as she loved him, she urged me to break with him. Her unqualified support brought me to my senses. I recovered my calm and confidence and finally wrote him a letter, promising what he wished — and I kept my promise.

"His man was to come for my answer before he would see me again; for, as he had told me in his letter, he would not know where he was until he had had it. In my agitation I went out to meet his messenger. I gave him my letter, but he had brought one for me, and in it Mahler, clearly uneasy about the effect of his earlier letter, was less exacting in his demands. He came that afternoon, happy and confident, and so charming that for the moment there was not a cloud in the sky.

"But there was. I buried my dreams and perhaps it was for the best. It has been my privilege to give my creative gifts another life in minds greater than my own. And yet the iron had entered my soul and the wound has never healed."

We are relieved to know that Mahler's selfish attitude changed, though by that time, the summer of 1910, the penultimate year of the composer's life, his wife's talent could no longer expand. It had in very truth been nipped in the bud.

"One day during this time of emotional upsets I went for a walk with our little girl, Gucki. When we were nearly home again I heard my songs being played and sung. I stopped — I was petrified. My poor forgotten songs. I had dragged them to and fro to the country and back again for ten years, a weary load I could never get rid of. I was overwhelmed with shame and also I was angry; but Mahler came to meet me with such joy in his face that I could not say a word.

"'What have I done?' he said. 'These songs are good—they're excellent. I insist on your working on them and we'll have them published. I shall never be happy until you start composing again. God, how blind and selfish I was in those days.'

"He played them over again and again. I had to sit down then and there—after a ten years' interval—and fill in what was missing. And that was not all; but since he was over-estimating my talent, I suppress all he went on to say in extravagant praise of it."

Some of Fanny Mendelssohn's songs were published under her brother's name and could easily be mistaken for his. The story goes that Queen Victoria once told Mendelssohn that her favorite among his songs was *Italien*. In some embarrassment he had to admit that it was not his but Fanny's. Clara's songs bear a decided family resemblance to Robert's; but, as was suggested above, when we come to the songs of Alma Mahler the parallel no longer holds. Not only were her songs written before their life together began, but Mahler's *Lieder* would be more difficult to imitate stylistically than those of any other major song-writer. At this point it might be observed, as a sort of consolation prize, that at their best, all three of these gifted ladies surpass the men in the case in their less inspired moments.

I have said that Mahler's music is never erotic. He wrote, as Alma put it, but one love song, *Liebst du um Schönheit*, composed especially for her. It is a tepid thing, less ardent by far than Clara Schumann's setting of Rückert's poem, and arguably the poorest of his songs. On the other hand, the most deliberately amorous of Alma's songs, *Laue Sommernacht* (Falke), is the most convincing, seemingly the most spontaneous, if not perhaps the most original and distinctive of the lot.

This pulsing, passionate song, in A major is the third of a set of four published by Universal-Edition. The date of the copyright is 1910, the year in which Mahler decreed that the songs should be published. Without knowledge of its authorship, it might be attributed to Strauss, or Wolf, or possibly to the early Schönberg. It is definitely Tristanesque, notably where the voice swoops down, on the Tristan-chord, on the words "*fiel dein (Licht)*." One thinks immediately of Isolde's torch. These words are repeated *pp*; the voice expires on the chord of the dominant seventh, as does the piano-part in the postlude.

The songs of Gustav Mahler are remarkable for the slender, transparent texture of the accompaniment. Alma has a fondness for big chords, often spanning a tenth, and with the aid of the pedal she will have the whole keyboard sounding at once. The final chord of this song, for example covers five octaves. A mighty fist is needed for the second song of the set, *In meines Vaters Garten*, (Hartleben). In the warm key of A-flat, in 6/8 time, marked *Allegro, Mit freiem Vortrag*, it is a long song, seven pages, with many changes of mood and striking modulations.

A mystical note is sounded in the first one, *Die stille Stadt* (D minor). The text is by Richard Dehmel, whose *Verklärte Nacht* prompted the famous string sextet of Schönberg. It has a grave beauty, a certain Brahmsian quality, and achieves in the final page a haunting loveliness.

Number four, *Bei dir ist es traut* (Rilke), is quiet throughout. The key is D major, and there is just enough harmonic intensity to prevent sameness and tameness. The final song, a setting of Heine's *Ich wandle unter Blumen*, is on the queer side. The poem is vague and so is the music. The latter is in C major and the voice rises slowly and chromatically from *pp* to *ff*, only to end softly on the lower note.

A second set, of four songs, was published by Universal five years later. Here the songs themselves are dated. The first and fourth, *Licht in der Nacht* (Bierbaum) and *Erntelied* (Gustav Falke), are dated 1901, and Alma might have been at work on one or the other of them when Gustav issued his ban on her composing. The others, *Waldseligkeit* (Dehmel) and *Ansturm* (Dehmel), are dated 1911. Alma says that she composed no more after becoming engaged to Gustav. Are we to find that statement contradicted here, or are these a later working out of earlier sketches? Taken as a whole, the set suggests a later date. The idiom is more obscure and there is a pronounced trend toward atonality. The more conventional vein of the first set is found only in the *Erntelied* (D-flat major). Dynamically it is striking. It begins *piano*, the swaying accompaniment marked *Begleitung so undeutlich als möglich*, rises to *ff* and ends on a *ppppp* that would do credit to Verdi or Tchaikovsky.

Both *Licht in der Nacht* (D minor, *Ernst*, 4/4) and *Waldseligkeit* in the same key and time signature and marked *Geheimnisvoll, zart*, might well be Schönberg on the verge of atonalism. The latter has that rare device, a glissando on the black keys. By this time the key has changed to D-flat and the song ends very softly on the tonic triad with added major seventh. The *Ansturm* appeals to me least of all. One senses in it more of contrivance and less of what generally passes for inspiration. It ends on the dominant seventh, while the first song ends on a low dominant, sounded twice under fermatas.

These nine songs are as good as unknown—and if not actually out of print, are certainly hard to come by. They do not deserve this semi-oblivion. Yet it must be admitted that they demand much, taken as a whole, of singer, pianist and listener. Siegfried Wagner once declared that it was a great handicap for a composer to bear the name of Wagner. Poor Alma was in much the same fix.

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#### AUSTRALIA HEARS MAHLER WORK

The outstanding event of the second half of the season was the first Australian performance of Gustav Mahler's First Symphony. Mr. Goossens has introduced an imposing number of new compositions during the last year, but no other work was as unanimously received as this sixty-year old symphony. The applause after each of the three performances demonstrated unmistakably that the public not only approved of Mr. Goossens' choice, but also that it wished to become more familiar with other works by Mahler.

The interpretation was by no means traditional Viennese Mahler. It was stripped of much of its emotional content and inner pulsation, but Mr. Goossens did not fail to convey the musical substance of the work.

Wolfgang Wagner, MUSICAL AMERICA

## BRUCKNER ON RECORDS

New Recordings and Re-issues

by Herman Adler

Viewed in historic perspective, the regrettable neglect and misunderstanding of Bruckner's music need not alarm us too greatly. Anton Bruckner is neither the first, nor will he be the last great musician to be thus denied recognition by his contemporaries and a good part of the following generation. Let us not forget that the "mediocrity", Johann Sebastian Bach, was accepted by the council of the *Thomas-Kirche* in Leipzig only after the celebrities, Telemann and Graupner, had been found unavailable for the position; that, for almost a century after his death, his music was all but forgotten; and that, even in our own time, the prejudices and misconceptions about Bach's music have not completely died out. Similar cases might be cited *ad infinitum* in music as well as in other arts.

It is commonly believed that the appreciation of Bruckner's music is limited by geographic boundaries, i.e., to the German-speaking world. The relative frequency of performances and the copious Bruckner literature in German would tend to confirm this impression. It is but natural that the Bruckner movement should have started at home, helped, no doubt, by the devoted spadework of such eminent Brucknerites as August Halm, Ernst Kurth, Max Auer, and others in the literary field, as well as the conductors Karl Muck, Otto Klemperer, Bruno Walter, and Karl Böhm. But make no mistake about it: even in Germany and Austria Bruckner has not as yet attained the same degree of popular acclaim that is the unquestioned due of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. True, since his greatness is generally recognized by those who influence public opinion and by a considerable section of the musical public, it is no longer fashionable to deride him. Unfortunately, we in America have not yet quite outgrown that stage. Finding fault with Bruckner's music has been, and still is, a fetish with many critics. An unthinking public perpetuates these opinions, often without bothering to listen to the music. Countless anecdotes tending to cast ridicule upon the MAN are repeated over and over again. Calling Bruckner a romantic and a Wagnerian did not help clarify the issue any more than did the comparatively recent tendency to link his name with that of Gustav Mahler.

Another reason for the misunderstanding of Bruckner's genius has only come to light during the past twenty years. What we had been hearing before then were not really Bruckner's symphonies as he conceived them, but falsifications of his scores by his well-meaning early interpreters, Franz and Josef Schalk and Ferdinand Löwe. Ardent Wagnerians, these musicians felt that Wagnerization of Bruckner's scores would be the best way to popularize them. The extent to which each symphony was affected by these changes varies as will be shown below.

Rare as public performances of Bruckner's music still are in this country, we have to depend largely on recordings for aural experience, closer study and, last but not least, spreading his message. Yet even the European companies hesitated a long time before they dared to undertake the task of recording complete symphonies and other major works by Bruckner. The long wait, however, had its twofold reward. We now get most of these works as performed in their original and complete form, with the added benefit of modern recording technique essential to the revelation of the full splendor of Bruckner's orchestra.

Of the sets reviewed in the following pages, two are new recordings (Symphonies VII and VIII), one is a pre-war recording made available to American collectors now for the first time (E minor Mass), and one (Symphony V) a re-issue in England of a set once included in the Victor catalogue, and reviewed extensively by Paul Hugo Little in *Chord and Discord*, December, 1941. Three other albums reviewed at that time (Symphonies IV and IX and the Aachen performance of the E minor Mass) continue to be available under the Victor label.

SYMPHONY NO. 5 IN B-FLAT MAJOR (ORIGINAL VERSION)

*Saxonian State Orchestra, Dresden, conducted by Karl Böhm*  
9 - 12" imported H.M.V. records, DB 4486/94.

The music itself defies description in words, just as Bruckner himself defies classification under any of the accepted "schools". Like Bach, Mozart, Beethoven or Shakespeare he is a creative genius, timeless and universal. To my mind, the Fifth Symphony is one of Bruckner's two greatest works (the other one being the Eighth). The subtitle "Tragic Symphony" is a complete misnomer and should not be permitted to gain general currency. August Goellerich who started it took his cue from the circumstances of Bruckner's life rather than from the music itself, a common trend in nineteenth century music interpretation. Bruckner himself referred to it simply as his "contrapuntal masterpiece". Some superficial musicians, for obvious reasons, nicknamed it "Pizzicato Symphony".

It is difficult to decide what to admire most in this work, the amazing contrapuntal craftsmanship, the melodic beauty, the sound of the orchestra, or the unflagging inspiration that fashioned one of the longest symphonies in existence out of one central theme, a feat not accomplished to such perfection since Bach's *Kunst der Fuge*.

The total impression of a Bruckner symphony is one of a perfect unity and integrity rarely encountered among the works of other masters. To become acquainted with it, it is necessary to hear it from beginning to end. Should this be absolutely impossible, I would suggest a hearing of the Finale. To those who think of a finale as the stirring dance-like movement of earlier symphonists this will seem surprising. In this symphony, as in the Eighth, the Finale represents the dramatic and formal climax of the work. There are but two previous instances of this procedure: Mozart's *Jupiter* and Beethoven's *Eroica*.

Prior to the restoration of the original version, in 1937, the Fifth, more than any of the other symphonies, had been the victim of those willful

alterations by Bruckner disciples referred to above. Even casual comparison of the original version with the Eulenburg miniature score will show the most amazing changes in dynamics, cuts of long sections, especially in the Finale, additions of instruments, doubling of some parts, transfers of passages from one instrument to another, and even additions of phrases Bruckner never composed.

The performance under the inspired direction of Dr. Karl Böhm is as fine as one can imagine, and the recording is beautifully clear and resonant. Altogether this is the sort of recorded realization of a masterwork that one dreams about, but seldom gets.

Long absent from the domestic and European catalogues, this splendid set has now happily been restored to the H.M.V. repertory by way of the "Special List". In the light of technical improvements I am happy to say that the recording has lost none of the wonderful qualities noted above, though users of high-fidelity equipment may find it necessary to cut down the treble range somewhat.

SYMPHONY NO. 7 IN E MAJOR

*Concertgebouw Orchestra, Amsterdam, conducted by Eduard van Beinum.  
15 sides, 8 - 12" imported London ffrr records in Album LA 94.*

The Seventh Symphony, completed in 1883, established Bruckner's international fame, and apparently it remained his most popular work (if we can apply this term to any music by Bruckner) even to this day. At any rate, there have been more recordings of this Symphony than of all the others combined.

Perhaps one reason why it was found more acceptable by the master's contemporaries is that, at least in form, it is more clearly the successor to the great symphonies of Beethoven and Schubert than, say, the Fifth or Eighth. But still another thought comes to my mind. The Seventh was published and performed with almost none of the revisions that disfigured the other symphonies, such as the Fifth noted above. Could it be that the public, even in the nineteenth century, had a healthier instinct for genuine greatness in music than the professionals were willing to admit? Perhaps Bruckner's well-intentioned friends defeated their own purpose when, by their revisions, they tried to make these works more palatable to audiences of their time.

The question "original vs. revised score" is a minor one when it comes to performances of the Seventh. With one exception, the differences are of so little consequence that I defy anyone but the most highly trained musicians to notice them in a recorded performance. There are neither cuts nor any other structural alterations in the "revised edition", and the tone of exaggerated self-importance in the foreword to the original score by Dr. Robert Haas (published 1944) seems a bit ludicrous.

Checking of the Eulenburg score against the original score shows that there are slight instrumental changes in the first movement, notably during eight measures following letter E, and lesser ones shortly after letter G and at S and W. I could find no discrepancies worth mentioning in the last two movements.

The real bone of contention in this symphony, however, is the cymbal crash with tympani and triangle in the Adagio (at letter W, record side 9). This was added to the score after its completion by Bruckner upon the advice of his friends, but against his own better judgment, and was thus incorporated in the published editions. I feel that Bruckner's own doubts as to its wisdom were certainly justified. As originally conceived the music speaks eloquently enough, and there is no need to overdramatize this point by the willful intrusion of an effect foreign to the spirit of the whole movement.

The question we have to ask ourselves, then, when judging a performance of the Seventh is not so much "do they play the original score?" but "is the attitude of the conductor and the spirit of the performance in keeping with Bruckner's intentions and ideals?"

Let us take a quick glance at previous recordings and see. The first one to appear was a Polydor-Brunswick set by the Berlin Philharmonic under Jascha Horenstein (ca. 1929). While Polydor deserves credit for thus breaking the ice, and giving the world the first complete Bruckner symphony on records, that version was sadly inadequate, both artistically and technically.

Next came the only American venture in the Bruckner field, a Victor album by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy (1935). At the time I enjoyed listening to that set at a friend's house. Yet, this was the pleasure of hearing a Bruckner symphony at all rather than any particular admiration for the performance. Whatever my feelings were then, I never had any great desire to add it to my collection, much as I wanted to own a Bruckner symphony. Re-hearing it now for comparison, I find ample reasons for my coolness toward Ormandy's performance of 14 years ago. It is a romantic conception in the worst sense, uneven in tempo, with exaggerated dynamics and, in spots, bad intonation or simply poor instrumental playing.

Around 1939 Polydor replaced its outdated version with a new recording by the Berlin Philharmonic, this time under the baton of Carl Schuricht. That set was never imported, but I had the opportunity of hearing it while in Italy. American record collectors did not miss anything. It is a stodgy unimaginative reading suggesting a conductor who is more at home in Brahms than in Bruckner.

Somewhat later Telefunken added several Bruckner symphonies to their catalogue, all conducted by Eugen Jochum. The orchestra in the Seventh is the Vienna Philharmonic. It is a performance with some of the faults I found with Ormandy; in short, one not worthy of the music. Notwithstanding David Hall's statement in *The Record Book*, Jochum does *not* play the original version. What is more, I have never heard a more vehement cymbal crash in my life — a resounding slap in the face of all partisans of the original version.

In addition to this complete recording, Telefunken issued a very fine performance by Wilhelm Furtwängler and the Berlin Philharmonic of the Adagio only. Furtwängler, too, plays the revised edition though the cymbal crash is more subdued.

Among the wartime releases found in the Electrola lists there is a

recording by the Munich Philharmonic under Oswald Kabasta. This set is not available for checking.

Now for the present release. Its most striking feature is the sheer beauty of sound produced by one of the world's great orchestras, mirrored faithfully in the frrr recording. This alone will recommend the set to many collectors who might otherwise not dare to approach a Bruckner symphony. The performance is a model of self-effacement on the part of the conductor. Mr. van Beinum obviously is a musician who believes in letting the music speak for itself rather than subjecting it to his personal whims ("so-called interpretations") or to such distortions as marred the Jochum and Ormandy versions. This in itself is sufficient reason for respect and gratitude, even though this performance falls somewhat short of the masterly readings by such Bruckner specialists as Karl Böhm and Bruno Walter. Like others who did the Seventh, van Beinum does not play the original version, but he treats the controversial cymbal crash with the utmost discretion. Tempi are well chosen, and altogether this performance comes closer to the true Bruckner style than any of its predecessors.

SYMPHONY NO. 8 IN C MINOR (ORIGINAL VERSION)

*Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. by Eugen Jochum.*

*21 sides, 11 · 12" imported Deutsche Grammophon records  
in Album DGS—17 (distributed by London Gramophone Corp.)*

Called by some "the crowning achievement of nineteenth century music", the Eighth is another miracle of the creative spirit. Due to its extended scope it is more akin to the Fifth than to any of the other Bruckner symphonies known through recordings.

The work opens in typically Brucknerian fashion, the principal theme growing out of an accompanying figure. This, as August Halm observes, is more like the beginning of music itself than the beginning of an individual work. This device, incidentally, is not one of Bruckner's innovations. Mozart, for example, used it before him in the G minor Symphony.

As in the Ninth, the Scherzo here precedes the Adagio. Its strongly accented rhythm is in contrast to the songful Trio in which the harp appears for the first time, foreshadowing the Adagio. It is the only symphony in which Bruckner uses this instrument.

The Adagio is one of the most sublime movements in all music (also the longest), and surely one of the most difficult to perform well. It is, however, so much part of the whole that to perform it separately would certainly diminish its impressiveness. Yet, it is true that the equally wonderful Adagio of the Seventh has been played, and in one case recorded, by itself without appreciable loss.

The Finale rounds out and sums up the work in festive spirit. Bruckner himself considered it the finest movement he wrote, and its grand design and all-embracing nature are perhaps the most compelling reasons that preclude an isolated hearing of any of the preceding movements.

Bruckner completed the symphony in 1887. Hermann Levi and Josef Schalk, however, considered it unplayable as it stood, and persuaded him

to revise it. The final version was ready in 1890. When published in 1891, the Eighth did not escape the usual "editorial attention". The changes, made in this case by Max von Oberleithner, are not as drastic as those that disfigured the conventional scores of the Fifth and Ninth. Still, they involve various instances of re-instrumentation, a cut of ten measures in the Adagio, and six different cuts, totalling roughly 55 measures, in the Finale.

The existence of two versions in Bruckner's own hand complicated the task of restoring an "original version". By and large this score, published in 1939, is based on Bruckner's second version with some reference to the *Urfassung* (the first).

Due to its recent publication and the intervening war years American concert audiences, as far as I know, have had no opportunity to hear the Eighth in the original version. This recorded performance follows the original score, but—, for no visible or audible reason, Herr Jochum omits twenty measures from the first movement.<sup>1</sup> The cut occurs between sides 3 and 4, and runs from ten measures after R to letter T in the score (all editions).

Depending solely on memory, it seems to me that the Hamburg Philharmonic has deteriorated since the days of Karl Muck and Eugen Papst.

Even so, the orchestra is still a competent one, and Jochum's reading of the Eighth is far superior to his Telefunken version of the Seventh. However, certain details should be pointed out. I feel that a slightly faster tempo could do no harm to the first movement, while I consider Jochum's tempo in the Adagio decidedly too slow. There is a definite feeling of dragging, a danger Bruckner expressly sought to avoid (...*doch nicht schleppend*). Furthermore, the opening theme of the Adagio lacks definition due to Jochum's fatal inability to make the strings play truly detached notes, thus obscuring the rhythmic outline. All too often Jochum doesn't seem to grasp the full significance of certain details or phrases, and, finally, he labors under the misapprehension that *diminuendo* and *ritardando* are one and the same thing.

With all this I don't want to spoil the very considerable pleasure a listener can get out of this set. The Symphony, if left to itself, is magnificently indestructible. And even though Jochum does not show the requisite insight into the music, it is still virtually all there (minus twenty bars) in a lifelike reproduction that will make it easy for the listener versed in Bruckner to penetrate beneath the surface.

MASS NO. 2 IN E MINOR

Hamburg State Opera Choir and Orchestra, conducted by Max Thurn.

5 — 12" records in Capitol-Telefunken Album EEL-2504

or 1 — 12" LP record, Capitol-Telefunken P 8004

The E minor Mass is unique in that it is scored for eight-part chorus

<sup>1</sup>After this article went to press word was received that Jochum made no such cut in the performance when it was originally recorded, but that this error occurred when the recording was transferred from tape to discs in the laboratories of the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft.

and an orchestra of wind instruments only. A very fine performance by the Aachen Cathedral Choir has been in the Victor catalogue for a number of years. About the time when that set first appeared in Germany, Telefunken recorded the same work as given by the chorus and orchestra of the Hamburg Opera. At first sight, performance of a Mass by an opera ensemble might seem strange until it is remembered that, thanks to Karl Muck's conductorship of the Hamburg Philharmonic (1922-1933), that city had become one of the centers of Bruckner activity and enthusiasm. Not many copies of the Telefunken set ever reached this country before the war, and it is only now, under the new Capitol-Telefunken arrangement, that this version will gain wider circulation, and that a comparison between the two is possible.

The most obvious difference is that the Aachen choir is an amateur group with boys in the soprano and alto parts, while the Hamburg group is a highly trained professional chorus. The result is infinitely more polished singing, accurate intonation, and greater flexibility in the case of the Hamburg choir, but greater spontaneity and power on the part of the Aachen group. Both interpretations carry a great deal of conviction. Whereas the Aachen performance stresses the Palestrinian aspects of the score, the Hamburg version is marked by a greater awareness of the Mozartean origins of much of Bruckner's choral writing, and also by a more conscious feeling for the symphonic element in Bruckner. Thus, in a sense, the two versions complement each other. Having owned the Victor album ever since it was issued, I was surprised to find new beauties in the music upon acquaintance with the Telefunken set. These beauties were always there, to be sure, but somehow they did not register until held up against the mirror of a different artistic conception.

As is the case with so many recorded masses, the Gregorian intonations of the opening words of the *Gloria* and *Credo* are omitted in both performances. There is one unfortunate and seemingly unnecessary cut of ten measures in the *Gloria* of the Telefunken version, which actually eliminates two lines of text (*Quoniam tu solus sanctus/Tu solus Dominus*). The Telefunken recording is somewhat more lifelike than the Victor, and the surfaces are very quiet. The LP disc is equal in quality to the 78 set.

This, then, is one case where I cannot advise, but only explain. The choice between two very fine, though different, versions depends on individual taste and preferences. Whatever the ultimate choice, don't fail to give a thorough hearing to the other version. It will add perspective and deepen your pleasure in listening to the set you own.

Now that we have reached the stage where a majority of Bruckner symphonies and one major choral work are available to American record collectors, they will do well to take advantage of this opportunity, thereby not only enriching their own musical experience, but, let us hope, also encouraging the record companies to complete the repertoire of Bruckner's more important works.

# SOME NOTES ON GUSTAV MAHLER (1860-1911)

by Donald Mitchell

## INTRODUCTORY

It is time that we reached some decision about Mahler. Performances, both in the U.S.A. and Great Britain, have been on the increase, although it must be pointed out that this does not necessarily mean that Mahler will be any the more appreciated or understood. All too often, flat (or even ludicrous) performances<sup>1</sup> stand as firmly as any iron curtain between the mind of the listener and the intentions of the composer. This was plainly brought home to me by the gallant effort the BBC Third Programme<sup>2</sup> made in giving us all the nine symphonies. It was a remarkable project which defeated its own admirable purpose by the deplorably low standards of interpretation; if Mahler is not comprehended by the conductor of the orchestra, what chance has the audience? All this has been better said by Robert Simpson elsewhere.<sup>3</sup> I can only recommend his pages for further elaboration of my argument. But when all the faults have been taken into account, musicians and music lovers in general, at least have heard *some* Mahler and can judge the fulminations of certain critics<sup>4</sup> on the evidence of their own ears. All too frequently in the past, the critic has been able to damn Mahler, confident in his knowledge that it was extremely unlikely that the work in question would ever be played, and his arrogant assertion remain unchallenged except by those fortunate enough to be skilled readers of orchestral scores.

## MUSIC AND SOCIETY

But how much do we understand Mahler listening to him, as it were, in an intellectual vacuum, without knowledge of his life, his environment, and more important still, that complex of time, persons, places and period that produced him and made him what he was? A puzzling question that raises an old issue on which the musical purists and their more liberal opponents may join in battle.

The Classical *versus* Romantic formula is no longer satisfactory and indeed cannot itself be explained solely in musical terms. The two sides of that very rough and arbitrary division are too much intermingled and interconnected for any statement of clarity to be made. Where does Mahler

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<sup>1</sup>Mr. Robert Simpson in the current issue of DISC (No. 9, Winter 1949) speaks of "the casual sight-reading methods of most British orchestras."

<sup>2</sup>The Third Programme is nothing if not thorough; and the *Adagio* from the unfinished Tenth was included and repeated.

<sup>3</sup>See Music Survey Vol. 1, No. 3, 1948 "Mahler and the BBC."

<sup>4</sup>Of course, there are some discerning Mahler critics in this country, notably Wilfrid Mellers and Edward Sackville-West.

stand? The last, fine flower of the Romantics is the claim many put forward. Perhaps—but he does not look well or fit easily into Romantic dress, no more easily than Brahms who was a true Romantic playing at being a Classic. Perhaps it would be more accurate (and yet how startling to some of our learned critics) to discard the Classical/Romantic fixation and see Mahler taking his place in the great German symphonic tradition of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and Bruckner: a tradition that would include Brahms along with Schumann and Mendelssohn.

The Classical/Romantic boundary has its uses though if only as a definition which can be improved upon, departed from, even denied completely. At least it implies (i.e., the words "classical" and "romantic" having associations relevant to music and also a wider application to many other human activities) a certain parallel development between the state of society at any given moment and the culture it produces.<sup>5</sup> Music is not explicable in terms of itself alone but in the social order that gives birth to it. Music did not change society: society changed music. Mahler was what his age made him. If we wish to understand fully his music, we must understand the world he lived in. The good critic must be not only a musician, but a historian, a sociologist and psychologist<sup>6</sup> in addition.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL CONSIDERATIONS

Even if we accept the statement that society determines the shape, form and content of music, it is obvious that it is only a half-truth. Large allowances must be made for the genius of the individual composer, and for the more closely personal environment of family and home. The genius is hard—I should say impossible—to explain. Some cases might be made out for the fact that throughout history a political genius has always been thrust forward at just that moment when a man of destiny has been required.<sup>7</sup> In the arts too, each epoch has not been lacking its geniuses who may express the characteristics of the society they live in.<sup>8</sup> But why the mantle of genius should descend upon one particular pair of shoulders, it is quite beyond the capacity of research to discover; and speculation is worthless. In Mahler's case heredity can hardly be seriously considered as an influence of any importance.

His childhood<sup>9</sup> was one of the acutest misery and his attitude to life

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<sup>5</sup>"The form society assumes at a given moment is reflected in the art of that moment. That art, so closely bound to the life it mirrors, is affected in an analogous way by the crisis through which the contemporary society may be passing." Adolfo Salazar, "Music in our Time," 1948.

<sup>6</sup>It is interesting to note how music criticism has tended to become more and more psychological. Mahler has proved a happy hunting-ground for the musical psychologists, particularly those from his own country.

<sup>7</sup>Many historians would, of course, contest such a theory.

<sup>8</sup>But some periods have lacked geniuses—the Victorian era in England for instance, particularly in music. Obviously, as a society further declines and disintegrates, it is less and less likely to produce any significant culture.

<sup>9</sup>There is ample biographical material available in print.

(one he formed early) was basically tragic and pessimistic.<sup>10</sup> His conversion from the Jewish faith to the Church of Rome was an obvious attempt to achieve a secure belief; an attempt that failed as may be seen from the ninth and last symphony. The Church that had once been the originator and motive force behind so much creative art was already unable to appease the longing and satisfy the doubts of one of its most tormented members. Mahler's effort to find release in Nature, as I have pointed out elsewhere,<sup>11</sup> was equally a failure.

Mahler's search was, fundamentally, for a solution to the difficult art of living;<sup>12</sup> composition was a relief, but did not solve the problem as the music was itself a direct result of it. Take away the problem and the music would have vanished. Already he was beginning to feel the isolation of the artist in a confused and chaotic world. His resignation (*Das Lied von der Erde*) was punctuated by savage outbursts of despair and defiance (the *Rondo Burleske* from the ninth symphony); one man shaking his fist against a social system that he knew was beginning to reject him. But we need not be too astonished at the manner in which the whole fabric of Mahler's personal existence was rent and torn; he was a child of his time, and the time was out of joint.

#### THE CRISIS IN EUROPE

The period 1860-1911 was, historically, a period of flux and change, a period that led eventually to the 1914-1918 crisis and the ensuing cataclysm. There were strong movements toward Nationalism, the unification of Germany and Italy occurred, in Russia some of the intellectual seeds were sown that prepared the revolutionary flowers, everywhere the old order was collapsing;<sup>13</sup> and in spite of a progressive liberalism and a popular democratic movement, there was an equally violent reaction that attempted to support the tottering social structure. Into this almost boiling cauldron Mahler was dropped. It is surely a measure of his greatness that the immersion did not silence him forever.

#### THE CRISIS IN MUSIC

As in so much, Beethoven is the key figure. To understand the tradition Mahler inherited we must look back at the general development of music since the 1840's. If there must be a division between the classical and romantic eras, then Beethoven can be placed neatly between the two. He is the hinge on which the door shuts on Classicism and opens on Romanticism. He was a great enough composer to create order out of disorder, to gather together the characteristics of his age and express them, and yet remain a master craftsman, always a musician and never a political orator. But Beethoven was, as Sydney Harrison has it, "a

<sup>10</sup>See also my "Mahler and Hugo Wolf." *Chord and Discord* Vol. II, No. 5, 1948.

<sup>11</sup>Music Survey, Vol. I, No. 4, "Literature and the Childhood of Music."

<sup>12</sup>As were the novels of Henry James.

<sup>13</sup>Austria especially suffered various constitutional and anatomical changes.

democrat personally and politically" and no one can reasonably doubt that the Choral Symphony, with a text that preached the brotherhood of man, was as much a moral judgment,<sup>14</sup> a social gesture, a tract for the times, as a symphony. Beethoven laid down a challenge to all who followed him, and a burden of humanism difficult for lesser men to shoulder and lesser minds to comprehend.

The great expectations aroused by the events of 1789 were never fulfilled. Reaction set in, popular democracy lost much of its momentum and its energies were dissipated and dispersed. Beethoven's "brotherhood of man" was never achieved either politically or musically. Music is as accurate a textbook as those written by many of our historians, and where society has failed, music has failed too. Almost all music since Beethoven can be summed up in terms of revolt against the tradition he formulated in the Choral Symphony.

*Humanism* is the operative word and music since 1824 can be catalogued in terms of (a) neglect of, (b) revolt against, and (c) evasion of Beethoven's challenge. Many neglected it, Schumann and Mendelssohn evaded it, indulging in a pleasant domesticity; Brahms and Wagner revolted against it. It is important to remember Brahms' signature to the Manifesto of 1860; a reaction<sup>15</sup> which, writes Salazar,<sup>16</sup> "showed a desire to relate itself to an outmoded classical discipline called neoclassicism." Wagner was the more powerful and dangerous revolutionary of the two—if revolutionary be the right word. He was an example of revolution in reverse. As I have said elsewhere,<sup>17</sup> "Wagner's music-dramas were merely another method of refusing to accept the implications of Beethoven's musical challenge. Wagner's experiments with harmony were certainly new and of value, but they were always subordinate to his peculiar ideology which dictated a complete divorce from society." Apart from Bruckner and Mahler, Schubert, in his songs, his chamber-music, and the Great C Major Symphony, is the only post-Beethoven composer who had anything of Beethoven's "social-will" and was able to carry a step further (particularly in his development of the *lied*) the great tradition of which the Choral Symphony was the cornerstone.

It is strange, indeed, that both Mahler and Bruckner who were keen admirers of Wagner, while frequently using his technical innovations, escaped inheriting his ideology, his anti-social philosophy.

Bruckner is, perhaps, a special case as his Catholicism, his faith, played a considerable part in his creative activity, and he dedicated his work to God: a fact which must be borne in mind when estimating his music. Again, he was an excessively simple character although this does not mean that he was not an extremely subtle composer. For Bruckner, the Universal Church as a unity still had meaning, and the "brotherhood of man" was part of Christian doctrine long before Beethoven wrote his

<sup>14</sup>"Music is a moral law." Plato.

<sup>15</sup>It should be remembered that a rebel is as much part of the society against which he rebels, as the individual who conforms.

<sup>16</sup>"Music in our Time," 1948.

<sup>17</sup>Modern Quarterly, Vol. III, No. 4, 1948.

Choral Symphony. Bruckner, therefore, continued an even earlier tradition. He could not, writes Mr. Simpson, "imagine music that was not in some way connected with the mysteries and pieties of his religion."<sup>18</sup>

For Mahler though, the Church could provide little but a stimulus to his imagination, chiefly by way of its ritual and pageantry. The most direct result of the Church's influence is the first movement of the Eighth Symphony with its setting of the medieval Latin hymn of Hrabanus Maurus. Certainly, an optimistic movement, but the subsequent *Das Lied* with its implied pantheism is almost a contradiction of the Eighth, and the Ninth Symphony empty of any kind of consolation.

I have remarked upon the astonishing lack of resemblance between Bruckner, Mahler, and Wagner, for despite an occasional likeness of language<sup>19</sup> the thought behind their speech was entirely different. Obviously, one of the most significant of Beethoven's developments was his expansion of the "slow movement," both technically and philosophically, into the *adagio*, the weightiest, if not the crowning movement of all his symphonies. Any composer after Beethoven, looking back at the *adagio* of the Choral Symphony, must have trembled at the task before him. But Schubert solved the problem, inimitably, in the Great C Major, and Bruckner's *adagios* sound so supremely effortless that they seem as natural as the soaring arches in a cathedral. Mahler, without Bruckner's secure faith, facing the increasing difficulties of an already difficult world, and driven (possibly unconsciously) by all manner of social forces, at least grappled with the problem and made an attempt of great nobility to continue the Beethoven tradition. There are three great slow movements: those of the sixth, ninth, and unfinished tenth symphonies; those of the third and fourth, as might be expected, are immature in comparison. (But the Fourth Symphony is in itself interesting in that it represents one of the first musical fairy-tale worlds written for adults only. Today, it is that uneven genius Walt Disney who caters for this public demand.)

We are often told that Mahler's themes are banal in the extreme, littered with recollections of every composer, living or dead, and that it was only in his orchestral technique that he achieved a personal note. Yet Mahler's music to any discerning ear is instantly recognizable. This fragment, chosen at random from the Ninth Symphony, is completely characteristic:

Tempo I

Vn. I

*pp aber ausdrucksvoll*

Vn. II

<sup>18</sup>Disc, No. 9, 1949.

<sup>19</sup>Of Bruckner, Alfred Einstein has written: "...he had almost as little in common with Wagner.... as he had.... with Brahms." ("Music in the Romantic Era," 1947)



How significant it is that Mahler has divided his theme between the first and second violins, almost as if the division in himself sought a formal expression in his music (the division that existed between himself and the world,<sup>20</sup> and the division and strife in the world outside). Mahler was too much himself to have any direct hints of Beethoven in his work, although there is a curious resemblance between the disintegrating *coda* of the Ninth Symphony's *adagio* and the *adagio* of the Beethoven Sonata Op. 101. And reference to the song *Die Trommel gerühret* (Beethoven's music to *Egmont* Op. 84) plainly shows what must have been the first of that long line of German romantic *lieder* of which Mahler was one of the finest exponents in *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*. His *Laendler* are direct descendants of the Haydn Minuets and Trios; the trio in Haydn's Symphony No. 88 remarkably foreshadows Mahler's sinister drones and syncopated *sforzandos* in the *Rondo Burlesque* of the Ninth. Mahler not only glances back over his shoulder at Bach and Mozart (possibly the two greatest contrapuntists) but forward as well to that school of neo-classicists (the "Back to Bach movement") typified by Reger and Busoni, and even by Stravinsky in his later periods.

His influence has, indeed, been immense; there is no need to mention the obvious debt such composers as Schönberg and Alban Berg owe him, for they have acknowledged it themselves. In contemporary England, Benjamin Britten's orchestral technique (if nothing else) is largely derived from Mahler, who was not only a great traditionalist but also a great innovator, and the last, I think, of the great symphonists.

No doubt, the music of Schönberg and Berg is decadent, decadent in that it accurately mirrors the decline of a whole system of civilization, the decline of an ideal that had never been put into practice. The seeds of that decadence were, inevitably, in Mahler too, because his world was falling apart. But there was nobility also and some vestiges of a faith, if not in himself, then at least a faith in humanity.

Like Beethoven, Mahler could have pointed in turn to his head and heart and said: "My nobility is *here and here*;"<sup>21</sup> but we have his music as a testament; there is no need for speech.

<sup>20</sup>And, of course, the fact that he had to spend so much time conducting and administering the Opera. It is very much a modern phenomenon that the creative artist is expected to possess many of the qualities associated with the business executive.

<sup>21</sup>See Grove's Dictionary (1879 Edition).

## BRUCKNER AND MAHLER IN AUSTRALIA

by Wolfgang Wagner

As in every other walk of life, in cultural matters too, the Australian public is looking for guidance to England. The general English opinion about merits or demerits of achievements in the realm of Arts and Letters is accepted here without questioning. No one acquainted with the attitude of the majority of English music-critics and writers towards the work of Bruckner and Mahler will therefore be surprised to find that Australian music-lovers had very little opportunity of listening to the music of these two composers prior to the last war. In fact, there were only four performances of symphonies by Bruckner and Mahler up to and including 1940.

This rather disappointing record might appear in a different light when one realizes that about fifty years ago a symphony concert was an unheard-of event in Australia. To-day, thanks to the far-sighted policy of the government controlled Australian Broadcasting Commission (inaugurated in 1932) we have in four of the six States of the Commonwealth full-sized symphony orchestras whose members work on a yearly contract, and similar arrangements are in preparation for the two remaining States. The unavoidable deficits of these orchestras are guaranteed by the respective State Governments, Municipalities, and the Broadcasting Commission.

It was not before August 5, 1937, that a symphony of Gustav Mahler was heard in an Australian concert hall. On that date the late Georg Schneevoigt conducted Mahler's Fifth at the Sydney Town Hall. Incidentally, Schneevoigt was the first non-English conductor of international fame invited to Australia and it speaks highly for his unselfishness and idealism that he seized the opportunity to introduce Mahler to Australian audiences instead of playing the familiar classics. One must admit that the *Fifth*, with the exception of the *Adagietto*, is a difficult work to apprehend for a public listening to a Mahler symphony for the first time and the critique which appeared on the next day in the *Sydney Morning Herald* certainly did not contribute much to a better understanding of Mahler's message. In the familiar tone of English criticism the *Herald's* music expert wrote:

The Mahler symphony proved to be a long work—it lasted an hour—and an uncommonly patchy one. There were many passages of beauty; but except in the *Adagietto* movement, the effect was never sustained. During much of the time the composer seemed to be going through the motions of grief or joy, or frenzy, but conveying nothing but a disturbing noise. His well-known fondness for brass instruments expressed itself in frequent and by no means uncertain terms. This, more than anything else, made the symphony fatiguing. Still, a score which includes such superb

ideas as the Dead March in the first movement, and the tender sincerity of the Adagietto is not likely to be thrust aside.

Bruckner was heard for the first time two years later when George Szell played the *Third* in Melbourne on June 7, 1939, repeating the second and third movements at a popular concert the following day.

The Melbourne *Argus* calls the performance "an emphatic success" and has high praise for Mr. Szell who did everything "to insure symphonic appreciation" of the work.

In 1940 Neville Cardus,\* the music critic of *The Manchester Guardian*, came to Australia, and it is due to his untiring efforts for the cause of Mahler and Bruckner and his deep-rooted understanding of their personalities and ideologies that the public gradually became aware of the two composers' importance in the development of symphonic art.

Shortly after Mr. Cardus' arrival in Sydney the Sydney orchestra, specially augmented for the occasion, gave the first performance of Mahler's *Fourth*, conducted by Antal Dorati. One can assume that many a diehard will have changed his attitude and unfounded prejudice against Mahler when reading the following notice from the authoritative pen of Neville Cardus.

I cannot recall many finer pieces of conducting than Mr. Dorati's, considering that he was dealing with a kind of music which is entirely out of the common symphonic run. The orchestra (unlike one or two of the critics present) declined to lose faith during the apparent 'dullness' of certain sections of the work. Mahler asks for much faith in his *Fourth* Symphony for he glances back on purely personal recollections of youth spent in a world which nowadays is lost in our age of innocence.

It is the shallowest judgment that hears only echoes of other composers here - for example, in the slow movement, where the pizzicato notes of the double basses are superficially the same as the bass notes at the beginning of "Who is Sylvia?". Mahler like Schubert drew melodies out of the air which surrounded him. But the Schubertian freshness has gone—Mahler added his own ache of nostalgia. He was really an exquisite decadent, a singer of swan-songs. Throughout all his music there is to be heard the longing note of his most beautiful and autobiographical song: "Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen". This refrain or flavor occurs at the introduction of the second theme on the division of the slow movement.

Mr. Dorati and the strings of the Sydney orchestra were extraordinarily clever in getting the Mahler tensity and color at this point, the proper tone and almost tearful cadence. (Sentimental, of course, but what of that, if the art with which it is done is original and fine?) . . . .

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\* cf. Chord and Discord, Vol. 2, No. 5, 1948.

Hardly a week later Georg Schneevoigt, re-visiting Australia after his great success in 1937, conducted the *Sixth* Bruckner in Sydney. Mr. Cardus wrote:-

Professor Schneevoigt controlled the famous and difficult decrescendos of the composer with skill; also the equally difficult pauses; Bruckner wrote for the orchestra like an organist, he changes the various instrumental groups into registers, you can almost see him pulling out stops. He shuts off a full tone suddenly; he loves sudden transitions from massed tone to isolated woodwind cadences. His fortissimi are resonant organ swell.

The *Sixth* Symphony lasts some 50 minutes—which is, for Bruckner, not at all lengthy; the *Sixth* Symphony is, we might say, a Bruckner epigram, a mere morsel, tossed off between real working hours. It contains the usual Bruckner adagio. Bruckner was the only composer capable of emulating the Beethoven adagio style of the ninth symphony; other composers have written great slow movements, but there is a certain sublime melodic ease and discursiveness in the true adagio, a mazelike reflectiveness which turns inward. The style is difficult to define; all students of music can distinguish it.

With the majority of players in the Armed Forces, concert activities in Australia for the following four years were on a restricted scale and overseas conductors were unable to visit our shores. Mr. Cardus continued his good work with his weekly broadcast talks called "Enjoyment of Music" during which Australian music lovers became acquainted with many master works never previously performed in this country.

One of these sessions was devoted to Mahler's *Lied von der Erde* in which he used Bruno Walter's beautiful recording with Charles Kullman and Kerstin Thorborg. After the first broadcast of the *Lied von der Erde* Mr. Cardus and the Broadcasting Commission were flooded with letters requesting a repetition and gramophone shops sold the remaining stocks of Walter's recordings within a few days. During his seven years' stay in Australia Mr. Cardus had to repeat this particular broadcast six times. A similar broadcast, dealing with excerpts of Bruckner's *Fourth* and *Seventh*, met with equal success and had to be repeated.

While in Sydney, Mr. Cardus also wrote his essay on Mahler which is incorporated in his illuminating and most successful book "Ten Composers".

Great hopes for further Bruckner and Mahler performances were entertained when Eugene Ormandy arrived here in 1944; but with war conditions still prevailing it was impossible to gather sufficient number of experienced players for a satisfactory performance of a Bruckner or Mahler symphony.

The 1945 season saw the premiere of Bruckner's *Seventh*, conducted by Professor, now Sir, Bernard Heinze. The performance, especially the adagio, left a deep impression and the work was widely acclaimed by the public on the two nights it was played.\* The critics, however, with the

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\* In 1945 each concert in Sydney and Melbourne was given twice. Melbourne started with series of three concerts in 1946, and Sydney followed in 1947.

exception of Mr. Cardus, had more words of praise for Mr. Heinze's able conductorship than for the Bruckner symphony.

In the following year the young Czechoslovakian-born conductor Walter Susskind presented a most satisfying and authentic reading of Mahler's *Fourth*. Under the title "Mahler was Triumph for Susskind" Mr. Cardus wrote in the *Sydney Morning Herald*:

As it is possible to go through life and hear the Fourth Symphony of Mahler less than a half a dozen times, I shall devote the bulk of this notice to a discussion of the work and the remarkably sensitive performance.

This music lies far away from the familiar symphonic routine and calls for a rare instrumental delicacy; more important, the feeling behind every note is scarcely to be understood without long saturation in the Mahler psychology and the Austrian background of *Maerchen* legend, the Middle Age spirit of grotesque and the 'Totentanz'; and friend Hain who leads the way to a paradise presented in a sagacious and literal way with the gusto of a peasant's relish for tasty dishes.

In this work Mahler glanced back for the last time on his childhood, said 'good-bye' to the magic wonder-horn, before bracing himself for the spiritual ordeals experienced in his later symphonies.

He himself described the force as "naive and humorous"; But Mahler could not for long remain either naive or humorous. In this song-symphony—for the instruments are also soloists—of the "heavenly joys" he must needs compose a long and supremely beautiful adagio, with variations, in which the Mahler ache for restfulness, which always eluded him, is expressed in an orchestral style as sophisticated and finished as any known to central European music of the 19th century.

In a word, an interpretation of the fourth symphony calls for both simplicity and subtlety of statement, for directness and for nuance . . . .

This movement (adagio) is one of music's divinely inspired treasures. Even the Mahler appoggiatura glides in, and there are many transitions that softly lead us to a more and more hushed loveliness. The string choir at the beginning is quite ineffable . . . .

Dr. Edgar Bainton, the former Director of the Sydney Conservatorium, had included in one of his concerts the *adagietto* from the *Fifth* Mahler; likewise did Professor Heinze at concerts at Melbourne and Adelaide. (Between 1946 and October 1949 the *Adagietto* was played no less than 14 times in all six States of the Commonwealth).

The year 1947 marked a new and important stage in the musical development of Sydney and its orchestra. Reconstructed on a financially sound basis the year before, the orchestra came under the permanent conductorship of Eugene Goossens. To-day, after 2½ years of intensive

collaboration between conductor and players, Mr. Goossens has formed the orchestra into a body which certainly can hold its own with almost every American or European orchestra.

Mr. Goossens did not perform any work by Bruckner or Mahler during his first season in Sydney but conducted the Melbourne orchestra in a competent reading of Bruckner's *Sixth*.

Most encouraging progress was made during the ensuing two years both in Sydney and Melbourne. A complete list of performances will confirm this statement:

1948

Sydney, August, *First Mahler*, conductor Eugene Goossens.

Melbourne, October, *First Mahler*, conductor Paul Klecki.

1949

Melbourne, August, *Fourth Bruckner*, conductor Rafael Kubelik

Sydney, August, *Seventh Bruckner*, conductor Otto Klemperer.

Melbourne, September, *Fourth Mahler*, conductor Otto Klemperer.

Sydney, October, *Seventh Mahler*, conductor Eugene Goossens. In addition there were several performances of the *Adagietto* from Mahler's *Fifth* in five capital cities. (Hobart, Perth, Adelaide, Brisbane, and Melbourne.)

The Press greeted the Australian premiere of the *First Mahler* with headings such as "Splendour in Mahler", "Mahler's Symphony Impressive", and "Fine Playing in Mahler's First Symphony". Mr. Goossens' performance was enthusiastically received and thunderous applause of a most demonstrative character indicated unmistakably the public's desire to hear more of the works of the song-symphonist.

After deploring that it took 56 years for the symphony to reach Australia from Vienna, Kenneth Wilkinson of the *Daily Telegraph* wrote:

Eugene Goossens directed the Sydney Symphony Orchestra in a magnificent performance.

The long introduction with fragments of themes sounding beneath a long-sustained high A for strings, held the mood dramatically in suspense, as though the first movement was about to condense itself out of a musical nebula.

Then, how extraordinarily, how magically, the fresh, human, spring-like quality of the opening theme emerged from these cosmic musings!

Both here and in the following movement, certain melodies have a genial, comfortable swing which marks them as characteristically Viennese.

But the effect, in relation to the general scheme of the symphony, is by no means superficial. For these interludes of gaiety take on an overtone of irony, as though there were romantic episodes remembered in adversity.

The brilliance of Goossens' conducting lay precisely in the way he gave us the full score of these overwhelming changes of mood.

The rhythmic intensity of the third movement, in which the ceremonial funeral march was interrupted by mocking comments and furious dances of despair, was a grand experience.

In the finale, he gave free expression to the Berlioz-like extravagance of feeling, while keeping orchestral discipline on a rein. The whole presentation reached a triumphant climax as seven horns rang out in unison, fortissimo, above the general clamor.

The late A. L. Kelley had this to say in his paper, *The Sun*:-

Fortunately, though not unexpectedly, it was a very fine performance; and this was the more important since in that work are disclosed characteristics that endure through all the developments and elaborations of Mahler's many symphonies that followed.

For Mahler, the orchestra is a singing voice, not a spinner of contrapuntal fabrics, and songs of the open air fall charmingly, almost naively, on the ear, to gather an almost aria-like richness later in the symphony in lines and cadences drawn out beautifully by last night's violins and 'cellos.

In this direct, though spacious work, one feels the composer's immediate response to things felt and seen. There is, as yet, no conscious German (or Austrian) savoring and enjoyment of his emotions.

Mr. Cardus' successor on the *Sydney Morning Herald*, (Mr. Cardus had left Sydney for England the year before), summed up as follows:-

Mahler's proliferating themes, the long strands and sudden ejaculation of musical thought, were woven into a tone texture that was exquisitely transparent. The ideas were worked out with power rather than weight.

Melbourne received the same symphony equally well when the Polish conductor Paul Klecki introduced the work there two months after the Sydney premiere. Here are excerpts from criticisms in the leading papers:-

*Age*:

One of the most thrilling orchestral events heard in Melbourne . . . . This is a work of high character, if not of much geniality, often majestic but never descending to sentimentality.

Its terrific climax at the beginning of the fourth movement seems to rend the universe apart but the composer puts it together again with softly flowing melody and finishes the work with a regeneration of faith that is declamatory and insistent . . . . .

*Herald*:

The work is warm and expansive and we would be the richer for much wider acquaintance with Mahler. . . .

The critic of the Melbourne *Sun* sheds, I cannot refrain from saying, quite a "new" light on Mahler when she writes:-

The work is less a symphony than a series of tone poems strung together by a kind of leading motive, with a long-sustained high note on strings, and scattered cuckoo calls at intervals through the orchestra.

The work occasionally appeared derivative, weakly Beethovenish, and Mahler expressing Dionysian mystery in his "nature" music, often falls short with quite trivial melodies, however charming.

Rafael Kubelik, one of the most popular conductors ever to visit Australia, opened the 1949 series of performances of works by Bruckner and Mahler with a performance of Bruckner's *Fourth* in Melbourne. As so often Bruckner had a not too favorable press. The critic of the Australian musical journal *The Canon* donned the fighting gloves and took his colleagues of the daily papers to task with the following strong words\*:-

Echoes of old battles have woken this month in Melbourne: frayed banners have been held to the air, light ghostly lances have shone in remembered legion. Again as before beauty has been routed from the field, while the loud bray of Philistine revelry in triumph affrights the ear.

This time, we fear, the learned ladies and gentlemen of the press have scored such a brutal victory over the art of music that we may never look for another challenge from this side: music is dead, its seed and impulse and whole strength are dispersed.

After dealing with some adverse criticism of Berlioz *The Canon* continues:-

What are we to do?—we must lock away his works in dungeons and vaults and libraries, until his long silence convinces us that he is no genius at all, but merely a bellowing fool.

He will be in good company there, to be sure: he will find Bruckner, who is an outcast because his music is an experience of the spirit, while the society of our day is devoid of spirit. To a thorough reading of the *Fourth Symphony*, our critics respond thus:—

It tells nothing new, being strongly derivative of Wagner, with brass but not brilliance . . . .

Strongly derivative of Wagner! There are, in truth, strains of Mahler in the *Fourth Symphony*, like gold running through a quartz crystal: but Bruckner needs no gold in the places of his movement, for there is gold beneath his feet.

But this is all past now, this echoed battle which was as a slight stir on the surface of Melbourne's music: the two musicians, convicted of the crime of genius, have been executed: and the victors are complacently awaiting new feasts of Brahms.

When it was announced that the Australian Broadcasting Commission had engaged Otto Klemperer for a series of concerts the steadily growing community of admirers of Bruckner and Mahler anticipated festive days. To be sure, Mr. Klemperer did not disappoint them.

\* At the same concert excerpts from Berlioz' "Romeo & Juliet" were played.

No better account of Mr. Klemperer's decisive victory for the cause of Mahler can be given than by repeating here in full the critique which appeared in the Melbourne *Argus* on September 19, 1949, on his performance of Mahler's *Fourth*:—

A really magnificent performance of the Fourth Symphony of Gustav Mahler by the Victorian Symphony Orchestra brought forth an avalanche of applause and cheering from a packed and most appreciative Town Hall. Melbourne audiences have perceived the greatness of Klemperer from the excellence of his musicianship as evident in his moulding of the orchestra; they have also grown to like him, probably more than any other recent visiting conductor, because of his fine personality and platform humility.

His interpretation of the Mahler Symphony breathed life and beauty from the opening bar, with its colorful, tinkling sleigh bells. The passages for four flutes, including an exceptionally lovely one against a murmuring string background, were very striking in the first movement. The second movement was most effective because of the brilliance of Bertha Jorgenson's handling of the shrill violin solos (on a special instrument tuned a tone higher), and the lilt achieved in the string sections.

The quaint verses from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" in the last movement were excellently sung by the visiting soprano Elizabeth Schwarzkopf. Her interpretation was particularly pleasing because of her excellent creation of its simple, peasant-like qualities. It is no mean feat for a world-famous singer to express, as satisfyingly as did Miss Schwarzkopf, the naive and charming vision of Heaven as a place of dancing and feasting, with the angels baking the bread and St. Peter benignly looking on.

That this is the last concert Klemperer will conduct in Melbourne this season is news which must be received with considerable sadness by the public and, I feel, the orchestra also.—

The other papers were no less sparing in praising the symphony and the splendid conductorship of Mr. Klemperer. The Melbourne *Advocate* wrote:—

Gustav Mahler was a friend of conductor Otto Klemperer, so it was to be expected that the Symphony No. 4 in G Major would be presented with understanding and appreciation of the peculiar genius of that composer.

Klemperer maintained the unity of structure of this orchestral work which is essential to a complete understanding of the spiritual significance of the music. He gained particularly fine effects from the strings in the first movement of that singing quality that Mahler loved so well. The refrain for voice in the final movement was not of lyrical quality, but rather a continuation of instrumental pattern of melody . . . .

In Sydney Mr. Klemperer conducted a truly magnificent and deeply moving *Seventh* Bruckner. Again Bruckner, though warmly received by the public, did not cut much ice with the music critics. Only one of

them considered it necessary to discuss the work at length; the others dismissed Bruckner with a few lines containing the familiar clichés, "rather ponderous work . . . . . long as it is, prolix as many of its pages often are . . ." or "Its limitations, such as absence of variety in theme and mood, naive repetitiousness . . . . ."

This lack of understanding for Bruckner and his spiritual message evident in these writings, induced the present writer to discuss the problem in *The Canon* under the title "A Plea for Bruckner":

Mr. Klemperer's all-encompassing grasp of the works he performs, his penetration into the spirit of the music, and his ability to impart the intensity of his fierce musical passion to the mind of the orchestra, bridged with ease and authority the wide gap between the works of Strauss and Bruckner. The mysterious stirrings of Strauss's *Tod und Verklärung* were unfolded lavishly, while Bruckner's Seventh Symphony grew into an edifice of solemn magnificence under the hands of this master-builder.

Yet . . . not even Mr. Klemperer's glowing interpretation of Bruckner's symphony, not even the devoted and beautiful playing of the orchestra, could deter the critics of the daily press from treading the well beaten path and handing out the usual clichés. We have been reading these same stock phrases for over fifty years, and one would have thought that Mr. Klemperer's greatness as an interpreter of Bruckner might have produced a more amicable outlook. However, true to tradition, that emphasis was laid on the allegedly weak points of the symphony and its positive points were treated in parenthesis.

Philippics are far from my mind, yet I wish I could command Demosthenes' fire and persuasive power in order to change this traditional disdain of one of the most honest and unassuming men who ever attempted to set his feelings and aspirations to music.

Bruckner composed with the spaciousness and great conception of Baroque architecture and painting. The splendour of the monastery of St. Florian, the imposing line of its facade, the calm of the cloister gardens, the loftiness of the world-famous staircase, the dignified magnificence of the collegiate church with the organ under which Bruckner lies buried . . . All these are reflected in Bruckner's symphonies with equal splendour, loftiness and dignity. And as the eye repeatedly returns to a spot of singular beauty, or of personal appeal, so Bruckner keeps on repeating his sumptuous and soaring themes. Bruckner was a lonely man, and lonely people when they break their silence open their hearts without restraint. Bruckner, moreover, speaks in his music to God and offers thanksgiving for divine inspirations.

Often he loses himself in thought, and we can see him sitting at his organ, improvising, and absorbed in meditation. Suddenly he stops as if waking from a dream; a moment's pause, and the main theme sets in without modulation or change of orchestration; and with harp, string and cymbal he sings the glory of God.

Wagner was Bruckner's idol. With the simple credulity of the Austrian peasant, he adored the Master of Bayreuth. The sombreness of Wagner's brass under a dim string tremolo, and the sonority of his orchestral harmony made a strong appeal to Bruckner, and became the blood-stream of his symphonic work. But instead of blaming him for his Wagnerian flavour, we should realize that his unqualified veneration for Wagner resulted in his greatest achievement in the development of symphonic writing. For it was Bruckner who succeeded in amalgamating within the structural framework of the symphony the classicism of Beethoven and the romanticism of Wagner.

To sum up: piety, hero-worship, and the spirit of St. Florian were Bruckner's credo; music, the expression of his emotional and mental state; simplicity, humility, and serenity, the characteristics of Bruckner, the man. Let us endeavour to change our approach to Bruckner, and let us try to understand a lonely, deeply religious man whose heart poured out music.

Mr. Klemperer's unforgettable performance opened up for us a new vista to the understanding of this composer. Let us follow it: it will be an experience full of beauty and rapture.

A fortnight later Mahler's *Seventh* with its *Nachtmusiken*, resounded in an Australian concert-hall for the first time, some forty years after its premiere in Prague.

The Sydney Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Goossens gave a convincing reading of this much neglected symphony, described by one Sydney critic as fascinating, by another as fatiguing.

L. B. in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, after calling the performance "remarkably taut, vital and well-disciplined", continues:

While it would be foolish to suggest that this huge 70-minute work had a great popular success, most of last night's audience were prepared to make the resolute effort at concentration that Mahler demands. The effort was handsomely repaid for, even when Mahler does not ensnare the affections, he compels interest.

Mahler's symphonies, in sequence, are the harrowing and tragic case suffering. The fascination of his music is the astonishingly complex man which the music reveals.

Goossens, a Mahlerite by taste if not by constitution, was more than ordinarily equipped to give a vigorous, urgent and moving exposition of this symphony.

The orchestra responded magnificently to his leadership to reveal the symphony as the composer's way to peace-of-mind and pride of spirit through a philosophy which almost accepts the futility of struggling for impossibles. Mahler seems to say, at last, that he has found a way of accepting his own limitations and making the best of them.

This philosophic plan was made remarkably clear in the two end movements; in the adagio with its weight of resignation and the shadows of past despair, and then in the rondo with its candid liberations of spirit.

The three interior movements—a pastoral serenade with incidental cowbells sounding like a penny in a money-box; a ghostly scherzo of demon phantasmagoria; and another serenade of darker mood and unsatisfied romance—filled out the design of the work richly and at great length.

Mr. Wilkinson of the *Daily Telegraph* found "the music a strenuous experience on a hot night" and goes on:

Poor Mahler! In his First Symphony he showed himself capable of dealing directly and imaginatively with the essentials of symphonic form. By the time he had reached the Third he was discoursing naively and charmingly on the basis of German folklore.

But in the Seventh he is wrestling painfully with his own spirit and trying to pack into the score a whole lifetime of emotional and philosophical experience.....

Yet, for all its patchiness and overstress, the Seventh was worth doing and the Sydney Symphony Orchestra set forth its vehement message in outlines of fire.

*Lieder* by Mahler have, of course, frequently been sung by Australian and overseas artists. Miss Dorothy Helmrich, a renowned English soprano and singing teacher, now resident of Sydney, sang the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* during her Australian tour in 1935 and several times since. Miss Helmrich also included a number of *Wunderhorn-Lieder* in her programs.

The Chamber Music Society, *Musica Viva*, gave a performance of Bruckner's *Quintet* and scored with it such a success that the work had to be repeated at a request concert at the end of the season.

Unfortunately I could not obtain any data regarding performances of Bruckner's choral works, but this article would not be complete without mentioning the frequent broadcasts of the recorded works by both composers. Bruckner's *Fourth*, *Seventh* and the *Overture in G minor* and Mahler's *First*, *Fourth* and *Lied von der Erde* have been played at least ten to fifteen times each during the past three years not only over the network of the Australian Broadcasting Commission but also by several commercial stations. Other works available on wax, as for instance the *Second* and *Ninth* Mahler, were frequently performed too. Bruno Walter's latest recording of Mahler's *Fifth* has not yet reached this country at the time of writing, but when the new set of Bruckner's *Seventh* under van Beinum arrived here 50 sets were sold by one record dealer alone within ten days.

Summing up it can be stated quite confidently that public demand for works by Bruckner and Mahler is steadily growing in this country. Most encouraging is the fact that the intelligentsia among our young people shows more understanding for both composers than the older generation of concertgoers. Mahler with his psychological approach to music and exciting intensity stands nearer to their heart and mind than the more contemplative and romantic devoutness of Bruckner. Mahler's symphonies are for them "Music of our Time"; on Bruckner they look with reverence as a representative of "times gone by."

The Sydney University paper *Honi Soit* closes its notice on Goossens' performance of the *Seventh* Mahler with this significant statement:—

Such performances of rarely heard works, while causing elation and gratitude, tend to cause apprehension concerning the occurrence of further performances. Indeed, until Mahler's works become a recognised part of the concert repertoire this uneasiness will persist.

Words like these cannot be ignored by those in charge of our concert activities for any length of time. There cannot be any doubt that the names of Anton Bruckner and Gustav Mahler will appear with ever increasing frequency on the programs of our orchestras; conductors who undertake to make Australian audiences more familiar with the works of both Masters will earn the gratitude of every open-minded music-lover.

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#### KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO EFREM KURTZ

The Bruckner Medal, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the Bruckner Society of America, Inc., was awarded to Efrem Kurtz for his efforts to create greater interest in and appreciation of Bruckner's music in the U. S. A. Mr. Kurtz introduced Bruckner's *Second* to audiences in Kansas City, Missouri, and Houston, Texas. He conducted Bruckner's *Second* in Kansas City (Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra) on January 27 and 28, 1948, and on December 13 of the same year, the Houston Symphony Orchestra under his direction performed the same work. After the performance of the *Second* in Houston, Dr. F. W. Doty, Dean of the School of Fine Arts of the University of Texas, presented the medal on behalf of the Society.

## THE LENGTH OF MAHLER

By DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

The following article is reprinted with the permission of *The New Statesman & Nation*, London, England. It was published on April 10, 1948.

The feelings aroused by Mahler's music, like those once aroused by the man, are seldom lukewarm; listeners and critics who find no difficulty in arriving at a balanced estimate of Strauss or Elgar are apt to discuss Mahler in terms of unqualified adulation or curt dismissal; the half-way house is untenanted. And yet, on sober reflection, surely the unpopular intermediate view is more plausible—that in Mahler we have a composer of original, brilliant and indeed unique powers, whose work suffers from structural weaknesses and sudden startling lapses of taste: above all, a composer who, even in his happiest vein, seldom knows when to stop. Why then do good musicians fail to arrive at a more objective view? Why must it be all or nothing? Partly because Mahler's compositions for long encountered so much neglect and active hostility that his supporters were bound to see themselves as crusaders, their cause as a cult; and partly because of the intensely personal nature of his vision. As recently as 1930, the late H. C. Colles could pronounce in *The Times* that Mahler "never achieved a distinctly personal idiom," a point of view which now seems almost grotesque—for is there in all music a more sharply individual tang? Once succumb to its fascination, and you find yourself loving the music for its very faults; in quiet retrospect you may feel intellectually convinced of ups and downs, good and bad, but only soak yourself again in these extraordinary scores and detachment begins to vanish; cool judgment is swamped by a resurgence of passionate admiration—or else of exasperation.

Exasperation—and perhaps amusement; for nothing is easier than to poke unsympathetic fun at Mahler, so pretentious, so long-winded, so ultra-German. His absolute artistic integrity, alike as composer and interpreter, that fiery intensity of aim which won him the devotion of so many brilliant young disciples, carried on the reverse side of the medal less amiable characteristics: he was touchy, overbearing, censorious, incessantly didactic. His wife adored him, but her biography is full of episodes which reveal a degree of humourless egotism rare even among artists; it is also rich in comedy. Who but Mahler would have read Kant to his wife during the pangs of childbirth? Who else would have been so ashamed of liking *The Merry Widow* that he must resort to a stratagem in order to discover just how the famous waltz "went"? Is there not a sublime blindness in the curt explanation which he offered to Pfitzner in rejecting for the Vienna Opera the latter's *Rose vom Liebesgarten* (later on he changed his mind): "the whole symbolism incomprehensible, too long, far too long." Mahler complaining of length!

In vain do we search the books and articles of such initiates as Bruno Walter and Egon Wellesz for any discussion of the crucial problem of Mahler's own inordinate length; evidently for them it is no problem at all. But for the poor listener, however serious, however intelligent, working his way last winter (thanks to the munificence of the B.B.C.) through the entire series of nine symphonies, the problem was real enough. Most of these works last over an hour, some nearer two hours; single movements (even purely instrumental ones) cover anything up to 30 or 40 minutes—an immense span of time for the scoreless listener to attend, at the full stretch of his faculties, to a homogeneous stretch of unfamiliar music. Instead of plunging us, shivering and unprepared, into these nine oceans of sound, the B.B.C. ought to have allowed us first to paddle; I mean that they should have played, separately and repeatedly, the many picturesque and attractive shorter movements, then the longer ones, and finally entire symphonies. Heresy? No, it was Nikisch's way, to which Mahler himself is said to have given his blessing.

But these merely practical proposals leave untouched the further question: why did Mahler feel the need to spread himself so enormously? Well, we must begin by allowing for the opulent taste of the day, which encouraged expansion for expansion's sake and accounts also for the lavish scoring (lavish, be it observed; *not* lush). Perhaps, too, the tendency to expand was helped by the accident that Mahler was a "summer composer"—a man breathing, after long schedule-bound months in city and opera-house, the divinely free air of the Austrian mountains, a man to whom it would no more occur to compress his ideas than it occurs to the holiday-maker to curtail his day-long rambles. And then we must realise that these symphonies are not really symphonies at all in the older sense of the word, but so many successive chapters (indeed, volumes) of spiritual autobiography. The listener is haunted by the continual sense of a submerged programme, and learns without surprise that Mahler himself considered all music since Beethoven to be really programme music. Like many composers, he was chary about revealing the programme because of the inevitable tendency of commentators and audiences to concentrate on such "explanations" at the expense of the music itself; but he forgot (or didn't care) that the emotional sequence of a long movement which was so clear to his own mind might prove anything but clear to the clueless listener. A. E. Housman once advised his brother, when writing poetry, always to bear in mind "that man of sorrows, the reader"; but I doubt whether, in the process of composition, the introspective Mahler ever gave much thought to the eventual listener; as for regarding him as "a man of sorrows," why that was surely his own role.

Perhaps the most valuable clue to Mahler's expansiveness is contained in the famous anecdote of his meeting with Sibelius at Helsingfors in 1907. The two leading symphonists fell to discussing the symphony; and Sibelius said that he "admired its severity and style and the profound logic that created an inner connection between all the motifs. Mahler's opinion was just the reverse. 'Nein,'" he said (and one imagines the didactic forefinger confidently raised), "*Nein, die Symphonie muss sein wie die*

*Welt. Sie muss alles umfassen'* ('No, symphony must be like the world. It must embrace everything'). There, in the boundless German passion for the absolute, the comprehensive, the "philosophical," the profound, and in the implied disdain for the virtues of logic, balance and form, lies the answer to our enquiry; perhaps the wonder is that Mahler's symphonies are not longer still. And yet those of Sibelius, despite their strong local accent, seem to open limitless horizons, whereas those of Mahler, the better we know them, focus our attention more and more sharply upon the individual who wrote them, so much so that to the unsympathetic their atmosphere can seem positively claustrophobic. They form the intimate diary of a tortured man of genius; but that the quality is genius, and not (as people used thoughtlessly to say) the superlatively brilliant imitative talent of a great *Kapellmeister*, seems to me about as evident as anything in the world of aesthetics can well be. So to the beginner, and even to the exasperated, one should say: "Patience! The rewards are immense!"

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#### WNYC AND WQXR BROADCAST BRUCKNER AND MAHLER RECORDINGS

Performances of Bruckner and Mahler as well as recordings of their music are being heard on the air with increasing frequency. New York City's Municipal Station, WNYC, and Station WQXR broadcast available Bruckner and Mahler recordings regularly. Both stations deserve special commendation for their contributions to the musical and cultural life of the communities within their radius.

## BRUCKNER'S EIGHTH IN CHICAGO

by Charles L. Eble

While New Yorkers packed Carnegie Hall to hear a Beethoven cycle program, Chicagoans filled Orchestral Hall to hear the first performance of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony in that city. It is astonishing that this symphony has had so few performances in this country, but the "music lovers" who combined forces to make a Beethoven cycle possible this year are no doubt the same ones who provided an overdose of Brahms last year, and on the whole compel conductors to keep programs popular. No major orchestra in Europe treats its patrons to such a limited repertory as U.S. symphony societies offer. (Of course, in Europe, no city the size of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, or Boston, would be content with one orchestra.) The situation probably results from the lack of opportunity which audiences have had over a period of years to hear new material often enough to become familiar with it. As a consequence, the musical perspective of the average concert-goer is kept very narrow; while he learned quickly enough about Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Tchaikowsky, with Richard Strauss, Sibelius, Dvorak, Debussy, and Ravel following shortly after, he is unaware of a vast amount of other good music simply because he never gets a chance to hear it. Conductors are partly at fault, too. Each one is anxious to demonstrate that he can really do something with Brahms' First, or any of the other old war-horses. A glance through the programs of one or two conductors of the network symphony orchestras will soon show how they stick to old favorites. Naturally, any conductor is bound to have "favorite" pieces; let him conduct them, once in a while. But the limits of his taste certainly aren't those of a potential audience and to try to make them so is doing an injustice to the other music that has been written and decreasing the possibilities for the future of music. The Beethoven cycle in New York City didn't accomplish anything remarkable. Most people agree that he is here to stay. Besides, his music is certainly performed enough every season to make a complete parade of his genius unnecessary. When one thinks about what new compositions might have been presented during the same period of time without Beethoven's music suffering one bit,—need a Bruckner cycle even be suggested? Bruckner is stiff competition, I'll admit,—such a series didn't help music much.

In Chicago, on the other hand, this particular Bruckner symphony was new to most of the audience and it received a tremendous ovation. Szell and the orchestra had only to reveal this supreme conception to start people wondering why Chicago had had to wait so many years to hear it. No wonder that afterwards one man remarked to his wife that he'd like to hear more Bruckner and less Brahms, or that another kept exclaiming about Bruckner's mastery of orchestration, or a third, too overcome to speak, sat wrapped in awe. Nor is it strange that many people returned to hear the second performance of the work, for experi-

ences of this nature are rare and must be seized when available.

The newspaper criticism of the music and performance may be found on page 170 ff. My own views which follow are not exactly in agreement with them. It has been said that the articles and reviews which have appeared in CHORD AND DISCORD contain "too little of honest, dispassionate appraisal." There is no need to re-open the old argument as to what constitutes a good piece of music; that controversy will go on forever. If Aristotle had written an "Art of Music" we should now probably have an Aristotelian school in music such as exists in literary circles. Fortunately, music has been spared that catastrophe. Critics, as a rule, have generally felt that they had the right and duty to proclaim the shortcomings of the works they examine. Now just what the shortcomings turn out to be are usually what the critic himself doesn't like, and that supposedly is "dispassionate appraisal." There is no such thing as dispassionate criticism and if there were we should have no difficulty in turning out perfect works. The "perfect" compositions, if there are any, are few indeed. Not many composers have escaped reams of critical advice as to how their works should have been written — the 'How It Should Have Been Done' Society is a most charitable organization. I sometimes wonder what the fields of literature and music would be like if all the so-called bad works were thrown out and the remainder revised by critical precepts. For my own part, I'll take the original as the poet or composer conceived it. As for criticism, I rather lean toward what Swinburne said on two different occasions: "I can enjoy and applaud all good work . . . I have never been able to see what should attract men to the profession of criticism but the noble pleasure of praising." "My chief aim, as my chief pleasure, in all such studies as these has been rather to acknowledge and applaud what I found noble and precious than to scrutinize or to stigmatize what I might perceive to be worthless or base."

\* \* \* \*

The first movement of the Symphony begins with a tremolo in the violins which is followed almost immediately with the violas, cellos, and string basses, quietly and with fervour announcing the solemn opening theme—a theme whose character becomes increasingly expressive as the movement unfolds. It discloses itself somewhat reservedly and consists of two almost identical phrases, each rising to a sudden intensity and fading away, creating a feeling of deep mystery. The oboes and clarinets lament its departure by whispering in lingering sighs the ending of the first phrase alternately with the violas and cellos which extend with a slight modification (see below) the opening part of the phrase. A third melodic figure, which completes the first theme group restores a state of calmness and at the end of the cadence the main theme boldly reasserts itself with the help of several more orchestral voices. It demands attention and the theme's rhythmic characteristics become more sharply defined by this emphatic statement. The mood of wonderment is replaced by thoughtful and serious introspection. Thus, with the tone of the movement definitely established in "staid Wisdom's" firm hand, Bruckner, as if to forestall any weightier pronouncements, lets the serenely beautiful second theme sing its reassuring, melancholy strain.

There are two aspects of the first theme group which are of considerable importance and worth noting. The first two phrases (called the opening theme above) are identical rhythmically. The rhythm, an initial plain

 insistent , and crowning , has an identity all of

its own apart from its association with the theme. This pattern, marked by its brevity, simplicity, and graveness, recurs from time to time as a whole or in part—often only the first element—throughout this and the other movements and will be seen to be a dominant structural feature. The second factor also deals with rhythm and concerns the modification of the opening theme already mentioned above. This alteration, rhythmically, is

   —the   is derived, to be sure, from

the rhythm of the opening theme, but the doublet-triplet combination, one of Bruckner's favorite rhythmic patterns, is new. It occurs very frequently during the entire movement—the second theme appropriates it—and many of the most stirring parts of the movement result from the sometimes broadening and sometimes hurrying effects achieved through its employment.

After the two main theme groups are unveiled, Bruckner, in a series of transformations, reveals the uplifting emotional potentialities of the thematic material. When the opening theme returns there is a renewal of the mysterious air of the beginning. Then in an almost completely different mood, in a calm, sustained voice, the solo horn intones the opening theme, an oboe repeats part of it in yet slower measure, and the four Wagner tubas tranquilly add still more color and beauty to this earnest reflection. Later the theme shows itself in great majesty and solemn dignity as the deep-voiced instruments of the orchestra chant it ponderously. In one place the trumpets sound the rhythmic pattern of the opening theme as other parts of the orchestra freely dilate upon and play with melodic bits of the first theme group. This leads to a statement of the theme itself and a reminiscence of the second theme. Slowly the orchestra's forces shape an organ-like chorale of remarkable breadth and piety; at the same time the horns and trumpets decisively pronounce the dominant rhythmic pattern of the first theme, and, after the chorale reaches its zenith and ends, they continue the pattern, gradually becoming softer and ceasing. Two soft rolls on the kettledrums then foretell the movement's close. The violins for the first time sing the opening phrase of the first theme — it is as though the meditative quality they impart to it had to wait until this moment. A clarinet mirrors the same phrase in an inversion. The violins again tenderly indicate the rising and falling melody and the clarinet answers as before. The four note descending phrase — the same figure which the oboes and clarinets longingly clung to at the beginning of the movement—is now passed back and forth first between the first and second violins and then between the second violins and violas. The second violins drop out, and the violas in dark, sombre tones

prolong the end as they repeat the phrase, now shortened to the final three notes, and then, too, stop. This is one of the most beautiful and effective movement endings in all symphonic literature. It is interesting to note, however, that in his earliest sketches for this symphony Bruckner had mapped out a fortissimo close.

A Scherzo, somewhat paradoxical in its nature, follows the first movement. The violins in the first two measures create an eerie and fantastic atmosphere with a shimmering tonal pattern that continues in various forms until the Trio. Sometimes it reaches an almost wild state of agitation and becomes bizarre, at other times it subsides into a background of glittering, fanciful sound. In complete contrast to this wizardry is the thematic material which runs the course of this section. The opening melody saunters drolly forth in a matter of fact manner, entirely unaware of what surrounds it; a second melody is slightly angular and subtly portrays humor and irony; a third has an attitude of pleasant mockery. What Bruckner does with all this once it is introduced must be heard to be appreciated. Sudden changes of color by shifts in orchestration, numerous changes in placement of melodies within the measure to provide unexpected accents, and carefully built climaxes charged with degrees of bellicosity make this main part of the scherzo one of the few great examples in music of the mock-heroic, or, if one prefers not to use that term since Bruckner may not have intended the movement as such, of "homo simplex." The Trio is quiet and pensive. Yet, while the general atmosphere is completely different from the preceding part, the gentle humor is still present and particularly noticeable in the contrapuntal and rhythmic treatment of the melodies. After the Trio the main part of the Scherzo is repeated and this movement ends.

For anyone who loves Bruckner's music each hearing of the Adagio is an emotional experience which transcends any other in the realm of music. On the other hand, someone else (who counts minutes) has remarked that the Adagio of the Eighth Symphony is the longest any composer has ever written—in his mind, a dubious virtue, in others', a supreme triumph. I prefer the latter view, but it must be remembered that Bruckner was not intent upon seeing how long he could make this movement. Rather, he had, shall it be said, a certain vast conception of spiritual values to present and the movement took shape as he expressed the ideas it contains. The form was determined by the thought. All aspects of the movement are in complete concord with each other. This is always the case with Bruckner, even though critics have time and again decreed otherwise. Every movement is cast perfectly for what it has to say and each symphony is the whole of its movements. There is never any of that incongruity which results from thrusting ideas into set molds. If one carefully examines single movements at random, he'll find that Bruckner was a master artist, that all the criticism which has been directed at his works — the continual harping of critics about length, choice of melodic matter, process of development, etc.— is based upon preconceived notions of what a symphony should be like and is not in the least applicable to Bruckner, who wasn't trying to be anyone other than himself. There is no good reason why a composer should feel com-

pelled to strangle himself in a form which is nothing but a strait jacket for him, and, moreover, no true judge should censor him for throwing aside forms unsuitable to his ideas. One must take Bruckner's works as they are and endeavor to understand what Bruckner has to say by listening to his music often. The best in literature bears countless readings and frequently demands careful and repeated study to get to the sense; so with music, (if one will let it).

This Adagio proves the point. All traces of time and of surroundings are lost as the music leads us into spheres of beauty, thought, and feeling new to most of us — new, indeed, even to those who have been accustomed to look to Beethoven's last quartets for the ultimate in music. (No, Beethoven isn't displaced by Bruckner. There is plenty of room for both, and for other composers I need not mention.) The opening is unforgettable. Two measures are used for the strings to set a syncopated harmonic pattern in motion and at the third bar the theme (first violins) hovers over the accompaniment. One is hardly aware that it is a theme until the half-step ascent and return. Then follows the magic of a harmonic change in the accompaniment and the first violins sing on as before, only this time there is a half-step descent and return. This theme is the most important of the first theme group and its recurrence throughout the movement serves as a focal point. Almost of the same importance is the chorale the strings softly play soon afterwards. However, this movement contains so many melodies, their treatment is so varied, and their effect so dependent upon what precedes and follows, that to list them would contribute little to an appreciation of their beauty. One other theme, in any case, must be mentioned, and that is the first one of the second theme group — an eloquent discourse by the cellos. As for the remainder of the movement, we can't get too close, but have to keep our distance, and admire as if from afar. No other such mighty canvas of musical tapestry, integrated in every detail, and sustained in interest steadily progressive in thought and emotion from start to finish, exists. Not a note too long, not a note too short!

The Finale is, in the main, an acclamation of triumph and faith. At the end of the movement the welding together of the principal themes from each of the other movements into one monumental pyramid of sound reveals the organic nature of the work. What has gone before is suddenly seen in retrospect and the whole evolves into a crystallization of emotional experience and thought gradually developed since the opening of the symphony. One can imagine with what assurance and exultation Bruckner must have laid down his pen after writing the last measure of this tonal masterpiece which he knew had come to him through the gifts of God. (The Ninth Symphony, which he humbly dedicated to God, is, no doubt, heartfelt manifestation of his thanks, praise, and homage to his Creator.)

The opening theme of the last movement is majestic and stately. A military air is added by a crisp fanfare in the trumpets as the theme concludes. Immediately the theme is restated, the fanfare once again flashed forth, and a short vigorous march-like theme introduced. Then,

in contrast to the two preceding themes, a reposeful melody is added (Wagner tuba), which completes the first theme group. The next section is slightly slower in tempo, its themes imposing, and its harmonic and contrapuntal structure richly sonorous. There is no return to the first theme group for a considerable time, although the original tempo is resumed for a third set of themes which follows the slow portion. With this contrasting material to work with Bruckner makes of this movement a pageant depicting both worldly glories and celestial radiance. The splendor of some of the themes which reflect what I may call the "renown on earth" pales before the resplendence of heavenly majesty. Often there is a sudden interruption of a theme to present a complete change of atmosphere — usually a particularly lyrical or sublime passage will unexpectedly float into space in the middle of something not at all of that nature. These occasions are especially effective and it is that special difference in character Bruckner sought to show. It is like the brightness from the sun suddenly illuminating a landscape previously darkened by a cloud or a beautiful thought coming to mind practically out of nowhere to enhance something rather ordinary. To those who are bothered by some of Bruckner's unexpected breakings off of themes to show something quite different, this should serve as an explanation. The differences in effects are absolutely necessary to illustrate what he had in mind. "Smooth transitions" would certainly not achieve what Bruckner intended to point out — nothing would be more unsuitable than an attempt to substitute "smooth transitions" here. For that matter, Bruckner was a master of smooth transitions when he wanted them and this whole symphony contains dozens of transitions so beautifully fashioned that one is not aware of them.

As the movement proceeds, two or three small climactic peaks on the way to the summit are gained. We know the last heights are being mounted when a very restful passage (marked *ruhig*) consisting of an ascending figure is begun by the violins. This isn't the only symphony in which Bruckner uses this device, but what a delight it is to recognize it here, even on a first hearing, and to breathe deeply in anticipation of a glorious and powerful conclusion which is sure to develop. In this symphony, however, the top Bruckner scales is far above that which one could believe possible, and we have in effect an amalgamation of the entire work in this *tour de force* of a finale.

It is difficult to account for some of the violent critical reaction against Bruckner, and one can't help but regret all the lies that have been told about his music. Any one of his symphonies could be used to disprove them all. However, with this Eighth Symphony not only can all the adverse criticism be turned to no account, but Bruckner can be shown to possess in the highest degree the great technical skill which enables an artist to rise above it. Surely we can say of Bruckner what Tennyson did of Milton:

"O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,  
O skilled to sing of Time or Eternity,  
God-gifted organ voice....."

## MUSIC OF GUSTAV MAHLER RANKS WITH THE GREATEST

by Louis Biancolli

The following article which appeared in the *N. Y. World Telegram* on Feb. 1, 1947 is reprinted by permission of the *World Telegram* and the author.

Long the forgotten man of music, Gustav Mahler, one of the world's greatest symphonists, is fast making friends in New York. Actually, he was influencing people long before that.

Some of the finest scores of our period show marked traces of Mahler's influence. So many composers have hymned the man's praises in words and music that Mahler is with us more than we realize.

The temptation there is to dub him a composer's composer, as if this man's music is the special property of those in the technical know alone. But this goes wide of the mark.

Gustav Mahler, for all the vast scoring he used, is really a people's composer. More than anything else, Mahler believed in simplicity—in life and art. Children and nature were twin sources of his inspiration.

Long ago budding composers found Mahler's symphonies an untapped vein of suggestion. Here and in Russia and England the younger set scanned his scores for fresh color and technic.

And soon it was found that these half-century-old symphonies were way ahead of their day, were, in fact, very much of our own time in mood and spirit. Shostakovich, for one, saw that early and his whole outlook changed.

Since Mahler's death, the symphonies have had an uphill climb to win wide appeal; not so much in Europe, as here. Unprepared, the public found this odd style hard to take. Applause was scant and people walked out of halls yawning.

The trouble there was the way the symphonies were programmed. Long intervals occurred between performances of the same work. Sometimes 10 or 15 years would go by before a second hearing.

No good music has any chance of sounding friendly in a cold-shoulder deal of that kind. Anything worth listening to is worth listening to repeatedly till the power and beauty are all disclosed.

I know several critics whose response to Mahler was only lukewarm at first—in some cases downright hostile—and then grew fervid with the years. I don't mind admitting I was one of them.

Growing closeness with the music, plus a study of the man's aims and ideals, helped bring the message of Mahler home. Many of us now admit Mahler is way up there beside Brahms.

Of course, no crusade to put a composer over is possible without conductors. Luckily a few have come along with a glowing faith in the master and their work has been like a mission.

Today most American concertgoers are exposed at least once a season to a Mahler symphony. Of course, if they hug the radio, their chances of a bigger quota are better. The situation still can stand improvement.

For the best way to give Mahler his due is keep all nine of his symphonies—plus the "Song of the Earth"—before the public the same way Beethoven's are.

The advantages to Mahler would be obvious, just as the advantages to America's concert public would be obvious to those of us who believe in the work of this tragic genius.

But the gain would be felt by other composers, too, for they would be relieved of much of the excess pressure caused by the limited number of symphonies in the standard repertory.

My feeling is that Brahms, Tschaikowsky and Beethoven, if they could make their sentiments known, would welcome Mahler's nine symphonies as full-time colleagues of their own.

Otherwise, as far as the classical repertory is concerned, the busy B's and their fellows will run the risk of being worked to death on their present overtime schedule.

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#### BRUCKNER'S *E MINOR* MASS ON RECORDS

The month's offerings in new phonograph record fare are particularly outstanding. Most noteworthy is the advent of Capitol Records, previously a specialist in jazz and popular light classics, into the classical field. This energetic company has garnered many of the famous German Telefunken matrixes and is releasing them domestically. It makes its deserved bid for public recognition with the album of the Bruckner *Mass in E Minor*, [slightly cut] as performed by the Hamburg State Opera Choir and Orchestra under the baton of M. Thurn. The *Mass* is one of Bruckner's greatest works as to cohesion and creative inspiration; moreover, in no other composition does he so eloquently reveal his passionate love for God and man. His use of an orchestra composed only of woodwind and brass and his setting of the choral parts are masterly; their fusion results in one of the most uplifting musical experiences.

PAUL HUGO LITTLE, *Musical Leader*

## THE NINTH SYMPHONY OF ANTON BRUCKNER

This programme note, written by Robert Simpson, was issued by the *Exploratory Concert Society* (with whose permission it is reproduced here) on the occasion of a lecture by Dr. Hans F. Redlich on September 17, 1948, at St. Martin's School of Art, London. The subject was Bruckner's Ninth Symphony, and the event was notable for the first performance in England (on the piano) of the sketches for the unfinished *Finale*, welded into a fragment by Alfred Orel. This was played by Dr. Redlich with the assistance of Mr. Simpson (four hands).

This note deals with a few points of more general scope. Bruckner (1824-1896) is regarded in Central Europe as a first-rank master; here his music is treated with less than due respect, chiefly because its dimensions and style demand more than can be given by the habitual sight-reading methods of most British orchestras. Travesties like that inflicted on the Fourth Symphony by the Halle Orchestra last October are naturally received plaintively by critics who vent their mystified irritation on the composer. Similar effects were caused by the B.B.C.'s recent well meant but sadly maladroit fumbblings among the Mahler symphonies. Accurate judgment of such works depends on frequent good performances, which (under the right conditions) would induce all but the most obdurate minds to recognise the unusual distinction of the music. Repetition is as important as good playing, for even when Bruckner's Second Symphony was finely played by the Hamburg radio orchestra it was not saved from a slick condemnation by a "critic" whose cleverness is evidently enough to exempt him from study.

Bruckner must be approached with a fresh mind. Mechanical notions of symphonic style do not help appreciation of his kind of originality, for though he has nothing to do with with "Classical" symphony, his large designs can be made to show rough semblances of sonata shape. Consequently Brahms, who mastered his own art, is often quoted as Bruckner's superior in matters where there is no ground for fair comparison: the giant scale of the latter's conceptions makes useless the swift play of keys that dominates the work of Beethoven and Brahms. The wide, slow sweep of his thought, though it creates clear symmetries, demands that its hearer should grow up to it. Great harm has been done by the hackneyed cant about the old man's "simplicity" and "naivete": one glance at his head is enough to show that the serene trustfulness of the face is not all. There is the broad, high cranium, a massive and impressive dome, to be observed. The music itself reveals to careful scrutiny that the simple spirit was expressed through an instrument capable of solving the most detailed problem of a new and very difficult art.

In spite of external similarities each Bruckner symphony differs much from its fellows: each has its own way of treating its tonalities, its balancing of mass and void. In all, however, Bruckner wields whole paragraphs as themes, so that his forms fall into well defined sections, like

the plain divisions of churches. Indeed, the music is demonstrably written in terms of cathedral-like acoustics and its periodic pauses are fully effective only in a building that can create awesome dying echoes: this is true also of many of his remarkable endings, where often the full blaze of the orchestra is suddenly cut off. These works need to be played in the right conditions, and if that is thought to be a reprehensible limitation, the same objection must be raised against the masters of Sixteenth Century church music for they, too, wrote in terms of special acoustics conditions. There is no reason why first-rate orchestras should not make regular visits to cathedrals to play Bruckner.

The Ninth Symphony (like Beethoven's in D Minor) is perhaps the most original and far-reaching of his works. The vast first movement is based on a clear plan of *Statement* and *Expanded Counterstatement* with a great Coda added. There are three elements in the colossal Statement. (1) a long slow crescendo, containing several melodic ideas, rises in about 3½ minutes to a terrific unison theme in the full orchestra (in actual effect utterly unlike that in Beethoven's Ninth). (2) is a flowing section, starting in A major, creating its own smaller climax that falls into an intensely quiet, strange link to (3), a more severe paragraph opening in D minor, in mood midway between (1) and (2), moving to a heavy earthbound crisis which clears at the last moment. These three parts are roughly equal in length. Then comes the *Expanded Counter-statement*. (1) comes over a long pedal F and grows in four huge waves to the unison theme, itself magnified into two even larger sweeps, the first enveloped in furious, titanic string passages and the second tramping and heaving towards an almost seismic irruption in F minor. The mood here is not unlike that of Book I in "Paradise Lost". From this slow, gently circling figures drift into (2), which comes as a great relief, and is fused with (3) into a single group, with the intensified end of (3) as its climax. Solemn cavernous cadences then herald the mighty Coda which, using figures omitted from the counterstatement of (1), raises the most awe-inspiring sounds in the piece.

Bruckner's supposed naivete is belied by the Scherzo, harmonically perhaps the boldest essay by anyone at that date (1894). Its blunt fierceness has a fiendish quality which may perhaps represent the composer's view of evil, expressed with the sublime detachment of one who is himself unsoiled; it is thus the more terrifying. The trio, icily compelling and repellent, slips past at a much faster pace.

The Adagio, with its faint allusions to earlier works, is undoubtedly a deep meditation on last things and on past experience, in both the musical and philosophical senses. It begins with two main paragraphs, the first uncertain in key, groping slowly and finding a loud yet mysterious outburst, and the second in A flat, a calmer cantabile passage. After this come wide-ranging developments of the first group, sometimes hushed and sometimes full of power, and always strikingly prophetic of the next century. During this long section there is but one interruption, a return of part of the second group in A flat, attempting to establish a solid tonal centre amid many dissolving elements. In this it fails and the dark

searching recurs until it finds the clouded dominant of E. Then in E major the second theme sounds again, augmented and rearing with immense slowness into the most powerful climax of the whole work. Its summit is a tremendous dissonance (E, F sharp, G sharp, A, B sharp, and C sharp) which so shocked Ferdinand Löwe that he diluted it into something comparatively innocuous: the original version was not published until 1934. Finally there is a serene Coda that shows Bruckner's power in reverse action. His greatest skill lies in his ability to erect towering climaxes: here the tension is slowly eased until the end is as still and broad as a cloudless sky.

The sketches show that the Finale would probably have combined the contrapuntal brilliance of that of the Fifth with the massive granite-like consistency of that of the Eighth. Dr. Redlich will explain, among other things, the connection of some of these sketches with the *Te Deum* of 1884. When Bruckner feared that he would be unable to finish the Ninth, he suggested tentatively that the *Te Deum* might be used as a finale. This has sometimes been done, though its effect is not satisfactory; not only is the style of the Choral work incongruous, but its key, C Major, fails completely to balance the very incisive D minor of the first two movements. It is as if a cupola were placed on Westminster Abbey where that building might well have had a central tower. Fortunately the Adagio, like the slow movement of Schubert's B minor symphony, makes a moving ending and it is at all events better than if the demoniac Scherzo had been placed third in order.

Lack of space forbids much more comment on Bruckner as a symphonist: it must, however, be stressed that most of the charges against him become enfeebled by close knowledge of the actual works themselves; there is lasting absorption to be found in discovering his diverse yet consistent methods of solving his structural problems. Nothing could be more subtle or refined, for example, than his handling of key in the Seventh, more terse (in its way) than his sonata forms in the first movement of the Eighth and the slow movement of the Sixth (he could and did master true sonata form on a very great scale when he wished), or more original than his unprecedented strokes of form in the largely contrapuntal Finale of the Fifth. Any fool can pick holes in a great composer's work: temperamental disaffinity is no excuse for unfair and ill-founded jibes. Listeners willing to measure their own efforts by the composer's will find in Bruckner as much grandeur and beauty as can be uttered by one man in a medium that may be described, more aptly perhaps than any other in music, as architectural. And there is no need to bring to bear a high degree of technical knowledge. Musical persons who can appreciate the experience of sitting in a great cathedral with plenty of time to spare are already half-way to the understanding of Bruckner.

## MAHLER'S EIGHTH CHEERED BY 18,000 IN HOLLYWOOD

*Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Hugo Strelitzer, Choral Director; Frances Yeend, Olive Mae Beech, Sopranos; Eula Beal, Suzanne Coray, Altos; Charles Kullman, Tenor; Mack Harrell, Baritone; George London, Bass; Greater Los Angeles Chorus (organized by L.A. Bureau of Music, J. Arthur Lewis, Coordinator), Adolph Heller, Ass't. Chorus Director; Boys' Choir, Roger Wagner, Conductor — Ass't. Boys' Choir Directors: Robert Mitchell, Donald Coates, and Bruce Josef. Hollywood Bowl, California, July, 29, 1948.*

The pre-performance ballyhoo for Gustav Mahler's mighty and massive Eighth Symphony, the "Symphony of the Thousand," resulted in a near sellout crowd last night in Hollywood Bowl.

Some 20,000 persons were on hand for the historic and momentous performance which Eugene Ormandy had asked to be presented when he was offered the musical directorship of the Symphonies Under the Stars for the current season.

The presentation was momentous for any number of reasons. In the first place, it was only the fourth time that the Symphony had been presented in this country. Secondly, it was witnessed by the composer's widow, Madame Alma Mahler-Werfel, along with Bruno Walter, one of Mahler's foremost disciples.

For these reasons the presentation was a feather in the cap of the Hollywood Bowl. The vocal and orchestral demands of the production make it well-nigh impossible for a small community to produce. Only in a major and music-loving city can the necessary voices and instrumentalists be found to guarantee a fairly accurate facsimile to what the composer intended.

For example, two adult choruses, a boys' choir, seven soloists and an augmented orchestra were necessary to pour out into the cool night air the majestic thought conceived and executed in mass Germanic music by Mahler. It is doubtful whether at any later time will so many decibels of pure tone pour from the multi-lighted shell as during the finales of the Symphony's two movements.

Never having heard the symphony before, of course, it is a question in my mind as to whether or not the orchestra was out-balanced in the presentation of the whole. Truly it seemed as if the sweeping vocal output would at times swallow the instrumentalists in topheavy utterances. With the vocalists taking up the rear the orchestra was pushed to the front and was forced to play without the benefit of the huge sounding board of the shell.

The Latin hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus," provides the setting for the shorter first movement of the Symphony, while the second movement,

which is much longer, embodies the theme from the second part of Goethe's "Faust." Consequently, as you might expect, the music runs the gamut of piety, entreaty, adoration, humiliation, supplication and prayer to spiritual transfiguration — brought to stupendous climaxes by an upsurge of swirling effort on the part of singers and musicians.

The intended effect is a little awe-inspiring and totally monumental and for a few heartbeats gives an excuse for the terrific amount of time and practice necessary to co-ordinate the massive group of musicians into a welded whole.

OWEN CALLIN, *L. A. Herald Express*

Hollywood Bowl added immeasurably to its stature last night with a stirring performance of Gustav Mahler's Eighth Symphony, the so-called "Symphony of a Thousand." A near capacity audience of 18,000 persons heard Eugene Ormandy conduct the massive work with forces consisting of two adult choruses, a boys' choir, seven soloists, an augmented orchestra and a brass choir posted above the shell to bring each of the two movements to imposing climaxes. It was only the fourth production the symphony has had in the United States, and the first public performance in 15 years.

The performance was heard by the composer's widow, Alma Mahler-Werfel, to whom the work is dedicated, and by his great friend and disciple, Bruno Walter.

For all its length and gigantic apparatus, Mahler's Eighth Symphony is, perhaps, the most accessible and readily understandable of the composer's nine works in the form with the possible exception of the Fourth. It breathes sometimes an almost overpowering sense of humanity. Its tremendous climaxes surge on such exaltation of the spirit as is known to but few works in the whole range of music, and the tenderness and sense of transfiguration achieved in the long-spun final movement accomplish a sense of radiant serenity that seems to soar on unearthly wings.

The first movement summons the creative spirit of mankind in a setting of the Latin hymn, "Veni, Creator Spiritus." It moves with a sort of Handelian majesty, with the choral and solo forces constantly opposed and rising to wave after wave of enormous exultation. When the offstage brass choir joins the piled-up climax at the end, the effect is like the sounding of the last Judgment.

The second movement has for its text the final scene of the second part of Goethe's "Faust." It is a less closely knit structure than the first, and Mahler has used his forces with almost infinite variety of effect to convey the slow-moving sense of spiritual transfiguration. Some of it has that tortured anguish of soul that is so typical of Mahler's genius, while other sections are of a folklike simplicity and naivete equally characteristic of the author. The chorus is used more sparingly in this movement and the soloists have long passages of songful melody, while the orchestra works over the important themes of the entire work.

The production was a unique and thrilling experience and worth all the enormous effort and expense which went into the undertaking. Mr.

Ormandy marshaled his far-flung forces with superb mastery. The first movement marched inexorably with unrelenting momentum and the huge chorus shouted its proclamations with tremendous impact. The final movement was read with the most sensitive feeling and the poignant orchestral passages displayed the Bowl orchestra at its best.

The seven soloists were fully equal to their arduous tasks. If it is possible to single out the splendid work of Frances Yeend, Eula Beal, Mack Harrell and George London, it is only because they had more grateful opportunities than Olive Mae Beach and Suzanne Coray.

The great chorus and the boys' choir acquitted themselves admirably and testified to the grueling preliminary preparation by Hugo Strelitzer, Adolph Heller and Roger Wagner. It was not a flawless performance but it was a tremendously moving one. It brought one of the most impressive nights of its history to Hollywood Bowl and raised that enterprise to a festival status that should be its permanent order.

ALBERT GOLDBERG, *Los Angeles Times*

Hollywood Bowl was filled, last Thursday night, with the magnificence for which nature framed it.

For the first time west of Chicago, and for one of the few times anywhere, the precious materials were assembled for the stupendous structure in sound which is Mahler's Eighth Symphony.

There was, in Eugene Ormandy, a front rank conductor who saw through the ever inadequate letter of music and perceived the spirit; who was high minded rather than high handed.

There was a coherent, responsive, proficient orchestra, along with seven fine vocal soloists.

Above all, there was the huge choral ensemble, need for which has caused the Mahler work to be called the "Symphony of the Thousand Voices."

The chorus commanded interest because of its sonorous tone, its accuracy of rhythm and pitch, its responsiveness to direction and its fervor for song; and likewise because of the manner in which it came into being.

It had its origin in the community choral groups which the Municipal Bureau of Music started, rather diffidently, about three years ago. Citizens rallied to these choruses with such surprising eagerness and in such large numbers that they have become important community enterprises. From their best singers were recruited the seven or eight hundred vocalists who made up the notable group heard Thursday night.

It is called the Greater Los Angeles Chorus. J Arthur Lewis, coordinator of Bureau of Music activities, trained it, with the help of the many community directors. Roger Wagner trained the Boys' Chorus, aided by Robert Mitchell, Donald Coates and Bruce Josef.

The performance was the flowering of a city's will toward music. It was of, by and for the many, not the few.

The grandeur of the Mahler score has been so widely celebrated that no reaffirmation of it is necessary here. It is a musical avowal of faith in God and in redemption.

The first portion sets the Latin text, "Veni, Creator Spiritus." The second uses the final scene of Part Two of Goethe's "Faust," in which the angels and saints carry to heaven the Faustus who has redeemed himself through "constant striving."

The exaltation of spirit was caught by all the interpreters, and transmitted to an audience of 18,000 who listened throughout in attentiveness rare and even unprecedented among Bowl patrons.

Soloists were Frances Yeend and Olive Mae Beach, sopranos; Eula Beal and Suzanne Coray, contraltos; Charles Kullman, tenor; Mack Harrell, baritone, and George London, bass. They sang beautifully.

Finally, the group of 12 brass instruments, pealing out from a parapet in the finale of each part of the symphony, culminated periods of splendor such as one encounters seldom in a lifetime.

PATTERSON GREENE, *Los Angeles Examiner*

One of the memorable experiences of this or any music season was listening last night in Hollywood Bowl to a profoundly moving performance of Gustav Mahler's Eighth Symphony, the "Symphony of a Thousand."

A crowd of 18,000 thronged to hear it and stayed, when it was over, to cheer Eugene Ormandy, conductor, the expertly trained choruses—two adult groups and a boys' choir—seven soloists, an enlarged orchestra and a brass choir and all the others working behind the scenes who rolled up a staggering total of 69,000 man hours in order to make this performance possible.

There was both a challenge and a reward awaiting these people in the Bowl last night. The challenge was the score itself—a work of almost unbelievable complexity and beauty.

And the reward? Well, those were boxoffice lines jamming Pepper Tree Lane last night, not battlelines, making it difficult to believe what the textbooks tell us—that not all concertgoers were partisans years ago whenever a Mahler symphony was performed. Remember that famous quip about the door sign meaning "Exit in case of Mahler"? The scathing sarcasm of that remark has dissolved into a chuckle in this day when people are increasingly aware of Mahler's greatness.

Mme. Alma Mahler-Werfel, widow of the composer, and Bruno Walter, his personal friend and disciple, were among the special guests last night to hear the first performance of the symphony in this country in 15 years.

The work unfolds first in a setting of the Latin hymn, "Veni, Creator Spiritus," wonderfully compact in its musical structure as it summons the creative forces of man to prepare the way for eternal life. "Burn flame into our senses, Pour love into our hearts" chant the massed choruses. And when the brass choir trumpets the closing measures of this movement, it is a glorious plea for the soul at the bar of last judgment called out by a mighty host of singers.

The second movement takes its text from the final scene of the second part of Goethe's "Faust." There is exaltation in its promise of resurrection, passion in the beauty of its song and the poignancy of its supplication

reflects equally well Mahler's own "reflection of man's painful struggle towards spiritual orientation."

The soloists—Frances Yeend and Olive Mae Beech, sopranos; Eula Beal and Suzanne Coray, contraltos; Charles Kullman, tenor; Mack Harrell, baritone; and George London, bass, were beautifully attuned to their assignments. The great choruses, the boys' choir and the Bowl orchestra acquitted themselves with honor in all respects. And to Hugo Strelitzer, Adolph Heller, and Roger Wagner, goes special praise for their work with the hundreds of singers.

MARGARET HARFORD, *Hollywood Citizen-News*

Hollywood proved last week that quality need not always be in inverse ratio to the adjective "colossal" when Hollywood Bowl featured the first western performance of Gustav Mahler's mighty Eighth Symphony, the so-called "Symphony of a Thousand."

The event provided the high point, musically speaking, of the twenty-seventh summer season of "Symphonies Under the Stars"—a season otherwise without novelty or even much relief from the mainstays of the nineteenth century's romantic repertoire. It seemed as though the hundreds of singers, instrumentalists and organizers had, in this dearth of challenging works, plunged themselves into the vast undertaking with a creative fervor which could not fail to bring a musical re-creation of true greatness.

The scope of the undertaking may be gauged by the fact that the Greater Los Angeles Chorus of 625 voices, recruited through the city's Bureau of Music, had held weekly rehearsals since the first of this year, and by the estimate that almost 70,000 manhours of musical labor had gone into the preparation of the work—not counting the additional time necessitated by the many administrative factors involved.

The magnitude of the undertaking and its excellence was matched by the crowd which attended—some 18,000 persons, almost all of whom were probably unfamiliar with the music, but who were lured by the opportunity of hearing a work of such proportions. Indeed, the public response was such that one wonders at the shortsightedness of the Bowl management and the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors, which underwrote much of the cost, in arranging neither a repeat performance nor a radiocast performance on the Bowl's Sunday afternoon concert. The additional expense would have been relatively slight, compared with the huge cost for the single performance, and there is no doubt but that the work would have attracted a second large audience.

Certainly a Sunday radiocast would have given far more pleasure to the nation and far more prestige to the Bowl than did the "warmed-over" program of Weber, Dvorak and Ravel, repeated from previous Bowl programs the week before, which Mr. Ormandy led for the air audience. And, fundamentally, it is deplorable that all possible means of enlarging to the utmost the number of hearers should not have been undertaken on behalf of a work so rarely heard because of its performance difficulties.

For this huge musical tapestry testifying to man's faith deserved to be heard by millions rather than by thousands. Though vast, complex, and

somewhat inchoate in its design, the Mahler Eighth Symphony is anything but a remote and ascetic testament. Its orchestral colors are sonorously rich and often high-colored; there are frequently moments in which it is all too obvious that many of our composers for the films have liberally borrowed from this strong-hued palette to a point where Mahler's sweetness of resignation and understanding have crystallized into sugar.

Perhaps the most difficult factor in Mahler's music is the pattern of transitions from choir to choir within the orchestra, from section to section within the chorus, from orchestra to chorus, and from both to the seven soloists and the extra brass choir which, in this case, played from a platform flanking the Bowl's sound-reflecting shell. The conductor who could homogenize these various factors with but four orchestral rehearsals, and one or two with chorus and some of the soloists, would be a leader par excellence. Mr. Ormandy undoubtedly would have benefited had he been given even more orchestra rehearsals, but from the standpoints of sincerity, vitality and aptitude for coordination his interpretation was masterly.

It was no small psychological hurdle to undertake the rehearsals and performance of so distinctive and demanding a work in the presence of the composer's widow (Mme. Alma Mahler-Werfel), to whom the score was dedicated, his close friend and disciple (Bruno Walter), and many of the great composers, conductors and musicologists who make Los Angeles their home, and who made the Bowl a center of their attention and comment during the days preceding the performance.

However, despite Mr. Ormandy's superb interpretation, the ultimate triumph was that of the chorus and its trainers—Dr. Hugo Strelitzer, Adolph Heller, and Roger Wagner. The juvenile exuberance of the 625 who were crammed into the shell behind the orchestra may have given Mr. Ormandy some annoying moments during rehearsals, but they sang beautifully during the performance. Though a trifle short of basses, the balance as a whole was admirable as was the crispness of attack, the almost consistent accuracy of intonation (a hazardously difficult accomplishment in this particular symphony), and the relatively distinct diction by so large a group.

Among the soloists the outstanding was easily Miss Frances Yeend, who sang flawlessly throughout the work. George (Bjoernsen) London, the bass, has a firm, resonant voice, but unfortunately he suffered from over-amplification during the first of the two movements. Mack Harrell, baritone, also seemed better as the evening progressed, a thing which could not be said of Charles Kullman, the tenor. Olive Mae Beach, soprano, and Eula Beal and Suzanne Coray, altos, completed the roster of capable soloists.

At the close there was thunderous applause from the near-capacity audience and from the vast chorus itself.

C. SHARPLESS HICKMAN, *The Christian Science Monitor*

Gustav Mahler's monumental Eighth Symphony packed Hollywood Bowl to full capacity last night, as the work received its first western performance

by Eugene Ormandy and a musical assemblage of more than 1000 artists.

It was a triumphant occasion, and one that reflected great credit on the Bowl for presenting it, on Ormandy for his heroic undertaking, and on the splendidly disciplined soloists, orchestra and three gigantic choruses which performed their extremely difficult tasks both ardently and well.

The choristers, in severe black and white, completely filled the huge shell, which colored lights caused to arch in multiple rainbows above them. It is not easy to dwarf the spectacle of 1000 people massed in the ranks demanded by this work, but for the first time in its history Mahler's famous "Symphony of 1000" was outnumbered by the dramatic spectacle of the nearly 20,000 rapt listeners that extended to the surrounding hills.

Ormandy, fortified this time by a score, proved again that his podium mastery is equal to the most gruelling technical and spiritual demands. The assurance with which he led the various contingents through their roles, moulding the vocal curve adroitly through the most hazardous tempi changes, and keeping both voices and orchestra in perfect balance was an inspiring example of conducting at its finest.

Even aside from its unusual numbers, the Eighth is not an easy work to conduct. Among other things, it has moments when the musical line seems almost to evaporate, leaving a single voice singing frailly in the wake of a shattering ensemble crescendo. To bridge such moments smoothly a conductor needs an unerring sense of the music's underlying unity, a faculty which Ormandy demonstrated with glowing results. The "bravos" which greeted the work's conclusion surely confirmed the wisdom of his request to include this work on his first Bowl season.

The two mixed choruses and boys' choir, recruited months ago through the Bureau of Music and other civic agencies, proved to have been well-disciplined over the months by Dr. Hugo Strelitzer and Adolph Heller. Their attacks were clean, with a sharply dramatic release at the first movement's conclusion, and they sang throughout with fine quality, animation, and regard for the music's text.

The score calls for eight soloists, seven of whom formed the principal heavenly choristers last night. These were sopranos Frances Yeend and Olive Mae Beach; Contraltos Eula Beal and Suzanne Coray; Charles Kullman, tenor; Mack Harrell, baritone, and George London, bass.

Each gave a brilliant account of himself, singing with sensitive phrasing, fine vocal quality and technical assurance music that imposed difficult interval leaps of ninths and elevenths as well as its burden of deep emotional weight. For its part, the greatly augmented orchestra, including the additional brass choir (also augmented) which trumpeted the concluding fanfare to both movements, behaved very well.

The symphony is in two movements, dissimilar in style, yet both recalling the fact that Mahler was not only a sincere musician but an innate showman. The impact of both is equally dramatic, even theatrical, and while the text has a sober religious character, it is clothed in music that is romantic, melodious and sensuous.

The element of contrast is an integral and intensifying part of all art, and the present work is a singular example of this. From beginning to end it abounds in those paradoxes which have divided Mahler audiences into

sharply opposed camps to this day. It is the weaknesses, and not the virtues, of a creative artist which gain him his most militant champions. No one passionately defended Mozart, but the air is still rent with cries from the camps divided over Wagner, Bruckner and Mahler.

Perversely enough, it is the latter's weaknesses as a composer that impel even a critic to emphasize his virtues. But the presence of both these qualities in the present work is the least of its contradictions. Far more significant is the date of its creation, when European culture was crumbling into pessimism on the brink of World War I and musical expression was divided between post-Wagner adherents, Debussian impressionism, and the young Schoenberg's startling new musical geometry.

It is not surprising that Mahler, with the mystical attitude of a medieval ascetic, should have sought philosophical solace in his choice of text for the Eighth Symphony. Nor is it surprising that Mahler, the supreme batonist of his time, should have stated his ascetic philosophy in extravagant orchestral terms requiring 1000 voices for its utterance.

The Eighth Symphony is, in effect, a musical dissertation on the theme which occupied Mahler from early childhood—the mystery of death and resurrection. This was also the chief preoccupation of the Middle Ages, and his choice of the ancient Latin plainchant, "Veni, Creator spiritus," as the motive kernel of his first movement, affirms his temperamental affinity with the past at a time when other composers were impatiently heralding the future.

This attitude was apparent as early as his Second Symphony, but an immense crystallization took place between the Second's young, Werther-like pose of tragedy and the Eighth's mighty crescendos of exultation and faith, which had to be mighty in order for Mahler to hear them above the beating of the wings.

The Eighth, in fact, is not so much a musical expression as an emotional experience translated into the only terms the composer knew, and presented with a melodic directness that frequently borders on the trite. One feels too much; there is too frantic an affirmation of his adopted faith, and an excess of instrumental and vocal voices to match his excess of fervor. For all this, it is refreshing to hear occasionally music that inquires into the mysteries of the universe, in a period when composers are content to tat little musical doilies.

When we come to the question of its form, the Eighth poses more paradoxes. It might equally be called a "symphonic cantata," so vocal is the symphonic basis. In the first movement, the voices are treated in a quasiclassical fashion, in the second operatically. In the melodic fabric, there is again the paradox of a sophisticated orchestral knowledge put to the service of themes scarcely distinguished enough for the exalted strophes they are required to carry.

However, Mahler utilizes them with rare craft, and for all his unorthodox development, he is faithful to his original few themes. Thematic nuggets from the opening "Veni," as well as from the second melody sung by soprano solo and violins, reappear constantly, in varied guises, not only throughout the first, but even in the second movement.

The first is scarcely in strictly classical sonata form, but it retains its relation to it by the manner in which the themes are presented, and by a clearly marked development section—not, as some believe, a double fugal but a highly complex fugal treatment of material. Throughout, there is the same close integration of instrumental and vocal writing, although in the second movement, the soloists have a certain operatic prominence.

In this, wherein the form is subservient to the requirements of Goethe's text from the final scenes of "Faust," Mahler strikes a note of simple songfulness, of almost folklike unpretentiousness. It is true that if one looks, he may find musical references to Parsifal, Aida, Schubert, Strauss and Bruckner, among others. As a conductor, Mahler had to perform so much music by other composers it is not surprising that some of it filtered into his own. But the Eighth Symphony has, with all its faults, moments of high grandeur and deep emotional impact. Those we cannot take from it.

MILDRED NORTON, *Los Angeles Daily News*

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#### BRUCKNER'S FIFTH ON RECORDS

Newest among the releases of European recordings of *Bruckner* symphonies is Capitol's issue of the Austrian master's *Fifth Symphony* set forth by the Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Eugene Jochum recorded on two doubled-faced twelve-inch LP's. The symphony is played in its original, unedited version and Mr. Jochum proves again, as he did in his recorded version with the same orchestra of *Bruckner's Eighth Symphony*, that he is one of the few genuinely understanding interpreters of this composer's towering creations. Unfortunately, although the recording leaves little to be desired, considered from the tonal aspect, much of the pleasure in listening to it is marred by the consistently noisy surfaces.

JEROME D. BOHM, *New York Herald-Tribune*

## OVATION FOR MAHLER'S SECOND BY TANGLEWOOD AUDIENCE

*Boston Symphony Orchestra; Chorus (Hugh Ross, Conductor); Ellabelle Davis, Soprano, and Nan Merriman, Contralto, Soloists; Leonard Bernstein, Conductor; Tanglewood, August 1, 1948.*

The "Resurrection" Symphony, in case anyone needs to be reminded, is one of the bigger masterpieces of the 19th century—bigger both in scope and the number of musicians required, and in the vast extent of Mahler's conception. This is music of astounding skill as well, in which a supreme master of the art and science of orchestral writing sought to encompass no less than life, death and the rising of spirits thereafter. This is also music of such depth, power and overwhelming emotional tension that it leaves you in something of a daze.

Mahler had what might be called a lengthy temperament. He was not one to condense his thought, and consequently his scores require both time and receptive attention. The "Resurrection" takes more than an hour and 15 minutes, yet, except for a few early departures, the huge gathering in and outside the music shed listened quietly—although some did burst out with ill-timed applause between some of the movements.

Mr. Bernstein's performance of this work in Boston last Winter was the outstanding event of the season. If it does not turn out to have been the peak of the Berkshire festival, it will not have been due to any faults of his. Yesterday, he repeated his impassioned and musicianly reading. There were some discrepancies, however, that made this performance a little less impressive than the one in Boston.

The chorus, though larger here, did not produce so much resonance as you were entitled to expect, though they did sing the soft entrance—and elsewhere—with round beauty of tone and thorough precision. Of the soloists, Miss Davis excelled in a beautifully voiced and styled performance of the soprano part. Miss Merriman, making her festival debut, sang conscientiously, but her voice had something of a tremolo, the text was sometimes peculiarly pronounced and there was less feeling than there ought to have been.

CYRUS DURGIN, *The Boston Globe*

Mr. Bernstein then took over and led the Boston Symphony and the festival chorus of 250 voices through the varied beauties and excitements of Mahler's Second or "Resurrection" Symphony that he had revived with such signal success in Boston last season. The solo singers this time were Ellabelle Davis, soprano, who sang in the Boston performances, and Nan Merriman, contralto.

It was something to hear and see the demonstration that greeted the symphony in Symphony Hall and since 10,000 people can make more noise than 2,000, speaking in round numbers, the scene in the music shed this afternoon was even more inspiring. The concert was over-long, just short of two hours and a half, but Mahler and his interpreters kept the great audience enthralled. At the end it was again a case of pent-up emotions released.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, *The Boston Post*

Today's audience witnessed the distinguished composer, Darius Milhaud, conducting his own Second Symphony and Leonard Bernstein repeating the impressive Mahler Second which nearly lifted the roof of Symphony Hall last February and the New York City Center a year earlier. Mr. Bernstein's company included Ellabelle Davis and Nan Merriman as the gratifying soloists, and the 200-voice festival chorus evidently trained within an inch of their lives by Hugh Ross. Those who witnessed either of the earlier performances generally allowed that today's was easily the best of the three. Bernstein easily achieved another triumph.

HOWARD WATSON, *The Boston Herald*

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#### BRUCKNER QUINTET PERFORMED IN NEW YORK

The Stradivarius Society, newly formed under the direction of Gerald Warburg, has announced a series of three chamber music programs, each one to be given twice at the Metropolitan Museum. The Busch Quartet participated in the first pair of concerts, January 10 and 11, and the program included Bruckner's String Quintet.

## AMERICAN PREMIERE OF MAHLER'S TENTH

*Fritz Mahler Conducts Erie Philharmonic in  
First Western Hemisphere Performance*

The following review appeared in the *Erie Dispatch* after the first of two performances given December 6 and 7, 1949.

Much new music has been introduced in past seasons by Fritz Mahler and the Erie Philharmonic Orchestra, but none so important and worthwhile as the Gustav Mahler Symphony No. 10, which had its premiere performance in this hemisphere last night in Strong Vincent Auditorium.

This work, of which only the two movements were completed before Gustav Mahler's death in 1911, is beautiful and deeply moving music.

We hazard the opinion that it will become firmly established in orchestral repertoire on this side of the Atlantic.

This symphony was the major offering in the Philharmonic's third pair of concerts, with the program to be repeated this evening.

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Gustav Mahler had projected his final symphony in five movements. He had made preliminary sketches for all five sections, but the harmonies, contrapuntal structure and instrumentation for only the two movements played last night were completed.

The Scherzo, originally intended as the third movement, is a short section distinguished by excellent craftsmanship. It has a restless, almost brooding quality about it, relieved by rather startling contrasts in range and in instrumentation. The closing measures of the Scherzo pack an unbelievably dramatic punch.

The longer section, marked Adagio, is, however, the major portion of the work.

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It opens with a unison solo passage for violas which establishes the whole character of the work. The chief melody is one of rather melancholy beauty that haunts the listener long after its final sounding. Really the emotional and intensely dramatic qualities of this movement carry one completely in their sweep.

It is Gustav Mahler's finest writing and indeed ranks high among symphonic writing from the pens of any of the great composers.

Wesley First

## NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY AS A NATIONAL CULTURAL INSTITUTION

In March 1934, CHORD AND DISCORD endorsed a plan for the development of fine arts, a plan originated in the December 1933 issue of *MUSICAL DIGEST*, then edited by Pierre V. Key.

During the La Guardia administration, City Center came into existence through the efforts of the farseeing, cultured mayor and Newbold Morris, thus bringing to realization, at least in part, the plan sponsored by *MUSICAL DIGEST*, namely, "broadening the outlet for employment of musicians (with preference given to American citizens) through increasing the number of major and minor symphony orchestras, local opera enterprises, choral concerts, and miscellaneous concerts of every kind, and encouraging the engaging, in increasing numbers, of American solo instrumentalists and solo singers, as well as ensembles, where their ability to appear in courses of advanced artistic type shall have been amply proven."

There are certainly few American cultural organizations of our day more deserving of support and emulation than the New York City Opera Company, not only for its aims, but also for its accomplishments in raising the level of American musical taste. Quietly, it made its initial bow about six years ago, a fledgling company struggling through its repertory of but three operas with borrowed costumes and scenery. After two seasons a year preceding and following the regular operatic season at the Metropolitan, it entered its twelfth season on September 22, 1949, with a repertory of 33 operas, four stage directors and scenic designers on its able staff, a permanent orchestra and chorus, a staff of distinguished conductors and a roster of over 50 distinguished solo singers. From the very first the company had reaped praise for its artistic integrity, the introduction of fine young talent and the genuine enthusiasm of its audiences, who, starved for this approach to opera, found it available at last and at the low-price policy of the organization's founders. Its repertory includes *Salome*, *Aida*, *Rosenkavalier*, *Carmen*, *Marriage of Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Onegin*, *The Medium*, *Tosca*.

The New York City Opera Company has set a new standard for opera in America. It has developed a formula that calls for well-sung, well-acted, and well-directed performances by young singers who are as pleasant to look at as to hear. Its small financial loss is absorbed by the City Center's other activities, thus giving the public the opportunity to hear for a top price of \$3.00 (tax included) well integrated performances with outstanding soloists, a permanent orchestra, chorus and ballet—all well rehearsed. In its review of *Salome*, CHORD AND DISCORD said: "For the discriminating, rich and poor alike, City Center productions would be a bargain even at considerably higher prices."

Opera starved cities all over the nation are asking for the City Center formula and for help in establishing it. The first out-of-town experiment proved a success. In the fall of 1948, the New York City Opera Company

gave a three-week trial series at the Civic Opera House in Chicago. The invitation came from a group of leading business and professional men headed by Mayor Martin H. Kennelly. The result was a three-year agreement to perform at the Chicago Civic Opera House and the gradual formation of a new Chicago Civic Opera group on the New York City Opera plan. Similar invitations have come from such cities as Milwaukee, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Denver, Rochester, Pittsburgh, and Des Moines.

The New York City Opera Company concentrates on the over-all ensemble performance rather than accenting stars, and equal importance is given to dramatic and musical aspects. Experienced and inexperienced, well-known and nameless artists are welded into a complete production unit. Young artists are given the benefit of thorough preparation in their roles with no cost to themselves. After the opening performance of the 1949 season (*Ariadne*), Mr. Louis Biancolli, (WORLD TELEGRAM) wrote: "Any opera company—large, small, American, European—could learn a few things from last night's acting."

The New York City Opera Company does not adhere to traditional production techniques and routine. It does provide a tremendous amount of staging rehearsal, in which the demands of the drama itself are recognized and married to the music. Scenic concepts further enhance the productions through the use of projection and other modern theatrical techniques. The fusion of these policies has brought about the realization that grand opera can be good theatre and entertainment of the highest order. Virgil Thomson said in the NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE: "... it made sense to the eye as well as to the ear..... distinguished production, visual and musical....."

Today, New York's City Center is the goal of America's finest young singers. It is the open sesame to the best operatic doors of the world and has introduced to fame a number of gifted American artists. Other fine singers, with reputations already made in various parts of the world, have joined the New York City Opera Company.

The American composer, as well as the American singer, conductor, and stage technician, is encouraged by the New York City Opera's recognition of native talent and the opportunity for performance at the New York City Center. William Grant Still, noted American composer, saw his first opera (the fourth he has written) produced in the spring of 1949 when the New York Opera Company gave three performances of his *Troubled Island*.

The New York City Opera Company has given the lie to those that believe opera in English just can't be done. *The Marriage of Figaro*, in a sparkling translation by Ruth and Thomas Martin, proved to be one of the hits of the season. Other operas in English included *Amelia Goes to the Ball*, *The Medium*, *Troubled Island*, and the *Love for Three Oranges*, the last named translated from Russian by Victor Seroff.

Conductors and experts in stagecraft find a welcome at the Center where real talent is the only requisite and where big names, race and nationality are unimportant. The operas have been presented in five languages—English, French, German, Italian, and Russian. The members of the company are drawn from four continents. Under the guidance of Laszlo

Halasz, artistic and musical director, the various essentials of each production—stage, costuming, voices, orchestra, ballet, and language—are skillfully blended into an artistic whole. With these ingredients, plus the imagination and cooperation of the directors, the highest standards have been maintained, and large audiences have given their enthusiastic approval to every performance.

City Center is, in short, giving the economically less favored the opportunity to hear operas at prices they can afford and the public is responding wholeheartedly. It has proved it is a boon to gifted, young American singers by starting them on their chosen careers. It has produced operas by American composers, thus encouraging native creative talent. It is pointing the way toward the establishment of opera companies in other cities. These would not only constitute indispensable training grounds for American singers, but would also give employment to local musicians and raise the general cultural level of the communities they serve. Setting up and maintaining numerous opera companies, modeled upon the splendid New York City Opera Company, should be the ultimate goal of all serious American music lovers.

## A MEMORABLE ELEKTRA

*Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor; Carnegie Hall, N. Y., Dec. 22nd, 23rd, and 25th, 1949. (The last performance was broadcast over CBS.)*

Elektra .....	ASTRID VARNAY
Klytemnestra .....	ELENA NIKOLAIDI
Chrysothemis .....	IRENE JESSNER
Aegisthos .....	FREDERICK JAGEL
Orestes .....	HERBERT JANSSEN
Attendant of Orestes .....	MICHAEL RHODES
Four Handmaidens .....	MIRIAM STOCKTON
	EDITH EVANS
	ELINOR WARREN
	BEVERLY DAME

A vivid, successful projection of the difficult score and tragic content of Strauss' *Elektra*, especially in concert form, is impossible without the following three features: a splendid orchestra, intelligent singers with fine, powerful voices, and above all, a conductor who combines deep understanding of the work's poetic message, the inexorability of Greek tragedy, with musicianship of the highest order. All three of these essential factors were eloquently represented in the series of three performances given the work in Carnegie Hall on Dec. 22, 23, and 25, 1949. The roll of participants is listed above.

Mitropoulos interpreted the score with utmost clarity and unerring dramatic instinct. He created teamwork among the singers and between the singers and the orchestra. Just as there is unity in the drama, there was unity in the performance. From the very opening bar one could sense ultimate doom and throughout one felt that the decree of the fates was being carried relentlessly forward to its inevitable cataclysmic end. Hate, fear, scorn, pathos, fierce triumph, tenderness, nostalgia—these were all brought out in a masterful manner by Mitropoulos who conducted without a score.

Each participant contributed his share to what was a well nigh perfect performance. Among the handmaidens Elinor Warren's dark voice and shading deserve special mention. Janssen was particularly moving in the tender passages. Jagel made the most of the few lines assigned to Aegisthos.

The difficulty and importance of Chrysothemis, the least grateful of the three leading parts, are not always sufficiently appreciated. (Unfortunately the second dramatic scene between the two sisters, Elektra and Chrysothemis, was cut.) In their first great scene, Irene Jessner, with a commendable feeling for the underlying dramatic implications, emphasized the fear that possesses Chrysothemis, her love of life, her burning desire to bear children,

her longing for freedom from the prison into which her mother, Klytemnestra, and her stepfather, Aegisthos, the murderers of Agamemnon, Chrysothemis' father, had cast her and Elektra. In the final scene it was clear that to Chrysothemis the death of Klytemnestra and Aegisthos meant freedom to enjoy life.

Highlights in Jessner's outstanding interpretation were: Her whispering to Elektra: "They will throw you into a tower where you will not see the light of the sun or moon—they will do it, I know, I heard it . . . at the door."—the pathos with which she invested the lines: "I cannot like you sit and peer into the darkness. There is fire in my breast . . . ."—the fear in her voice when she sang: "I am so afraid, my knees tremble day and night . . . ."—her anger when she reproached Elektra: "'Tis you who binds me to earth with chains. Were it not for you, they would free us."—her passionate rendering of: "I want to bear children before my body withers . . . ."—the pathos and mystery of: "Our brother is not coming home. We always sit on our perch like caged birds, turn our heads to the left and to the right and no one comes, no brother, no messenger from our brother . . . ."—her joyous dramatic utterance in the final scene when she thinks she is free at last: "Elektra! sister! come with us; oh come with us! It is our brother who is in the house! It is Orestes who has done the deed,"—and her final "Orest" followed by a silence that could almost be heard.

The *vibrato* in her beautiful, dark contralto voice makes Elena Nikolaidi especially fitted for the role of the fear-ridden, conscience-stricken, superstitious queen, Klytemnestra. At no time, whether she was for but a brief moment recalling happier days with her children or trying to hide her fear from her daughter, Elektra, was the listener permitted to forget that fear dominated the very soul of the degenerate queen constantly plagued by bad dreams. Be it added that Nikolaidi's restraint and calm, even in moments of anger and defiance, enhanced the effectiveness of her portrayal.

The almost hollow sound of her voice when she pleaded with the gods: "O, ye gods, why do you oppress me so? Why do you destroy me thus? Why must my strength be gone? Why am I, a living creature, like a barren field and this nettle grows out of me and I do not have the strength to weed it out!"—her excitement and pleasure when Elektra tells her she, Klytemnestra, is a goddess: "Have you heard? have you understood what she says?"—the unearthly beauty of her singing of the nostalgic lines: "It has a familiar sound. It seems as though I had forgotten it long, long ago."—her determination, anger, and fear after her confidantes tell her Elektra doesn't mean what she says: "I don't want to hear anything! What you say is like the breath of Aegisthos."—the mystery in the words: "Where the truth lies, no one knows."—the *cantilena* passage where Klytemnestra says she is willing to listen to anything pleasant, even from her daughter Elektra—her almost despairing joy at the thought that there are rites which will rid her of her dreams—the eerie feeling conveyed by her rendition of: "What is a breath, and still between night and day when I lie there sleepless, something comes creeping over me. 'Tis not a word, 'tis not a pain, it does not oppress me," and the terror in her

voice as she continues: "it does not choke me. 'Tis nothing, not even a goblin, and still it is so terrible that my soul cries out for release,"—the sad fierceness of: "I don't want to dream anymore."—all these were memorable moments in this notable characterization.

Last summer Astrid Varnay thrilled a Stadium Concert audience by her beautiful singing of the temptation and final scenes of *Salome* under the inspired leadership of Fritz Reiner. It remained for her to give the lie to those who still maintain that the role of Elektra must for the most part be shouted, shrieked, or screeched. Varnay actually sang the part, and beautiful singing it was. Judging by the variety of her facial expressions during the performance, one can safely conclude that this extraordinary artist would give a moving performance on the operatic stage, a portrayal that would leave something to the imagination of the discerning listener and at the same time shake the audience to its very depths. From the outset Varnay's Elektra was the prophetess of doom, of hate, of despair, with one all-consuming passion—to avenge the murder of her father, Agamemnon. Yet with all the hate, scorn, contempt, and lust for vengeance in her soul, she could be tender and noble. This high priestess of vengeance aroused pity. She was a truly tragic figure.

Long to be remembered in Varnay's interpretation are: The feeling of utter loneliness and gloom as she sang: "Alone! Woe unto me, all alone,"—the sustained cry: "Agamemnon! Agamemnon!"—the dark color, excellent diction, and almost perfect phrasing of the lines: "It is the hour, our hour, the hour when they slaughtered you, your wife and that one who sleeps in one bed with her, in your royal bed."—the deeply moving supplication: "Agamemnon! Father! I want to see you, do not leave me alone this day. Show yourself to your child, as you did but yesterday, like a shadow in the corner! Father! Agamemnon!"—the expression of horror when she says to her sister: "Thus did father raise his two hands, then the ax fell and tore his flesh."—her contempt as she asks Chrysothemis: "What do you want? Daughter of my mother, Klytemnestra's daughter."—the beauty of tone as she says to Klytemnestra: "You yourself are a goddess" and the scorn in her voice immediately after: "You are just like them!"—the viciously triumphant manner in which she tells her mother that she (Klytemnestra) will dream no more if the right sacrifice falls beneath the ax, with special emphasis on the word *träumst* (dream)—her trembling when she asks Klytemnestra: "Aren't you going to let my brother come home?"—the hate and defiance with which she tells her mother: "You lie! You sent gold so that they would choke him to death."—her highly dramatic exclamation: "I can see it in your eyes, I can tell by your trembling that he (Orestes) is still alive: that day and night you think of nothing else but him: that your heart withers from fear because you know: he is coming."—the scorn and fierce venom in the death sentence she pronounces upon her mother: "Who must bleed? Your own neck,"—the triumphant hate in her description of her vision of Klytemnestra's death agonies at the hands of her own children (this is one of the most powerful passages in music-dramatic literature)—the sharp pain in her utterance when she thinks Orestes is dead: "But I! I! To lie here knowing the child will never return,"—the scorn as she thinks of Klytemnestra and

Aegisthos, "the brood that lives in its lair and eats and drinks and sleeps,"—the scream of joy as she recognizes her brother, Orestes—the trance-like beauty of her rendition of the *cantilena* passage: "Orestes! Orestes! Orestes! No one moves! Let me see your eyes, a vision, a vision given me more beautiful than all dreams! Noble, illusive, sublime countenance, remain with me! Do not vanish into thin air, do not melt away; or if I must perish at once and you appear and come for me: Then I shall die happier than I have lived!"

The Philharmonic Orchestra, the soloists, and, above all, Mr. Mitropoulos covered themselves with glory thrice; it is no wonder that at each performance the audience stamped, cheered, and whistled.

ROBERT G. GREY

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#### RADIO PREMIERE OF MAHLER'S TENTH

Gustav Mahler's Tenth Symphony was heard for the first time in New York Saturday afternoon [Jan. 21, 1950] in the broadcast over N. B. C. by the Erie Philharmonic Orchestra under Fritz Mahler's direction and, a few hours later, Ernest Bloch's Concerto Symphonique was performed for the first time in this country by the N. B. C. Symphony Orchestra under Ernest Ansermet, with Corinne Lacombe as piano soloist.

Mahler's Tenth Symphony was uncompleted when he died. Although he had expressed a wish that the manuscript be burned, a desire which he, however, had several changes of mind about, his wife permitted a facsimile edition of the manuscript to be published in 1923. Of its five movements which remained in fragmentary form, two were reconstructed by Alban Berg, Ernst Krenek and Franz Schalk, and it is this torso which was performed on Saturday.

Mahler never designated with any certainty the order in which the various movements should be played. How disturbed his mental state was when he penned this work may be seen from the programmatic title, "The Devil Dances With Me," and from the following exclamation written in the score: "Madness, seize me, the accursed! Destroy me, that I may forget my existence! That I may cease to be!"

The movements thought worthy of reconstruction reveal not only Mahler's ironic vein but even more the preoccupation with death which is expressed in so much of his music. The adagio movement has many moving pages, but is on the whole inferior to "Der Abschied" from "Das Lied von der Erde" and the finale of his Ninth Symphony, in which resignation in the face of death is even more affectingly depicted.

Fritz Mahler's interpretation revealed considerable understanding of its contents and the performance gave evidence of careful preparation. His orchestra, a thoroughly competent aggregation of musicians, produces clearly penetrating if not sensuously appealing sounds.

JEROME D. BOHM, *New York Herald-Tribune*

## SYMPHONIC CHRONICLE

### A Record of Critical and Popular Reaction

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: THIRD SYMPHONY

*Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, Conductor; Dallas Symphony Singers, Public School Choir; Frances DeMond, Contralto; Nov. 29, 1947.*

Evidently 2,700 North Texans considered themselves connoisseurs as they gave over their festive Saturday night to the concert and many came from great distances. "An audience like this for a program like that," was the amazed comment of one out-of-town visitor.

Few orchestral repertoire lists show performances of the Mahler Third during the last generation. A Radio City Music Hall broadcast conducted by Erno Rapee over NBC many years ago is the last we remember. Yet it is an easily assimilable and often exciting work that might be more popular were it not so troublesome to produce and were not the "apparatus" so large. Mr. Dorati had to call out his reserves for an orchestra numbering close to 100.

For the audience it was an effective introduction to the more grandiose Mahler, hitherto known only by last season's "Lied von der Erde." In the big symphonies one finds at last the link between Brahms and the contemporaries, even Rachmaninov, maybe Stravinsky, certainly Sibelius, and Shostakovich, possibly Prokofiev. The Third Symphony, also styled "The Program Symphony" has a story of conversations with past, present, with nature and the angels and with a resolution, a la Beethoven, on the brotherhood of man.

Perhaps it is best to heed Mahler's demurrer that there is no program. The association of the musical content with the scenario, so to speak, is confusing almost to the point of inappropriateness.

Taken, however, as sheer sound, the work is continually winning and exhilarating. One hears the blithest waltzes, the most martial marches, a lush Puccini-like emotionalism, then the gay, the plaintive, the morose. Trumpets and

drums play offstage for new perspectives and in three movements Mahler summons the human voice to augment his "instrumentation," and this instrumentation is among the canniest and most resourceful in music.

The Symphony Singers, made up of public school music teachers, were small, but pure-toned and balanced as we have known them in the past. The boys, massed in the box at the audience's left, tintinnabulated accurately with the chimes. Both groups were trained by Miss Marion Flagg, director of musical education, who somehow broke her foot but not her stride while doing it. Miss DeMond sang her important solos with dark, voluminous tone, broad line, much expression, and was of enormous value to the proceedings.

John Ware, trumpet principal, distinguished himself in taxing solo passages as did Rafael Druian, concertmaster, Emanuel Tivin, oboist, and Forrest Standley, French hornist.

JOHN ROSENFELD,  
*The Dallas Morning News*

#### ANTON BRUCKNER: NINTH SYMPHONY

*Philadelphia Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Feb. 27 and 28, 1948. (Broadcast over CBS on Feb. 28, 1948).*

... But for his current concert appearances, the Berlin-born batoneer went even farther than before in assuming his occasional role of symphonic Samaritan in aiding neglected musical works. This time it was on behalf of Anton Bruckner, whose name almost never comes around in the orchestral repertoire these days, that Walter labored lustily and lovingly, presenting the three known and completed movements of that composer's unfamiliar (and perhaps fortunately unfinished) Ninth Symphony.

It certainly required courage in the conductor to offer this more than sub-

stantial Bruckner symphonic serving as the principal feature of his program, in the face of the fact that only one other work in the form by Bruckner has appeared on the orchestra's programs here in nearly a score of years.

Relatively speaking, the Bruckner Ninth—or the three sections of it that were served yesterday — does not seem as banal and bombastic as the Fifth. But its symphonic flatulence seemed more than sufficient to last a long time. And if there is no determined demand for its repetition, that won't be so surprising, despite the expert aid given it by Walter to make it as palatable as possible for the concert customers coming, as it did, after the abiding beauties of Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony, and the Brahms set of "Variations on a Theme of Haydn," as the earlier offerings of the afternoon.

The Bruckner symphony, which calls upon the conductor to serve most of it "slowly" and "solemnly," is fairly overflowing with thematic material and opulent orchestration. But for all the energy and attention it exacts from orchestra and audience, the principal impression it leaves in the memory is one of pretentious impotence, despite Walter's zeal as musical missionary.

LINTON MARTIN,

*The Philadelphia Inquirer*

Anton Bruckner's 45-year old Symphony No. 9 ("Unfinished") had its first performance in this city yesterday afternoon, when Bruno Walter presented the Austrian peasant-composer's final work, at the Philadelphia Orchestra concert.

Mr. Walter made his welcome appearance at the Academy of Music yesterday, and the Orchestra paid this beloved musical figure the unusual tribute of standing and applauding at his entrance.

Mr. Walter, being an apostle of the rarely heard music of Bruckner, programmed the 51-minute incomplete work as the focal point of his concert.

Undeniably an endurance test for modern audiences who are not too well geared to works of such length and vast proportions, the Friday afternoon gathering stuck to its guns (very few went out), and gave Mr. Walter and the Orchestra an ovation after the third and final movement.

Bruckner's symphony which was played in its original version, has enough material for three modern symphonies. It is a work of undoubted nobility, huge in its general structure, with sweeping dramatic vistas which suggest vast landscapes.

Even the scherzo is heroic in quality, as though giants were seen at play (for all we know, Fasolt and Fafner). The last movement — adagio — seems over-long and obscure.

However, even while admitting the hazard of the symphony's great length and seemingly banal passages, it was with a sense of privilege one realized that a symphony of undoubted nobility, sincerity and power — a symphony upon which its composer lavished almost ten years of work — had been heard here for the first time.

Thanks are due to the unflagging devotion of Mr. Walter and to our Orchestra for backing this devotion with the last ounce of its amazing resources.

MAX DE SCHAUENSEE,

*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: FOURTH SYMPHONY

*Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, Fabien Sevitzyky, Conductor; Eleanor Steber, Soprano; Feb. 28 and 29, 1948.*

The Mahler Fourth Symphony suffers from Teutonic long-windedness. That's a pity, since the work contains fine musical ideas and is written throughout with the clarity, skill and invariable good taste of a great master.

It is neo-Brahmsian in flavor. But it somehow lacks the vigor and direction of Brahms. And it is apt to leave you with the melancholy reflection that there can be too much of a good thing. Beautiful sounds prolonged beyond customary time-limits can become cloying. The orchestra was at its very best in Mahler....Dr. Sevitzyky conducted the Mahler from memory.....

HENRY BUTLER,  
*Indianapolis Times*

She [Miss Steber] turned to the reflective, bittersweet text of the moody Mahler in the closing moments of the symphony with an equal understanding

of its special demands. The audience was quite captivated. . . . So much of it is banal—and there's so much of it. But there also is glory in this music, beauty that is both exalted and exalting. It rises above its sentimental base to passages of compelling emotional strength and dignity. It is music that deserves to be heard. Dr. Sevitzy gave it a hearing that made the most of its enduring values.

CORBIN PATRICK,  
*Indianapolis Star*

Miss Steber, in fact, was heard to best advantage in the Mahler work. Mahler has never had much success in this country—this was the first time his Fourth Symphony had been played in our town. The reasons for his neglect, as Anis Fuleihan suggested in his program note, are incomprehensible, for this music can scarcely be called complicated in a 20th century that has given itself to all sorts of musical experiments. His music, too, is highly lyric—the Fourth Symphony contains one lovely melody after another.

Mahler's music is like a Vienna slightly decadent. His music never seems symphonic; it seems like vocal music written on a grand scale, but still vocal music. Consequently, the form seems to have the looseness of rhapsody, although it does not actually have the looseness.

Whatever one may think of the music, however, he knows that, by and large, Dr. Sevitzy and the orchestra played Mahler's endless measures with poise and point.

WALTER WHITWORTH,  
*The Indianapolis News*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
*TE DEUM*

*Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, Conductor; Rochester Oratorio Society, J. Theodore Hollenbach, Conductor; Soloists; Anne McKnight, Rosalind Nadell, Irwin Dillion, James Pease. March 24, 1948.*

It was not to be wondered at that the concert provoked one of the most fervent demonstrations from any Eastman audience in years. The large attendance naturally was gratifying for the

conclusion of the season and the culmination of the Beethoven cycle.

By no means was all the interest centered on the Beethoven Ninth Symphony, for opening the program was the Anton Bruckner "Te Deum," a work of grandeur. . . .

Bruckner's "Te Deum," a work of climactic dynamic power, and one of the great sacred works by the Austrian composer and distinguished organist, is deeply religious in significance. Wholly characteristic of the composer's religious style, it was set forth magnificently, the final pages coming with overwhelming grandeur in its exultant climax.

Dating from 1881, it was revived in 1884. The elevated and stirring work was last given here in 1937 by Herman Genhart conducting the Eastman School Symphony Orchestra and Chorus.

NORMAN NAIRN,  
*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*

The Silver Anniversary Season of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra came to a memorable climax last night in the Eastman Theater when a special concert, devoted to Anton Bruckner's "Te Deum" and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, was conducted by Erich Leinsdorf.

Bruckner remains the most neglected of symphonic composers, in spite of the magnificence of his music. Although he wrote little in addition to his nine massive symphonies save for a few church works, the most important of which, the "Te Deum," had another eloquent Rochester presentation in the Eastman Theater in 1937 under Dr. Herman Genhart's direction, Bruckner has a place apart in the history of composition. It has been said that the German mystics are the kinsmen of this Austrian more than are the musicians, more than is the "religio-philosophical Beethoven of the Ninth Symphony, from whom he stems."

The listener last night was absorbed in the beauty and the grandeur of the revelation of Bruckner's score, with its great monoliths of tone, with its lofty vision, its mystical fervor, its breadth and depth in form and conception. This was the music of a Titan, speaking of the sublime with utter simplicity.

The orchestra played beautifully, and one felt that the conductor missed nothing of the composer's thought and

its devotional proclamation. So, too, did the chorus, which gave evidence of careful rehearsing on the part of J. Theodore Hollenbach, who prepared it, sing with communicative intensity.

A. J. WARNER,  
*Rochester Times-Union*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
SECOND SYMPHONY

*Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Busch, Conductor; May Festival Chorus, Sherwood Kains, Conductor; Karin Branzell, Contralto, Shirley Russell, Soprano, Soloists; May 6, 1948.*

After hearing the Second Mahler Symphony, as it was conducted by Fritz Busch at the May Festival concert Thursday afternoon, one can readily understand the enthusiasm of the Mahler cultists. The difficulties and grandiose nature of this composer's ideas militate against his frequent appearance on concert programs. Only when an occasion arises, such as is presented by the Diamond May Festival, are the means available for a satisfying hearing of his work.

It was not necessary to know Mahler's so-called program in order to feel the irresistible effect of his music. Indeed, one feels that the composer wrote to express his inner fancies, and then invented his explanations afterwards. In other words, the form grows out of a composition, rather than vice versa. Thus, whether or not the first movement is a heroic funeral march is immaterial. Each listener felt in himself the abysmal despair of the mood and the passionate outbursts of grief.

The second and third movements have really no connection with what precedes or follows them. The Schubertian flavor of the former charmed the ear, the bitter sarcasm of the latter was unmistakable. They are merely interludes that really interrupt the emotional unity of the symphony. Yet they are indispensable. Otherwise the mounting tension of the finale would be too great to bear. Incidentally they refute those who see in Mahler only a protagonist of a fantastically monumental inspiration.

Dr. Busch has the faculty of absorbing and expressing the underlying characteristics of every work he performs. Under his baton, the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, greatly enlarged for

the occasion, sounded like a different instrument, and as climax piled upon exhausting climax, the listeners were left spent at the close, their minds and bodies cleansed by the catharsis of sound.

The chorus sang with admirable quality its message of confidence in the resurrection of the soul, although it may be debatable whether unintelligible German is preferable to an ungratifying, but understandable, English translation. Perhaps, it makes no difference, for clarity of enunciation is not one of the chorus's strong points. Mahler has provided a discreet orchestral background to preserve the a capella character of the entrance of the chorus. In this case, the organ was too predominant.

Karin Branzell and Shirley Russell were the soloists. Seldom, today, does one hear so satisfying a routined artist as Mme. Branzell, whose rich contralto voice lends distinction to every role it caresses. Miss Russell's voice and manner give increasing pleasure with each appearance.

LOUIS JOHN JOHNEN,  
*Cincinnati Times-Star*

Some writers have implored their public to permit themselves to succumb to Mahler's music, and have promised that cool judgment will be swamped by passionate admiration — or else exasperation. There was no question of exasperation at yesterday's performance of the Symphony in C minor. There was no question of length. Dr. Busch achieved such great variety between the five movements that his audience forgot considerations of time and space.

It may be that the composer did extraordinary things like reading chapters from the works of Emanuel Kant to his wife during childbirth. He may have struggled with ideas of "Funeral Pomp" for his living soul in the first movement of his "Resurrection" Symphony. He may have envisioned eerie ballrooms in the second movement, considered the sinful greed of carp and other fish in the third movement, then disregarded civilization altogether to name his fourth movement "Primeval Light." Still, despite these mental tortures and questionings of a confirmed introvert—still, Mahler knew how to write melodies, knew how to exhaust

every orchestral means at his disposal, and to rear musical structures of sound mighty enough to shake the indifference of skeptics.

We dare say a few listeners could leave such a concert as that at Music Hall and systematically find fault with Mahler's symphony, poke fun at his eccentricities, call his music humorless, censure his love for extended development and contrast. At least no one went home with feelings of indifference. Dr. Busch was extravagant with his orchestral resources — six trumpets, six horns, six tympani (sometimes requiring three players), drums, gongs, bells. And a marking of "fff" in the score was sufficient for the conductor to unleash them in full fury. At one time he nearly bent double to enforce the avalanche of sound. He spent these resources lavishly, but not wastefully. Every note counted and had an integral part in the overall effect.

The whole edifice of the auditorium shook with the closing phrases of the "Resurrection" and many eyes streamed tears. And yet, the choral passage had begun so quietly, so reverently. Dr. Busch followed the composer's instructions and kept the singers in their seats for a few minutes to insure the contrast with the trumpeting of doom. The chorus was under his watchful and discriminating control and he played upon it skillfully as Parvin Titus played upon the organ keys at one side of the rostrum.

Mahler may have doubted the appropriateness of his own rondo-like second movement, may have thought it trivial in the inexorable sequence of his symphony. Not so the audience. Cheers, which Dr. Busch stilled momentarily at the close of the first movement, broke forth without restraint after the "andante." The composer would have been pleased at the reception. The choral-like fourth movement brought Karin Branzell, singing the resplendent and majestic plea to be lighted "to eternal bliss." Clear, clean, of excellent timbre for the music, the contralto's voice sang vibrantly and with penetration. It was the same again in the last movement, where Miss Russell's also soared musically above the choral and orchestral mass without being either strident or edgy. It was sumptuous music, sumptuously performed.

JOHN P. RHODES,  
*The Cincinnati Enquirer*

## GUSTAV MAHLER: SEVENTH SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitsky, Conductor, Oct. 15 and 16, 1948.*

All things come in time. Now we have Serge Koussevitsky to thank for the Boston premiere of the Seventh Symphony by Gustav Mahler, at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. This second program by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was devoted to two of the six great M's of music, for there was but one other piece: "Pictures at an Exhibition" by Modeste Moussorgsky, in the orchestral version by Ravel.

It would have been something to be present at the first performance of Mahler's Seventh, in Prague in September of 1908. I can imagine that the audience was pretty well baffled. Like most of what Mahler wrote, the Seventh is long and repetitive, and at the same time definitely a "big" work. There is a great deal of the striding, marchlike music he was so fond of, frequent horn and trumpet calls, and all available weight of strings, wind and percussion for an imposing, even grandiloquent finale.

Of the five movements — which take an hour and 20 minutes — the first is a loud and dramatic allegro with a slow introduction; the second and fourth a curious pair of nocturnes, and the fifth a fast rondo which somehow doesn't seem to have the importance a finale ought to have. The third movement I have left for last, because I fancy there is little else like it anywhere in music. Called "shadow-like," it is a scherzo with most unusual tunes, rhythms, accents and scoring. It is a movement restless, uneasy, perhaps foreboding, and really calls for the word "neurotic."

First acquaintance is a poor basis for drawing conclusions, but it seems reasonable to say that the Seventh Symphony is unconventional Mahler. Though full of the external traits: the wayward snatches of melody, the sliding harmonies, the quick changes of pace and rhythm, and above all the wonderful scoring, this is nevertheless relatively impersonal. Unlike the Second, Fifth and Ninth symphonies, and "Das Lied von der Erde," the Seventh avoids the extremes of emotional brooding and exaltation.

Probably there are only a half dozen

orchestras in the world able to play this difficult score adequately. Yesterday's performance was magnificent, with the wind players, hard-pressed practically all the way, giving freely of their glorious best. The score calls for three instruments not usually demanded at Symphony concerts: guitar, mandolin, and cowbells!

It might have been better to preface the Mahler Seventh with a brief overture, and to call intermission after the first movement of the Symphony. An hour and 20 minutes of unbroken active listening is a long time, and, further, even Ravel's brilliant orchestration seemed a little less than scintillating after Mahler. The whole afternoon was one of breath-taking beauty of performance and one of the best examples you could have of Serge Koussevitsky's dazzling prowess as interpretive conductor.

CYRUS DURGIN,  
*Boston Daily Globe*

If any composer has made good in Boston in the last few years it is certainly Gustav Mahler—and he nearly 40 years in his grave.

To be sure we have heard his "Song of the Earth" and his Ninth Symphony from time to time, while various movements from the other symphonies, the Adagietto of the Fifth Symphony, for instance, are occasionally done. Yet two of his symphonies, the Second and Fourth, achieved enormous success on their performances here within the last two seasons. And yesterday the Seventh, never before played here, was received with a cordiality verging on astonishment. Where, the audience seemed to be expressing, has this music been all our lives?

It has been biding its time, like most of this composer's music, waiting for the world to catch up with it. Not that its texture is difficult in the sense that Bartok's is; the listener will find little in Mahler of the dissonant tensions or the astringent melodies of contemporary composers who are, in effect, 40 years ahead of us. What has been needed for the understanding of Mahler is the disenchanting, disillusioned, almost heart-broken point of view of the post-war world. We know now—as Mahler knew in 1908—that everything doesn't fit into neat little boxes; that things aren't all white or all black anymore; that there is no end to con-

flict, to pain, to spiritual and physical misery.

Yet we know—as Mahler knew—that with it exists a world of beauty, of wonderful, joyous things, even of courage and hope. Thus it is that now we can listen to music that offers within its framework everything from vulgarities to sublimities, nursery jingles to military fanfares, jangling cowbells to soaring strings, twangling mandolins to violent bursts on the timpani—and not find it in the least incongruous. On the contrary, if yesterday's audience was any criterion, nothing seemed to make more sense than this neglected work by a neglected composer.

Not all of it, perhaps, for the Seventh Symphony, like the others, is excessively protracted. Mahler, who hated long-windedness in others, was incredibly long-winded himself; this, and his lack of foresight in employing a musical apparatus that might well break any modern orchestra's budget, hasn't helped his cause, either. So, for four movements of this work (all five last well over 70 minutes), the Seventh was a joy.

The first movement was strong, virile, exciting, tumultuous; the second was an altogether delightful pastorello; the third, a nebulous scherzo with a quaint, waltz-like middle section; the fourth, an incredibly beautiful serenade. But either the last movement or the listener's capacity to listen goes all to pieces, and I strongly suspect it is the music. It just doesn't fulfill the work and I don't know why, when you get right down to it, it can't be omitted, for this is no cyclical work but a series of moods strung together.

Neither the orchestra nor Dr. Koussevitsky can be complimented too highly for the performance of this exceedingly complicated work. The orchestra has rehearsed it for two solid weeks; Dr. Koussevitzky has lived with it for months; the performance was not short of spectacular. And it was a thrill to watch Dr. Koussevitzky's leadership, to observe the consummate musicianship of his beat, his cueing, his control and, above all, his inspiration.

As if he feared for the success of the Mahler, he finished with one of his best things, Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," with a view to bringing down the house. Which he did.

RUDOLPH ELIE,  
*The Boston Herald*

Serge Koussevitzky introduced Mahler's Seventh Symphony to Boston yesterday at the second Friday afternoon concert of the season in Symphony Hall. Apparently this was the third performance in the United States of the Symphony in its entirety. Since it requires an hour and a quarter for its performance, there was only one other work on the program: the Mousorgsky - Ravel "Pictures at an Exhibition."

No doubt this performance of the Seventh Symphony will revive temporarily the controversy over Mahler. Except that it has no voice part, the symphony contains practically everything to support opposing opinions.

One thing it does demonstrate: that Mahler was not merely a "song-symphonist." That is, the end movements and the central Scherzo are conceived in instrumental terms and are given roughly symphonic development. Very roughly in fact; for the composer does not readily submit to forms. The themes are not arresting, their treatment is spasmodic, altogether the impression is confirmed that the composer is a willful, undisciplined bundle of emotions, turning hither and thither and never staying put.

Nevertheless, I find the better Mahler in two of those movements, rather than in the two much-advertised *Nachtmusiken*. There is a genuine Mahlerian beauty in the slow middle section of the development of the first movement, and through most of the Scherzo there is originality, a charming wit, a graceful playfulness and a notable resourcefulness in orchestration.

In this Scherzo, for once in Mahler, you never know what is going to happen next, and you are kept on edge to find out as the themes chase one another across the orchestra with perverse pauses and sudden vanishments and unexpected reappearances in another part of the orchestral forest. This movement is great fun.

And in the slow part of the first movement working-out, where references are made to three themes, there are exquisite harmonies, a closely woven contrapuntal texture and a quiet certainty of utterance which leave no doubt of the composer's power.

The *Nachtmusiken* are less fascinating. The first one (second movement), which is in march time, rattles along with little suggestion of a serenade.

The horn call echoed in the distance and the offstage cowbells are not prepared for, so that one gets the impression of a trick. Echoes of this sort are to be found in the scores of Wagner and Berlioz, but there are better placed and built up to.

The other one (fourth movement) uses a mandolin and a guitar appropriately enough, and horn, violin, clarinet and bassoon are employed justly too, but the movement as a whole lacks the grace and the nostalgic charm of a serenade.

As for the Rondo-Finale, it is Mahler at his Tchaikovskyan worst, full of shrieks and bang-bang.

L. A. SLOPER,

*The Christian Science Monitor*

Blessings brighten as they take their flight. Dr. Koussevitzky is beginning this, his last season, at a point above what we had come to regard as the peak of his powers. Or so it seemed on Friday of last week and again yesterday afternoon. The opening program found him and his responsive orchestra glorifying the already familiar. Yesterday they were engaged in disclosing to us an exacting work not a measure of which had been heard before, the 40-year-old Seventh Symphony of Mahler. Also on the program was Ravel's arrangement of Mousorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." Regarding the performance of that particular Koussevitzian war horse, I am in no position to speak, though I can well imagine its excellence. The Mahler was all that I could take in, in one afternoon.

If the Seventh Symphony were a flawless masterpiece we would not have had to wait so long to hear it. On the other hand, did it not possess some qualities it would have continued to remain undisturbed. Actually, its virtues far outweigh its faults. By a curious coincidence Dimitri Mitropoulos has announced for next month the first New York performance of it in 25 years. With yesterday's audience it made a pronounced hit, and it is easy to prophesy that now that we have made its acquaintance we are not going to let it out of our sight for very long.

It has been the practice of conductors in other cities to play not the entire work but the second and fourth of

the five movements, each of which has been given the title of Night music. They are of the utmost charm and attractiveness, even if the first of them is over-long, considering the relatively slender quality of its material. In the other Mahler adds to the orchestra a guitar and a mandolin, and with ravishing effect. Either of them could stand alone, and that in all these years they have managed to escape local performance is something of a mystery.

Between these Serenades comes a Scherzo, marked Shadowlike, hardly less delightful than they are, and played yesterday with a miraculous deftness. But what of the rest? In the first place, the work as a whole scarcely adds up to an organic symphony, in the classical sense. And whereas in the opening movement we find Mahler at his most intense, his most powerful: pregnant themes handled in masterly fashion, a sweeping eloquence, a passionate lyricism; in the Rondo finale his melodic inspiration deserts him. Though he starts off promisingly, it is not long before he is merely marking time; and he ends (to change the metaphor) by pulling himself up by his own bootstraps. There is a brave sound, but the substance is hollow. That still did not discourage yesterday's audience. Koussevitzky received an ovation, and he deserved it.

WARREN STOREY SMITH,  
*The Boston Post*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: NINTH SYMPHONY

*Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell,  
Conductor, Nov. 4 and 6, 1948.*

It is not surprising that we had to wait until last evening at Severance Hall to hear the Cleveland Orchestra play Mahler's Ninth Symphony. Heretofore we haven't had an orchestra that could give it a virtuosic performance.

George Szell and his symphonists last night, in presenting the Mahler work's premier here, offered a performance that at its dramatically ethereal close left the capacity audience spellbound. And won the director and orchestra ovational applause.

We are grateful to Director Szell for the opportunity to hear the Mahler work. We have heard the Bruno Wal-

ter recording of it. And we prefer the Szell approach to this music. It encompasses a freshness and vigor duly kept within the boundaries of a perfect understanding of the Mahler message.

Mahler wrote this work with death at hand. And in it he sings his farewell to all that is earthly. He grows ironically reminiscent of the empty gaiety and frills of human life and profoundly sad in his leave-taking of the better things of life. It has in it unmistakable references to "Das Lied von der Erde" which he composed a year or so before he penned this work while in the Austrian mountains awaiting death.

This Bohemian—he was born in Kalischt—came to America in 1907 and is credited with having revamped and given new life to the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. This Ninth Symphony reveals all of his mastery of the orchestral form. And that opening theme will be with us for many days—a haunting lovely lilt that we hoped in vain would appear somewhere in that stunningly tense and yet peaceful final farewell to life at the close.

Director Szell's reading of this work was a masterpiece of batonic artistry. Themes began in one choir and half way through shifted to another and another, were carried along with just the right expressive and dynamic values. Throughout, the brass choir was virtuosic in its voicing of the Mahler song.

The waltzes in the second movement with the marvellous French horn trills by Frank Brouk, the solo work by William Hebert with the piccolo, the songful beauty of the strings — all were compelling features that added to the thrills. Director Szell brought out fully the sharp satire of the third movement and all its color and brilliance. And orchestra and director won as demonstrative approbation as we have yet heard on a Thursday night at Severance.

We heard some say they thought the Mahler work too long. And that in some parts of the hall its length led listeners to become restless. They are entitled to their opinion. It is a long work, running about an hour and 20 minutes. But we could find no place in which the interest lagged.

Again thanks, Director Szell, for a musical treat.

ELMORE BACON,  
*The Cleveland News*

It is impossible not to have deep respect for Mahler's genius, and after hearing the reverent and deeply moving performance of Szell and the orchestra, it was easy to understand how many people develop a grand affection for Mahler's music and eagerly want to persuade you that every note of it is pure gold.

Mahler wrote his Ninth in 1909, before the iconoclasm of this harassed century had moved into high gear. He coasted on the momentum of a grand tradition and took a long free ride. Toying with the orchestra as no composer has so leisurely done before or since, he builds it up, breaks it down, and sometimes reduces it to a ghostly shadow of itself in passages like the flute and horn duo toward the end of this symphony's first movement, which ends on an eerie harmonic.

The other-worldly atmosphere of the symphony was marvelously sustained. Its more banal pages, and it has some, were glossed over with indulgent charm. There was rugged contrast in the good-humored peasant dances and in the sardonic Rondo Burleske. The unearthly pathos of the final adagio, with its sober fugato, brought a mysterious hush over the hall that bespoke the most profound human feeling. Without any doubt, this was a great moment in the interpretation of a great symphony. The audience sensed it and rewarded conductor and players with one of the most extended ovations heard in Severance Hall for some time.

HERBERT ELWELL,  
Cleveland Plain Dealer

Mahler's ninth is indeed a remarkable work, one of the most extraordinary we have yet heard, a formidable, late, burgeoning of German genius, in all its romanticism, speculative fervor and extravagance.

An enormous wealth of orchestral sonorities is offered at every turn, as well as of fascinating harmonic circumlocutions. One must remember that this symphony dates from 40 years ago, before the atonalists (i. e., nihilists) began to grind our ears to powder.

There are all sorts of contrasts: In the second movement, in a kind of leisurely waltz rhythm, some vulgar commonplaces come on the heels of some exquisite finesses of harmony and

counterpoint. Occasionally a rich orchestral texture quickly jumps into a thin, piquant interplay of a few solo instruments. At any problematic moment the familiar sweetish Austrian dialect might break out.

To say that this Symphony is of overbearing length is surely not to accuse its superlatively able composer of mere careless garrulity. The excessive duration is an essential product of the impulse which brought the work forth. These German minds—these Wagners, Bruckners, Strausses, Regers—have a lust for the infinite, the bottomless, the impossible. If they did not do something that was too long, or too loud, or too complicated, or too dissonant, or too abstruse, they would feel that they had been sinfully frivolous, had failed to hitch their wagon to a star.

These German egos are not made of ordinary vanities or conceits: They have a cosmic magnitude, they aim to identify themselves with the universe—and sometimes they fall into the abyss.

Mahler's Ninth is magnificent; to me it also seems somewhat monstrous. The endless final adagio had an endless ending; an almost inaudible wisp of sound breathes its last interminably. It was so unbearable that the audience almost forgot to cough.

We are profoundly grateful to Szell for the experience of hearing this rare work. His care and labor, as well as that of the players, in the preparation of this performance were truly wonderful, beyond praise.

ARTHUR LOESSER,  
The Cleveland Press

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: SEVENTH SYMPHONY

*The Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor, Nov. 11 and 12, 1948.*

The brilliant keyboard style and creative gifts of the French composer Poulenc shared the spotlight with a magnificent rendering of Gustav Mahler's Seventh Symphony, reflecting added glow on the valiant sponsorship of the conductor, Dimitri Mitropoulos, an undiscourageable fighter in the Mahler camp.

The crowd was keyed up by the French music to a taste for quick, epigrammatic wit and gay fluff.

Of course, the Mahler symphony was nothing of the sort. Mahler takes a long time saying what he has to say, and as in one or two of his earlier symphonies, he goes on repeating the same thing for several minutes beyond the expected close. But the performance was well worth a Carnegie visit last night.

The symphony may be long, diffuse and on a lower dramatic plane than some of Mahler's other scores. But the rich fabric of theme and harmony, of subtly enmeshed rhythms, and long-breath melodies more than make up for the moments of monotony. The two "Serenade" movements are dreamy symphonic fantasy.

There was little Mr. Mitropoulos could do to brighten up the over-extended portions, short of outright cutting, which isn't in his conductor's vocabulary. When the music permitted—which was often enough — he gave it real eloquence and power.

LOUIS BIANCOLLI,  
*New York World-Telegram*

Never having heard Mahler's Seventh Symphony before, I regretted greatly about to leave after having heard only about three-fifths of the work which is one of the Austrian master's most extensive. Of the three movements the second and third were the most arresting and most thoroughly characteristic. Both the first of the two movements labeled "Nachtmusik" and the third Scherzo-like movement, are wholly Mahlerian in content with that peculiar admixture of pantheism, Viennese charm and irony, an irony however sometimes not far from tears, which makes this music like that of no other composer.

The opening movement, however, is not among Mahler's most impressive ones. Its restless striving finally bursts forth with an eloquence which is ineffectual because it is with the voice of the Strauss of "Zarathustra" and "Heldenleben" rather than his own that the composer seeks to move us. Mr. Mitropoulos's discourse of these three movements was a telling one, with the orchestra responding splendidly to his desires.

JEROME D. BOHM  
*New York Herald-Tribune*

The evening began with the rousing measures of Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" overture, and ended with Mahler's gigantic Seventh Symphony, which Mr. Mitropoulos conducted with the skill and fervor of a proper Mahlerite.

JOHN BRIGGS,  
*New York Post*

Everything on the program, which Mr. Mitropoulos conducted with unflinching gusto, built up to the concerto, which in turn was unfavorable for the Mahler atrocity.

There is little that this writer cares to say on the subject of Mahler's symphony. He does not like it at all. There are those who do like it. They have every right to enjoy the uncut hour and a quarter more or less, that the symphony consumes in performance. It is to our mind bad art, bad esthetic, bad, presumptuous and blatantly vulgar music. There is no need to particularize. Nothing would be gained by it. After three-quarters of an hour of the worst and most pretentious of the Mahler symphonies we found we could not take it, and left the hall. Chacun à son goût.

OLIN DOWNES,  
*New York Times*

If it is of any interest to the Mahlerites, Dimitri Mitropoulos achieved half a conversion in his performance of the master's Seventh Symphony with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night. I listened with interest, then admiration, then absorption to the first movement; the same words, in reverse order, in the second; interest and admiration without absorption in the third; finally, interest in the fourth, and nothing in the last.

For the fact is that Mahler asks seventy-five minutes of the listener's time in this work, and our expectations are keyed accordingly. Less apocalyptic than most of his scores, it has the familiar crepuscular tinge, the half mournful, half animated themes that are perpetually teetering between major and minor in spirit if not in mode. The first three movements, in fact, I found more consistently expressive and consecutive in musical pattern than most of his others; but, thereafter, it was just

too much of anything, good or bad.

Mahler unquestionably represents a musical problem in which responsive minds of the time must be interested, if not absorbed. It is well, then, that such a workman as Mitropoulos is conscious of the obligation as expressed in his playing last year of the sixth symphony and now, of the seventh. The logic of the situation is all against both Mahler and Mitropoulos; for why, of all composers in history, should he need an hour-plus to express whatever he has to say in a symphony. But it is only by hearing the works that one can implement logic with proof; and there is still the off chance that the weight of evidence will be pro rather than con. There is, in any case, no need for dogmatism; half a dozen hearings in forty years are meager indeed for a work of this scope. We may know more about it in another decade or two, given such zeal as Mitropoulos'.

IRVING KOLODIN,  
*The New York Sun*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
FOURTH SYMPHONY

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor, Nov. 18 and 19, 1948.*

Bruno Walter made his final appearance this season as guest conductor at the concert of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra Thursday evening. The music-loving public undoubtedly will agree that his engagement has been one of unalloyed joy and satisfaction, and will hope that he return at a date not too far removed.

The most weighty feature of the concert was Anton Bruckner's "Romantic" Symphony, no stranger to Orchestra Hall in the course of 50 years; but not often played with the mastery, certainly not with the magnificence, which distinguished the performance on this occasion.

Mr. Walter is known as a devoted apostle of the Bruckner cult—and if the Austrian composer's music enjoys a deserved eminence today, it is largely due to his efforts to promote it.

There can be no doubt that the "Romantic" Symphony is music well meriting the conductor's love and admiration, even if the pedestal on which it stands is not as lofty as that on

which Bruckner's Seventh Symphony should be placed. Produced in its revised form 67 years ago, it gives no impression of a score that is sadly dated. This sumptuous majesty that clothes much of the opening and final movements is still potent, and the lush brooding beauty of the slow section not less moving than in the far-off days when Bruckner was regarded by many connoisseurs as a dangerous rival of Johannes Brahms.

Whether the symphony made an enormous triumph for the composer, the conductor or the orchestra, or for all together, it is certain that not often has Orchestra Hall rung with such acclamations as followed the conclusion of the work, and which compelled Mr. Walter to return to the stage again and again in order to acknowledge them.

FELIX BOROWSKI,  
*Chicago Sun-Times*

The transition from the delicacy and refinement of Mozart to the sturdy and powerful Bruckner was accomplished with a remarkably quick change of musical personality. From the standpoint of composition, the symphony ranges from weak to great, but we believe Walter extracted the utmost in meaning from his score. We doubt he has any equals in the interpretation of this symphony.

CHARLES BUCKLEY,  
*Chicago Herald-American*

Bruckner after Mozart is not the interminable after the ineffable, but it might seem so without a Walter to reveal a score as candid as it is mysterious, since it has no secret but faith. In the end it is disappointing, as it reaches for heaven and misses the mountain tops, but the journey opens some vistas no less exhilarating because they are more hinted at than realized.

The performance was deep, rich, and beautiful, with roots and foliage. The horns of the scherzo were something out of a distant dream, but most of all I was fascinated by the slow movement. Here, almost imperceptibly, Walter turned actor. There was a man, or men, walking in that music. By the merest movement of his body that walk was discouraged, reassured, joyous, powerful, resigned. There is something

of the sorcerer in every great conductor. And it is hard on an audience to be less than a sorcerer's apprentice.

CLAUDIA CASSIDY,  
*Chicago Daily Tribune*

Anton Bruckner, though he's been well represented in the symphonic repertoire since before his death more than half a century ago, has still to win a place as a well accepted composer, much less a genuine favorite.

Bruno Walter, conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in its first performance of Bruckner's "Romantic" symphony in more than six years, at Orchestra Hall Thursday evening, gave the Viennese master a reading so clear (with the thoroughly developed first-movement theme sparkling throughout) and so buoyant (even in the funereal andante) that there must have been converts on every side.

There was nothing new or different about Mr. Walter's interpretation; all the Wagnerian influences were plainly apparent, the "hunting scherzo" sounded like nothing but John Peel at the break of day, and climax built upon climax in the fashion that has made this symphony the most popular (in its own restricted fashion) of Bruckner's eight.

But there was crispness and rhythmic melody and everything but brevity in its favor. Even our erratic horns redeemed themselves in part for the havoc they had wrought in last week's Schubert.

Just to make his Bruckner demonstration more effective, Mr. Walter preceded it with two beautifully executed Mozart works—the D major symphony (Köchel 385) and "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik." Perfect as they were, they did not make the post-intermission glory road insuperable for Bruckner.

It was Mr. Walter's last program as guest conductor—the more's the pity.

WILLIAM LEONARD,  
*Chicago Journal of Commerce*

The Bruckner was his 4th Symphony—one of his more popular works, and even at that rarely performed. For because Bruckner's music is not yet widely understood, it is not widely accepted.

This music glows with religious exalta-

tion in its soaring passages for brass choir, but it reminds you (with the sudden folksimplicity of some of its inexhaustible melodies) that this Bruckner was not a hurler of thunderbolts, but a country schoolteacher simple enough to cry with rapture when Wagner allowed him to dedicate a symphony to 'the Master.'

It is this unique combination of the grandiose and the naive that makes his music at first seem fumbling. For with all its massed forces of sound, Bruckner's music does not compel as does a Handel, Beethoven or Wagner. Though it is written on a large scale, it is not epic or universal; and while the listener may expect it (from its late-Romantic manner) to envelop him and convince him, it actually asks him to sympathize and participate.

Dr. Walter's reading of the work was a creation of love, projected with such jealous care, and played by the orchestra with such warmth and skill that it was continually persuasive.

IRVING SABLOSKY,  
*Chicago Daily News*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: FIFTH SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin, Conductor, Nov. 19, 20, and 21, 1948.*

Richard Burgin, again conducting the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week, covered himself with glory yesterday afternoon by giving a superb performance of the Fifth Symphony by Gustav Mahler.

After the concert, quite appropriately, he was awarded the Kilenyi Medal of Honor of the Bruckner Society of America, an organization devoted to furthering the music of Bruckner and Mahler. The presentation was made in the artists' room backstage by Warren Storey Smith, an honorary member of the society.

Mahler's Fifth had not been done here since 1940, and it was high time for another hearing. It is an immense and powerful work, characteristically Mahler in the vast complexity of its orchestral writing; full of the warmth, the emotional depth, the occasional grotesquerie of that composer. It also possesses that sub-surface demoniac quality peculiar to Mahler.

The only fault of the score is its length. Upwards of an hour is a lot of music for a listener to absorb; yet those who bring patience and devotion to the hearing of this piece are, in the end, well rewarded.

The words "inspired performance" are reviewer's corn, but there are times when no other terse phrase will do. This was truly an inspired performance, one of tremendous loving care and eloquence. The orchestra sang the adagietto beautifully, and the storminess of the second movement was the ultimate in symphonic drama. The other three movements fared as well.

When it all was over, Symphony Hall rocked with applause and some cheering, in which Mr. Burgin directed that all hands share. And they all deserved it.

CYRUS DURGIN.

*Boston Daily Globe*

Mahler again, this time the Fifth Symphony and a harder nut to crack than the Seventh of recent memorable performance, but a great work nonetheless and a most welcome revival by Richard Burgin.

It is harder to crack because here Mahler was trying his hand at absolute music, music without programmatic significance, and this, in Mahler, is entirely out of character. Mahler could not write "pure" music; it had to be motivated by something of a pictorial or emotional nature, the more personal, the more intimate, the more vivid the better. The classical, the abstract, was completely foreign to him; he was an exposed ganglion writing of death, of child-like visions, of remembered military bands, of summer days, of the Resurrection, of fearful dreams, of inner terrors and fears.

With the Fifth, sometimes (and certainly with aptitude) called the Giant, although it may be perfectly true he had no specific program in mind, a program is unquestionably presented throughout this massive 65-minute work. It keeps getting in the way of the ostensibly absolute fabric of the work; you can hear it in the melancholy horn calls, the anguished intervals of the trumpets, the downward sighs of the cellos. A moment or two of "straight" music, a moment or two of technic or of exploration of instrumental contrasts and textures, and the program returns at

a feverish level only to subside again into the composer's idea of absolute music.

This is, to me, the weakness of this work. It tries to look two ways at once and, despite the tremendous effectiveness of much of it, we are never quite sure which way Mahler is really looking. When he takes us by the hand through the meadows to tell us what the flowers say (as he does in the Third) or through the valley of the shadow (as he does in the Second), we follow in astonishment and wonder. When he tries to lead us by the hand to a funeral procession but chats during it of problems of instrumentation, we are not so readily led but we are, nonetheless, fascinated by both at once.

This, then, as nearly as I can put a finger on it, is the reason the Fifth fails to hold the audience and speak to it as the others do. Another reason is its structure. It begins with a marvelously affecting funeral march followed without pause, by an extended and frantic second movement which is virtually a long development of the funeral march. There follows a scherzo that begins with the wryest of waltz-like themes only to develop into an immense and tortured exploration of the orchestra's tonal resources. Then comes the adagietto, an incredibly reposed mood for string and harp leading directly into a fugal rondo that projects the material of the adagietto on a brilliant and turbulent canvas. All in all, they prove too much of a muchness.

Yet there are moments in this work of sheerest beauty, there is no denying that, and despite its length, it is an exceedingly worthwhile musical experience that yields up its beauties in a direct ratio to the listener's willingness to listen with his head as much as his heart. And it was given a most splendid performance yesterday afternoon by the orchestra under Richard Burgin, whose feeling for Mahler is as intense as his command of the orchestra. Both the first trumpet and the horn dominate this work throughout, and Roger Voison and James Stagliano gave brilliant performances on their instruments.

RUDOLPH ELIE,  
*The Boston Herald*

In furthering the cause of Mahler, Richard Burgin has added to his own

stature. At this week's Symphony Concerts the associate conductor is presenting the Austrian's Fifth Symphony, last heard here in 1940, and never before in Boston has he conducted with such authority, with such communicative eloquence. On previous occasions in the music of Mahler, and of others, Mr. Burgin has no doubt had a complete grasp of the score, but to understand music is one thing, to transmit that understanding to others is something else. And to do it in such a way that not only the orchestra, but the listeners are fired with the conductor's enthusiasm is something else again.

That is exactly what happened yesterday. The Mahler Fifth is a long work, and Mr. Burgin saw fit to restore cuts which Dr. Koussevitzky had made. Yet there was every sign that the audience was absorbed, while at the end it was genuinely excited, rewarding the deserving Burgin with shouts of "bravo," with cheers and stamping.

For these three performances (the symphony will be played again tomorrow afternoon) Mr. Burgin has received the Mahler medal, presented by the Bruckner Society of America. But not for them alone. He has given us the Mahler First, our only hearing of the first movement of the Third, while he introduced to us the Fourth, first through two movements and then as a whole. On another occasion, pinchhitting for Dr. Koussevitzky, he conducted "The Song of the Earth." This medal bears a head of the composer and his prophetic words, "My time will yet come." Long neglected and generally misunderstood, he is triumphantly coming into his own.

The Fifth Symphony is a mighty work designed on a grand scale. The opening funeral march and the stormy movement that follows are thematically related, as are the heavenly Adagietto, for strings and harp, and the glorious Rondo Finale, in the form of a triple fugue, that would alone serve to mark Mahler a master among masters. Between comes one of the most elaborate of orchestral scherzi, its mood and manner typically that of the Austrian dance. It is too much to say that the symphony as a whole is pure gold. There are brief lapses into commonplace in the

first three divisions, but in the last two Mahler redeems himself.

WARREN STOREY SMITH,  
*The Boston Post*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: SECOND SYMPHONY

*The Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Westminster Choir, Dr. John Finley Williamson, Director; Nadine Conner, Soprano, Jean Watson, Contralto, Soloists; Dec. 2, 3, and 5, 1948. (The last performance was broadcast over CBS.)*

The devotion of Bruno Walter for his late colleague, friend and mentor, Gustav Mahler, is the reason for some of the best playing that we know today of that composer's works.

This listener may be pardoned his unwillingness to discuss the Mahler Second at length this time, since he has heard it, counting yesterday's performance, three times in the last twelve months, or so. He still feels about the work more or less the same way that he did previously, namely—and in a word—that there is too much of a muchness between the composer's programmatic aims and the creative results. Also, to add still another word, there is between sequences of grandly written music a good deal that answers to the facile and conventional.

In any case, Mr. Walter's sensitive control of his entire forces last evening—the soloists and the choir and the orchestra—was something very special in understanding and musical finish. Those parts of the symphony to which I respond most were indeed enjoyable and the other quite tolerable under such ministrations.

Both Miss Conner and Miss Watson were convincing in their solo singing. The choir delivered its two assignments beautifully.

ROBERT BAGAR,  
*New York World-Telegram*

Last night's Philharmonic-Symphony audience gave Bruno Walter a rousing welcome in Carnegie Hall last evening. Even more important, they stayed to cheer following the performance under Mr. Walter's direction of Mahler's gigantic Second Symphony.

It was a pleasant and well-earned tribute to the conductor, who has spent a great part of his career as selfless propagandist for the works of Mahler. And it was unmistakably a triumph for the composer, even if too belated to afford much satisfaction to the man who has been the recipient of brickbats as well as accolades during his stormy lifetime.

The performance was admirably finished and beautifully executed in every detail. Mr. Walter followed with the utmost fidelity all the composer's instructions, except for the one directing that the first movement be followed by a pause of not less than five minutes. That would be tempting fate even with a Philharmonic audience.

The soloists were Nadine Conner, who sang expressively and with seraphic purity of tone the music for soprano solo, and Jean Watson, who disclosed a rich, full-bodied and well-controlled voice in the contralto part. The Westminster Choir performed with precise ensemble and intonation. Its only flaw was an occasional lack of solidarity in the lowest voice, though it might be questioned whether the deficiency was that of the choir or of Mahler's choral writing. The composer has included in his score a number of notes which do not exist in the human voice.

The closing measures of the work, in which its already heaped-up sonorities are reinforced by organ and full chorus, was an overpowering experience unless you are one of those iconoclasts who are repelled by the nervous, febrile elements in Mahler's scores, alternating between hysterical despondency and equally hysterical exultation. There seems to be no middle ground. One finds Mahler either over-inflated, or overpowering.

JOHN BRIGGS,  
*New York Post*

Mahler's second symphony, however, bulked most largely in the reviewer's memory, even as in the temporal span of the program. That span also left little time for a discussion of the merits and drawbacks of this work, and of Mahler's music in general, but these are time-honored subjects of musical controversy. To hear a Mahler symphony under Mr. Walter's direction, however, is to hear it under the most advantageous auspices, and at least one listener

was conscious of the extent of the work in regard to elapsed time only here and there; mainly aware of the eloquence and inventiveness which mark much of this symphony, less so of the times when the composer's expressive objectives outran his ability to fulfill them.

With the orchestra in fine form, the performance was characterized by entire lucidity at all times, finely graded dynamic outspokenness of orchestral color. Mr. Walter and his musicians fully evoked the varied and contrasted moods of the five movements; the careful planning of the climaxes, with avoidance of premature reaching of maximum sonority, gave them their full climactic effect, and thus the closing measures could be heard with unfatigued ears. It was an interpretation under a conductor who, probably more than any other conductor now in active service, knew what Mahler wished to present to his hearers, and who has the ability to accomplish that effect.

The chorus sang admirably in the finale. Miss Conner, despite some unevenness, sang with an appealing quality of tone, especially in the uppermost notes, and Miss Watson's singing in the last two movements was warm and rich in timbre.

FRANCIS D. PERKINS,  
*New York Herald-Tribune*

Times do change! It is not hard to recall when a conductor would as soon have cut off his right arm as to offer a Mahler symphony to a Sunday audience. Yet, now we find Bruno Walter presenting just such a lengthy and exacting masterpiece, and prefacing it with Brahms' *Schicksalslied*—a gravely beautiful and nobly affecting work, yet not exactly one of the more popular items in the Brahms anthology—to a profoundly stirred and numerous gathering, which received the disclosures with extraordinary manifestations of enthusiasm, culminating, after the Resurrection Symphony, in shouts and cheers. Who shall say that Mahler is not, at long last, coming into his own among us, even despite the recent depressing experience of the Seventh Symphony?

The writer of these lines vividly remembers hearing the Second Symphony in Carnegie Hall under the leadership of Mahler himself. To be sure, he was

not as ripe for it as he became in the course of the years; yet he can vouch for it that the performance, even under the composer's baton, was considerably less eloquent than the grandiose unfoldment of Mr. Walter, Mahler's high priest, who proclaimed like a prophet inspired and with a cumulative effect which left the hearer shaken and unnerved. The audience listened in awe, almost as if it had heard the voice from the burning bush. In Mahler's day there had been dissent and reactions almost akin to mutiny; yet it is only fair to remember that the orchestra today is considerably better than the Philharmonic of those remote days, and that the New York public has acquired a new insight. There is every reason to believe that a few annual performances could make the score a best-seller.

Mahler was perhaps not so far wrong as people have assumed when he declared: "In the future my symphonies will become great popular festivals." They should be just that as long as Bruno Walter is on hand to conduct them. Conceivably the effect of the Resurrection finale could have been even more overwhelming with a larger choral body, assuming such a one could have been accommodated on the crowded platform of Carnegie Hall. Yet, considering the splendor of the interpretations of the role, it would be graceless to make an issue on this point. Whatever Nadine Conner and Jean Watson may have achieved the preceding Thursday (when their achievements were acclaimed as uncommonly fine), one feels that this time the contralto delivered the *Urlicht* movement without all the profundity of feeling and the quality of which the section should diffuse. The hearer obtained the impression that it was over almost disconcertingly soon, and that the singer had merely skimmed the surface of the passage. Mr. Walter had himself revised the English version of the *Wunderhorn* verses; they are more colorful in German.

HERBERT F. PEYSER.

*Musical America*

When Bruno Walter conducted Mahler's Resurrection Symphony in January, 1942, with the Philharmonic-Symphony, it seemed doubtful, to those who were stunned by the overwhelming intensity of that interpretation, whether he or

anyone else would ever quite equal it. But the audience at this concert witnessed another miracle of the same order. For no less a word befits a performance in which every musician, from the humblest chorister and back-desk player to the most prominent soloist, is swept away by the spirit of the music.

One could list a hundred details to illustrate Mr. Walter's all-encompassing grasp of the score. Under the spell of his inspiration, even the piccolo had a soul. In the terrifying outbursts of woodwinds, brasses and drums, in the first and last movements, the tone of that usually inflexible instrument was as poignant as a human scream. And who else evokes from the tympani the sepulchral majesty which Mr. Walter obtains in this "musical fresco of the Day of Judgment?" For once, the off-stage fanfares, symbolizing the calling of the dead, had their true dramatic significance and the pianissimo entrance of the chorus was as ineffably beautiful as it must have sounded in Mahler's musical imagination.

Since Mr. Walter knew exactly what the composer intended, he was able to achieve a flexibility and rightness of tempo such as one seldom encounters in Mahler performances. Anyone who has examined the scores or listened to them analytically will realize what a heartbreaking challenge to conductors their fluctuations of pace can be. Taken too freely, the vast structures fall apart. Taken too strictly, they become rigid, emotionally overtensed, and therefore monotonous. But Mr. Walter was infallible throughout the symphony. Nothing was more impressive than his treatment of the march-like section before the entrance of the chorus, in the last movement. Here, the freedom that characterized the rhythm of the earlier sections disappeared, and Mr. Walter established an inexorable pace that made Mahler's symbolism perfectly clear.

The soloists both sang well, though Miss Watson was more emotionally communicative and more at ease in the music than Miss Conner. The contralto's performance of the *Urlicht* was deeply moving. Incidentally, those who sneer at Mahler's sense of form should examine his masterly expansion of his song, *Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt*, into the scherzo of this symphony, which intensifies through its irony the lyric beauty of the succeeding song of

faith, Urlicht.

Both the Schicksalslied and the vocal portions of the Mahler symphony were sung in English. The translation used in the Brahms music was full of sibilant final s's and was otherwise awkward; but the Mahler text came out more fortunately in performance. The concert (Mr. Walter's first of the season) ended with one of the most tumultuous ovations that Carnegie Hall could ever have witnessed.

ROBERT SABIN,  
*Musical America*

Walter's survey of the symphony was masterful. Mahler's music means much to him, and he conducted the work with careful attention to detail, yet with a sweep that did much to draw the purple patches together; and in the last movement one could, as plain as day, visualize Mahler knocking loudly at the gates of Heaven and making an awful row about it. The time is long past for an evaluation of this composer's music, for liking or disliking it is much a matter of one's emotional makeup. Both of the soloists sang beautifully, and the chorus was well trained. As for the diction, the language might as well have been Old Persian. Perhaps it was just as well, considering the literary quality of the text.

HAROLD SCHONBERG,  
*The New York Sun*

Rarely is so highly unified a schedule presented in the course of an orchestral season, or one so consistently lofty in mood. Like the monumental Mahler Second Symphony, Brahms' "Schicksalslied" and, in all likelihood, his "Tragic Overture" are concerned with the human being in the clutches of fate pondering on his destiny. In the "Schicksalslied" there is no solution to the meaning of man's earthly sufferings, but in the Mahler masterpiece the composer expresses his unshakable conviction that the tribulations encountered in this world lead to everlasting happiness in a future life.

This "resurrection" symphony, so-called because of the hymn by Klopstock which forms the climax of the finale and also of the entire opus, is a creation of tremendous power and intensity. It asks immense orchestral re-

sources and reaches great heights of dramatic expressiveness in its mighty initial and closing movements, which are of heroic proportions. It is Dantesque in its metaphysical subject matter, symbolism and dignity, and so wide in its appeal that it was the most often performed of all of its composer's orchestral works before his Eighth Symphony appeared.

The work, which had its last previous hearing in this city by the Philharmonic under Mr. Walter in 1942, opens with a lengthy movement, originally entitled "Totenfeier" ("Funeral Rites"), a vision of the grief and anguish of mankind and of his terror of death and annihilation. The second movement, an Andante, forms the needed contrast, being of a happy character and referring to man's joy in life and nature.

The next two movements are both based on poems from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn." One of these divisions is an orchestral scherzo dealing with the "Fischpredigt" from that collection of lyrics, while the other, "Urlicht," is an alto solo. The "Fischpredigt," which treats of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes, is a pessimistic piece of music and tells in tones of the restlessness resulting from lack of religious convictions.

With the "Urlicht," which expresses firm belief in the hereafter, the symphony is led to its vast culminating movement. The most extensive part of the whole tells of the Day of Judgment, beginning with the preparation for the Resurrection, the marshaling of the dead and lastly, and with overwhelming impressiveness, of the Resurrection itself, when for the first time the chorus enters softly with the Klopstock hymn, which is carried gradually to a jubilant peroration of extreme forcefulness.

The symphony in its entirety is bound together from first to last with the utmost logic and all of the five divisions fall into their places in the architecture of the work with a sense of finality and rightness, the three central movements forming just the right amount of relief to the more potent music of the opening Allegro and the finale.

All of it was very human, moving and impressive as Mr. Walter read it, with his keen understanding of its every measure. His was a performance noteworthy for its sensitivity, searching ima-

gination and conveyance of every fluctuating mood from the most lyric to the most dramatic. Under his guidance, the orchestra, soloists and chorus gave an inspired account of the work, and all of the participants as well as Mr. Walter himself deserve thanks, indeed, for so penetrating an interpretation of a symphony which deserves far more frequent hearings than it has enjoyed hereabouts in the past.

N. S.,

*The New York Times*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
SEVENTH SYMPHONY

*Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; Dec. 7, 1948.*

Bruckner's Seventh, new to Buffalonians, is both a miracle and a disturbance. It sweeps one up in overwhelming majesty and then allows musical meditation to be disturbed by unexpected utterings of hesitation and tempo.

The symphony, of decidedly Austrian form, is fulfilled by the first two movements, the Allegro and the Adagio. The Scherzo is of a different world while the Finale is only a repetition of the earlier themes.

Steinberg and the orchestra were in perfect agreement for the Bruckner. The composer's elaborations and flowing themes were well spoken by all sections of the orchestra, and the sustaining quality of the Adagio was enjoyed.

For a Buffalo performance, the Bruckner was a daring choice. But by measure of the lasting applause that returned to orchestra and conductor, the choice was well justified.

K. G.,

*Buffalo Courier-Express*

Records show that at one of the early performances of Anton Bruckner's Seventh Symphony in New York City in the 1880s one-third of the audience left before it came to an end. Tuesday evening at the first performance here of the work by the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra the case was quite otherwise.

The warmth of the applause in Kleinhans Music Hall after the praiseworthy performance of the symphony suggested that Buffalo concert-goers are willing and even eager for new listening experiences. The demonstration also

indicated appreciation of the music for its own sake.

William Steinberg conducted the work with special emphasis on its lyric and rhapsodic qualities, a fact that helped mitigate some of the weakness of the score. The symphony is certainly discursive, repetitious, even laborious at times, but its originality and individuality cannot be denied. It is laid out on a large scale, with most of its considerable thematic material spun out at great length.

Some of the thematic material has a soaring loveliness—the long opening theme of the first movement, for instance—while some is old-fashioned and banal. The Adagio is the most impressive movement. Its depth and poignancy, a blend of naive pathos and imposing solemnity, were well brought out in the performance. The Scherzo, a robust reflection of Bruckner's peasant origin, is the most concise movement.

THEODOLINDA C. BORIS,

*Buffalo Evening News*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
FOURTH SYMPHONY

*The Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor, Dec. 9 and 10, 1948.*

A powerful reading of Bruckner's Fourth Symphony highlighted last night's program of the Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall last night. Bruno Walter directed.

Like Gustav Mahler, whose Second Symphony was featured last week, Anton Bruckner is a kind of adopted symphonic orphan of Mr. Walter. Thanks to him—and a few other podium stalwarts—the Austrian founding, who was called half-sage and half-yokel, now has a home in many of the country's major repertoires.

And just as last week's readings of the Mahler score won hundreds of new adherents, so last night's rendering of the so-called "Romantic" Symphony must have recruited hundreds more in the camp of the long-spurned Austrian.

It was hard to see why Bruckner has been so slow in making repertory headway among local concertgoers. The impact of his genius battered through in mighty surges last night, and the crowd seemed ready to give him right of way on any program.

Some insist it is Mr. Walter's own

genius that makes the difference—that both Mahler and Bruckner are really second-rate composers who sound first-rate only because the conductor happens to be first-rate. Mr. Walter would be the first to deny this.

Listening to last night's reading, one felt the glory of this score was always there and that all it needed to stand revealed was a group of strategically placed conductors with a real faith in Bruckner and a public willing to do the conductor and composer just one small favor—listen.

Last night's subscribers listened all right, listened and liked it. For what they heard was a strangely imposing score, bristling with fascinating effects and warmed over in the adventurous fervor of a simple man who for the moment was lost in a dazzling reverie of knighthood and mystery.

LOUIS BIANCOLLI,  
*New York World-Telegram*

The Haydn Symphony which opened the program was discerningly interpreted, but the most impressive part of the concert for this listener was that given over to the discourse of Bruckner's Fourth Symphony of which he was unfortunately only able to hear the first two movements. But these sufficed to renew the conviction that Mr. Walter remains incomparable as an interpreter of the great Austrian master's music. To hear the sublime slow movement of this symphony unfolded with such profound musical penetration and so luminous a sound texture is an experience not soon to be forgotten.

JEROME L. BOHM,  
*New York Herald-Tribune*

He is also authoritative in Bruckner, but the results achieved in the E-flat ("Romantic") symphony were of a less gratifying sort. Not even the genius of Mr. Walter can make palatable a work which is in reality four vast allegro maestoso movements played one after the other with almost no contrast in mood and content. It is always the same experience when you hear Bruckner. The first fifteen minutes come as a revelation; you are indignant that his music has been so scandalously neglected. After half an hour, when you realize that nothing is going to happen

except more of the same, you are back with the anti-Brucknerites again.

JOHN BRIGGS,  
*New York Post*

The concert, stretching to undue length, ended with a wonderful performance of one of the most enjoyable of all the Bruckner symphonies—the Fourth, the "Romantic"—again the term. How romantic it is! To Wagner is attributed the blame, if it is, for the caption Bruckner applied some years after he had completed it: "A citadel of the Middle Ages. Daybreak, Reveille is sounded from the tower. Knights on proud chargers leap forth. The magic of nature surrounds them."

It is a perfectly good index to the nature of the music, whoever proposed it. The opening is of a ravishing beauty with the horn call that is answered and at once extended by the orchestra. The answering second theme has the inimitable Bruckner contour, with the broad triplet involved. There is very little flagging or groping in this movement, as usually there is in movements of Bruckner symphonies. And there is continuity of thought between the glamorous opening movement and the one, no less beautiful, which follows. For the opening phrase of the 'celli, with the initial interval of the fifth, seems to branch right out from the horn theme that opened the work.

The chorale theme that ensues is, again, one of Bruckner's finest. How nobly and poignantly, a little later on did the violas intone their significant phrases! With what gusto, what elevation, does old Anton sit down and proceed to write music. When interrupted in composition, he could be magnificently disagreeable. But he feared the critic Hanslick as he feared death, and so pressed a thaler upon Hans Richter "for a mug of beer," as thanks for conducting this symphony. It is not as pretentious or weighty as the mighty "Eighth" and the elegiac Ninth, but it is more spontaneous and of a better level of inspiration, than the grander but patchier scores which came later.

The scherzo with the hunting calls is certainly nature and the vibrant forest echoing to the sounds of life. And, quite as with Haydn, there is a trio that is a pearl, for the middle part.

Only in the finale he wrote, does Bruckner fall into his regular pits of repetition, nonsequiturs and sequences that repeat patterns and tread water in hopes of the timely arrival of a new and good idea to relieve the situation.

As a whole, the effect of the symphony was engrossing. It must be accredited to Mr. Walter as well as the composer. Mr. Walter is no modernist in his leanings or sympathies, or in the body of his repertory. We do not think it is either his need or his place to be so.

We are fortunate in having in him the artist who recreates the expressions of a Bruckner or a Mahler—if you like—not only as the composer imagined them, but, so to speak, in the spirit in which the audiences of Bruckner and of Mahler listened to their works. For this is the evocation, not only of a specific score, but of a period. We hear this music with a color, accent and atmosphere which is its complete rejuvenation and revelation of its innermost meaning. Perhaps the time is too near when father will say to son, "You heard the Bruckner 'Romantic'? You don't know what it is. I heard it conducted by Bruno Walter."

OLIN DOWNES,  
*The New York Times*

Bruno Walter did something transcendental—or close to it—as his second program of the season with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night. He played a Bruckner symphony, and made it sound terminable (an unfamiliar usage to express the antithesis of one's usual feeling as to those works), logical, even organic. Lest it be supposed that this dissenter has weakened, let it be added that it did not, thereby, seem very much better music.

The symphony was the fourth in E flat, familiarly known (if any one tends to become affectionate about Bruckner) as the "Romantic." This, to an extent, explains Walter's achievement, for it is relatively congenial Bruckner, with much writing for the French horns—an excuse in itself for listening to almost any piece of music—and a nice cyclical use of a recurrent theme. Not the least of Walter's arts was the voicing of his brasses in such a way that the horns were sonorous without overblowing, and the trumpets shone through them lightly,

brilliantly, whenever required.

As a consequence of this loving, learned, close to inspired playing, the nature of Bruckner's limitations was clearer to me than ever before. He was essentially a musical rustic, a thinker whose ideas simply do not wear with ease the orchestral purple in which Bruckner dressed them. Had he, for example, the sense of suitability which was born in Smetana, the self-critical flair for writing a good sonnet where he had a sonnet to say, rather than a poor epic poem, we would have had another composer of quality. As it is, we merely have one of qualities, and qualifications.

IRVING KOLODIN,  
*The New York Sun*

#### ANTON BRUCKNER: SECOND SYMPHONY

*Houston Symphony Orchestra, Efrem Kurtz, Conductor, Dec. 13, 1948.*

The Bruckner Symphony, which opened the program and served us the major work, moved with a sustained drama through four movements of assorted mood and accent, from a masterful opening to celestial caprice, a Wagnerian scherzo, and closed on a note of bravura.

Following the Bruckner, Dr. E. W. Doty, dean of the school of fine arts at the University of Texas, presented the Bruckner Society's medal of honor to Conductor Kurtz for his part in bringing little-heard Bruckner music to the public.

ANN HOLMES,  
*The Houston Chronicle*

The program opened with the Bruckner Symphony No. 2, which was a large achievement for Mr. Kurtz himself. It was, I think, the best account of a major work he has given us. He has a clear and most gratifying affection for this melodious score and his alert perception and feeling resulted in a reading of fine balance and glow. His tempos were commendably free and communicative; his projection of Bruckner's language above any complaint from this source.

Even with the few cuts it sustained, the symphony is prolix and diffuse; its drama is certainly not of the greatest;

but it does put forth the golden mean of moderation with real beauty.

HUBERT ROUSSEL,  
*The Houston Post*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
*DAS LIED VON DER ERDE*

*National Symphony Orchestra, Hans Kindler, Conductor; Nell Tangeman and Harold Haugh, Soloists; December 15, 1948.*

Dr. Hans Kindler and the *National Symphony Orchestra* last night gave the Wednesday series audience the opportunity to hear one of the most beautiful works in symphonic literature — Mahler's "Song of the Earth."

It was obviously not a popular choice. There were too many unabashed yawns, too much program dropping and feet shuffling. But we are grateful to Dr. Kindler for offering it, even tho he (and more power to him) undoubtedly realized what the general reception would be.

It's hard to understand how anyone could fail to respond to the impressive musicianship of the performers—Dr. Kindler, the orchestra, Nell Tangeman, mezzo-soprano, and Harold Haugh, tenor—if not to the haunting beauty of the still "modern" music. It was one of the memorable events of the music season.

Miss Tangeman in the final song, "The Farewell," brought the work to moving climax. It was a tremendously difficult task that Mahler set for her, but her voice and her musicianship met it superbly.

MILTON BERLINER,  
*The Washington Daily News*

Eight years ago, lacking three months, Dr. Hans Kindler with the *National Symphony*, presented Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde." Its second performance was given last night in Constitution Hall for the Wednesday subscribers and programmed with the two Gluck numbers as its initial hearing. The vocal parts offered the occasion to hear Nell Tangeman, mezzo-soprano, and Harold Haugh, tenor, as soloists, both of whom are known for their artistic performances in major vocal works.

There is more to "Das Lied von der

Erde" than simply its novelty or the exposition of new elements of construction. It is a personal work reflecting primarily the composer's own poetic sensitiveness and again, the culmination of a creative idea, previously tried out, whereby the vocal and instrumental are integrated into a symphonic pattern. The text is taken from Bethge's collection of Chinese poems of the 8th century which, in spite of delicacy and beauty of thought, are pervaded by a deep melancholy. The six poems used are divided alternately between the two singers.

Mahler's inspiration came from the ideas expressed in the texts and his reaction is from his own national standpoint. Neither the pictures placed before his eyes or the subtleties of emotion as set down by the Chinese poet are so important as his personal translation of them. So that in listening to "Das Lied von der Erde," it is the composer's sentiments released by the words that stand out rather than an attempt to place them in a special atmosphere. The genuineness of his feeling, however, and the particular manner of its expression, are impressive. There is atmosphere, too, in each of the sections, though it is Western and not Eastern.

Considered from this angle, the music is moving at all times. It sinks occasionally to mediocrity and the sentimental especially in the lines of melody which, while pleasing, contain nothing out of the ordinary. When the text deals with the sadness of autumn or the consciousness of finality of death, then the composer steps into the spiritual realm where he discourses forcefully and poignantly. Then the instrumentation is reflective of the words and expressed with communicative simplicity.

The work is dramatic in arrangement and the contrasting quality of the voices brings a strong play of light and shade in mood. The philosophy of the poems is echoed in rich instrumentation, which varies from a monotonous level to a stirring eloquence sometimes reaching the grandiose. By its very unevenness of value, with passages of minor worth followed by arresting creative power, it attains a quality strongly appealing because it is both human and inspired. The interludes between the vocal sections are as significant as that surrounding the songs and mounting in dramatic intent to the climax of "The Farewell."

This concluding poem gave Miss

Tangeman her greatest opportunity for the full display of her vocalism and her musicianship. Her warmly tinted voice is well adapted to portray the sombreness of "Autumn Loneliness" or the pastel effects of "Beauty." Mr. Haugh's feeling for the music was exceptionally fine, although the timbre of his voice is somewhat too veiled for the more robust sentiments assigned the tenor. His singing of "Youth," however, was lovely.

The orchestra was most responsive in color and phrasing to Dr. Kindler's directing in "Das Lied," preceding it with superb playing of the "Overture" to Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis" and the Gluck-Mottl "Suite." In the classic numbers, the clarity in attacks, tone and effects was particularly noteworthy and matched by the sonority and flexibility present in the Mahler work. The audience was stirred to enthusiasm and the applause was long and warmly appreciative for the soloists, the conductor and the musicians.

ALICE EVERSMAN,  
*The Evening Star*

Gustav Mahler's "Song of the Earth," revived last night in Constitution Hall by Hans Kindler and the National Symphony, is a work of so much charm and originality that its like is not to be found in all the literature.

Mahler was a Czech. He spent the greater part of his life conducting German opera and symphony. Inevitably he absorbed the prevailing Wagner-Strauss vocabulary and made it so much his own that only a faint accent, so to speak, remains of the original.

That is the composition's first miracle. The second is equally remarkable. The poems which he here has set for mezzo-soprano, tenor and orchestra are of Chinese origin and date from the eighth century.

They hymn a "Drinking Song to Earth's Sorrow," or the "Loneliness of Autumn." They sing of "Youth," "Beauty," "Wine in Spring," and "Parting."

These themes have no value on the stock market, nor do they represent wares that can be purchased in the department stores. Yet they held an audience of modern sophisticates in rapt attention. That, as had been suggested, was the evening's second miracle.

The evening's third miracle was the performance itself. This sought out and exploited all the orchestra's subtler beauties of tone and timbre—the sheen of violins that seemed to use no bows but to evoke the sound with inaudible gesture; the warm romance of horn tone; the clear song of trumpet; the glow of woodwinds.

This is the sort of orchestral virtuosity in which Hans Kindler excels. It derives from insight and imagination and is executed through an expert technical resource such as few conductors develop.

Finally there were the soloists, Nell Tangeman and Harold Haugh, whose function it was to provide vocal obbligati to the orchestra and make them sound like Lieder. So many words in praise of Miss Tangeman's lovely voice and extraordinary interpretative gift have been written in these columns that the present obligatory *da capo* can only seem redundant. She is a most appealing artist.

As for Harold Haugh, he is a notable discovery. How the Met has overlooked this sturdy voice is an item that Billy Rose omitted from his recent catalogue of its managerial and artistic shortcomings.

He is a fine, upstanding figure of a man who can emit with ease and power those stratospheric tones for which tenors are paid high fees. He has voice, presence, musicianship, and sympathy.

GLENN DILLARD GUNN,  
*Times Herald*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: FOURTH SYMPHONY

Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, Conductor; Martha Ann Holmes, Soprano; Jan. 2, 1949.

What was really on the audience's mind was given some voice when Dr. Paul van Katwijk, dean of music of Southern Methodist University, came to the stage after the intermission to present Mr. Dorati with a medal awarded by the Bruckner Society of America for services to Gustav Mahler, another composer under the organization's wing.

Dr. Van Katwijk's words had the air of winding up a period of Dallas musical history. He praised Mr. Dorati for development of the orchestra and

declared Dallas' gratitude for "the remarkable range of repertoire" during Dorati's four seasons. This has not only enhanced the musical prestige of Dallas but also is a musical background of immeasurable value.

Mr. Dorati, in his response, was quick to remember that Dr. Van Katwijk had been his predecessor as conductor of the Dallas Symphony (1925-1937). "I am as proud of the hands that passed this medal on to me as I am of the medal itself," he said. "This platform, which is as great a place as any conductor would want to be, is now occupied by a man who did so much to make our Dallas musical tradition. You have before you the past and present of the orchestra, but what really counts is the future. Nobody who has ever been with it can ever dissociate himself.

"It is not often that one gets a medal for just playing music. Usually they give medals for mass murder. But we have survived that ordeal.".....

Mahler's Fourth Symphony was stylishly played and naturally lent itself to Mr. Dorati's meticulous detailing. Although handicapped by her placement against the back wall, Martha Ann Holmes, Wichita Falls soprano, was someone to remember from her delivery of the mystic, poetic phrases of the final movement, music that exacts much physically and musically. Obviously it was the conductor's plan to make her another voice of the orchestra but a position nearer the footlights, among the woodwinds instead of the horns, would have done justice to the purity and security of her tone and to the expressive nuances of her singing. It was, nevertheless, a debut with this orchestra that both singer and audience can cherish.

The Fourth Symphony is still bewildering in its program. Matters of musical weight come forth as cunningly wrought folksong. The soprano solo, which has about the same aim as Debussy's "Blessed Damsel," reduces the stained-glass mysticism to something popular and pleasant but reminding of nothing so much as Wagner's spinning girls in "Flying Dutchman."

It is an easy-to-hear symphony with melodies so sweet that they would cloy without the masterly confection of Mahler. The orchestra played excellently with only nervous horn entrances to mar

the smoothness. Other horn solos were just as often remarkable.

JOHN ROSENFELD,  
*Dallas Morning News*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
ADAGIO (STRING QUINTET)  
*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin, Conductor, Jan. 4, 1949.*

The movement from Bruckner's String Quintet is among the simplest of his music, with a treatment that is unimpeded by the profusion of extraneous musical ideas that appear in much of the other works. It and the Brahms both were played with the mellow touch of understanding that is the charm of Burgin's art.

B.O.G., *The Boston Herald*

Although originally scored for two violins, two violas, and cello, the Bruckner takes on symphonic dimensions when played by the larger orchestra. It is well-bound in good form. The harmonies reflect the Wagnerian chromaticism. It is a trifle long, perhaps, but interesting throughout.

H.R., *Christian Science Monitor*

The lovely Bruckner movement, which according to a reliable source, had been performed in Cambridge by the Boston Symphony, but not in Symphony Hall, was a further extension of the mood developed by the Brahms. One never quite got over the beauty of the first bars; but the piece is still a wonder of enveloping sound.

JOHN WM. RILEY,  
*Boston Daily Globe*

After intermission, came, for the first time at Symphony Hall, the Adagio from Bruckner's String Quintet..... The profoundly beautiful excerpt from Bruckner, played with appropriately deep feeling, reminded us of how much we are missing where this composer is concerned. The first six symphonies are for us as though they had never existed. The Seventh we have not heard in some time. When Bruno Walter gave us the Ninth two seasons ago it had not been heard here for nearly 30 years. Is Bruckner that unimportant? Hardly.

WARREN STOREY SMITH,  
*The Boston Post*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
FIRST SYMPHONY

*Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra,  
William Steinberg, Conductor, Jan. 15,  
1949.*

If music can melt hearts and loosen purse strings for a worthy cause, Mr. Steinberg's masterly interpretation of Mahler's First Symphony must surely have accomplished its purpose. A few more readings of Mahler like this one, and that much-abused and neglected composer might become as popular as Tchaikowsky.

Mr. Steinberg is obviously a conductor with an innate flair for this music. The problem with Mahler is always to strike a balance between the intimate and the monumental. The problem increases with each symphony that he wrote, and though it is less of a hurdle in the First than in the others, it still requires the utmost sensitiveness on the part of a conductor to co-ordinate the naïvete of the material with the expansiveness of the form.

Mr. Steinberg accomplished this unobtrusively by giving ample spread to all of Mahler's songful melodies, with their exacting variety of dynamic nuance, and never attempting to force them out of their natural place in the larger pattern. But he had an iron fist in a velvet glove for those vast climaxes which Mahler loved as much as he did the artlessness of his folk-like themes, and then the conductor exerted some of that driving dramatic force which makes so powerful a conductor of opera.

An orchestra of excellent musicians, large enough to comply with all of Mahler's rigorous demands of instrumentation, played the work remarkably well and the audience was stirred to cheers at the conclusion.

ALBERT GOLDBERG,  
*Los Angeles Times*

A large audience in Philharmonic Auditorium Saturday night responded to William Steinberg's reading of Mahler's First Symphony in D major with the cheers few conductors merit during any season. Even the men in the orchestra, approximately 100 hand-picked musicians from studio orchestras, gave the dynamic conductor a genuine favorite-son reception.

The Mahler work is music of such

power and warm beauty one wonders why conductors allow it to gather dust on the shelf. Few other symphonies bristle with such resounding peaks. The climaxes come like proclamations and Steinberg let them have their say without forcing them. Everything counted in the massive scheme.

Steinberg's reading was the kind to keep Gustav Mahler in the front ranks of symphonic repertory where he belongs. The composer's place is surer than ever today but Steinbergs and Bruno Walters are needed to help him speak his piece.

MARGARET HARFORD,  
*Hollywood Citizen-News*

A concerto to help provide a rebuilding fund for the war-damaged Hebrew University in Jerusalem found nearly every seat in Philharmonic Auditorium filled Saturday night, and filled, moreover, with listeners who had every reason to rejoice at being present.

William Steinberg had been heard before in the Bowl and in the Shrine, but I do not believe he has heretofore appeared in Philharmonic Auditorium. If so, it is surely a grave oversight on the part of whoever engages our guest conductors for the Philharmonic Orchestra. Such a man could be heard often and to the enrichment of our musical understanding in whatever he performs.

Mahler is regarded with considerable uncertainty by most American concertgoers, and while part of this may be due to a reluctance of our publishing houses to "push" his music as they have that of Tchaikowsky and Sibelius (to name but two arch-romanticists), I think much of it is due also to the fact that we have so few conductors capable of conducting his music.

Mahler was quite possibly not the world's greatest composer, but no one denies he was one of the greatest conductors, and as such he wrote his music for men of strong and inspiring podium stature. It defeats the insecure, the timid, the pedantic. It needs a conductor who can share the moments of exultation, encourage it through its periods of doubt, be stern with its flippancies.

Steinberg, who conducted without a score, held every element in superb balance through the swift dynamic changes, the severely taxed orchestral

voices and the large-scaled but capricious progress of the musical writing. The symphony, originally dubbed the "Titan," was conceived as a symphonic poem in two parts, and the music still reflects the programmatic content Mahler later disavowed. Of its four movements (originally five) there is a spring-like fragrance to the opening violin harmonics and a youthful charm to the Laendler-like scherzo. Mahler's rather mordant wit gleams from the mock funeral march, with its "Frere Jacques" tune in plaintive minor, and Mahler's reluctance to end is also evident in the long and least-integrated final movement.

MILDRED NORTON,  
*Los Angeles Daily News*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
SECOND SYMPHONY

*San Francisco Symphony, William Steinberg, Conductor; Stanford University Chorus, Harold C. Schmidt, Director; Dorothy Westra, Soprano, Nan Merri-man, Contralto, Soloists; Jan. 27, 28, and 29, 1949.*

Pierre Monteux believed it fitting that a German guest conductor should present a modern German work, and at his press conference early in the season, the San Francisco Symphony director announced William Steinberg would present the Mahler Symphony No. 2.

Consequently, this week's symphony audiences are being treated to an overwhelming musical experience—one that culminated in cheers and a prolonged ovation from last night's audience which first heard Gluck's Overture to "Alceste" and the Haydn Symphony No. 99 played with uncommon clarity and neatness in the matter of ensemble.

The typically Prussian precision which characterized the preceding works and imbued the Haydn with formal grace and definite line (albeit a bit heavy and inflexible), stood Steinberg in good stead when it came to organizing the performance of Mahler's colossal work. It was new to the orchestra, and the singers. The score is difficult, complex and lengthy—the playing time being 1¼ hours. Yet Steinberg conducted it from memory, and the results—technically, musically and emotionally—were so stupendous and awe inspiring that for many listeners it seemed the shortest symphony of the season.

It is impossible to elucidate within the confines of a review the magnitude, the grandeur, the beauty or the dramatic and emotional power of this symphony as it was played last night. It is something which must be experienced. Fortunately, the program will be played again today and tomorrow night. And unless you are one who insists upon knowing any and all literary values which may be musically implied—don't read the story told in the program notes until you get home! Just listen to the music and get its full impact and meaning through your ears.

The work is replete with musical contrasts. One recalls the lilt of the pizzicato section, the stupendous *crescendi*, the frequency and effectiveness of the off-stage brass choirs which kept the players busy going and coming; fine instrumental solo work; the beautiful singing of Nan Merriman in "Primal Light" and again in "The Resurrection" which had Dorothy Westra's excellent soprano and the finely trained Stanford Chorus (Harold C. Schmidt, director) as additional vocal assets to the unforgettable performance which established Steinberg as a much greater symphony conductor than we had previously had reason to believe. His presentation of the Mahler score was truly great.

MARJORY M. FISHER,  
*San Francisco News*

Trumpeters and horn players ducked in and out of the San Francisco Symphony line-up like football players under the free substitution rule. The Opera House was filled to bursting with the blast and clangor of bells and gongs, while vocal soloists and the Stanford University Chorus added shouting to the tumult. For God was in his Heaven and Gustav Mahler called the tune.

Until this week's trio of concerts under the direction of William Steinberg, Mahler's second symphony had not been heard in San Francisco for more than 20 years, and there are two excellent reasons for its long neglect. One is that it requires enormous festival forces and so is not easy or inexpensive to prepare. Another is that, while it is extremely impressive and in spots even inspiring, it does not stand up too well with familiarity.

Its three middle movements, which are relatively light and small in caliber,

are thoroughly sound and perfectly achieved, even if the second and third are by no means well contrasted. Its two long outer movements are both apocalyptic and banal, thinly theatrical, and genuinely moving; after the cast-iron safe of the Mahlerian climax has dropped on your skull for the tenth or doventh time, you really do get the point.

There is something very human and touching about Mahler's letter wherein he defends himself against the possible charge of having plagiarized Beethoven by introducing voices in the finale of this symphony, when throughout the score he helps himself with both hands to Wagner. But this Wagnerian inspiration had positive as well as negative results.

All of Wagner's major works are full of noble nature-music, and this sense of the beauty and wonder of the natural world carries over to Mahler with undiminished power. One of Wagner's minor works, the "Siegfried Idyll," taught a whole generation of subsequent composers how to make the most enchanting use of German folk tunes, and Mahler learned this lesson even more brilliantly than Humperdinck. It is in the rich, elaborate weaving of wide-eyed melodies that Mahler comes close to genius, in the second symphony and everywhere else; the folksong style also had much to do with forming his highly individual, bright, chamber-like orchestration.

Unfortunately Wagner was fascinated with death as well as with nature, and this obsession leads, among his followers, to pretentiousness, over-blown rhetoric and mere noise—things which are by no means absent from Mahler's second symphony. And Wagner is a matter of understatement compared to the later composer in his use of special effects. After all, Wagner demands off-stage brass only once, at the beginning of the third act of "Tristan," but Mahler, having *anschlussed* this device, cannot leave it alone, and so reduces it to the plane of the obvious.

Steinberg's performance was extremely brilliant, authoritative, sonorous and grandiose, and the work of the guests—Dorothy Westra and Nan Merriman as well as the Stanford chorus—was quite as magnificent as that of the orchestra. Special thanks are due Miss Merriman and Miss Westra for not using the grotesque caricature of the texts which

is printed in the score by way of program book.

ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN,  
*San Francisco Chronicle*

On a stage massed with extraordinary orchestral and vocal forces, Mahler's Second Symphony—"The Resurrection"—brought this week's San Francisco Symphony program to a stupendous climax, Thursday night and yesterday afternoon at the Opera House.

William Steinberg conducted a masterly performance. Two audiences burst into lasting ovations when the orchestra, the Stanford University Chorus and soloists Nan Merriman and Dorothy Westra ended the climactic hymn in which Mahler voices his hope in all Eternity.

Every other music lover owes it to himself to hear the Viennese romantic composer's remarkable work in its final repeat tonight. It is colossal in impact and design, lasting seventy-five minutes. Despite its many contradictions, it sums up to a total of compelling genius.

Contradictions lie in all the work's physical, spiritual and musical phrases. That is why people have been arguing pro and con about it ever since its premiere in 1895.

It is deeply, grippingly religious—yet at times it is obviously theatrical. It is grandly inspired—yet not entirely without tedium.

On certain pages, it is as monumental as the Beethoven Ninth Symphony that it so plainly imitates—and then again it is merely bombastic. Its emotionalism sometimes approaches hysteria—and yet every page of it is the work of an artist who wields vast musical resources with the skill and judgment of a scientist.

It is cleancut and original (so much so that it taught a lot to the Richard Strauss of "Heldenleben"). Yet it frequently imitates not only Beethoven, but also Wagner. It is utterly charming in its lilting dance movement. Then again it is clamorous or bitter.

Steinberg's conducting beautifully encompassed virtually every aspect of the music. Or perhaps, in the firm efficient poise and clarity of his conducting, he did overlook some potential "innerness"—emphatic inner heart and savor—that is characteristic of Mahler.

On the other hand, he made Mahler

lyrically fine as well as tempestuous; sardonic as well as idealistic; supple in melody, terrific in accent, mystic in overtones of belief and devotion.

Trained to a "T" by Harold C. Schmidt, the many Stanford student singers lent a superbly impressive sonority and feeling to the choral last movement.

Miss Merriman, New York contralto, and Miss Westra, soprano from the south, also sang with excellent warmth and understanding, though vocal shakiness handicapped Miss Westra in some phrases.

ALEXANDER FRIED,  
*San Francisco Examiner*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
MASS IN E MINOR

*New England Conservatory Orchestra, Malcolm H. Holmes, Conductor; New England Conservatory Chorus, Lorna Cooke DeVaron, Director; Feb. 16 and 17, 1949.*

In this country the 19th Century Austrian organist and composer is known far better for certain of his nine symphonies than for his churchly choral music, of which he wrote a good deal. Consequently such a rare opportunity as this presents a quite different side of Bruckner's musical nature. He composed the E minor Mass in 1866, when he was 42 and in the year preceding his nervous breakdown. The work was first performed in Linz in 1869.

This is a short setting of the Mass, and very difficult, the vocal writing often proceeding in eight parts and, as the Bruckner analysts long ago pointed out, having an archaic character that goes back to Palestrina. For instruments, Bruckner used only a small number of oboes, clarinets, bassoons, trumpets, horns and trombones. This, too, emphasizes the archaic side in certain pages, although in others it sounds like the massive, chromatic and often brilliant symphonic Bruckner.

But for all its intricacy, its weight and its grandeur, the Mass in E minor is essentially church and not concert music. It does not break out of the liturgical boundaries and take on the vast proportions of a work like the *Missa Solemnis* of Beethoven. This performance is very good, indeed, and last night the chorus—a bit too large

for Jordan Hall—sang superbly, and the small orchestra played with beautiful precision. All hands deserved the highest congratulations. Perhaps this achievement will lead the Conservatory to give us more choral Bruckner in other years.

CYRUS DURGIN,  
*Boston Daily Globe*

This work, dated 1866, is very seldom performed in the United States, being heard most recently in New York in 1936. It is austere in content, liturgical in form—the actual words, Credo, Gloria In Excelsis and Kyrie are not sung by the chorus—and it could be, has been, in fact, sung in church. Unlike the first and third Bruckner masses, which call for solo voices and full orchestra and are definitely operatic in style, the Mass in E minor employs no soloists and the accompaniment is provided by woodwinds and strings alone.

This mass finds Bruckner writing in a generally austere style, the form strictly contrapuntal and the orchestral accompaniment in the 16th century style, the instruments limited in numbers and the strings being altogether absent. There are moments, especially in the Credo, of Beethoven's influence, but the music does not shout upon the mountain tops and is—unlike so much of Bruckner's music—predominantly intellectual and spiritual in quality.

The Conservatory chorus and orchestra performed the work with ability and intelligence, giving careful expression to the architecture of the music composition and its inner sincerity. The attacks were clear and precise and the young musicians were so well drilled that even when Mr. Holmes knocked the score upon the floor, they did not falter in their cues.

ELINOR L. HUGHES,  
*The Boston Herald*

It is a short mass, employing up to eight parts with no solo voices. It is scored for double woodwinds and brass, an instrumentation suggestive of organ sonorities. The writing is influenced by the baroque masses of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and while it has the mood of antiquity, it is not strictly modal nor contrapuntal, although these elements are employed. Much of

the harmony is diatonic and even chromatic. Bruckner took a variety of techniques and plastically combined them in a religious mold.

The Conservatory Orchestra and Chorus gave us far more than a mere reading of the work. Their attacks, releases, dynamics, and diction were of high quality. Their performance was constantly interesting. The Latin was well-pronounced. Much work, well done, has gone into this production.

HAROLD ROGERS,  
*Christian Science Monitor*

A notable premiere took place at Jordan Hall last evening, though the work in question, Bruckner's Second Mass in E minor, is nearly 83 years of age. The participating forces were the Conservatory Chorus, as trained by Lorna Cooke deVaron, and the handful of wind instrument players the score requires, with Malcolm Holmes conducting. Either of the other Masses, the one composed two years before and the other a year or so later, and both unknown hereabouts, would have given us the more familiar Bruckner of the symphonies. They require soloists as well as chorus and the accompaniment is for full orchestra.

This E minor Mass is severe. Bruckner's biographer, Werner Wolff, calls it "almost ascetic." There is masterly contrapuntal writing and a suggestion, though hardly an actual imitation, of the 16th century style. At the time this Mass was written Bruckner had composed only the first, or perhaps part of the first of his nine numbered symphonies. It would be idle, therefore, to seek in it the matured Bruckner of the last three of those gigantic works. In hearing it this one Bruckner enthusiast experienced a slight feeling of disappointment. Possibly knowing what to expect, a second hearing would convey a stronger sense of inspiration than was felt last evening. Frankly, the Mass impressed him to a considerable extent as a mighty exercise in counterpoint rather than as a musical interpretation of the text that would make it comparable to the great Masses of Bruckner's predecessors. It is far from easy music to perform and all concerned must be given much credit for the successful outcome.

WARREN STOREY SMITH,  
*The Boston Post*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
SECOND SYMPHONY

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Busch, Conductor; Chicago Musical College Chorus, James Baar, Director; Karin Branzell, Contralto, Ellen Faull, Soprano, Soloists; Feb. 17 and 18, 1949.*

At its concert in Orchestra Hall Thursday evening, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, directed by Fritz Busch, spread itself in more than a figurative sense by performing for the first time here the complete Second Symphony by Gustav Mahler.

The stage was filled to the last inch with the enormous orchestral forces which the score requires, and upon tiers to the right was a large black-robed chorus from the Chicago Musical College and, on either side of the conductor, a soprano and contralto soloist.

That this grandiose interpretation was greatly admired by the listeners—as it should have been—was made evident by the ovation which they gave it when the last tumults of sound came to an end.

Time after time Dr. Busch had to come back to the stage, to bring the soloists forward, and to ask orchestra and chorus to rise, while listeners were clapping and stamping their feet and shouting hosannas that not often have been heard so loud or long continued in this hall.

There can be no doubt that the symphony is an impressive one. Mahler was concerned in it—as he was in various later works—with the dread matter of death and resurrection. In his capacity as conductor he lived in the atmosphere of opera houses, and an instinct for the theatrical side of music was developed in him early.

The first movement, the beginning of which undoubtedly was inspired by Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, is a funeral march of imposing character and large dimensions. The finale, even more striking in its drama, contains the apocalyptic terrors which the composer's skill knew so well how to underline. But also there was redemption at the end.

It would not be Mahler if there were not to be heard somewhere or other in a symphony the child-like naivete which also is so typical of his style. Such a quality gives charm and

a needed contrast to two of the middle movements.

To the performance only the highest praise must be accorded. The work had been thoroughly rehearsed, and the orchestra played magnificently.

James Baar's chorus from the Chicago Musical College sang—from memory—with beautiful effect, and in the fortes with stunning sonority. The contralto solo was expressively sung and with great charm of tone by Karin Branzell, and the slighter soprano part was well done by Ellen Faull.

FELIX BOROWSKI,  
*Chicago Sun-Times*

A music event of importance took place when Fritz Busch, in the closing concerts (Feb. 17-18) of his second engagement this season as guest conductor of the Chicago Symphony, presented the local premiere in its entirety of Mahler's "Resurrection" Symphony. The Chicago Musical College chorus, and soloists Karin Branzell, Swedish contralto, and Ellen Faull, soprano, assisted.

The presentation was an extraordinarily impressive one. There was remarkable unity of spirit and technical precision throughout. The work could not have received a more devoted performance than the one given under Dr. Busch's leadership, with the unanimous response of his men of the orchestra, the beautifully trained chorus, and superior soloists. The conductor returned to the stage many times amid cheers and bravos, and shared honors generously with his ensemble.

DOSHA DOWDY,  
*Musical Courier*

Doubtless the season's most ambitious undertaking, Mahler's "Resurrection" Symphony, completed in 1894, was given its first reading by the Chicago Symphony orchestra Thursday under Fritz Busch's direction. A massive score requiring augmented orchestra, two female soloists, and mixed chorus, it is further weighted by philosophical considerations placed squarely into the tissue of the music by the composer himself, a man of enormous intellect and discipline and at the same time of broad visionary outlook.

Briefly, the five part symphony opens

with a profound reflection on the death of a hero, followed by two interludes which recall (as perhaps upon return from the burial) earlier contentment of the soul, and then, with a reawakening to reality, bring into focus the perplexities of mortal existence. The fourth movement, for solo contralto and orchestra, expresses man's belief that tho he lies in direst need, merciful God will provide him a light that leads to blessed eternity. The concluding movement is drawn from Klopstock's ode, "Resurrection," whose message, a summons to faith, proclaims all living, suffering, and sorrow not to have been in vain.

It is obvious that a symphonic work of such motivation should call for the most elevated performance, for if the true value of the composer's ideas, as embodied in his music, is to be measured, no imperfections of utterance should be allowed to intrude upon the message itself. Further, Mahler's employment of the orchestra is so gigantic in its scale that even if the symphony does not mystify the instrumentalists in its note by note aspect, it must be played in something broader than the simple declarative to give fullest justice to its breadth of idea.

Thursday's performance fell far short of the goal. It was not for lack of love on the conductor's part nor for his insufficient immersion in the score. Mr. Busch, it appeared, was prepared to function on a much higher plane than those around him. But the "Resurrection" symphony, which has a history of frustration in Orchestra hall, needs preparation no visiting conductor can give it by himself. And when basic information on the performance was slow in coming less than two weeks before the concert, it was discovered that important details of organization were untended and confused.

SEYMOUR RAVEN,  
*Chicago Daily Tribune*

Over half a century after Gustav Mahler completed his massive 2d Symphony, Fritz Busch conducted its first Chicago performance in Thursday evening's concert by the Chicago Symphony at Orchestra Hall.

For many years since Mahler's death in 1911 (he was not yet 51) his music was valiantly championed by a few conductors and 'societies,' but scarcely

accepted by the public. However, music has fashions, too; and the last few seasons have seen increasing public sympathy for his work. Judging from last evening's emphatic reception, Mahler's day may be at hand in Chicago.

It is perhaps his way of creating the loftiest thoughts in a manner so directly earthly that has caused some to accuse Mahler of 'vulgarity.' The sincerity of his writing cannot be doubted, however, when one is confronted with the child-like prayer sung by the contralto in this symphony's fourth movement, of that moment in the finale when terror turns to affirmation.

IRVING SABLOSKY,  
*Chicago Daily News*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
*TE DEUM*

*Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Hans Schwiieger, Conductor; Kansas City University Chorus, Hardin Van Deursen and Wynn York, Directors; Soloists: Brenda Lewis, Soprano, Winifred Heckman, Mezzo-soprano, Brian Sullivan, Tenor, Norman Scott, basso; March 1 and 2, 1949.*

The soloists were Brenda Lewis, soprano; Winifred Heckman, mezzo-soprano; Brian Sullivan, tenor, and Norman Scott, basso. They were heard in the "Te Deum Laudamus" of Anton Bruckner, in the first half of the program, and in the mighty fourth movement of the Beethoven symphony, the No. 9 in D Minor.

All four sang with authority and feeling. There was balance and blend of voices. Mr. Sullivan, singing an especially-important part in the "Te Deum," gave it a flexible, assured reading in a lyric style that had dramatic impact. Mr. Scott, a basso with volume and resonance, gave character, accent and clarity to his part. Miss Lewis, who, like Mr. Sullivan, is an opera figure of importance, has a voice that is rich and clear, plus the asset of musical intuition. Miss Heckman's mezzo part, less in the limelight than the others, rounded out the happy choice of voices.

The chorus, filling a difficult assignment most creditably, was an important factor in the dramatic power and grandeur of the Beethoven and Bruckner music. Its directors, Hardin Van Deursen and Wynn York, came forward at the close with the soloists and Mr. Schwiieger to share the applause.

Bruckner's "Te Deum," which had been heard in Kansas City only once before in recent years, did, in fact, pave the way for the Beethoven that followed. Bruckner, who like Beethoven wrote nine symphonies, devised no choral parts for any of the nine, but the "Te Deum" often is made a concluding choral movement of his Ninth. There was breadth and sublimity in the choral-orchestral reading. It was at this point that the audience gave its first ovation involving several curtain calls before it took time for intermission.

CLYDE NEIBARGER,  
*Kansas City Times*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
*NINTH SYMPHONY*

*State University of Iowa Symphony Orchestra, Philip Greeley Clapp, Conductor, March 2, 1949.*

Sometimes a great man makes little initial impression on people. Maybe it's the same way with a great symphony.

A case in point is Anton Bruckner's Ninth Symphony, presented to an Iowa City audience the first time Wednesday night by Prof. Philip Greeley Clapp and the University of Iowa symphony orchestra.

There was sharp divergence of opinion among half a dozen concertgoers with whom this writer talked after the program in memorial union.

Some thought the symphony was a thrilling experience and a rare opportunity for music lovers of this community. Others thought it was somewhat tiresome and much too long (one hour).

With due respect to the former view, this listener prefers to take the latter...

Two professional members of the orchestra probably offered an excellent suggestion when they advised this writer to become more Bruckner-wise by listening to the same work repeatedly.

PAUL DE CAMP,  
*Iowa City Press-Citizen*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
*SEVENTH SYMPHONY*

*Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Philadelphia, March 5, 1949; Washington, D. C., March 8, 1949; Baltimore, March 9, 1949; New York City, March 15, 1949.*

The rarely played Bruckner found Mr. Ormandy at his best. He brought

out the great dignity of this symphony, a work which brings to mind the words "nobility" and "grandeur." Washington should be grateful to Mr. Ormandy for the chance to hear it, and to the orchestra (special mention for the horns) for the kind of playing that has made it famous.

MILTON BERLINER,  
*The Washington Daily News*

Heading the bill was a gripping account of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, in which Eugene Ormandy whipped the orchestra into a fine frenzy of tone.

Mr. Ormandy may not be the best Bruckner conductor on hand. No matter how high any conductor climbs up the road to Bruckner's genius, Bruno Walter is still a few jumps ahead. But last night's reading was among Mr. Ormandy's finest in years.

In years to come, he will probably smooth out the few remaining rough spots audible in last night's performance and delve a few more levels into the strange, occult world that was Bruckner's.

He may even decide to run off Bruckner's music in untrimmed glory, leaving it to the power of a great interpretation to carry the audience along the whole length of the four-movement span. That will come.

The performance certainly gained fresh recruits to the cause of the long spurned Austrian symphonist—the pious peasant who somehow mingled rustic naivete and cosmic vision in his testament of tone.

One found himself wondering again why so many years had to go by before conductors were prepared to expose American audiences to this soaring gospel of symphonic faith. Today Bruckner's music would seem to meet anybody's needs.

The finale may be a letdown, but only because even an Anton Bruckner couldn't sustain such inspiration over four movements. Mr. Ormandy's wrapped it all in a warm-spun fabric last night, and the general feeling was that the Philadelphians should do more Bruckner.

LOUIS BIANCOLLI,  
*New York World-Telegram*

There was so much that was fine in Mr. Ormandy's discourse of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, his principal

offering on his program with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night, that it is all the more to be regretted that he did not have the courage of his convictions to perform this work, one of the greatest in the symphonic literature, in its entirety.

The Austrian master's Seventh Symphony is the least sprawling in form of the nine he composed. Its architectonics are compact and any tampering with them in performance is ineluctably damaging to its formal contours and to the conveyance of its often truly sublime message. This is particularly true of the Adagio movement, a dirge written in premonition of the death of Richard Wagner, and one of Bruckner's most profound, which was arbitrarily shortened by something over a third of its length, a deletion which deprived his listeners of some of the score's most entire development section which was passed over with a sudden, startlingly unprepared cut to the coda which was, of course, in this way robbed of its purpose.

Otherwise, Mr. Ormandy's traversal of the symphony had much to recommend it both as sound and as realization of the music's immanent virtues. The sounds he elicited from his wonderful orchestra were of the utmost sensuousness and translucence; the blending of the strings, woodwinds and brasses was accomplished with almost incredible suavity. The soaring lyricism and inwardness of the opening Allegro moderato and the elegiac atmosphere of the Adagio were suggested with considerable perceptiveness, the contrasting moods of the Scherzo, too, were tellingly conveyed and the finale, although it does not tarry on such consistently high musical levels as the preceding movements, was exhilaratingly disclosed.

JEROME D. BOHM,  
*New York Herald-Tribune*

Earlier in the evening Mr. Ormandy and the orchestra offered Bruckner's Seventh Symphony. The affection of many conductors for the works of Bruckner is something I find difficult to understand. It is possible that they are fascinated by the long, complex, elaborately wrought scores and intrigued by the technical problems of performing them. But the listener may perhaps be

pardoned for finding them longwinded and indigestible. Last evening Mr. Ormandy did some pruning in the Adagio; even so, it was a lot of slow movement. The Seventh Symphony, in fact, is pretty much one long maestoso passage, plodding methodically toward the final double-bar with little contrast of tempo or musical texture. One feels a little stunned at its conclusion; it is like drowning in a sea of counterpoint, with a 50-pound cantus firmus tied about one's ankles.

JOHN BRIGGS,  
*New York Post*

Bruckner's Seventh Symphony was followed by a long demonstration, when groups in the hall remained to applaud and cheer for minutes during the intermission. This endorsement had been fairly earned by the tonal beauty and elevation of mood which distinguished the reading. Seldom have we heard even this orchestra play with more eloquence and color. Again the slow movement, one of the loftiest and sustained in its inspiration that Bruckner achieved, towered over everything. It is Bruckner to the core, Bruckner without dross or hesitation in a single measure, Bruckner ascending to heights denied to any but those of transcendent vision, who created music. Mr. Ormandy illuminated this vision in his performance.

This though he made a substantial cut of measures that would not have palled with such interpretation. The whole reading, whether or not one concluded differently certain of its details, was an outstanding achievement. One could have wished a more rugged accent, a little more of Blakeian grandeur in certain passages. The total effect was absorbing, compelling. That no performance could save the stuttering finale is self-evident. The grand total, where the Seventh, one of Bruckner's greatest symphonies, is concerned, is that of a work that touches the sublime often enough to more than recompense for weaknesses.

OLIN DOWNES,  
*The New York Times*

Thirteen years ago, Eugene Ormandy, when conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony, played Bruckner's "Symphony No. 7" and on that occasion was

presented with the medal of the Bruckner Society of America. Last night he made the "Symphony" the major work on the program of the Philadelphia Orchestra's concert in the special series in Constitution Hall. It was possibly the first hearing of this work locally. . . . . As a champion for many years of Bruckner's music, Mr. Ormandy's reading of his great "Seventh Symphony" was luminous with deep communion of spirit with that of the composer. There is not an earthly sound in this work. Its peculiar cadence is very spiritual and sometimes attains a breathtaking radiance. There is gayety and playfulness for variety and occasionally a winged climax, yet all of this has an unreal quality as though the music resided in another realm.

It produces however, a certain dissatisfaction for the ordinary form is not followed, it is diffused and its even level counteracts many of its most effective moments. The expectancy, according to what is looked for in a symphony, is not always realized. It is as though an adjustment were required to understand fully this much discussed composer's style. Yet it is exceptionally beautiful in the serene exposition of cherished ideas and notably impressive in such portions as the "Adagio." It sings constantly and even when reaching more spirited expression in the "Scherzo" and "Finale," maintains this characteristic. As the composer's devotion to Wagner is well known, his influence was apparent as was that of other composers, at times. A sharper variation in tempo and more pronounced dynamics than those used last night could have underscored the symphony's substance more pointedly but Mr. Ormandy's intention was to disclose the soul of the music and his accomplishment of this was rewarded by an ovation for the conductor.

ALICE EVERSMAN,  
*The Evening Star (Washington)*

An impression of the Bruckner Symphony's lack of musical significance is stimulated by the fact that it always is described as the symphony that uses the Bayreuth tubas in the score. Bruckner boldly borrowed these Wagnerian instruments together with many musical ideas that are easily recognizable. Borrowings prove futile in musical com-

position as a rule, though Brahms did some that were quite successful.

Bruckner's are not and the whole work assumes a somewhat spurious character. It was performed with precision by the Philadelphia virtuosi.

GLENN DILLIARD GUNN,  
*Washington Times-Herald*

Anton Bruckner had the misfortune to become the principal figure in one of the late nineteenth century's most notorious and odorous squabbles. Falling between two such giants as Brahms and Wagner, Bruckner never comes into his rightful acclaim except when given such great performances as last night's. For the Philadelphia men and Ormandy outdid themselves in every way, to make explicit the vast dreams and visions of the truly mystical composer.

The orchestra was supplemented by four "Wagner" tubas, designed by Wagner himself for some of his larger works, and much admired by Bruckner. These blended with the other brass and woodwinds in unusual splendor.

The slow movement of the symphony, a piercing threnody to the dying Wagner, was eloquent to the point of true grief. The scherzo, brilliantly turned out, is empty of ideas, but not of superb attire. It was completely satisfying to hear one of the great Bruckner scores, and in such a reading.

PAUL HUME,  
*The Washington Post*

Given an orchestral evening in which a Bruckner symphony is the memorable occurrence, one of two things may be surmised: (a) it was very well played; (b) there was nothing much else on the program. The impression that lingers from last night's performance of No. 7 in Carnegie Hall by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy was partially conditioned by each factor, but much more by the first than the second.

The fact is that, in sequence to Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler" of his last visit here, Ormandy gave us another exceptional performance in this Bruckner. It perhaps did not brood as much as some Brucknerites would prefer, and there was a sizable cut in

the slow movement to excite the purists further. But Ormandy's treatment made so much of the color and contrast in the score—a bit more, perhaps, than even the composer would recognize—as quite to transfigure the substance of the music. As heard from Ormandy, the slow movement and scherzo are in the realm of masterly; the first and last at least listenable. This adds to a better average for a fifty-minute symphony than most of Bruckner's known to me.

Where so much is good, the temptation arises to puzzle out what is lacking and where—for the work really did come off, as an entity. My latest conclusion, induced by last night's performance, finds Bruckner wanting in the element of plot, or dramatic construction, which dominates the traditional symphony from Beethoven to Brahms. The nine of one and the four of the other—as types—each have a character which is consistently maintained, to some climax of affirmation, or, at least, defiance. Bruckner's seventh resembles a play with a good second act and a confused denouement. It is the saving grace of music, however, that a well-constructed single movement may be enjoyed for itself; and to this pleasure Ormandy contributed mightily with his spacious, beautifully colored adagio and scherzo.

IRVING KOLODIN,  
*The New York Sun*

Bruckner's 50 minute Symphony No. 7 in E major is repetitious and long-winded. The themes and mode of impression are pleasant but inescapably banal. The over-all impression of the music is not uncongenial, but it rarely captures and holds the listener. It is obviously the work of a good man.

MAX DE SCHAUENSEE,  
*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*

Conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in Bruckner's "Symphony No. 7" last night at the Lyric Theater, Eugene Ormandy seemed inspired.

His motions bore the force of his entire body as he reacted to the massive phrases. Afterward a smile lighted his face as if the music had elated him.

The orchestra caught this feeling. Its tone had a wonderful ebb and flow,

strength and luster. Bruckner's enormous technical difficulties, especially for brasses, were brilliantly surmounted.

Though one might wish for more of the electricity of Beethoven, the passion of Brahms, it was good to hear this symphony, which holds its place respectably in the Viennese tradition.

Echoes of past grandeur are more evident than present inspiration. Bruckner knew well the language of the symphony, but his speech had more of grammar than metaphor.

His work is more homogeneous than Mahler's, but Bruckner is less adventurous in modulation, less ingenious in contrasting timbres, less inventive than his younger contemporary.

His harmony has less of Dionysus than that of Wagner, one of his idols, although the endings of the first, third and fourth movements of his Seventh suggest the Valkyries.

The Adagio so clearly reflects the kindred movement in Beethoven's Ninth that comparison is unavoidable. Bruckner is not big enough for his model, but this movement contains expressive writing and a fine climax in which orchestral waves shatter against the cymbal.

The Scherzo has a splendid pulse.

Portions of this symphony embody the composer's religious feeling. Certain passages suggest choral Ave Marias translated into orchestral terms.

Some of his symphonic walls, built with such careful masonry, ring hollow, but Bruckner's Seventh has phrases of undeniable power.

WELDON WALLACE,  
*The Sun* (Baltimore)

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
FIRST SYMPHONY

*San Antonio Symphony Orchestra, Max Reiter, Conductor, March 12, 1949.*

Regardless of whether you like Gustav Mahler with all of his sound and fury, you'll probably agree with Conductor Max Reiter it's a good idea to know him.

Still in the rather violent controversial stage, Mahler's music either bowls you over with awe-inspiring admiration or else has you wanting to stuff your ears with cotton.

Happily we can report we saw no ear-stopping when Reiter and the San Antonio Symphony orchestra devoted some 50 minutes to the performance

of Mahler's "Symphony No. 1 in D Major" at municipal auditorium Saturday night.

Mahler was a great one for tearing his hair and, obviously, when he got started, it was hard for him to stop. (His Second Symphony runs about twice as long as the First.)

In getting around to Mahler in the San Antonio Symphony society's thirteenth subscription concert, Reiter was keeping in step with the nation's other major orchestra leaders.

A steadily growing interest has been exhibited in Mahler during the past 10 years. In fact, Reiter has programmed his music several times before.

No mistaking it. A Mahler symphony always is ponderous business and, for the Saturday night performance, Reiter had eight extra players on hand as the score demands.

The audience reacted strongly, as if aware it had listened to something special.

RENWICKE CARY,  
*San Antonio Light*

Gustav Mahler's Symphony No. 1 was particularly enjoyable. After years of neglect, his music has staged a comeback.

The No. 1 has a lot of melody in it, vigor and no little exciting vim. The way Conductor Reiter and the orchestra played it makes one reasonably sure that Mr. Mahler's neglect is over and done with for good.

*San Antonio Express*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
EIGHTH SYMPHONY

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, George Szell, Conductor, March 17 and 18, 1949.*

Anton Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, performed by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra at Orchestra Hall Thursday evening, had its first hearing in these parts—47 years after its production at Vienna.

If this seems a lengthy period for a fine work to travel from one metropolis to another, it should be remembered that, because of the bitter enmity of Hanslick, the principal European critic of that day, egged on by the machinations of Brahms, Bruckner's music made slow

progress during his lifetime. Only recently has it evoked the admiration of the world at large.

George Szell, who conducted, had reason to feel that he had brought about an important contribution to the season's music. He had made the score his own, and evidently had devoted earnest preparation to it.

Nor was he mistaken in believing the symphony was a masterpiece, worth an inspiring presentation. In spite of its great length—an hour and a quarter—the Eighth Symphony held listeners' attention throughout. At the end, Mr. Szell had to make several journeys to and from the stage to acknowledge the applause and to ask the orchestra to share it with him.

Great richness of musical idea and of orchestral color abound in this music, which, in one element, at least, resembles Schubert's in its neverfailing flow of melody. But Bruckner's inspiration soared to loftier flights of grandeur than were conceived by his immortal predecessor.

The other movements contained vast stretches of dramatic emotion, great pomps of sound which Mr. Szell and the orchestra made impressive. The performance in general was fine, but a greater familiarity with details of the score would have made it more spontaneous.

FELIX BOROWSKI,  
*Chicago Sun-Times*

The entire pre-intermission was devoted to the long and unevenly rewarding Bruckner "Symphony No. 8, C Minor."

Since the days of Brahms, Bruckner has been a highly controversial composer.

We don't propose to add our two-cents-worth to the argument.

Like the work, the playing was also uneven but preponderantly balanced on the credit side.

Szell's knowledge of the memorized score was authoritative. This composer seems definitely his forte.

CHARLES BUCKLEY,  
*Chicago Herald-American*

There is a cabala about Bruckner's symphonies many of us would like to penetrate more deeply. Had Hans von Bülow made him the "third B" instead of Brahms, a nomination his supporters contend would have been just as plaus-

ible, our worship of catch phrases might have landed him securely in the repertory where he now holds precarious place, alternately made a shrine by his high priests, scorned by his detractors, and cut to gobbets by conductors taking the middle path.

Myself, I am on the side of the high priests, because if you are to know a man's worth, give him a chance to say what he has to say. I don't even object to the shrine, for I have learned most about Bruckner's music from Bruno Walter, who enters into the candor and the mystery of its faith. To speak of the Austrian's symphonies as cathedrals, or as mystery plays reaching toward heaven, is not necessarily the nonsense of attempting to explain one thing in terms of another. Their very reason for being is the greater glory of God. To come alive in performance, to transcend their sometimes baffling length, they must be permitted to share their apocalyptic visions.

Mr. Szell remained nonpartisan. He saw no visions and apparently made no cuts. In his scholarly hands the Eighth Symphony, Bruckner's third in C minor, remained inscrutable, tho the amplitude of the magnificent slow movement became one of the season's treasures in tone. Here, and to a lesser degree in the heaven storming finale, the performance took on an eloquence reminiscent of the orchestra's great days in music and gave me an unwarranted hope that I might discover at last what Bruckner meant when he said that finale was "the meeting of three emperors."

Comparatively, the first and second movements were mathematically set forth, but not to be believed in, and therefore shorn of their major miracle, faith. Which just about gets me back where I started. Working without score for 70 or more taxing minutes, Mr. Szell gave us a scholarly, occasionally eloquent, performance of too long neglected music. He paid us the courtesy of something more to the musical point than the average guest conductor's showpiece. But he left many questions unanswered. Two are particularly tantalizing. Can the fully revealing performance justify Bruno Walter's description of the Symphony as "sublime," and in such performances do those pauses suggest what Brucknerites insist they should suggest—pauses for prayer?

CLAUDIA CASSIDY,  
*Chicago Daily Tribune*

Anton Bruckner's Symphony No. 8 was written 59 years ago, and never was performed in Chicago until Thursday night. It's a work of nobility and ingenuity, rich in thematic resources and masterfully orchestrated, apparently deserving more frequent performance than the statistics in the preceding sentence accord it. Yet I wouldn't want to hear it again in the next fortnight or so. For the fact of the matter is, it is entirely too long, with a finale whose crushing repetitiousness eradicates much of the supreme beauty in the three melodious movements that precede it.

True Bruckner fans won't let a conductor (or a music critic) cut a note of the master's work—and that may be where they do Bruckner more harm than good. For this is a symphony worth hearing more often. Only, the next time I hear it, I want it in a pocket edition.

WILLIAM LEONARD,  
*Chicago Journal of Commerce*

Mr. Szell devoted great care to the reading of the Bruckner work, which received its first Chicago performance at these concerts. The symphony is a masterpiece of inspiration, despite the inevitable criticisms about its length. It is bound together by splendid thematic material, and in it are to be found some of Bruckner's happiest orchestration achievements. Notably in the Scherzo, with its counterbalancing of varying moods for the strings, and in the prodigious Finale, with its inexorable progression towards a joyous and exalted climax, the symphony stands as a monument to the optimistic serenity of its composer's gentle nature. Mr. Szell and the orchestra gave it a magnificent reading.

PAUL H. LITTLE,  
*Musical Leader*

Though the humble and devout Austrian wrote his last completed symphony over a half a century ago, last night's performance was its first in Chicago. The spread of Bruckner's music has been that slow outside his native country.

But the quirks of musical fashion that caused the public to come so reluctantly to his works now seem to have passed. The symphonies are being played with increasing regularity. Neither their length nor their 'apocalyptic' language seem to dismay present audiences.

The 8th Symphony was an impressive and affecting work as it was performed last evening. Perhaps it is overlong; yet there are few of its measures that do not abound in genuine inspiration.

It is almost more a service than a symphony, so pregnant is it with religious feeling. Brooding, almost oppressed at its beginning, it searches, climbs, strives constantly toward some sensed revelation which (though it may momentarily elude) is felt as inevitable and comes to final, stunning realization in the work's conclusion.

Thursday's performance was admirably integrated. The orchestra accomplished some distinguished work in the many passages of imaginatively delicate scoring as well as in the sonorous climaxes, beautifully planned by Szell.

IRVING SABLOSKY,  
*Chicago Daily News*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: FIRST SYMPHONY

*Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos. Conductor, March 18, 1949.*

The members of the audience rose to their feet as the Athenian-born maestro appeared on stage at the beginning of the concert and gave him an ovation. And when it was all over, they rose again in a tumultuous tribute to the man who has presided over the orchestra for the past 11½ years. . . . For the big number of the evening he chose the first symphony of Gustav Mahler, a composer for whom he long has had an affinity and who laid the groundwork for much of the modern music.

This symphony, like all of Mahler's, is not to everybody's taste, though gaining adherents. It is complex in texture and mood, it is discursive and loose-jointed, it has moments of breath-taking loveliness, of savage irony, of almost apocalyptic vision and of utter banality, for Mahler's credo was, "The symphony must be like the world; it must embrace everything."

Mitropoulos performed a great feat in keeping every line and every dab of orchestral color clear and free and in giving to the whole tremendous intensity and eloquence.

JOHN H. HARVEY,  
*St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press*

Dimitri Mitropoulos' last appearance here as conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra was a fond farewell in which he gave us his superlative best in a brilliant program. His special gift was the Mahler First symphony, whose final fanfare of horns and trumpets seemed to voice a dramatic and moving Godspeed to the departing Maestro.

The near-capacity audience—4,700 listeners making the next-to-the-largest Friday night house of the season (surpassed only by Artur Rubinstein's score) rose to its feet at Mitropoulos' entry, and rose again after the resounding conclusion of the Mahler, which drew a salvo of bravos and whistling mixed with tumultuous applause.

The conductor bowed many times, kissed his hand to the audience, and then, apparently deeply affected, returned to the microphone at the side of the stage for a brief word of farewell.

Mahler under Mitropoulos has more impact, more color and contrast and sustained "story interest" than most conductors can give that loose-jointed composer. The First symphony, in last night's interpretation, extracted every drop of pathos, of rage and uproar, of anguish and ringing oratory, that Mahler put into the score... and maybe more.

The work oscillates between homely sentiment and blasting pronouncements, and its curiously episodic procedure demands a steady hand at the helm and an eye (and ear) for the minor and major goals ahead. Mitropoulos kept it under superb control and moved it along with masterly maneuver, rising to great heights in the cataclysmic finale.

JOHN K. SHERMAN,  
*Minneapolis Star*

The twelve-year reign of Dimitri Mitropoulos over the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra ended Friday night with the final subscription concert of the season. It ended on a note of triumph.

With the final, climactic chords of Mahler's First Symphony and the cheers of the standing crowd, the finish came to an illustrious chapter in the history of music in this area.

The Mahler symphony was an ideal choice to bring an era to an end. Whatever side one takes in the Mahler controversy, he was a complete master

of orchestration and runs practically the whole gamut of musical coloring. Though it lacks a final, saving touch of humanity, the symphony shows a kinship with nature and is a brilliant showpiece exploiting all the resources of the orchestra.

From it Mitropoulos drained the last ounce of color and power, and the orchestra responded with all its energy and will to leave a final imprint of orchestral virtuosity at its height.

ARTHUR B. STOLZ,  
*Minneapolis Tribune*

### GUSTAV MAHLER: SECOND SYMPHONY

*Erie Philharmonic Orchestra, Fritz Mahler, Conductor; Siebenbuegger Mixed Chorus and Erie Symphonic Choir, Obed L. Grender, Director; Elizabeth First, Soprano, Joan Peebles, Contralto, March 22, and 23, 1949.*

Fritz Mahler led the Erie Philharmonic Orchestra, chorus, and soloists through an impressive concert in Strong Vincent Auditorium last night, in a program featuring Gustav Mahler's monumental Second Symphony.

With the exception of the Beethoven Ninth earlier in the season, the orchestra previously had attempted nothing of such gargantuan scope as this—and the results were eminently satisfying...

Constructed on a theme of ceaseless grief, anguish and mental torture in life leading to immortal happiness and a conviction that there is purpose in life, the symphony is of heroic proportions.

There are five movements, of which the first three are purely orchestral and establish the issues concerning life against death.

The fourth section, principally a solo passage for alto voice, sets forth Gustav Mahler's unshakable conviction that there is a hereafter. Based on a poem from "Das Knaben Wunderhorn," this movement is titled "Urlicht"—"Light."

All the instrumental and vocal resources are called on in the finale movement, expressing affirmation of belief in Judgment Day and resurrection.

Apparently feeling the limitation inherent in an orchestra alone, Gustav Mahler in this section turned to the

human voice to help resolve the issues raised earlier in the symphony.

Soprano and alto solos, the chorus and orchestra combine to get across forcefully and powerfully Mahler's message.

Much of the music is overwhelming in its emotional impact. Other sections afford sharp contrast, offering lyric and rhythmic relief to the more heavily emotional overtones elsewhere.

Mr. Mahler, a cousin of the composer, read the work with dignity, imagination, and a perception of the varying moods of the music.

Under his guidance, the orchestra, 125-voice chorus and the two soloists presented a vivid account of the symphony. One wished for the chance to hear music like this more often.

W.F., *The Erie Dispatch*

Erie heard one of its most stirring musical presentations last night in Strong Vincent auditorium as the Erie Philharmonic Orchestra played Gustav Mahler's Second Symphony.

The full orchestra, two vocal soloists, and a combined chorus of more than 100 participated in the symphony.

Powerful, restless music, with a theme wound about life, death and resurrection, the work is one of the loftiest scores presented locally this season. It is not music that even the most bored listener can doze through. If music can be called suspenseful, this Mahler symphony is exactly that.

Conductor Fritz Mahler, a blood relation of the composer, said, "We are one of the first small orchestras to play this work. I feel we did a superlative job, and hope that we may point the way for other groups our size."

A symphony requires special orchestral resources, and the cooperation of a large vocal group. The latter was supplied by two well-trained local choruses, the Symphonic Choir and the Seibenbuerger Singing Society, under the direction of Obed L. Grender.

The symphony's first movement is searching and mysterious, building to a bursting though solemn finale. It is followed by a movement to be played "in quietly flowing movement"—rhythmic and somewhat nostalgic.

In the third movement comes the first contralto solo, sung last night by Joan Peebles, who has appeared with the Philharmonic before; and last are heard the soprano and contralto solos and the complete chorus. Soprano

Elizabeth First, of Erie, was soloist here.

The coordination of voice and instrument in the final movement was the result of careful practice, and developed to be outstanding. The last group carried the work to a towering close that met with enthusiastic applause.

B.M.C., *The Erie, Pa., Daily Times*

### ANTON BRUCKNER: SEVENTH SYMPHONY

*Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell,  
Conductor, March 24 and 26, 1949.*

We attended Cleveland Orchestra concerts twice before when the Bruckner Seventh Symphony was programmed. Last night was the first time we really heard it played. Director Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra thrilled a capacity audience with their performance of it—a superb presentation of a great piece of music. . . .

We are grateful to Director Szell and the orchestra for their giving us such a wonderful insight into the real depth and music art that Anton Bruckner put into his Seventh Symphony.

True it is that Bruckner sometimes walks up and down the same street too many times. Even though scenery on each side is beautiful, the turn at the corner and down the next street could be made more often. However, we did not find the journey too long.

The augmented brasses were gorgeous in the full-throated passages Bruckner gives them. And Director Szell worked master magic in obtaining entrancing dynamic effects. Shimmering strings worked miracles in gossamer gleamings. The cellos in particular sang with heart-warming tone. The adagio, a salute to Wagner, was a profound and searching utterance.

ELMORE BACON,  
*The Cleveland News*

More restrained, but certainly respectful and admiring was the applause which greeted Szell's excellent performance of the Bruckner Symphony in the first half. He conducted the hour-long symphony without score, with masterful control and with the keenest and most affectionate insight into the solemn pages of this lofty score, with its leisurely introspection, its wistful nostalgia and

effulgent brass, reinforced with a quartet of Wagner tubas.

This Bruckner music has a strong appeal for persons who possess some acquaintance with the landscape of southern Austria, for it is bound to this environment as a plant to the soil. It is also bound to the 19th century and to a blind adulation of Wagner in a way that makes it as much a museum piece as it is a study in quaint colloquialism. It reaches some noble heights and mystic depths which give it some claim to universality and perhaps immortality. But these heights and depths were probably more intelligible to our grandparents than they can ever be to us. You either like Bruckner or you do not. For those who do not, he is a little like boiled potatoes without salt.

HERBERT ELWELL,  
*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

The Bruckner symphony was more enjoyable last night than it has been on any previous occasion that it has been given here. Szell took pains to underline its many beauties, and the players responded valiantly. There were exalted, moving moments, especially in the sombre Adagio.

Bruckner has frequent captivating, soaring inspirations, despite his Wagnerian idolatry. But only a few dotting Germans will deny that he as frequently talks of cabbages and kings, and that his works are long psychologically, as well as by the clock.

Nevertheless, a performance such as last night's is well calculated to make new friends for this composer.

ARTHUR LOESSER,  
*The Cleveland Press*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
SECOND SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein, Conductor; Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, G. Wallace Woodworth, Conductor; Adele Addison, Soprano, Nan Merriman, Contralto, Soloists; March 25 and 26, 1949.*

A year ago last February Bernstein made a tremendously favorable impression when he revived the Symphony, which had not been heard here for 30 years. He did it again during last

Summer's Berkshire Festival.

This week's performances are in response to popular request. The work has the program all to itself. There is no intermission, which means a solid hour-and-one-half of music.

As usual, Bernstein does not bother either with the printed score or a baton. This is not a feat, for he has the vast, five movements completely in his head, and his interpretation has that direct, personal quality which indicates thorough assimilation of everything in the score.

Since it always is well to repeat what one believes to be the truth, let it be said here again that this Symphony in C minor is a great and difficult work, full of Mahler's characteristic inward feelings about life and death.

Because Mahler was so complex, and his musical style so inclusive, the nature of the Symphony can range with equal validity from the stormy first movement through the folksongish andante to the eerie scherzo, wonderful contralto solo of the "Primal Light" movement, and imposing choral finale of hope and affirmation.

As conductor Mahler never spared himself, and as composer he never spared those who were to perform his music. The "Resurrection" Symphony makes great demands on an orchestra. Little things went wrong here and there, attributable to the pressure of a terribly hard week of rehearsals for this program and for the pension fund performance of Bach's Mass in B minor to come on Sunday.

But, in the main, the performance was overwhelmingly moving, and drew, at the end, a rousing ovation of applause and cheers.

Both Miss Merriman and Miss Addison have beautiful voices, and Miss Merriman's work was an improvement over that at Tanglewood last summer.

Miss Addison, unfortunately, could not be heard all through her part, though surely her voice is big enough. She ought to sing it louder tonight.

The chorus was small for the quiet, but rich and intense sonority Mahler wanted. But you can get only so many people on the Symphony Hall stage without an extra platform, impossible at subscription concerts.

CYRUS DURGIN,  
*Boston Daily Globe*

For that matter, what a symphony! It was clear enough last year, when Mr. Bernstein re-introduced it to Boston after it had lain silent for 30 years, that this is one of the most feverishly personal works in the symphonic literature. Not that Mahler ever seeks impersonality; on the contrary, where others may bare their emotions but always convey the impression they know just what they're doing, Mahler almost glories in his expiatory self-revelation. And, like those who suddenly realize they have told too much of themselves to a friend, he as quickly turns harsh, as if to withdraw his confession.

In this immense work, one that calls for the fullest instrumentation with organ, chorus and soloists, Mahler tells of death and of life after death. He was to be preoccupied with this theme all his life, but here he tells us so in unmistakable terms. Even if he had not, it is likely that the listener, without knowledge of the program or of the text sung in the closing movements, could not mistake the significance of this music, now naively supplicating, again doubting and wondering; now otherworldly, again hopeful and triumphant.

RUDOLPH ELIE,  
*The Boston Herald*

Last year the Mahler Second was preceded by an unfamiliar Mozart symphony, that in G minor (K. 183). On this occasion the Mahler, which takes about an hour and 25 minutes, without an intermission, to perform, evidently was considered enough. The Friday audience apparently thought it was, for it showed no impatience with the brief program, nothing but delight with the music and the performance. Indeed, it lingered long at the close to cheer everybody concerned.

It is not difficult to understand the enthusiasm. This symphony is emotionally a very powerful stimulant. It has pleasant tunes, Wagnerian harmonies, a depiction of the Day of Judgment and, at the close, a mighty proclamation of resurrection. True, these things are all set forth with Mahler's usual naïveté and bombast, but their power to stir the emotions is undeniable.

The effectiveness of the music owed not a little to Mr. Bernstein. He is a brilliant conductor, who knows this long score by heart and who has complete

command of orchestra, chorus, and soloists. He also has the habit of making visible to the audience the melodic line, rhythms and dynamics of the music. He sways, he dances, he seems to explode with the brasses.

It may be said in his defense that he certainly secures a good performance. But an equally good performance can be obtained with less visualization of the music; in fact, it has been done. In time, no doubt, this young conductor will be content to let the music speak with less choreography.

L. A. SLOPER,  
*The Christian Science Monitor*

Some 16 and a half hours after one Boston audience had shouted itself hoarse at the Opera House, a second acted in like fashion at Symphony Hall. The two occasions were the local premiere of Strauss' "Salome" and the repetition from last season of Mahler's Second Symphony, with Leonard Bernstein again conducting, and the chorus drawn once more from the choirs of Harvard and Radcliffe.

Great was the contrast between these two works, so nearly contemporaneous, and from the hands of composers who were both colleagues and rivals. That both were conductors also had not a little to do with their mastery of the orchestra as an expressive medium. But whereas Strauss, in his setting of the decadent play of Wilde, gives us something close to the absolute zero in human degradation, Mahler, is here concerned with humanity's loftiest aspiration, that for life beyond the grave. Yet so wide is the sphere of art that we can call both music drama and choral symphony masterpieces. Moreover, well known as they are elsewhere, Boston has been a bit slow in catching on to them.

If there is any weakness in the "Resurrection" Symphony it is in the undue length of the instrumental portion of the finale before the so eagerly-awaited chorus appears. Save for some unfortunate beeps in the brass section, the orchestral performance was an eloquent one. Mr. Bernstein loves this music and understands it, nor does he need a score when conducting it. There is not room on the stage of Symphony Hall for both an adequate chorus and the huge orchestra that Mahler requires in order to paint such weighty matters

as death and the Day of Judgment. It did not seem to me that the group of yesterday sang with quite the volume of tone produced by its predecessor. Be that as it may, I am certain that Adele Addison fell way behind Ellabelle Davis in her conveyance of the soprano part. Miss Addison has a light, pretty voice, but something more than that is indicated for these apocalyptic doings. In the matter of size Miss Merriman's voice came closer to filling the bill, but it is possible to sing the wonderful solo that makes the fourth movement with more of fervor, of spiritual elation than was in evidence yesterday.

WARREN STOREY SMITH,  
*The Boston Post*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
THIRD SYMPHONY

*Boston Civic Symphony, Paul Cherkassky, Conductor, April 21, 1949.*

Bruckner's Third Symphony, for it was this immense work that has not been heard here since 1901, remains a difficult work, filled with ideological rather than idiomatic complexities. Its sound is entirely its own, though it verges more on the Wagnerian texture than anything else, but it is darker, more mystic. The trouble with it—if so sincere and devout a work may be said to have any deficiencies—is that it puts the entire responsibility for the appreciation of it on the listener.

That is to say Bruckner, simple peasant that he was, never achieved sophistication. He believed his music came from God; therefore, it was impossible for him not to put everything that occurred to him into his symphonies. The result is sublimity one minute, a Viennese street tune the next, all woven into an extended tonal canvas almost hymnlike in its simple devotion. Thus the listener must be prepared for all eventualities, must understand the composer's inspiration and be willing to follow it. The listener who does follow it is amply rewarded, and we are to be thankful to Mr. Cherkassky for his courage and conviction in preparing this work; the orchestra did as well by it as any non-professional group could.

RICHARD ELIE,  
*The Boston Herald*

The music of Anton Bruckner, like that of Gustav Mahler, has made its

way slowly in this country. But why this D minor Symphony has remained unheard here for 48 years is really baffling. It is massive, like most of Bruckner, but rather more than his later symphonies, the Third goes back to the Viennese lyricism of Franz Schubert. Like all of Bruckner, the score is admirably orchestrated and every measure "sounds."

This is the "Wagner" Symphony, a product of 1875 and twice later revised, that the awkward and naive country musician dedicated to the master of Bayreuth. (And if you would like to savor the half-pathetic, half-amusing story of how that came about, read Werner Wolff's "Anton Bruckner, Rustic Genius".)

CYRUS DURGIN,  
*Boston Daily Globe*

At last evening's concert Mr. Cherkassky gave us an even more notable revival, that of Bruckner's mighty Third Symphony, unaccountably played here but once before (at a pair of Boston Symphony concerts, under Gericke, in 1901).

You can't keep a good man down. Bruckner has been an infrequent visitor to our concert halls. Yet in this season we have heard at a Tuesday Symphony, with Mr. Burgin conducting, the Adagio from the String Quintet, the Conservatory Chorus introduced to us the E minor Mass; and this afternoon and tomorrow evening Dr. Koussevitzky and his men will perform the Seventh Symphony. Two Bruckner symphonies in the course of as many days is a record indeed.

In most respects the Third Symphony is typical Bruckner. There are themes of majesty, of breathtaking beauty and of charm; and, outside the Scherzo, we find the disjointedness, the episodic quality that we have learned to look for in these works. We must take Bruckner for what he is and not expect him to be that which he is not. The Seventh and Eighth Symphonies reach their climax in their Adagios, and their finales are relatively weak. The Adagio of the Third has its special beauty, but the finale overshadows it. The Scherzo, with its rhythmic suggestion of the great Scherzo of the Ninth and its delicious folksy trio, is a gem. Our indebtedness to Mr. Cherkassky is paralleled by our wonderment that other conductors have overlooked so good a

bet. This is not a work that goes of itself, and conductor and orchestra deserve great credit for their accomplishment with it. The audience applauded after each movement and displayed real enthusiasm at the end of the work.

WARREN STOREY SMITH,  
*The Boston Post*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
SEVENTH SYMPHONY

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor, April 22 and 23, 1949.*

The flight of time can be a little frightening on occasion, and this is one of them. Here there are only two weeks more of this Boston Symphony season. Then it will be over and Serge Koussevitzky will have departed as music director. The fact was borne in rather heavily at Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon, as the orchestra gave out with the richness of its wonderful tone, precision and eloquence in a German program devoted to the Seventh Symphony of Bruckner and two Wagner pieces: "A Siegfried Idyll" and the Overture to "Tannhaeuser."

This was one of the afternoons with this glorious instrument that you wish could be preserved forever, held suspended in time, to be savored indefinitely. For while the orchestra will continue on its wonderful way, it will be different without the fiery and poetizing Koussevitzky and his especial qualities of sound and expression.

Bruckner's Seventh Symphony had not been done at these concerts since 1939, almost a full decade. This week Mr. Koussevitzky is playing it in the full length of about an hour, which will delight those willing to be patient over the vast construction and the sculptured beauties of that still debated Austrian of the 19th Century. (By the same token, Bruckner uncut will annoy those unsympathetic to him. No matter!)

It takes such a magnificent orchestra as this to give Bruckner his due, for the involved contrapuntal weavings, the niceties of rhythms and accents, the sweeping melodic phrases and those grandiose bursts of brass constitute virtuosic music. Only thus can it be seen what a technical craftsman he was, how much of a poet in tones, (even though in life an awkward yokel!),

and how much of a really inspired creator.

CYRUS DURGIN,  
*Boston Daily Globe*

No more eloquent evidence in the strange case of musical America versus Anton Bruckner was ever presented for the defense than this awkward Austrian peasant's Seventh Symphony yesterday afternoon in a glowing performance by Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra.

A 50-minute work of the utmost elevation of spirit, it finds Bruckner at the summit of his art. In it, for the first time in all his music, the diffident little man, who earned more than his share of scorn in his lifetime, brought together all the diverse elements of his creative powers and moulded them into a unified whole of enormous integrity.

In marked contrast to the Third Symphony, which was given its first performance here in 48 years by Paul Cherkassky and his Civic Symphony on Thursday night, this equally extended work has a certain sophistication. All the Brucknerian characteristics are there: mysticism, religious fervor, a meandering inspiration, naivete, a heavyhanded attempt to follow the timehonored rules and a compulsion to include everything he can think of. So is the characteristic Bruckner "sound," which, with its horn calls, its soaring strings, its chorale-like proclamations in the brass, is a singular blend of Wagner and Dvorak.

In the Seventh, however, there is more clarity of thought, more suavity, more balance and proportion. From time to time, as in the development of the first movement, he reminds you of an old man standing on a corner wondering how to cross the street in the face of the traffic. But this is rare in the Seventh; there is a forward motion, a sense of direction that proves singularly interesting. It also proves, in that quite incredible slow movement, of unearthly beauty. Indeed, I know of few moments in music so rapturous as the appearance of the second theme of the slow movement, or its reappearance in the second violins below an ethereal counterpoint in the high strings.

Dr. Koussevitzky's role in the success this music achieved yesterday, both popular and esthetic, can not be too over-emphasized. Here he displayed every bit of his architectural sense to draw

together, to unify, to inform the music with what might be called trajectory. Bruckner demands this; a skillful presentation of the mere notes means nothing. The re-creator's role is almost equal to that of the creator himself, and in this respect Koussevitzky is matchless.

RUDOLPH ELIE,  
*The Boston Herald*

This symphony is not often performed, though it is received with warm applause whenever it is offered. It was last heard here nearly 10 years ago. Before that it had been played by Dr. Koussevitzky in 1934, when he received the Medal of the Bruckner Society of America, and in 1936. Previously it had remained on the shelves since the days of Dr. Muck.

Yesterday it had the most persuasive performance I have ever heard, for tonal beauty and lyricism. Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra seemed to surpass themselves in these two particulars, in which they have always excelled. The cellos set the standard at the very beginning with a marvelously full-throated songfulness, and the rest of the orchestra immediately accepted the challenge.

Thereafter through the first two movements the mellowness and expressiveness were maintained, except when the conductor whipped up the brass too mercilessly at the end of the first climax of the dirge. There the tonal quality was impaired.

If the excellence of the playing seemed less apparent in the last two movements, that may have been because the music itself falls away there in interest. Certainly there was no let-up in Dr. Koussevitzky's demands, nor in the orchestra's response. The final peroration was no less sonorous than the dirge. The performance made us regret still more the impending retirement of the conductor. The applause yesterday had an extra warmth.

L. A. SLOPER,  
*The Christian Science Monitor*

Interpretatively, Dr. Koussevitzky fared better with Bruckner, a much harder composer to handle, than he did with Wagner, though there were fine moments in both the *Idyll* and the *Overture*. He played Wagner for effect, and, if

he did not lose, he did not exactly win.

Bruckner, on the other hand, needs plenty of assistance, and while this or the other Brucknerite might take exception to this or the other detail, the fact remains that the *Symphony*, without cuts, was made consistently pleasurable, and though consuming nearly an hour, it was not a minute too long.

It was interesting to hear the *Seventh*, after having heard the *Third* from the Civic *Symphony* the night before. While the *Third* deserves no such neglect as has been its fate hereabouts, it is easy to see why the *Seventh* is the most popular of them all. It has all of Bruckner's virtues and few of his defects.

The one really weak spot is the faltering development section of the first movement. The common complaint that the finale is mere anticlimax was not in order yesterday. It is, of course, the least memorable of the four movements, lacking the serene beauty of the first, the sublimity of the second, the power of the third. But somehow, as Dr. Koussevitzky played it, you felt it was all right for it to be exactly what it was, that no other type of movement would have served any better. There had been climaxes enough for one hour. Brahms built up his finales by playing down the middle movements. Bruckner chose another course. The *Symphony's* success with yesterday's audience was complete.

WARREN STOREY SMITH,  
*Boston Post*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: *FIRST SYMPHONY*

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Ravinia Park, William Steinberg, Conductor, July 9, 1949.*

The Mahler First symphony was treated lovingly and believably on the occasion of its first Ravinia performance Saturday evening. Conductor William Steinberg and the Chicago Symphony orchestra, by the care and finish and enthusiasm of their presentation, made plain a principal reason for the piece's continuing appeal.

This reason is the symphony's success in conveying something of the extravagance and excitement of the emotional states of youth. It was written by Mahler in his twenties, and it is

more successful than any other major work which comes to mind in depicting a type of life in which rapturous happiness alternates with a despair so black that the pistol can only with difficulty be kept from the temple.

The first two movements, packed with naive, sentimental, and frequently infectious little melodies, took on enormous charm under Mr. Steinberg's hands. The trio of the scherzo had an uncommon graciousness, the exuberant theme of the first movement a wonderful freedom and rhythmic lift.

The third movement, altho grim and inconsolable enough in its basic character, possessed a noteworthy beauty of surface in the orchestra's finished and expert performance. The shouting, derisive final movement was done with a momentum and virtuosity that brought on a big ovation at the end.

The rest of the program was devoted entirely to Mozart. It avoided both excessive delicacy and a too great forthrightness.

EDWARD BARRY,  
*Chicago Daily Tribune*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
*DAS LIED VON DER ERDE*

*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor; Janice Moudry and David Lloyd, Soloists; Tanglewood, Mass., Aug. 6, 1949.*

Special attention focused on the appearance of Janice Moudry, contralto (who is a Koussevitzky discovery), in the Mahler work. Miss Moudry, from all one could gather, is a young woman of comparatively brief experience in professional surroundings such as those provided by the Boston Symphony, et al.

I found her voice to be an especially agreeable one, quite strong and of an unusual dark beauty. Unless my ears deceive me, Miss Moudry is a dramatic soprano, who should be learning roles like *Isolde* and *Bruennhilde*, and so on, rather than the contralto ones in the corresponding operas.

Her companion soloist in the Mahler was David Lloyd, a young tenor who has brought upon himself a good deal of praise for the agreeable and knowing quality of his singing, here and elsewhere.

For all the musicianly attributes shown

by these two young people, it was my impression that neither could quite grasp the full import of the Mahler text, let alone the vocal lines. Furthermore, their particular efforts in the piece were not especially aided by an orchestra that often overwhelmed them entirely.

As a matter of fact, the Mahler, speaking of the whole rendering, fell considerably down from Boston Symphony standards. It did not hold together, or so I thought, although many passages came flowing past the ears with a sensuous beauty.

ROBERT BAGAR,  
*New York World-Telegram*

Last night's program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky and served to introduce a young contralto, Janice Moudry, endowed with a very fine voice which she uses, in many respects, very ably and cleanly. There is still some work for her to be done in equalizing the ranges, and she is quite evidently not ready to embrace, convincingly, the broad sweep, the ramifications of tenderness and nostalgia, and the poetic content of anything so vast as Mahler's "*Das Lied von der Erde*."

David Lloyd, who performed the tenor part, sang with much more authority where German diction, emotional intensity and musical understanding were concerned. But, unfortunately, he did not have the volume to win out in the ruthless battle almost any singer would have to wage against the stormy orchestral accompaniments that underpin the vocal sections Mahler assigned to the male soloist.

His (Dr. Koussevitzky's) Mahler did not seem too well prepared, and often did not quite coalesce. The second movement of the Mahler was, however, quite affecting and quite beautiful in orchestral sonority.

ARTHUR V. BERGER,  
*New York Herald-Tribune*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
*FOURTH SYMPHONY*

*Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Hans Schwieger, Conductor, Nov. 1, 1949.*

An unforgettable performance of a great symphony, the Bruckner Fourth,

and the colorful debut of the Nettleton twins, Jeanne and Joanne, duo-pianists, with the Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra, highlighted the second subscription concert last night in the Music Hall.

Then came the Symphony No. 4 in E Flat Major, aptly described as the "Romantic," of Anton Bruckner. It was an hour-long exposition of music in sunny vein where there was no room for gloom, nor space for sermonizing or crusade. Yet the music rose to majestic proportions.

The symphony was essentially a double triumph; first, for the little German schoolmaster who composed it seventy-five years ago; second, for Hans Schwieger, who interpreted it with the masterful hand of an inspired conductor giving his skill and devotion to music he loves.

Just as a matter of logic, then, it follows that the members of the orchestra collectively and individually rose to a higher level of musical attainment. This reviewer was more impressed than he has been by the orchestra in a half dozen seasons. There was a sonority, clear delineation, balance and phrasing that affix a new standard for future performances.

Mr. Schwieger was a dynamic figure, conducting as usual without a score before him, and without a baton. Wide, sweeping gestures to match the power of full orchestra were part of the scene and sound that held the unbroken attention of the audience for an hour.

This was the first time the Bruckner had been played here from the original score. The influence of the organ and of Bruckner's deeply religious nature were reflected in the music, repeatedly but never boringly.

Bruckner delights in massive orchestral effects, florid passages for the horns, the organ-like device of dialogue between sections of the orchestra, and episodes that emerge like a paean of glory. This symphony's third movement, a scherzo, is alive with hunting calls that leave a pleasant memory.

C.B.N., *The Kansas City Times*

#### ANTON BRUCKNER: FOURTH SYMPHONY

Department of Agriculture Symphony Orchestra, Frederick Fall, Conductor; Washington, D.C., Oct. 28, 1949.

The Department of Agriculture Symphony Orchestra gave its first concert

of the season last night in the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Auditorium. The Orchestra and its conductor, Frederick Fall, had the encouragement of a large audience which the rain did not deter from attending. They were rewarded by excellent playing of a program thoughtfully selected and which made no concessions to popular appeal.

Mr. Fall has welded his close to one hundred players into an organization that will soon have every right to a prominent place in the city's musical life. Operating now on a different basis from the group that was disbanded during the war, it includes many musicians of professional standing who bring a finished technical knowledge to the conductor's interpretive requirements. The performance last night was most pliable with a wealth of effect and, above all, with a communicative spirit.

Only a conductor assured of the quality of his musicians, could program the works Mr. Fall chose. His own personal musicianship was felt at every moment and showed in a finely devised reading of three movements of the Bruckner "Symphony No. 4," the "Prelude" to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," and Barber's "Dover Beach." Soloist in the latter work which was given here for the first time some eight years ago, was James P. Hendrick, baritone.

The pervading lyric character of the "Symphony" has caused it to be called "Romantic" and this appealing quality can be overdone if effort is made to underscore it. Nothing of this kind was to be found in last night's performance. It was allowed to flow naturally and to be all the more impressive because surrounded by vigorous outlines. The dynamics were marked and well graduated, the tempi admirably chosen and never permitted to drag. The violas and cellos made much of the lovely theme given them in the first movement and the songful passages of the "Andante" were excellently negotiated by the violins. The horn and woodwind sections are brought to the fore, the former especially in the "Scherzo," and the difficult assignment was well met. The quality of the Orchestra's ensemble tone is sonorous and warm in tint and only occasionally, in the Bruckner, was there a blemish in intonation.

ALICE EVERSMAN,  
*The Evening Star*

Rain did not keep a large audience from enjoying the second concert by the rejuvenated Department of Agriculture Symphony Orchestra.

Last night in Thomas Jefferson Memorial Auditorium, the orchestra, composed of nearly 90 members, sounded as if it were busting its seams. Their tone could easily fill a hall twice the size of the Jefferson auditorium; their programs are good enough to attract twice as many people as can be seated there.

Frederick Fall, the conductor, is not content to play anything less than the most exacting music. He opened his program with the first three movements of Anton Bruckner's Fourth symphony. He was wise to limit the orchestra to the first three movements, for these alone consume 45 minutes.

Bruckner had much of beauty to say in his symphonies. His difficulty was that, having said it, he could not find enough treatment of his good material to maintain interest. His symphonies rise and fall with each statement of the lyrical and exalted themes which dot them without binding them together.

They are particularly demanding of any orchestra in requiring much long sustained playing from winds, and the utmost precision from the strings. The Agriculture Orchestra has tone of which they can be proud. Their general playing discipline is good. And they often rise to exciting climaxes.

PAUL HUME,  
*Washington Post*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: FIRST SYMPHONY

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor, Nov. 3 and 4, 1949.*

The conductor always has been—and still is—one of the notable propagandists for the music by Gustav Mahler. On this occasion he introduced the first of the composer's symphonies—it had not been heard in Orchestra Hall for almost 14 years. Considering the melodiousness of Mahler's works, their rhythmic piquancy and colorful orchestration, it is strange that popularity never has waited upon them, in this country at least.

There are definite suggestions of "program" in the First Symphony, much as Mahler was supposed to despise such a thing; but cuckoo calls, fanfares, the funeral march in the third movement, the

measures which the composer indicated to be played "Mit Parodie," surely meant more than notes alone.

For the performance, only words of honest praise must be accorded. Mr. Walter clearly enjoyed directing this fresh and almost childlike music. Both he and the orchestra deserved the ovation given them.

FELIX BOROWSKI,  
*Chicago Sun-Times*

To the delight of his audience, the program included two Walter specialties—the Mozart "G Minor Symphony" and the Mahler "Symphony No. 1, D Major."

We doubt that any conductor can surpass Walter in the interpretation of Mahler.

His grasp of the score was microscopic and all-inclusive. With a lesser conductor, Mahler often sounds diffuse and conglomerate. With Bruno Walter, the fluidity of mood and variety of material are fused in a performance certain to make you feel that you have heard persuasive pleading of the Mahler case.

Walter achieves drama without bombast, and delicacy without affectation.

Walter reminded one of a great teacher, demonstrating the meaning and beauty of a work of art. The Walter role was incidental. Rare is the conductor who either possesses or successfully simulates selflessness of the Walter type.

CHARLES BUCKLEY,  
*Chicago Herald-American*

It was this symphony that led the young Walter to seek out the composer, for it seemed to him the work of a "musical poet of extravagant imagination," a new Berlioz.

Today, the latter description seems more suitable to the composer of the First Symphony. There is no doubting what he could do with orchestra, tho his poetry no longer speaks to us all. Yet this performance rather took you back to the old "program" often dismissed as a hoax, the one about the hunter's funeral with animals and birds in charge.

There was a fairy tale quality to it, especially in the opening movement, and that extraordinary funeral march, all timbres and tempos converging on

"Frere Jacques," is a little masterpiece of tone. The finale, which sometimes seems to have touched off Shostakovich, builds to a shattering climax, which to my ear is just a climax of sound, not emotion.

CLAUDIA CASSIDY,  
*Chicago Daily Tribune*

Bruno Walter put his friend Gustav Mahler, of whose music he is the foremost interpreter today, to the severest test, at Orchestra Hall Thursday night. He conducted the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in its first performance in fourteen years of the Mahler Symphony No. 1, the first Chicago hearing the ponderous work has had since Leo Kopp conducted the Illinois Symphony Orchestra in it in 1941. What is more, he thrust its redundancies into the formidable test of competition against masterfully played Handel and Mozart, which had preceded it. And, marvelous to report, he caused the Mahler, tedious though it has been on other occasions, to emerge with pungency, charm and depth of expression that enabled it to round out a deeply satisfying evening.

To follow this kind of musical perfection with a symphony written by a troubled young man whose work hasn't won a secure place in the repertoire after half a century was asking Mahler to prove his worth the hard way.

Bruno Walter succeeded in making our orchestra feel the music and project the deeply personal expression of the composer. The schmalz, of the mid-section was appealing, the lack of economy was not offensive, the orchestration sounded masterful, and for the first time in this correspondent's life the symphony seemed scarcely a measure too long, until the verbose finale.

WILLIAM LEONARD,  
*Chicago Journal of Commerce*

GUSTAV MAHLER:  
FIRST SYMPHONY

*Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Philadelphia, Nov. 4, 5, and 7, 1949; New York, Nov. 8, 1949.*

In Carnegie Hall last night you never would have known it was election night, so quiet and attentive was the large

audience that attended the concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Quiet and attentive during performances, that is, because the sounds that followed them were very much more like ovations.

Eugene Ormandy conducted, as usual, and a most impressive job he did with the Bach Chorale "Ach Gott, von Himmel sieh' darein," the Beethoven Piano Concerto No. 3, in C minor, and the Mahler First Symphony.

ROBERT BAGAR,  
*New York World-Telegram*

The First Symphony of Mahler was played for the first time in New York, we believe, by the Philadelphians. It is not Mahler's most pretentious symphony; nor has it the theatrical power of the Second Symphony. But its first movement is perhaps the simplest, the most charming and fanciful that Mahler composed in the symphonic form. The instrumentation is very beautiful. It is more a fantasy than a sonata movement and is atmospheric as well as impressionistic.

The second movement is more obvious and less distinguished. The funeral march in Callot's manner could conceivably have been made more sardonic and less lachrymose in a sentimental way by Mr. Ormandy. Then comes the beating, the pounding, the posturing of the finale, and the awful movements in the quiet melodic parts when one fears that the maddeningly obvious is going to happen, and alas, just that does happen—the most banal cadences, the most spurious theatricalisms, and the narcissistic repetitions of what could and should have been said (if it had to be said at all) in half the time and with half the number of instruments.

Still, by and large, one is disposed to consider this perhaps the best, the simplest, the freshest, with the most of his agreeably "volkstümlich" style, of the symphonies of Gustav Mahler.

OLIN DOWNES,  
*New York Times*

The concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra last night in Carnegie Hall was one of those rare events that needs no qualification. It could be reviewed in one word: superb. . . .

There are many who would not list Mahler's first symphony in the above category. Together with Bruno Walter

and others, I am one of the believers, and if there were dissenters in the audience last night. I'll wager some of them changed their minds.

There were two tumultuous ovations from the audience, who seemed pertinently aware of the calibre of the proceedings; one for Mr. Serkin after he finished the Beethoven, and another for Mr. Ormandy at the conclusion of the 50-minute Mahler work.

So much can be said to describe the immense scope of expression which Mahler (who lived so tragic a life and yet lives so triumphantly through music) encompasses. But the effulgence must be heard, and no reviewer can do more than to wish that every music lover could witness one of his symphonies re-created as the first on this occasion.

HARRIETT JOHNSON,  
*New York Post*

Gustav Mahler's First Symphony has not been played here before by the Philadelphians, but it has had three Philharmonic productions here in the current decade, and, for the music lover who has not yet finally made up his mind about Mahler's music, it is probably the most readily assimilable of the composer's nine works in this form. The sense of length some times associated with Mahler seemed noticeable yesterday only in the finale, which climbs one or two musical hills only to go down again before the ultimate climax. But the work is profusely tuneful, emotionally varied and richly scored, and the richness of the scoring was realized with vividness and opulence in a performance which was also laudable for consistent lucidity at all dynamic levels. The interpretation under Mr. Ormandy also told of an understanding of the expressive implications of the work.

FRANCIS D. PERKINS,  
*New York Herald-Tribune*

The second half of the program was reserved by Mr. Eugene Ormandy for a very exciting and highgeared performance of Gustav Mahler's 50-minute-long Symphony No. 1 in D major. However, the work did not seem long, which means that it engaged one's interest. The audience listened as though deeply engrossed.

Mahler's symphony is a strange work. The themes often sound banal—some of them actually are—but despite this ele-

ment and some passages that could have been shortened and tightened by the composer, the D major is a very original and fascinating work. That is the over-all impression.

MAX DE SCHAUENSEE,  
*The Evening Bulletin*

Of the two major works played last night in Carnegie Hall by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, it was Mahler's First Symphony that called to mind Swift's dictum about wisdom being like a hen whose cackling we must consider and value because it is accompanied with an egg.

In this instance, musical eggs—small ones, considering all the cackling—can be found in two places—the trio of the second movement, one of the loveliest things Mahler ever conceived, and the entire third movement. Mahler is at his best in the latter, where his sardonic mind conceives an ironic idea and pursues it epigrammatically. The movement in some respects is a curious jumble of unexpectedly juxtaposed ideas, but it has consistent emotional continuity, and some technical points that were to lead directly into the music of the future. It is hard to see where the other movements lead to, despite the obvious (and desperate) bucolic qualities of the first, and the frantic, pompous heavings of the finale, which get to be more and more of a bore.

Very possibly the symphony could have been presented under more favorable auspices. In matters of sound and dynamics everything was up to the usual Philadelphia Orchestra level, but interpretively it was small-scaled, if any piece orchestrated for a hundred instruments or so can possibly be described as small-scaled. When he came to a lyrical section, such as the D flat episode of the finale, Ormandy languished away, and his idea of a "poco rit." (small ritard) leaned toward a cosmic slow-down. More strength was needed; the music is lush enough as it is.

HAROLD SCHONBERG,  
*The New York Sun*

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: FOURTH SYMPHONY

*Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra,  
Alfred Wallenstein, Conductor, Nov. 17  
and 18, 1949.*

Mahler's Fourth is the most easily assimilable of all of his symphonies,

even though its performance takes the better part of an hour. It poses no philosophical problems and it demands no outsize orchestral apparatus, but it is not easy to play and still more difficult to interpret.

George Szell once said, in trying to make an orchestra understand the problem of Mahler: "He tried to express the woes of the world in the idiom of a Viennese suburb," and though that is an oversimplification it nevertheless neatly sums up the content of the Fourth.

The crux of the work is the deeply felt slow movement, which connects spiritually with that of Beethoven's Ninth, and in Mr. Wallenstein's interpretation this indeed became the center of the symphony in a profoundly moving discourse, one of the most emotional communications we have yet heard from either conductor or orchestra.

Though the playing was of consistently fine quality throughout, the first movement did not quite succeed in tying together all the loosely woven strands, and the diabolic Scherzo was a trifle too polished to project the sardonic intent. Unhappily the length of the program prevented hearing the final movement, with the soprano solo sung by Jean Fenn.

ALBERT GOLDBERG,  
*Los Angeles Times*

Second masterpiece is the Fourth Symphony of Mahler. In this work, the composer loosens the floodgates of a romantic imagination, and lets uninhibited melody and orchestral beauty pour forth.

I cannot find, in this symphony, any of the more sinister implications imputed to it by some commentators. I hear only a revel in the beauties of sound.

The final movement is a setting, for soprano voice, of a poem from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn." It is a child's description of the delights of heaven. Jean Fenn, possessed of a voice of unique radiance and color, sings the measures with a quality of genuine ecstasy, to which she adds wide range, long breath, expert musicianship.

The orchestra members applauded her at the end of the final rehearsal; and when a singer has won the applause

of exacting instrumentalists, her outlook on the future should be serene.

PATTERSON GREENE,  
*Los Angeles Examiner*

Jean Fenn's solo passages in the last movement of Mahler's G major symphony relieved that fulsome work of some of its emotional monotony. She is a thoroughly poised young woman of genuine musical aptitudes.

She sings German as though she had something to say to her audience.

Only in the second movement did the orchestra sound uninspired in certain passages; even here, Mr. Mahler must share the blame.

The peaceful third movement brought some of the loveliest, quiet, sustained passages we have heard from the orchestra.

RAYMOND KENDALL,  
*Los Angeles Mirror*

#### ANTON BRUCKNER: EIGHTH SYMPHONY

*Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, Conductor, Dec. 1 and 2, 1949.*

Only major works were on the program—the work by Honegger, just referred to, and the Eighth Symphony by Anton Bruckner. If this is considered scant fare for an eager audience, it may be stated the last named score was composed in the days when concert goers never could have enough of a good thing, and the symphony endured for 85 minutes.

Bruckner's work is not new here. Last March George Szell, as guest conductor, put it on one of his concerts at Orchestra Hall, and the music was heard with apparent admiration and respect.

This second interpretation unveiled new beauties; for, lengthy as it is, the symphony contains distinction of material—even, occasionally, a certain sublimity—which makes listening a delight. Bruckner was a simple soul, unpossessed of any social graces, but surely a composer by the grace of God.

Mr. Kubelik evidently had made a profound study of the score, and at rehearsals had revealed to players the most effective means of bringing the

composer's message to all.

As in other works, but particularly in Bruckner's, the manner in which crescendos were built up was not the least notable feature of the performance. The warmth of tone in all the movements, the poetic fashion in which phrases were rounded, the tremendous sonority of the climaxes were salient evidences of the conductor's talent and orchestra's skill.

FELIX BOROWSKI,  
*Chicago Sun-Times*

The 35-year-old Kubelik conducted from memory—and we mean from memory. No mere indications of principal melodic lines and changes of tempo and meter. Details of phrasing and nuance were projected with a clarity and subtlety that comes only with most thorough assimilation of the score.

In previous concerts we had some doubt of his ability to make an orchestra play lyrically. But the warmth and brilliance of singing strings in both the Honegger and Bruckner made us realize more than ever the fallibility of estimates made during the "get acquainted" period.

CHARLES BUCKLEY,  
*Chicago Herald-American*

Altho it was more than half a century reaching the repertory, Anton Bruckner's Eighth Symphony has had two interesting performances by the Chicago Symphony orchestra in less than a year. George Szell's last season was scholarly and inscrutable, with a slow movement remembered as one of the season's treasures in tone. Rafael Kubelik's last night was neither profound nor inclined even to hint at the mysterious. It clung to the conviction that this hour and 20 minutes of music made up of about one part beauty to two parts bombast, and it convinced at least one articulate customer in Orchestra hall, for as the last note died he cried not "Amen" but "Bravo!"

Yet my own ears are haunted, perhaps forever, by the Bruckner Eighth I heard in Salzburg last summer from Wilhelm Furtwaengler and the silver tongued brass of the Vienna Philharmonic. This was a masterly performance of a work of faith as remarkable in its way as a baroque cathedral. A great conductor, a great orchestra—mellow brass, idyllic woodwinds, radiant strings,

superb tympani—time flew and I was not even aware of its passing. I knew then what I always had suspected, that the true climax of such a symphony is a spiritual experience, which you must sense in sympathetic understanding even if you can not share its exaltation.

So while I did not underestimate Mr. Kubelik's feat in conducting so sizable a work without score, I did question his wisdom in conducting it without the special knowledge it demands. If you accept the symphony on his own terms, which is to diminish almost to the vanishing point what it possesses by way of mystical stature, the performance remained inferior in terms of a ranking orchestra. Some of the more lyrical interludes were well played, tho the slow movement was not within reaching distance of Furtwaengler's or even Szell's, but the bombast was always ready to pounce on a big moment, and bombast is even more unfortunate when you are having trouble with the brass.

CLAUDIA CASSIDY,  
*Chicago Daily Tribune*

A couple of inches' snowfall and a program offering only Honegger and Bruckner combined to keep a sizable percentage of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra subscribers away from Orchestra Hall, Thursday night. But the evening, Rafael Kubelik's last as guest conductor, was better than its promise. Michigan Boulevard may have been slippery, but it was a delight to the eye with a blanket of snow on the park and a bevy of lighted Christmas trees shining along the curb. And the symphony may have been engaged on unusual ground, but it served up one of the most interesting, as well as one of the most important concerts of the year. Kubelik was a courageous man to tackle this Honegger-Bruckner program, and he brought it off with a skill that added to his stature.

The Bruckner eighth, last of the composer's nine symphonies to reach the orchestra's repertoire, was less disappointing in the overlong finale than it had been when George Szell conducted its first Chicago performance last March, but that may have been because there was less apocalyptic fervor about the first three movements. This massive opus of an hour and 18 minutes' duration is an expression of religious

feeling in which the dominant motif is a groping for an elusive revelation. It should have more spirituality than it was able to muster under the somewhat cautious baton of Mr. Kubelik, who did not pour the instruments' tonal resources into the first three movements.

But if there was insufficient mysticism reflected in the orchestra's traversal of the neglected pages, there was a compensating clarity that gave the lie to the Bruckner detractors who long have claimed the man had no sense of form. This column, bored with the repetitiousness of the lengthy finale last March suggested it would prefer an abridged version of the Bruckner eighth; now I'm certain Bruckner knew his business better than I did, for there is a shapeliness to this romantic epic of mental struggle which would be destroyed by chopping the score up and fitting it together with sections in juxtaposition that never had been intended.

WILLIAM LEONARD,  
*Chicago Journal of Commerce*

Writing on such a scale, it is natural that Bruckner wanted a large orchestra. He used that orchestra with distinctive skill, even sometimes with delicacy.

But there are many times when you wonder whether this expansiveness is an attempted substitute for clarity, and whether these repetitions are offered in place of precision of expression.

The orchestra's young guest conductor, ending his three-week visit, presented the massive work in a sensitively and meticulously planned reading.

He could not yet probe so deeply into Bruckner's meditations (which can be affecting and impressive) as George Szell did when he gave the symphony its first Chicago performance last season.

But he found in it some varied orchestral colorings and some buoyancy of rhythm I do not remember hearing from Szell.

IRVING SABLOSKY,  
*Chicago Daily News*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
ADAGIO (STRING QUINTET)  
TE DEUM

*Oberlin Musical Union and Oberlin Conservatory Orchestra, Maurice Kessler, Conductor; Beverly Hunziker, Eunice Luccock, Glenn Schnittke, Daniel Harris, Soloists; Dec. 4, 1949.*

Director Kessler presented chorus, or-

chestra, and as soloists, Beverly Hunziker, Eunice Luccock, Glenn Schnittke and Daniel Harris in a gorgeous revelation of the profound and magnificent Bruckner "Te Deum."

ELMORE BACON,  
*Cleveland News*

Like a quiet peaceful valley between two towering mountains was the *Adagio* from Bruckner's *Quintet* played by a selected group of the string section. One needed this note of calm, but it did seem that the composer stretched his material rather long for what he had to say.

There was no uncertainty about Bruckner's setting of the *Te Deum*. An elemental force marked its thunderous opening. The contrast of the chant-like unison of "Tu Rex Gloriam," opening suddenly into full harmonic flowering with the word "Christe" is characteristic of the vividness of this setting. There is a superb sonority in the score of this festal hymn of praise which lost nothing in this performance. Its last division, *In Te, Domine, Speravi*, called forth a glorious, powerful climax that was a fitting conclusion to the evening.

There were bows all around and many recalls for the conductor who once again had brought an Oberlin audience great music, greatly performed.

JAMES H. HALL,  
*The Oberlin News-Tribune*

ANTON BRUCKNER:  
FOURTH SYMPHONY

*San Jose State College Symphony Orchestra, Lyle Downey, Conductor, Dec. 13, 1949.*

A program of extraordinary interest and enormous difficulty was chosen by Dr. Lyle Downey for the opening concert of the season by the San Jose State College Symphony Orchestra. The performance was held in Morris Dailey Auditorium last night before an enthusiastic audience.

Of primary musical importance was the Bruckner Fourth Symphony in E-Flat Major, a long but noble work which is unfortunately not often played in this country.

Strange as it may seem, it appears that never before has an orchestra performed a Bruckner score here, although this earnest Austrian composer, a contemporary of Brahms, wrote as many symphonies as Beethoven, and was one of the giants of the late romantic period. In fact, the only time a Bruckner symphony has been presented in San Francisco, to my knowledge, was in 1937 when Lajos Shuk and the Federal Symphony introduced the Bruckner D Minor.

The inclusion of Bruckner's Fourth Symphony, entirely new to music lovers in this part of the world in spite of its worthwhile standing in musical literature, shows the commendable influence which Dr. Downey's musical conviction begins to exercise upon the college symphony concerts, and we should not be surprised if this influence will be felt in all our other cultural activities.

Bruckner's massive work is thoroughly Teutonic in character, warmly romantic and often devotional in mood. The composer reaches his heights in the more serious portions of the symphony, although we cannot imagine a more unusually conceived "Scherzo" than that of this score. Although occasionally reminiscent of Wagner, Bruckner's music is nevertheless strongly individual and has a kind of native bigness that often expresses Homeric grandeur.

While the symphony taxed the college orchestra's abilities to their utmost limits, the student players gave an unusually fine and sensitive performance of the vast and complex score, indicating much of the beauties inherent in the work. Dr. Downey is to be congratulated upon his courage in tackling the composition and upon the admirable results he was able to achieve—results which, all things considered, must be described as surprisingly good.

MARTA MORGAN,  
San Jose, Cal., Mercury Herald

#### GUSTAV MAHLER: FOURTH SYMPHONY

Kansas City Philharmonic, Hans Schwieger, Conductor; Jennie Tourel, Soloist; Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 13 and 14, 1949.

Dividing the honors in the fifth subscription concert of the Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra last night were the Mahler symphony that opened the program, Jennie Tourel in her vocal outpourings, and the orchestra and Hans

Schwieger, conductor. A large crowd heard the program in the Music Hall.

It took all of them to put this sort of program together in exactly the right proportions. To begin with, the usual musical order was reversed. The symphony, Mahler's No. 4 in G Major, was presented first. This sunny, melody-laden music seemed to fit well at the outset, for it included in its four movements all the elements named above, including the warm, rich mezzo-soprano voice of Miss Tourel.

There was a divided but generally very favorable reaction to the Mahler symphony. For many, it was a first hearing. For others, of course, it was an old favorite. The symphony is not of the erudite, or absolute type, but depends for its appeal on the folk-like main theme and secondary melody and a goodhumored motivation throughout. Because it is easy listening, there may be a temptation to allow attention to lag, particularly in the first movement, which describes the countryside near Vienna. It is rather lengthy.

But Mahler's themes and the animated rhythmic figures that recur again and again contain an elusive charm that ties the four movements together with a musical continuity. The *scherzo* second movement takes a whimsical slant when the concertmaster plays passages on his violin tuned high to simulate the squeaky tone of the medieval-type fiddles.

Though the slow third movement runs to some length, its pastoral quality built on a broad melody introduced by the cellos over plucked chords by the string basses, and passed on to the higher strings, wins many friends for this symphony. The shorter fourth movement, where the human voice is introduced as part of its orchestral color and texture, has a gracious, lilting flavor built upon the old German folk poem, "Des Knaben Wunderhorn." Its opening words, "In the pleasures of heaven we are joyous," set the mood for a medieval kind of mysticism.

Miss Tourel sang the symphony's important and exacting vocal part with fine spirit, in voice of silver purity perfectly suited to the concept. There was a harmony of understanding between singer, conductor and orchestra that was a credit to all. Incidentally, it was her first reading of the part, Mr. Schwieger having asked her to learn it for this occasion.

C.B.N., Kansas City Times

## A MEMORABLE NINTH

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Feb. 2 and 3, 1950.*

Each time I hear Bruckner's Ninth Symphony it is with the renewed conviction that it is one of the mightiest of musical creations. That the Austrian master did not live to complete it and it ends with the slow movement is less regrettable than might ordinarily have been true; but this movement is so profound in its message, reaches such sublime heights and ends in such a mood of transfiguration that it is difficult to see how Bruckner could have conceived a finale which would not have seemed superfluous.

The often stupendous pages of the opening movement, its wonderful thematic material throughout and the no less powerful Scherzo with its elfin-like trio contribute to making this the most completely realized, the most deeply moving of his symphonies. Mr. Walter who began his engagement last night as guest-conductor of the Philharmonic, has always been the most zealous and perceptive interpreter of Bruckner's music. But I have never heard him give so exhaustive a discourse of its contents as this one, so fully revelatory of its ideational and spiritual meaning and invested by his fine musicians with such sumptuous sounds and with so flawless an adjustment of dynamic values.

JEROME D. BOHM, N.Y. *Herald-Tribune*

A symphony dedicated to God rang out with thrilling fervor at the Philharmonic concert led by Bruno Walter in Carnegie Hall last night.

Bruckner's Ninth Symphony marked the return to the Philharmonic podium of the world-famous conductor in one of the season's most stupendous performances.

This was the symphony that Bruckner left unfinished: Only three movements were written in one of the bravest races with death ever written in music history.

Knowing he was dying, Bruckner prayed to God to let him live long enough to finish the Ninth Symphony. "If God does not," he remarked, "then He must take the responsibility for its being unfinished."

It is really complete, this giant score, with its three movements that are among the glories of symphonic literature. I can't imagine anything following that Adagio, which is almost the ultimate in human groping.

Mr. Walter brought out all the power and drama of this music, and the wonder was again how a simple, unspoiled peasant like Bruckner, who was half-yokel and half-angel, could write music of such ringing power.

As I listened last night, I felt that the symphonic imagination had gone about as far as it could go in this music. The form and material are joined in holy wedlock, and no music was ever written that was worthier of the Maker to whom it is dedicated.

LOUIS BIANCOLLI, N.Y. *World-Telegram*

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

HERMAN ADLER traces his love for Bruckner to the influence of August Halm, many of whose lectures on the master's music he attended in early years. His special musical interests, in addition to Bruckner, include Buxtehude, Bach, Mozart, and the revival of the Baroque organ. He was program director of Musicraft Records from 1936 to 1939 and writes reviews for "Just Records," house organ of Elaine Music Shop, New York City.

PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP, American composer, conductor, and teacher, has been head of the Music Department, State University of Iowa, since September, 1919. He has conducted the University Symphony Orchestra in performances of Bruckner's IV, VI, VII, and IX and Mahler's I, II, III, IV, V (*Adagietto*), and *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*.

JACK DIETHER, born in 1919, is a Canadian writer, and student of music and psychology. Since living in southern California, he has taken a turn as radio producer and newspaper columnist, and is at present teacher of music appreciation in Beverly Hills. The Diether's two-year old son, Anton Diether, is named after Bruckner.

CHARLES EBLE, a graduate of the State University of Iowa, is at present an instructor in the English Department, Northwestern University.

GABRIEL ENGEL, a graduate of Columbia University, is the author of *The Life of Anton Bruckner* and *Gustav Mahler, Song Symphonist*. Since its inception, he has been the Editor of CHORD AND DISCORD. He has contributed to the *Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians*.

PARKS GRANT, born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1910, received his Ph.D. from Eastman School of Music in 1948. His musical compositions include orchestral works, chamber music, vocal music, etc. During the summer of 1949 he was guest at Yaddo, Saratoga Springs, N.Y., for purposes of musical composition. His present position is with Temple University, Philadelphia.

ERNEST M. LERT, Ph.D. Director of, and lecturer on, dramatics and music in Austria, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France, and South America. Since 1929 in the U.S.A. Author of *Otto Lohse, ein deutscher Kapellmeister*, *Mozart auf dem Theater*, and many articles in magazines and newspapers.

DONALD MITCHELL, born in London, 1925. Educated Dulwich College. In film industry before Army service. Demobilized 1946 and now lecturing and teaching school. Editor of the quarterly review, *Music Survey*. Contributor to *Mandrake* (Oxford) and A. L. Bacharach's *The Music Masters*. Broadcasts and does research for the B.B.C. Made a particular study of the life and music of Max Reger.

ROBERT SIMPSON, born in Leamington, Warwickshire, 1921, originally intended to study medicine. After two years of medical studies, he decided to turn to music. He holds a Bachelor of Music degree from the University of Durham. He has composed several orchestral and chamber music works, and has written extensively on Bruckner. At present he is a Lecturer, University of London, and Director of Music, Exploratory Concert Society, London.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, born in Brookline, Mass., succeeded Olin Downes as Music Editor of the *Boston Post*. His musical compositions include orchestral and chamber music works as well as songs and piano pieces. He became a member of the faculty of Faelten Pianoforte School in Boston after his graduation from that school. He was assistant music critic on the *Boston Transcript*. In 1922 he became teacher of theory and composition at the New England Conservatory.

WOLFGANG WAGNER, born in Czechoslovakia, received his musical education in Berlin, Vienna and Prague. He went to Australia in 1938 and is Sydney Correspondent of MUSICAL AMERICA. In 1948 he joined the staff of the Australian musical journal THE CANON as Associate Editor.

Among American artistic developments of recent years the rebirth of interest in the music of Bruckner and Mahler is second to none in significance. When *The Bruckner Society of America* was founded on January 4, 1931, performances of these two composers by our major musical organizations were not merely rare, but also ineffectual, because American music-lovers had no adequate approach to the proper appreciation of the art of either Bruckner or Mahler. Therefore the Society, having adopted as its chief aim the fulfillment of this void, published the first biographies of these composers in English and issued a magazine, *CHORD AND DISCORD*, devoted almost entirely to discussions of their works.

The Society solicits the cooperation of all who are interested in furthering this aim. Inquiries concerning membership may be directed to Robert G. Grey, Executive Secretary, 697 West End Avenue, New York 25, New York.

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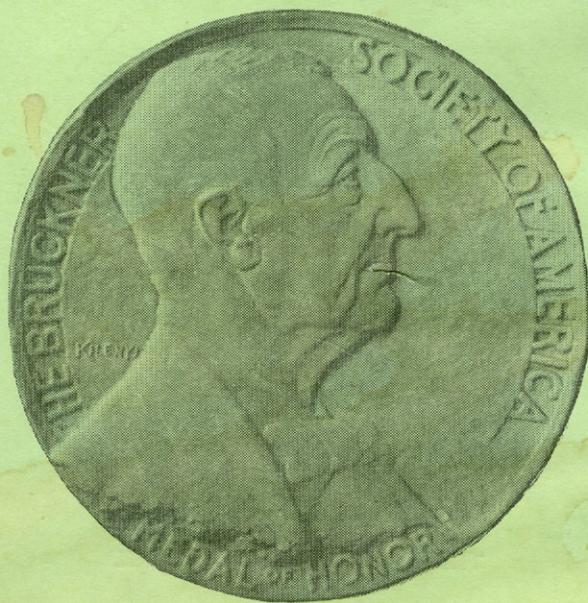
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# CHORD AND DISCORD

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THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

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1954

"MY TIME WILL YET COME"



THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL

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# CHORD AND DISCORD

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## IN MEMORIAM

GABRIEL ENGEL, violinist, composer, musicologist and, in later life, rare book dealer, died suddenly of a heart attack in Vergennes, Vermont, on August 1, 1952. Born in Hungary sixty years ago, when a boy he was brought to New York City where he attended public school and DeWitt Clinton High School. He won a Pulitzer scholarship and received his A.B. degree from Columbia in 1913. Though the late John Erskine encouraged him to devote his talents to writing, he preferred the violin.

In 1920, after having studied with Max Gegna, he made a highly successful debut at Aeolian Hall in New York. His photographic memory enabled him to memorize a given piece of music merely by reading it over once or twice. Two years after his debut, he gave a recital over the radio, then in its infancy. Until he went to Austria in the early thirties to study composition with Ernst Krenek, he devoted his time and efforts to giving concerts and to teaching the violin. Among his compositions are a violin concerto, a quartet, a symphony, *Variations for Piano on an Original Theme*, and musical settings of poems by Tennyson, Willa Cather, Guiney, Heine, Wildgans, and others.

Before going abroad, he had already shown great admiration for the music of Anton Bruckner, an admiration that deepened during his sojourn in Austria where he also became thoroughly familiar with the music of Gustav Mahler. While in Europe he conceived the idea of founding a Bruckner Society in the United States where Bruckner and Mahler were comparatively unknown and frowned upon mainly because of unfamiliarity with their music. After his return to the United States he edited the first issue of *Chord and Discord*. He contributed numerous articles of lasting value to this magazine which he continued to edit until his death.

His writings include *Life of Anton Bruckner and Gustav Mahler—Song Symphonist*, the first biographies in English of these masters. *The International Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians* contains his articles bearing the titles: *Anton Bruckner*, *Gustav Mahler*, and *Violin Playing and Violin Music*.

For the past fifteen years he was a highly respected dealer in rare books. Yet he found time during his last years to make an analysis of Bruckner's nine symphonies.

His tireless efforts in behalf of Bruckner and Mahler will always be remembered and his contribution toward a greater interest in and appreciation of Bruckner and Mahler will continue to influence musical life in our country for a long time to come. For the swelling ranks of those devoted to Bruckner and Mahler, Gabriel Engel has not lived in vain.



**GABRIEL ENGEL**

**1892-1952**

## BRUCKNER AND MAHLER — WHY?

by Herbert Antcliffe

My personal introduction to the works of these two masters was made nearly fifty years ago. In the first instance I read in the *Neue Musik-Zeitung* of Leipzig an article entitled "*Ist Bruckner Formlos?*"—Bruckner up to that time being scarcely known to me even by name. A few years later I listened with mixed delight and awed surprise to what was then generally known as Mahler's "Symphony of a Thousand." Mahler was at that time at the height of his reputation as a conductor and was beginning to win a limited world reputation as a composer. One must admit that to the young student this work was more a technical wonder than a work of artistic importance, but even with this one wondered whether it would not eventually be favourably compared with Beethoven's Ninth.

For a long time after that, in my work as a newspaper critic, I was constantly hearing and reading about the two composers and their work, and studying the scores as they became available. Both in the articles one read and heard in conversations the two names were almost invariably coupled. If Bruckner was mentioned, for instance, the remark about him would immediately be countered by one about Mahler and vice versa, even if no actual comparison was made. Possibly, of course, this association was frequently made by those who had not studied their works merely because it was known that both had composed symphonies of a length and elaboration of texture unknown up to their time. Nevertheless it was also made by many who knew the works of both sufficiently intimately to make intelligent comparisons.

Later, when I became actively interested in the current musical life of the Netherlands, this was still more marked, for I found in Amsterdam and The Hague an even greater worship of these two titans than in Vienna itself, and I was surrounded by crowds of enthusiasts who delighted in drawing my attention to their musical affinity. Right up to the present time this comparison of the works of "the two great Masters" continues, though within the circles of their most fanatical propagandists there is sometimes a division on the question of which is the greater.

That such affinity exists is commonly agreed, so much so that Bruckner Societies in various countries where their works are most familiar and most frequently performed make an important feature of their work the study of the compositions of Mahler. Without suggesting that there is anything wrong in the encouragement of a parallel study of their works my own reaction during the greater part of the last half century has been a constant realization of the different—often widely different—characters not only of the two men but also of their music. While others have compared and pointed out relations and similarities I have myself been more inclined to observe the contrasts and to find differences, aesthetic and technical.

The most important of what may be called the accidental reasons for this almost universal comparison is the fact that Mahler is said to have attended certain lectures by the older man and that he certainly fell under his influence

in his early days so that at one time they became great personal friends. This does not necessarily imply that such influence was an absolute one or that the younger man became a follower or disciple of the other. For a long time this latter condition was supposed by many people to have existed, but as Philip Greeley Clapp has said, "the closeness of Mahler's artistic relationship to Bruckner is now no longer regarded as that of a son to a father; and there are those who find little in common between them except a tendency to write longer symphonies than the musical police are willing to approve."

Probably the truth is somewhere about half way between these two ideas. The question therefore remains: Why should their names be always associated? What are the matters in which one can compare the two and in what matters and manners does such comparison become contrast? For an answer to this we have to consider both their personal lives and circumstances and the contents and character of their music. In fact, with these two probably more than with any other composer who ever lived, the conditions and circumstances of their lives are inseparable from the character of their music.

One of the most obvious things they had in common was their religion. Both were Catholics: Bruckner a "cradle" Catholic, brought up in that Faith from his earliest childhood; Mahler one by conversion. But with this broad statement their similarity of religious faith and principle ends. For Bruckner's belief in the Catholic Church, however well-founded and sincere, was naive and largely emotional. Mahler's on the other hand was intellectual and aesthetic, much of the attraction of his new religion being its music and its ceremonies. In some of his music, most notably in his Eighth Symphony, he endeavoured, and not without success, to combine his Catholicism with a kind of pantheism or paganism. We are not here concerned with the question whether he was a better or a worse Catholic or a better or worse man because of this combination of ideas; the only thing is that it made his music something different from that of Bruckner.

Add to this that Bruckner by upbringing and by choice was a "Church musician," taking a leading part in the production of the works of Church composers from Palestrina to his own contemporaries. Mahler was not a Church musician at all, so that a very important difference in their outlook on music is at once apparent. Mahler was not only neither organist nor choir director, but he apparently wrote no Church music; Bruckner, though a symphonist in every fiber, wrote a considerable amount of music for use in Church.

Charles Buckley speaks of "the sturdy and powerful Bruckner." It would be difficult to apply the former of these two adjectives to Mahler, however powerful he may be. In fact, much of his power was expressed in a manner that was just the reverse of sturdy. One might even say that he was more sentimental than was Bruckner, though both of them had some of this quality. In their personal characters Bruckner was sometimes inclined to be lacrimose; Mahler had more of a tendency to be violent and vituperative.

As sincere artists both had a considerable degree of simplicity in their make-up; but while Bruckner was simple in his life and subtle in his music Mahler had a more complex character but his music, with all its elaborate technic, was often simple and straightforward in its essential expression. The more one hears of the music of Mahler the more one seeks in vain for any subtlety. He loved noise—which he called power—often for its own sake: witness his desire that the "hymn" in the finale of the first symphony, written for seven

horns, should when practicable be "strengthened" by the addition of others. Bruckner has been described as noisy, but this has been when the "improved" versions of his symphonies, by Loewe and von Schalk have been heard. His original orchestrations were decidedly not noisy.

Moreover, Bruckner not only belonged to a decidedly older generation than Mahler (musically one might say three or four generations earlier), but he was in every respect of an older type, besides doing most of his composition at a later lifetime. Not that Mahler remained young. In fact, it is difficult to imagine either of them as young. Perhaps the best description of their respective characters, judged by their music and their general work as we know it, would be to say that with all his naivety Bruckner was old almost from infancy, while Mahler was never (notwithstanding the obvious precocity of *Das Klagende Lied*) otherwise than middle-aged. Worn-out he certainly was when he descended to the pessimism of *Das Lied von der Erde*, but this was a sort of erosion of the spirit that is something different from senility. It is certainly not the expression of "ripe" old age. The oldness of Bruckner, on the other hand, was not only ripe, but rich in its fruition at its best and over-ripe at its worst. Throughout his life Bruckner was by nature a follower and dependent; Mahler, though not always a leader was at least generally independent.

When some years ago (in the London periodical, *The Dominant*, edited by the late Edwin Evans) I described *Das Lied von der Erde* as immoral music I did not necessarily imply that Mahler's other works were also immoral, either in a general or a musical sense. He was not, however, always reliable in this matter, though at his best he rose high in musical morality, even, if one may use the term with regard to music itself, in virtue. That is probably the weakest point of Mahler's musical work; it is not consistent in the characteristics which mark that of the integral and well-controlled artist. Bruckner, though not without his moods and lapses in expressive power, was consistent in his aims, and free from any suggestion of improper expression or search for inspiration from unsuitable sources.

It may well be that much of the difference between the works of the two men arises from the fact that Mahler was a conductor *par le grace de Dieu*, even a great conductor, of both symphony and opera, while Bruckner was scarcely a conductor at all. This is to be seen in many details of their scores and not merely in the historical records of the success of the younger man and the failure of the older one. Bruckner was more conventional in his directions than was Mahler, in which respect, among others, he showed his constant feeling for the organ. Eric Blom, as quoted by Mr. Parks Grant, has said of the scores of Mahler that "they abound in verbal directions. To look at their pages is almost like watching Mahler conducting a rehearsal, admonishing and encouraging the orchestra with all kinds of epithets that aptly describe his precise intentions in the briefest and most direct way. The simplest directions . . . are often followed by exclamation marks, as though the conductor-composer so vividly imagined the sound of the music that he had to shout through it to make himself understood. No other composer's full scores have so human a look about them as Mahler's." To which one might almost add: least of all Bruckner's. An "interpretation" of the works of Mahler is for this reason almost impossible; those of Bruckner almost call for it.

Even in the matter of their originality (not a necessary attribute of great art) they were different, possibly for this same reason. Bruckner the dreamer,

almost the mystic, was the more original in his matter; Mahler the practical man of the world with a complete knowledge of how to appeal to the public being more original in his manner. He used in a striking manner as thematic material popular melodies such as "Frere Jacques" and a number of German popular songs, and quite a considerable amount of his thematic material is reminiscent, without necessarily being copied from, that of his elders. In each case the result was music that could have been written by no-one else.

Had Bruckner been a conductor it is not at all unlikely his works would have been played both as he wrote them and more frequently and with more acceptance by public and profession than was actually the case. He had to allow them to be touched up and revised in a manner that took away from their ethereal beauty but made them more "obvious" and more in the fashion of the day. Mahler, although not above seeking advice, notably on questions of the proper accentuation of both Latin and German words, was above all one who preferred himself to make whatever revisions might seem desirable to his scores. That he regarded such revisions as, in principle, unobjectionable may be seen from a letter he wrote from New York to his friend and disciple, Bruno Walter, in which he said, "I am and always shall be the eternal beginner. And the bit of routine which I have made my own, serves at the best to increase the demands which I make on myself. Therefore I should like to make a new edition of my scores ever five years . . ."

Is this, as has been suggested, the pride that apes humility? Personally I question it; but it is a contrast to the kind of humility which made Bruckner hand over his scores to the tender mercies of younger, and usually less capable, men than himself.

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#### KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO GEORGE SZELL

In appreciation of his efforts to create a greater interest in Bruckner's music in the United States, the Directors of *The Bruckner Society of America, Inc.*, awarded the Kilenyi Bruckner Medal of Honor to George Szell. Mr. Szell conducted the *Eighth Symphony* in Cleveland on December 11 and 13, 1947, in Chicago on March 17 and 18, 1949, in New York on December 14, 15, and 17, 1950. The Cleveland Orchestra under his direction performed the *Seventh Symphony* on March 24 and 26, 1949, and the *Ninth Symphony* on March 27 and 29, 1952. After the first performance of the *Ninth*, the medal was presented to Mr. Szell by Mr. C. J. Vosburgh, Manager of the Cleveland Orchestra, acting on behalf of the *Society*.

## TWO OF THE BEST

By Winthrop Sargeant

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The New York debut of the well-known Dutch conductor Eduard van Beinum, which took place Tuesday night of last week at Carnegie Hall, where he appeared with the Philadelphia Orchestra, was, I think, an event of considerable importance. At any rate, it is many years since I have watched the manipulations of a new conductor with comparable excitement or been so certain from what I heard that I was being introduced to the work of a superlative performer in this rather elusive art. Mr. van Beinum evidently combines a meticulous regard for workmanship, such as characterized the conducting of his countryman Willem Mengelberg, with a great deal of dash and fire. The other night, his musical taste, as exhibited in Haydn's Symphony No. 96, was impeccable, and his sense of proportion in dealing with the long lines and accumulating climaxes of Anton Bruckner's difficult Seventh Symphony was masterly. What impressed me most about his conducting, however, was the dynamic energy he appeared to infuse into the most obscure nooks and crannies of the orchestral apparatus. He seemed to be in direct control of more musical detail than any conductor in recent memory except Toscanini. This gave his interpretations a wonderful sensitiveness and pliancy, and produced the impression that conducting an orchestra was to him as intimate a process as molding a handful of clay.

Aside from Mr. van Beinum's remarkable achievements, the main interest of the evening for me lay in the Bruckner symphony, a work that, though relatively popular as symphonies by this composer go, is still so seldom performed here that it is unfamiliar to most concert audiences. For some odd reason, Anton Bruckner, who was born before Beethoven died and was still writing eloquent and profound music in the final decades of the last century, has remained a "controversial" composer, and even at this late date it is fashionable to apologize, as the Philadelphia Orchestra's program notes did the other night, for certain weaknesses his music is supposed to have—notably a tendency toward long-windedness and diffuse structure. As far as I am concerned, this controversy has itself become a tiresome tradition. I find Bruckner neither long-winded nor diffuse. I find him a symphonist of the very noblest stature, quite comparable to Beethoven and Mozart and vastly superior to Brahms. I will admit only that his music is a little difficult to grasp on first hearing, and even for this I think there are good reasons. In order to help elucidate them, I should like to relate an experience I've had with this work, which may prove helpful to anyone interested in understanding it better.

For a number of years, I was about as well acquainted as the average music lover with Bruckner's symphonies. I got from them a vague impression of monumentality, together with a feeling that they were rather repetitious and that their themes were often rather trite. My opportunities for hearing them were so infrequent that I could scarcely tell one from another; they all seemed

very much alike—great slabs of somewhat Wagnerian music, singularly lacking in distinguishing features. I was, however, conscious that there was more in them than at once met the ear, and I was also conscious that the logic of their massive structure, if there was any, eluded me. I determined to find out whether or not I really liked Bruckner, so I bought several phonograph records of the symphonies and began to study them, playing each movement over and over, until I could identify every motive and perceive exactly how it fitted into Bruckner's over-all scheme. This modest research proved a revelation to me. I came to see that in my casual listening to a Bruckner symphony in the concert hall I had been in the position of a man standing near the foot of a colossal statue, able to discern certain interesting details but having no idea whatever of the extent and proportions of the whole. It was necessary to approach the thing from several angles before its total meaning became apparent. Such study might, of course, have been accomplished in the concert hall if I had been able to hear Bruckner's symphonies as often as I am able to hear those of, for example, Beethoven or Brahms. But the once every three years or so that I had the opportunity to hear a repetition of any given Bruckner symphony was not sufficient to produce any real understanding. I am convinced that Bruckner is one of those very rare composers who require repeated hearings to be appreciated. I am also convinced now that he is the towering symphonic figure of the latter half of the nineteenth century, and the successor of Beethoven in the development of his complex art.

On close acquaintance, Bruckner's symphonies reveal a sort of simple lyricism that is far more nearly akin to the music of Schubert than it is to that of his contemporary Richard Wagner. This is coupled with an intricate technique of symphonic development by which he, like Beethoven, builds a gigantic structure out of simple ingredients. His technique of development, in which he contracts, extends, reverses, and inverts his material, is actually very lucid, and is the most absorbing aspect of his work intellectually. Beyond these technical matters, however, lies the poetic and inspirational side of Bruckner—the broad, sweeping themes, the knotty little themes, the themes that are contrapuntal aggregations of themes, the rather baroque climaxes, the magical and highly original touches of orchestral color, the iridescent web of subtly changing chromatic harmonies. No one since Beethoven, to my knowledge, has written slow movements of comparable grandeur, and no one else except Beethoven has written true scherzos of the vigorous, propulsive type. (The scherzos of Schubert and Brahms are merely waltzes or folk songs.) Few composers of any era have been as straightforward in their communication of musical ideas—as willing to place those ideas candidly before the listener without attempting to baffle or impress him with self-conscious feats of style. In this respect, Bruckner is a little like Verdi; what he says is of such immediate consequence that the method of saying it takes second place. But I have still not quite explained why I think Bruckner is one of the greatest of all symphonists. Perhaps the ultimate answer is to be found in the position his music occupies in the scale of emotional values—in the sort of scale, that is, that measures the shades of difference between the epic and the trivial. Here I find Bruckner writing on a plane of the utmost nobility, saying profound and simple things in a profound and simple manner, with a serene, affirmative faith in God and humanity that makes each of his symphonies a deeply moving experience.

(*The New Yorker*, Jan. 30, 1954)

## MAHLER QUOTES MAHLER

By Warren Storey Smith

It might be possible to make an exhaustive inquiry into the instrumental use to which composers have put their works for solo voice. Instances abound in the case of both Schubert and Mahler. Otherwise they are rare, especially if we are to confine our investigations to composers of major stature. An exception that comes readily to mind is the strong and no doubt intentional suggestion of *Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer* in the chief theme of the Andante of Brahms' Second Piano Concerto. Prying analysts have also discovered later in the same movement an allusion to the latter part of the less familiar song, *Todesehnen*. If opera is to be included, one can cite the fact that in the banquet scene in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* the musicians play, among other popular airs of the time, the *Non piu andrai* from Mozart's own *La Nozze di Figaro*.

Two more composers, programmist both, should be mentioned in this connection. In Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* the Largo Introduction to the first movement, and its derivative, the theme of the Beloved One, or *idée fixe*, come from a vocal melody of his boyhood. A similar origin is ascribed to the second subject of the Overture to *Les Francs Juges*. Finally, in the Hero's Works of Peace section of his *Ein Heldenleben*, Strauss quotes a phrase from his song *Traum durch die Dämmerung*. The other citations in this episode are from Strauss' tone poems.<sup>1</sup>

In quite another category would fall the piano transcriptions, or paraphrases, of a composer's own songs. Liszt indulged in this practice<sup>2</sup> and also spent a great deal of time similarly treating the songs and arias of others.

My chief concern here is with Mahler, but before parting with Schubert, I shall mention the instances of his borrowings that are generally recognized as such. In three of them the song has given at least the popular title to the instrumental piece in which it figures, namely, the *Wanderer Fantasy* for piano, the *Trout Quintet* for piano and strings, and *Death and the Maiden*, the String Quartet in D minor. In each of the chamber works one movement takes the form of variations on the song in question. Again, in each of the four sections (or movements) of the Fantasy the thematic material is founded on the motive stated at the beginning of the first, which itself derives from the song, *Der Wanderer*, while the latter is the basis of the slow division.

Three other sets of variations are those of the F major Octet for strings and winds on the air, *Gelagert unter'm hellem Dach der Bäume*, from the early operetta, *Die Freunde von Salamanka*; those on the song, *Sei mir Gegrüsst* in the C major Fantasy for violin and piano; and those in the Introduction and Variations for piano and flute (in E minor, Op. 160) on the song, *Trock'ne Blumen*.

Let me say at this point that the use of a song as the basis for variations

<sup>1</sup> A reference to the opera *Guntram* has been noted but the complete disappearance of that work makes it of little interest to the average concertgoer.

<sup>2</sup> The *Liebesträume* and the *Sonetti del Petrarca*.

was what Mahler distinctly did not do. His only set of variations, those in the third movement of the Fourth Symphony, are on a theme composed for the purpose.

In at least one instance, the Minuet of the String Quartet in A minor, the opening bars of which are taken from the setting of lines from Schiller's *Die Götter Griechenlands*, Schubert did the sort of thing that Mahler did so frequently and that Brahms also did in the movement mentioned above. "The quotation," says J. A. Westrup,<sup>3</sup> "can hardly be accidental; and the melancholy question *Schöne Welt, wo bist du?* chimes in perfectly with Schubert's mood as we know it from his letter to Kupelwieser."

And now for Mahler, whose case immediately becomes somewhat different by reason of the fact that certain of his vocal works that later found their way into his symphonies were originally conceived with orchestral accompaniment, though also available in piano form. These include the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (Songs of a Wayfarer), the *Kindertotenlieder* (Songs on the Death of Children) and the song, *Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt* (St. Anthony of Padua's Sermon to the Fishes).

The practice that is so closely identified with Mahler began at the very outset of his career as composer. As the *Gesellen* cycle grew out of his unhappy love for Johanne Richter, a singer in the court theatre at Cassel, where he was Kapellmeister from 1883-5, so did the First Symphony grow out of the song cycle. This is a most important point, since, as has been said so often, the spiritual content, the extremely personal message, of the Symphony cannot be fully grasped by anyone unacquainted with the two songs that play so important a part in it. It would be an illuminating, and also helpful, experience for most listeners if a conductor were to place the two works on a program, in the proper chronological sequence. So far as I know, the experiment has never been tried.

In two ways the cycle's second song, *Ging heut' morgen über's Feld*, has influenced the content and construction of the Symphony. The less obvious but more pervading of them is the employment in every movement of the interval of a descending fourth, with which the melody of the song begins. The late Gabriel Engel called this the "nature motif"; more prosaically, Fritz Stiedry terms it a "basic interval." In many cases it is the very notes, D-A. However, in the third and fifth measures of the Introduction to the first movement we hear it as A-E. In measures 7-10 it blossoms into a motive that might be called the motto of the Symphony, though only the first five notes remain unchanged:



This is heard in the preparation for the second subject of the movement and it precedes the reprise of the second subject of the Finale. In the meantime, it had previously been heard, in major, from the seven horns in octaves, in which exultant guise it is used frequently, and almost to the very end of the movement:

<sup>3</sup> *The Music of Schubert*, edited by Gerald Abraham (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1947), p. 93.



I do not propose to account for all the fourths in this extended composition, for they are as the sands of the sea. However, I shall take note of certain conspicuous instances of Mahler's deliberate emphasis upon this significant interval. For example, in the thirtieth measure of the Introduction it becomes a frequently-repeated cuckoo-call, identified as such in the score:



Previous and subsequent musical cuckoos, including those of Mahler himself, have sung a descending third.<sup>4</sup>

In the second movement, the chief theme has fourths in both bass and treble, sixteen of them in as many measures of the former and six in the first eight measures of the latter. The third begins with the muted kettledrums pounding away on D-A, a device borrowed from the fourth *Wayfarer* song (see below), and there is scant relief from this persistent figure, whether in the drums or in the strings, in the whole course of the movement:



As for the more extended quotations, the principal section of the first movement proper, a matter of some hundred measures, is based on *Ging heut' morgen*:



Ging heut' mor-gen ü-bers Feld, Tau noch auf den Grä-tern hing,  
Through the field I took my way; dewdrops hung on grass and tree,

The first eight of these are a literal quotation of the vocal melody. The rest of the section consists of a juggling of the motives here involved and of a presentation and rearrangement of certain others in the song.

The other reference to the *Gesellen* cycle occurs in the third movement, the third of the four sections of which are taken up with a literal reproduction, one tone higher, of the last thirty-one measures of the song, *Die zwei*

<sup>4</sup> Paul Stefan refers to "Cuckoo-calls in fourths" in the *Wunderhorn* song *Um schlimme Kinder artig zu machen*. However, this versatile bird also sings seconds, thirds, and sixths.



plus one derived from a song already composed. Writing a new symphony around this Finale—for that is what was actually done in the case of No. 4—was in more senses than one a good idea.

For the Scherzo of the Third, Mahler turned again to a *Wunderhorn* song, *Ablösung in Sommer* (The Changes of Summer). After two introductory measures, he quotes literally the first twenty-two of the song's thirty-seven measures. In the next three the vocal part is altered and in the next three it is abandoned. After that, to make a very complicated matter simple, the song becomes thematic material. We are thus reminded of the treatment of the *Fischpredigt* in No. 2.

The contralto solo of the ensuing movement is outside the scope of this discussion. So too is the next, a choral setting of the *Wunderhorn* poem, *Es sungen drei Engel* (Three Angels Were Singing). Yet having brought the matter up, I will merely say that the extensive passage that reappears in the Fourth's Finale begins at cue no. 3, or on the third measure of page 197 of the full score, in the new Boosey and Hawkes edition. In the first instance, Jesus says to his disciples: "Whenever I look at you I see you cry." As used in the more familiar Finale of the Fourth, the music that had accompanied Peter's reply refers to the culinary delights of Heaven:



Ich hab' ü - ber - tre - ten die zehn Ge - bot.

The ten commandments I have broken.



die Eng - lein die ba - cken das Brot.

the angels bake the bread.

It is only the folksy nature of the music that makes it as suitable to one text as to the other.<sup>6</sup>

In an article that appeared in this publication several years ago Franz Werfel made the statement that the *Fifth*, *Sixth*, and *Seventh Symphonies* have their basis in the *Kindertotenlieder*. As applied to the *Sixth* and *Seventh*, any such kinship is spiritual rather than thematic. However, anyone familiar with the first of these sorrowful songs can hardly escape noting the repeated references in the first movement of the *Fifth* to the motive in the fourteenth full measure of *Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n* (Once More the Sun Would Guild the Morn) and that occurs on the words "die Nacht gescheh'n!" The

<sup>6</sup> St. Peter, of course, figures in both texts. "These bars", writes Stefan, "used as a refrain, are exactly the confession of sin . . . from the Third Symphony. Even here a residue of earth; the saints are reflective. But the inhabitants of heaven feast at ease."

most arresting similarity is found at the top of page 39 of the full score:

*a*

die Nacht ge - schek'n.

*b*

Moreover, the four ascending tones that begin, and are prominent in, the next song, *Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen* (Ah! Now I know Why oft I Caught You Gazing) also begin the chief melody of the Adagietto:

*a*

*b*

The above motive also appears in the *Ronde-Finale*. There is good reason for thinking that the resemblance between a motive in the fugal section of the latter (part of a counter subject) and the *Wunderhorn* song, *Lob des hohen Verstandes* (Praise of Lofty Intellect) was no mere accident:

*a*

*b*

The inescapable conclusion to be drawn from all this is that, for Mahler, symphonic music was not merely a pattern in tones; it was part and parcel of life, of human experience. In fact, he put himself on record as saying that very thing.

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### "MUSIC FOR GOD"

We may be thankful, indeed, that few musical historians have made excuses for Bruckner's music on the ground that, after all, it was written by a *naive* man, for such Bruckner has generally been termed. And *naive* when applied to Bruckner has not been limited in meaning to *simple, humble, or unpretentious*, but includes *unlearned* and *lacking in mental acuteness*: in other words, Bruckner has often been made to look like a fool bordering between senility on the one hand and angelicness on the other. Theresa Weiser in her account of Bruckner (*Music for God*, New York: Philosophical Library, 1951) has him at the outset wanting to be an angel and a musician and establishes from the start the type of person Bruckner has so often been painted to be.

Of course, Mrs. Weiser cannot and does not guarantee that all of the things she has going on in Bruckner's mind from time to time actually did go on there, but what mental processes she does show transpiring certainly convey the notion of Bruckner's being extremely naive in all of the word's meanings. And, while *Music for God* covers all of Bruckner's life, there is little change throughout the life from the Bruckner of the early day. One might have expected some change to have taken place—and even if none did take place, the stature of Bruckner as an adult and a great master would have been better portrayed by a slightly different handling of his later life, not so much in what has been included but in the treatment of it.

Mrs. Weiser, however, has great enthusiasm for Bruckner and doesn't let it relax at any moment. For that reason many people will find the Bruckner which Mrs. Weiser fashions pleasantly amusing. And any reader who takes up the book must realize that it is an extremely sincere and personal picture of Bruckner as Mrs. Weiser has come to know him through accounts of his life and her acquaintance with his music.

CHARLES L. EBLE

Mrs. Weiser has conveyed admirably the sincerity and devoutness of this Austrian peasant who became one of the most controversial composers of the nineteenth century. Her story concerns itself more with the romantic episodes and religious conviction than with his compositions, and will be of interest to students and teachers interested in an approach to Bruckner's creative style.

P. H. L., *Musical Leader* (August, 1951)

A LETTER FROM DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER

Mr Robert G. Gray, Breckman Society  
697 West End Avenue New York 25 N. Y.

Hopital du Dr Schweitzer  
'Lambarené (Gabor)  
Eglise Synodale Française  
Dakar 1952

Lieber Herr Gray

In meinem schweren Leben konnte ich nicht dazu zu arbeiten wie  
ich möchte. Darum kommt meine Antwort auf Ihren lieben Brief vom  
30 Juli 1952 etwas ein Jahr zu spät. Ihnen Sie bitte Nachsicht  
mit mir. Ich freue mich dass Ihre Gesellschaft, die aus Interesse  
für Breckman als Maler in Amerika wirken will, gegründet  
worden ist. Ich habe in meinem Jugend das Aufkommen von Breck-  
man als Malers Kunst erlebt und muss sagen, dass es ein gros-  
ses Erlebnis für mich war. Maler habe ich seine Werke sehr gerne  
sehen er war erschreckt als er mit Septizämie ab ein Jahr Tode

*Erinnerung: Immer dank für die mir Schiffe,  
die im Affenlandungen, die ich nicht zu erhalte,  
Stipendium der angesehenen Eltern, Schwieger*

Gewalt in Amerika und Europa zurückhalten. Was hätte  
er uns noch geschickt. Beide sind einseitig verurteilt. Ihre Kunst  
ist Epitaphmalerei. Eine unentwickelte, gewalttätige Darstellung  
von romantischen Kunst. Und beide grosse Köpfe, jeder in seiner  
Art. Und ich habe den Eindruck, dass unsere Zeit wieder be-  
greifen lernt, was ihre Kunst an Gewalt er trägt er gewaltig-  
keit lernt. Was ich von dem Musikleben in Europa in Amerika  
erfassen heißt diese Hoffnung in mir auflebt. Als diese  
beiden ist ein anderer, Regor, der auch der Welt wie darge-  
schickt werden muss. Ich komme nur noch zu kurzen An-  
haltstellen nach Europa, leider geschuldet ein Sommer. Aber wenn  
ich wieder in der Konzertszeit heimkehre, will ich Breckman als Maler  
hören er wird wieder an ihnen heranschauen. Wenn sie sich erheben  
die heranschauen Anders kann ich das Leben über Musik nicht

MR. ROBERT G. GREY, Bruckner Society  
697 West End Avenue, New York 25, N. Y.

Hopital du Dr. Schweitzer  
Lambaréné (Gabon)  
French Equatorial Africa  
June 1952

DEAR MR. GREY,

My strenuous life keeps me from writing as I would like to. For this reason my reply to your kind letter of July 30, 1951, is about a year late. Please forgive me. I am pleased that your Society, the aim of which is to arouse interest in Bruckner and Mahler in America, has been founded. In my youth I watched Bruckner's and Mahler's music take hold and must say it was a great experience for me. I heard Mahler conduct his works and was stunned when he, suffering from septicemia, returned to Europe from America a doomed man. What gifts might he still have bestowed upon us. Both are spiritually related. Their art is late romanticism. An unexpected, powerful re-birth of romantic art. And both masters, each in his own way. And I am under the impression that our era is once more learning to understand the power and depth and grandeur of their art. What I hear of musical life in Europe and America keeps this hope alive within me. There is another besides these two, Reger, who must again be given to the world. I get to Europe for only short periods, unfortunately in the summer. But if I go home again during the concert season, I am going to hear Bruckner and Mahler and again become intoxicated (*berauschen*) with them. For they are the kind that do intoxicate. I cannot describe the experience of hearing their music in any other way. A thousand thanks for the publications about them which I receive through you.

With warmest greetings,

Devotedly yours,

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

## IN DEFENCE OF BRUCKNER

by Mosco Carner

The following article which appeared in the April 13, 1950, issue of *THE LISTENER* is reprinted with the permission of *THE LISTENER* and the author.

To talk about the symphonic Bruckner with sympathy is often to fall into the role of defending counsel. For Bruckner stands accused of grave offences against what are supposed to be the sacrosanct laws of symphonic writing—laws derived from Beethoven which we are accustomed to apply to everything bearing the title 'symphony'. That there may be different symphonic concepts expressing themselves in new stylistic features, is a fact we incline to forget or to accept only with reluctance. Hence the great number of oblique judgments pronounced not only upon Bruckner but other romantic symphonists. Besides being called a *génie manqué*, what are the more intrinsic accusations against him. Lack of organic structure, awkwardness in the handling of form and orchestra, unsymphonic themes, rambling and repetitiveness, not knowing when to finish and thus producing symphonies of an enormous length (Brahms' 'boa-constrictors'), and so on.

One or two points in this indictment cannot be denied but we may plead certain extenuating circumstances. To begin with, Bruckner came to the symphony late in his career, and he came to it from a sphere hardly appropriate as a preparation for symphonic writing. An organist in a provincial town of Upper Austria, for years writing church music, he was nearly forty when he composed his real 'First' Symphony (D minor). Moreover, up to his move to Vienna in 1868, his opportunities of hearing symphonic music had been few and of little artistic gain to anybody if we are to judge by what we know of musical life in the Upper Austria of the eighteen-fifties. This lack of an early symphonic experience in both the inner and the extrinsic sense may account for Bruckner's shortcomings in technical *savoir faire*. Yet the marvel is that a composer showing apparently so little qualification for a symphonic career should during its course have produced works which are entirely *sui generis*—vast edifices of sound that have often been likened to the structure of a Gothic cathedral. The Bruckner symphonies are laws unto themselves and to apply to them the canon of the 'classical' form is as misguided as it is to measure, say, *Faust* and *War and Peace* by the yardstick of the traditional drama and novel.

Bruckner's conception sprang from psychological roots wholly different from those that fed the symphonic Beethoven and his romantic progenies in Germany: Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Brahms. Bruckner was unintellectual, unliterary, non-speculative and romantically irrational. If he had a predecessor and kindred spirit, it was another Austrian—Schubert. With Schubert a new feeling begins to invade the symphony—a feeling that is stronger than the composer, as often as not driving *him* instead of being coerced by him into the rationale of the Beethovenian form. With Bruckner this impression of an impersonal elemental force dictating character and course of the music becomes perhaps the most striking feature and, at first, a disturbing one. These

'cosmic' explosions and ominous silences before and afterwards—to a mind like Goethe's they would have presented themselves as perhaps the *ne plus ultra* of what he called 'the dæmonic' in art. Bruckner's Goethean 'dæmons' had their habitat in two spheres—religion and nature mysticism. Possessed of a child-like faith and often visited by ecstatic visions, he saw the sole purpose and significance of his creative work in the glorification of his God. With the Catholic saints, his motto was *omnia ad maiorem Dei gloriam* (in his symphonies symbolised by the use of chorales). Linked with this deep-seated emotion was his instinctive closeness to nature, particularly to the majestic and wild grandeur of the Austrian Alps amid which, as a peasant boy and village schoolteacher, he had lived the most impressionable years of his life. With Byron he might have said

I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me; and to me  
High mountains are a feeling.

Such were the mainsprings of Bruckner's creative mind and they largely conditioned the content and form of his symphonies.

Corresponding to the vast content that had to be poured into them, Bruckner expands the individual movement and expands it to a dimension only once or twice anticipated before him: by the Beethoven of the Ninth and the Schubert of the great C major Symphony. Instead of single themes we now have whole groups and the codetta assumes a thematic significance of its own. Where a theme is stated in full at once—mostly in the slow movements—it has a sweep and breadth nowhere else to be found in the post-Beethoven symphony. Moreover, development is no longer confined to its traditional place in the middle and the coda but invades the rest of the movement.

This ploughing-up of the solid ground of the classical symphony affects also the first subjects. With very few exceptions the first subject is introduced only gradually; it grows before our ears, so to speak, from an embryonic cell which lies embedded in a 'womb' usually formed of mysterious string tremolandi, as in the opening of the Fourth Symphony. The result of this technique is to make the whole movement oscillate, to dissolve it into a motion comparable with the ebb and flow of a tide. And here we come to the characteristic feature that is responsible for creating that impression of a cosmic force of which I spoke before: the enormous tidal waves in which the music surges forward from one section to the other ebbing away into nothingness and mounting again from a mysterious groundswell. Hence the many—perhaps too many—climaxes of the Bruckner symphonies. The rough graph below showing the general curve of the first movement of the Fourth may serve as a typical illustration.



Even in the slow movements where such dynamism would not be expected we notice the same principle only that the cumulative effect is achieved less through the growing density of the thematic-contrapuntal fabric than through variation. Yet the most grandiose expression of such 'climactic' thinking is

to be found in the finale. Beethoven's dramatic conception of the symphony had already led him, in the 'Eroica' and still more in the Fifth and Ninth, to a final apotheosis. With Bruckner it becomes a rule. It is in the last movement where both ideologically and thematically he ties the whole symphony together by reintroducing, toward the end, the first theme of the opening movement and announcing it in glorious fashion on the combined brass. The most impressive example is the coda of the finale of the Fifth Symphony, with its contrapuntal combination of the leading motives from all the four movements to which is added a chorale theme of overpowering grandeur.

Music conceived in such terms demands of the listener a new approach. It also demands a temperament and a mind attuned to it. As Schopenhauer says somewhere: 'With a work of art you must behave as with a *grand seigneur*. Stand before it and wait till it speaks to you'. To some Bruckner may never speak, to others he is full of speech.

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#### KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO FRITZ MAHLER

The Mahler Medal, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of *The Bruckner Society of America, Inc.*, was awarded to Fritz Mahler for his efforts to create a greater interest in Gustav Mahler's music in the U. S. A. Mr. Mahler conducted Mahler's *Fourth* on June 15, 1941 (NYA Symphony). The performance was broadcast over WNYC. On March 22 and 23, 1949, the Erie Philharmonic Orchestra under his direction played Mahler's *Second* Symphony for the first time. Mahler's *Tenth* was introduced to American audiences in Erie, Penna., on December 6 and 7, 1949, and on January 21, 1950, the Erie Philharmonic Orchestra under Fritz Mahler's baton gave the radio premiere of this work (broadcast over NBC).

The Erie Philharmonic Orchestra performed the *First* on February 27 and 28, 1951. After the first of these performances, Mayor Clarence K. Pulling, acting on behalf of the Society, presented the Mahler Medal of Honor to Fritz Mahler.

## THE NINTH SYMPHONY OF BRUCKNER

by Charles L. Eble

The closing years of the nineteenth century saw the creation of a work which is slowly coming to be regarded as one of the great peaks of musical achievement of the century. If we look upon the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven as the first great pinnacle and view most of the symphonic works which followed in a lower range not rising near that height, then along this same general level but not by any means dwarfed by the others we encounter the early works of Bruckner. His later symphonies attain a stature equal to their neighbors, but the Eighth looms slightly higher than the others and the Ninth towers far above the rest. Thus, keeping the figurative musical horizon of the century in mind, the two Mt. Everests are the two Ninths, Beethoven's and Bruckner's. At one time, such a proposal would have met strong opposition, but a gradual reassessment has been taking place, and as this Ninth Symphony and others of Bruckner become better known they assume their proper positions in the musical world and the skyline, which we once felt was dominated by the four symphonies of Brahms, becomes even more impressive with some of the Bruckner symphonies. Many critics have finally come to the conclusion that Bruckner can no longer be considered a minor composer, even though for some his music says very little.

With conductors, especially in the United States, Bruckner has seemingly not become particularly fashionable, or to say the least, adequately recognized, and we find very few conductors doing either of the last two great symphonies. Why do our conductors ignore these works? Are the scores unknown? A check of the records reveals that during the last five years the Ninth Symphony of Bruckner was conducted in the United States by three conductors: Walter, Szell, and Clapp. In the concert hall in this country Walter's performance of Bruckner's IX is practically the only one known, and it was his three performances of the Ninth with the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York in December, 1953, the last one of which was broadcast, which brought this to mind. For those who have had to rely upon the phonograph for a hearing of Bruckner's Ninth, Hausegger's reading was the sole one for a long time; now, Adler's and Horenstein's are available, but still not Walter's, or for that matter, Furtwängler's. Moreover, there are no recordings of Bruckner done by Walter, who has always given memorable performances of his works; there are none, either, done by a U.S. orchestra which can be had now, although Bruckner's Seventh was recorded by the Minneapolis Orchestra under Ormandy and for a long time was the only one on the market. We can only hope for better days, for, such a performance of the Ninth as Walter just gave with the Philharmonic Symphony Society should be made available on records.

Listening to Bruckner's Ninth is always for me a great experience. It is a work reflecting the solemn, fanciful, and serene thoughts of a man whose only adequate means of communication was music and in this last work of his, he sketches for us in simple lines and purity of utterance the richness

of his musical maturity. The means and the manner are as one — what is said assumes a natural form. There is no mystery, no complexity; no pretention, no patter. The great stature the symphony attains is the result of simple statement, as in language, and it is not the rhetorical declamation, startling as it often is, that amazes, but the flow of ideas that builds a rhetoric — melodic conceptions that increasingly overwhelm as the composer molds them into expressions of feeling. The eloquence that speaks is the eloquence of meaning.

This last symphony of Bruckner is not music that courses through one's veins as wine and gives wholly pleasurable sensations. There is the seriousness of a great tragedy about it. It arrests and disturbs one's thoughts. Contrasting moments of darkness and brightness seize and hold one in their grip. Often it hastens forward with a sense of urgency and mounting tension that act upon one the same as the unfolding of a tragedy. Here is music that indeed arouses the unfelt feelings and reveals the unuttered sounds that only great art is capable of doing. And just as great art is created only by those few people who apparently have innate powers of vision, it will not in turn affect everyone. And, in turn, one can't hope to understand or feel what an artist has wrought unless he takes the time to study the masterpiece. The meaning is there for those who will let the artist speak to them; that is, who can, so to speak, live the work. One should not expect to be entertained by works which in their very nature are not entertainment.

Walter's performance of the Bruckner on this occasion was an especially moving revelation of the symphony. He sought to convey that which is beyond the written page and most of the symphony exists in that realm. Surely there is little in all music to compare with the final thirty bars of the Adagio as they softly, sadly, and resignedly leave one with his thoughts.

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#### KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO ALFRED WALLENSTEIN

In appreciation of his efforts to create a greater interest in Mahler's music in the United States, the Directors of *The Bruckner Society of America, Inc.*, awarded the Kilenyi Mahler Medal of Honor to Alfred Wallenstein. Wallenstein conducted *Das Lied von der Erde* on January 16 and 17, 1947, in Los Angeles. The Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra under his direction played Mahler's *Fourth* on November 17 and 18, 1949. On April 6 and 7, 1950 and on March 22 and 23, 1951, he conducted Mahler's *Second*. During a rehearsal of the *Second* on March 18, 1951, Janice Moudry made the presentation of the medal to Mr. Wallenstein on behalf of the *Society*.

# MAHLER'S EIGHTH BROADCAST BY CBS AT EASTER

by Jack Diether

Orchestra . . . . .	Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York
Choir I . . . . .	Westminster Choir, John Finley Williamson, Director
Choir II . . . . .	Schola Cantorum, Hugh Ross, Director
Boys' Choir . . . . .	Boys' Chorus from Public School No. 12, Manhattan, Pauline Covner, Teacher
Soprano I ( <i>Magna Peccatrix</i> ) . . . . .	Frances Yeend
Soprano II ( <i>Una poenitentium</i> ) . . . . .	Uta Graf
Soprano ( <i>Mater gloriosa</i> ) . . . . .	Camilla Williams
Alto I ( <i>Mulier Samaritana</i> ) . . . . .	Martha Lipton
Alto II ( <i>Maria Aegyptiaca</i> ) . . . . .	Louise Bernhardt
Tenor ( <i>Doctor Marianus</i> ) . . . . .	Eugene Conley
Baritone ( <i>Pater ecstaticus</i> ) . . . . .	Carlos Alexander
Bass ( <i>Pater profundus</i> ) . . . . .	George London
	Leopold Stokowski, Conductor

The second nation-wide broadcast of Mahler's Eighth Symphony was given from Carnegie Hall on April 9, 1950, under the inspired direction of Leopold Stokowski. The only previous broadcast in America took place exactly eight years before, on April 12, 1942, as the publicly attended climax at the Center Theater, New York, of the incomplete but sole radio festival of Mahler's symphonies in the U. S., with the Radio City Music Hall Symphony, etc., under the late Erno Rapée.

At that time both instrumentation and performance were slightly abridged (the entire instrumental opening of *Part II* was omitted), so the present performance may fairly be called the first introduction of the national audience to the work as a whole, prepared under facilities somewhat approaching those which Mahler intended for it. It is a serious indictment of the American system of broadcasting that this historically important musical event could not be transcribed and repeated once or more, as broadcasts of corresponding significance and unique occurrence customarily are in Britain and elsewhere.

Aside from its evident public success in all three New York performances during the week, I have called the event historically important because, to begin with, it marked the long-awaited return to this work of the conductor who through it gave us 34 years ago the most phenomenally successful production of a Mahler work (tripled to nine performances by public demand) ever heard in this country. If Leopold Stokowski had never achieved the many other spectacular successes associated with his brilliant and unpredictable career, I imagine he would still be remembered with awe as the guiding spirit of that first true introduction of Mahler the symphonist, in his full glory, to the New World. Mahler's international audience has grown enormously since then, yet here in America we have had to wait from March, 1916, to this Easter week of 1950 for another occasion of equal excitement to lovers of his music. During this latter week, for the first time, Mahler the symphonist literally spanned the nation, visually and aurally, for at the same time that the closing strains of the Eighth filled Carnegie Hall in New York, Mahler's other great choral finale was for the first time closing a Philharmonic

season in Los Angeles, in the Second Symphony under Alfred Wallenstein. The coast-to-coast broadcast of the Eighth was the triumphant climax of this first "national Mahler week".

With characteristic Stokowskian boldness, the broadcast was preceded in the concert-hall by the performance of Giovanni Gabrieli's great quarter-hour motet for antiphonal choruses, brass and organ, *In Ecclesiis Benedicite Domino*, and it is unfortunate that this could not have been heard on the air as well. I am convinced that the radio audience would not have been so childish as to regard the Gabrieli as a stick with which to beat Mahler, as some one-track critics of New York could not forbear to do, but rather as a logical predecessor of Mahler's *Veni, Creator Spiritus*, as Mr. Stokowski evidently regards it—two great masters of the baroque style joining hands across three centuries to proclaim the glory of creation in measures of tumultuous joy.

*Allegro impetuoso*—this first indication in the score is the key to the whole interpretation of Mahler's only completely choral conception (apart from the *Frauenchor* of the Third), the *Veni Creator*,<sup>1</sup> and with it Stokowski unlocked its secret and released its true magic. It sounded as Mahler is said to have conceived it, as a spiritual *tour de force*, "all in a breath", so to speak. The opening was like an irrepressible outburst of pure elation, a spiritual excitement unmixed for the only time in Mahler's work with painful feelings, which here are relegated to the brief "*Infirma nostri corporis*" section. The great fugue and reprise, under Stokowski's unfaltering hand, strode past with an extraordinary vocal animation that left the listener breathless with sheer emotional participation. No wonder Stokowski is the conductor for this hymn of praise: either one is "impetuoso" (whether the score says so or not) or one isn't. The word is in a way an index and challenge to the conductor's spiritual vitality. Comparative haste is but its outer manifestation, yet the radically different Stokowskian conception of the main *tempo* is already suggested by comparing his 20-minute reading with other conductors' 25 or more.

The ethereal atmosphere of much of the *Second Part* (wisely sung in the original German) was enhanced by Stokowski's brilliant reading, of which a comparison with the recent notable Hollywood Bowl performance<sup>2</sup> is instructive. The two performances of *Part II* were the same in actual duration, about 55 minutes—yet Ormandy had nowhere the lightness and buoyancy of Stokowski, and the latter nowhere dragged or sprawled as Ormandy did. This is partly explained by the fact that one frequently speeded up where the other slowed down, but not entirely, as Stokowski was somewhat *slower* in part of the E- and B-major sections, where most of Ormandy's sentimental dragging occurred, and faster in the initial E flat minor *Adagio*, where that problem does not arise. It is really a matter of phrasing, whereby passages in the later sections that were actually as slow or slightly slower under Stokowski still sounded more animated. This can only be explained by Stokowski's profound and genuine penetration of the melodic structure. (It is just the reverse of many of Stokowski's and Ormandy's respective interpretations, for instance the opening of *Tod und Verklärung*, which Stokowski sentimentalizes with preposterous slurs where Ormandy positively makes you shiver with his lean ominous *pianissimi*.) Only one passage was curiously

<sup>1</sup> By "completely choral" I mean that here, in contradistinction to the *Second Part* of the symphony, the solo voices are like the *concertino* of a *concerto grosso* for voices wherein solo ensemble and chorus are in continuous interchange or combination.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Chord & Discord*, vol. 2, no. 6.

heavier and slower under Stokowski, the second *Chorus of the Younger Angels*, "Ich spuer' soeben", which under Ormandy was the most lilting part of the *Scherzo*; and so I was no little surprised to discover that Mahler had actually marked the beginning of the passage "*etwas gehalten*".

I cannot say how the orchestral balance sounded in the hall, but over the air the instrumental transparency was remarkable, and the necessary feeling of depth and space realised to a considerable degree. Least successful, however, were the sections that should have been most transparent, those from the entry of the harmonium, at "*Dir, der Unberuehrbaren*", to the opening of the *Chorus Mysticus*, and including those ethereal and ever-changing textures of harp, celesta, piano, mandolin and harmonium. Of the special instruments, I felt that the mandolin could have been even more audible. (It is usually completely inaudible, but as Mr. Stokowski is an enlightened champion of electric instruments, why didn't he procure an electric mandolin for this important part?) The harmonium was clearer than usual, but when are we going to hear the clearly defined registrations of harmonium and organ that Mahler so carefully differentiated in the score? It is too bad that these simple effects apparently offer such complete bafflement to engineers who in the *Veni Creator* have kept those great polyphonic forces in such perfect equilibrium.

The solo singers were generally excellent, most notably the basso George London, who has recently distinguished himself in the Vienna recordings of the Haydn Society, and who, like soprano Frances Yeend, also participated in the recent Eighth under Ormandy. But, unfortunately for the broadcast, Mr. Stokowski or the singers felt impelled to dispense for acoustic purposes with virtually every *pianissimo*; so that the very first *dolce* entry of the solo ensemble, "*Imple superna gratia*", for instance, emerged over the air in a blanketing *fortissimo*. The solo verses in *Part II* were more dynamically resilient, and in the case of Mr. London's exposition of the part of the *Pater profundus*, with its accompaniment foreshadowing the Ninth Symphony, offered an especially moving experience. The choruses, like those in the Hollywood Bowl, showed the gratifying effects of obviously loving preparation.

It is a pity that this great performance was not commercially recorded, and if in the fullness of time we should finally be favored with an acceptable recording of the Eighth, by a great chorus and orchestra under Mr. Stokowski's direction, lovers of this music would owe one more debt of gratitude to the long-term perseverance of the some-time virtuoso of the podium (not consciously, I think), and to his manifest seriousness of artistic conscience where this work is concerned. It should be a source of deep envy to the other leading conductors more closely associated with the name of Mahler, that the Eighth has definitely become, in this country, "Stokowski's work".

## TWO STUDIES ON BRUCKNER'S SYMPHONIES

By Egon Wellesz

The following article, which appeared in two different parts in the February 24, 1949, and April 21, 1949, issues of *THE LISTENER*, is reprinted with the permission of *THE LISTENER* and the author.

### THE EARLY SYMPHONIES

It is more than half a century since Anton Bruckner died on October 11, 1896, in Vienna in an annexe of the Imperial Palace called 'The Belvedere', where the Emperor Francis Joseph had placed an apartment at the disposal of the ageing composer. In his native country, in Holland, Switzerland and Germany, the position of Bruckner as a great symphonic composer is firmly established. It is different in this country where up to now there have only been occasional performances of one or other of his nine symphonies. The reason for this refusal of conductors to perform and of the public to listen to Bruckner's symphonies is probably the same as that which for a long time hindered his success in Vienna. Towards the end of the nineteenth century and at the beginning of the twentieth the Brahmsian type of symphonic structure was considered the model of perfection: an elaborate connection of the sections, smooth transitions from one theme to another, were its characteristic features. Bruckner worked in strong contrasts, in abrupt changes from one mood to another. To the two themes of the first movement a third is often added, making necessary a more extended treatment of the sections. The contrapuntal treatment of the themes, particularly in the first and fourth movements, made his symphonies longer than the usual type and demanded greater concentration from the public.

It is not difficult to find an approach to Bruckner's symphonies if he is seen as the legitimate heir and successor of Schubert. He is typically Austrian in his musical idiom, which expresses the beauty of his native country; sumptuously built monasteries on the slopes of hills, surrounded by farms which lead to wide meadow lands and far away, in the background, the chain of the Alps. We must know a little about the man and the surroundings from which he came in order to understand the character of his music: the grandeur of his first themes, always followed by cantilenas in the strings and the woodwind suggesting walks in the country; the dance tunes of his scherzos, the broad melodies of his adagios, which reveal the deep, religious soul of Bruckner; the majestic character of his finales which sometimes culminate in chorales in the brass.

Bruckner was born in a little village in Upper-Austria, in fertile, hilly country through which the Danube runs. It is the country of the Nibelungenlied in which, since 1700, the Prukners lived, a clan of landowners, town-councillors, teachers, innkeepers and peasants. Bruckner himself, born at Ansfelden in 1827, was the son of a teacher and followed the career of his father. It is fascinating to follow Bruckner's development on the one hand from a simple assistant teacher to the position of a cathedral organist at Linz and

finally to that of a teacher of musical theory at the Conservatory in Vienna and lecturer in the University; on the other hand, from the lad who earned his money by playing the fiddle at peasant dances, to the man who only considered that he had finished his studies in composition at the age of thirty-nine. During the last years of his study he had already written an overture and two symphonies, but his shyness prevented him from seeing in them more than 'exercises'.

His First Symphony in C minor was composed in the years 1865-6. It shows all the characteristics of Bruckner's mature style, above all his tendency, which obviously derives from Beethoven, to make the finale the crowning movement of the work.

The Second Symphony, again in C minor, was written in 1871-2. In the meantime Bruckner had been appointed to a professorship at the Vienna Conservatory and had composed a Mass. He also gave concerts on the organ in various towns. On August 2, 1871, Bruckner gave a performance in the Albert Hall, and it was here, in London, that he got the first inspiration for the finale of the symphony. The Second Symphony is structurally much simpler than the First and Bruckner took particular care to distinguish the various sections by pauses which, as one of Bruckner's biographers paradoxically, but rightly, put it, connect, not divide, the sections. It is a pastoral symphony which his friends called the 'Upper-Austrian' symphony.

The Third Symphony in D minor followed quickly in 1873. While Bruckner was occupied with its composition he decided to dedicate his work to Richard Wagner for whom he had a great admiration. After he had finished the score he travelled to Bayreuth in the hope of seeing Wagner and showing him the symphony. Bruckner told his friends about the agonies he suffered until he succeeded in seeing Wagner and in persuading him to glance at the work. Wagner at first made excuses, but finally took the score and asked Bruckner to come back in a few hours. When he returned, Wagner embraced him, expressed his admiration and accepted the dedication. Wagner's interest changed Bruckner's position. The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra performed the *Wagner-Symphonie* and Bruckner had his first triumph, though the music critics, who were on the side of Brahms, still tried to minimise his importance.

The first movement of the Third Symphony opens with a motive in the trumpet, so characteristic as to be unforgettable. The second theme, in the strings, which has the sweetness of a Schubert melody, sings again of the landscape of Upper Austria. At the end of the development the fanfare in the trumpet is taken up by the full orchestra in unison and instantly transformed into a chorale so that the climax of the movement comes in the middle of it, a daring and very effective innovation. The adagio of the Third Symphony already has all the moving power of Bruckner's later works. There is to my mind no other composer, apart from Beethoven and Schubert, who has written adagios of such deep expression, so free from any human frailty or sentimentality. It is from his adagios that one can best learn to recognise the greatness and noble spirit of Bruckner's symphonies. The scherzo is a quick country dance; its derivation from Schubert's scherzi is obvious. At first hearing the last movement may offer the greatest difficulties, as is always the case with Bruckner. But the tension of the finale is so strong that the hearer is kept under the spell of the composer, who proceeds from climax to climax and ends his work with a triumphant fanfare in D major.

Bruckner's orchestration was challenged by some critics to be too Wagnerian.

Some years ago, however, the publication of the original versions from the manuscripts deposited in the National Library in Vienna revealed substantial divergences between them and the scores from which his works were played. Bruckner's original scoring was, particularly in his first six symphonies, much more on classical than on romantic lines. It was proved by the editors that Bruckner's pupils Schalk and Loewe, later his most devoted interpreters, had persuaded him to make changes and also suggested alterations which he accepted. The publication of the original versions seemed to restore Bruckner's own intention and most conductors have now turned to the new edition. The problem, however, is complicated. Passages in Bruckner's letters clearly show that he agreed wholeheartedly to some of the alterations, e.g. to the introduction by Nikisch of one stroke of the cymbals at the climax of the *adagio* of the Seventh Symphony. Indeed the question becomes more complex the more it is studied, and it will be necessary to return to it in connection with his later symphonies where the changes are particularly far-reaching, especially in the case of the Ninth which was re-scored and edited by Loewe after Bruckner's death.

### THE LAST SYMPHONIES

Bruckner's Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Symphonies are his greatest works. The sketches for the Seventh Symphony date from 1881. In the summer of 1882 Bruckner went to Bayreuth to hear 'Parsifal'. He was frequently the guest of Wagner, who once said in Bruckner's presence: 'I know of only one man who comes near to Beethoven: Bruckner'. After all the years of suffering, and the vicious attacks of the powerful Viennese critic Hanslick, Wagner's words gave Bruckner new confidence. From Bayreuth he went to St. Florian, the Benedictine monastery which was his real home, and here he finished the first movement of his Seventh Symphony in E major. The opening theme in the horn and cello is one of the most inspired themes in the whole of symphonic literature; the more often one hears it the more deeply one is impressed by its miraculous simplicity, its classical beauty. It is immediately repeated by the full orchestra, and followed by the second theme, consisting of a group of shorter motives which are developed and lead to a climax. Suddenly the third theme begins, *pianissimo*. It is a kind of Austrian dance-tune, typical of Bruckner. It is as if he had left the grandeur of the princely monastery to walk through the surrounding hills and meadows. After a short development section the repetition begins with the first theme and leads to a coda dominated by the first bars of the first theme. Never before had Bruckner achieved a first movement as concise and powerful as this one. It is surpassed only by the *adagio* of the same symphony, which Bruckner began three weeks before Wagner's death. In a letter to the conductor Felix Mottl, his former pupil, he wrote: 'One day I came home very sad. I thought that Wagner could not live much longer and the idea of the C sharp minor *adagio* came to me'.

The *adagio* in C sharp minor is written in the classical form of two contrasting themes followed by variations. It is an *Adagio funebre*; what Bruckner meant by this is expressed in the fourth bar of the main theme which is identical with his setting of the words *Non confundar in aeternum* in his 'Te Deum.' This spirit is confirmed by the second theme, a tranquilly flowing cantilena in the violins, and by the powerful climax of the movement in C major with the sustained high G of the trumpet. The sudden modulation to C major is felt

as a relief from a long-sustained tension; it is as if the rays of the sun broke through the clouds. Here in the *adagio* and again in the finale, Bruckner made use of four 'Wagner'-tubas. The solemn sound of these instruments, played by a second group of horn-players, occurs again in the Eighth Symphony and in the *adagio* of the Ninth.

The first performance of the Seventh Symphony was in Leipzig on December 30, 1884. By January 1, 1885, the news had spread all over the musical world that a great new symphonic composer had arisen. Meanwhile Bruckner at the age of sixty had started work on his Eighth Symphony which was finished in 1887. As in the Seventh Symphony he begins the first movement with a *tremolo* on the violins. The first theme is first introduced *pianissimo* in the violas, cello and double-basses, and is repeated *fortissimo* by the full orchestra. It has not the great unbroken line of the main theme of the Seventh Symphony, but it has a more restrained vigour and contains all the potentialities of a symphonic development.

The second movement, the scherzo, is a boisterous peasant dance, most effectively scored, leading to a romantic trio in which Bruckner makes use for the first time of a harp to accompany an expressive melody in the horns. The *adagio* is, again, the most impressive movement of the symphony. Bruckner still keeps to the classical scheme of theme and variations, but combines this with the more extended development usual in sonata-form. The coda of the *adagio* has a quite exceptional beauty of sound; here Bruckner achieved something which fully justifies Wagner's dictum: the *adagio* reaches the heights of Beethoven's *adagios*.

The last movement starts *fortissimo* with a vigorous first theme to which the broad melodic line of the second is in strong contrast. These two groups alternate. At the end of the movement all the main themes of the symphony are combined contrapuntally.

The Eighth Symphony is dedicated to the Emperor Francis Joseph who offered to pay for the engraving of the score. It is hardly believable that after the success of the first performance of the Seventh Symphony Bruckner still had to struggle for acknowledgment in Vienna, and was unable to get any of his symphonies published. But it was impossible for him to overcome Hanslick's enmity and, it must be said, Brahms' undisguised hostility. Brahms once said that he considered Bruckner to be the greatest living symphonic composer, but Bruckner's musical idiom was opposed to his own. Brahms was the representative of North German liberal society. Bruckner was Austrian to the core and a fervent Catholic. The clash between the two diametrically opposed artistic creeds was inevitable and Brahms had the Viennese critics and the conservative musical society on his side. It is no wonder that the hopeless struggle finally undermined Bruckner's health. He fell ill in 1890 and had to give up his professorship at the Conservatory. But the Vienna University honoured him by conferring upon him, on December 7, 1891, the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Soon after the ceremony, which gave him a new impetus, Bruckner began his Ninth Symphony in D minor on which he worked until his death. In 1894 the third movement, the *adagio*, was finished. In 1895 Bruckner was working on the finale, but his health declined and the last movement remained a fragment.

The first movement begins *misterioso* with a recitative on the eight horns against the tremolo of the strings. It is followed by an agitated passage in the violins. The tension increases. The passage is now taken up by the wood-

wind, and leads to the main theme which is introduced by the full orchestra in unison. This climax is followed by a few bars in a mood of breathless anxiety. Now the second group of themes begins, a most moving, extended section in the strings. The third theme, too, is on an unusual scale; it extends over nearly sixty bars. The length of the first part of the movement necessitates a break with the usual sonata-form. Instead of using the tripartite form Bruckner moulds the development section and the repetition into one and adds a coda dominated by the introductory recitative in the trumpets.

The scherzo is a kind of stylised dance. There is something phantom-like in its obstinate rhythm and its abrupt changes between *pianissimo* and *fortissimo* sections. The character of unreality is maintained in the trio, the only quick one in all Bruckner's symphonies.

The third movement, the *adagio*, begins with a passionate melody in the first violins. We know from the sketches that the melodic and harmonic perfection of the theme was reached only after a hard struggle; Bruckner tried again and again to get his vision on to paper before he finally succeeded. The second theme is a mournful chorale on the horns and tubas which Bruckner called his 'adieu to life'; there is a beauty in this theme which tells of a man whose thoughts no longer belong to this world. Both themes are developed in a group of free variations. The coda closes peacefully in E major. Never before had Bruckner's genius achieved such perfection of structure, such thematic originality, as in his last symphony, and its *adagio* is the most moving end to the symphonic work of a composer whose figure rises unmistakably above his contemporaries.

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#### KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO LEONARD BERNSTEIN

In recognition of his efforts to create greater interest in and appreciation of Mahler's music in the United States, the Mahler Medal of Honor, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of *The Bruckner Society of America, Inc.*, was presented to Leonard Bernstein after a performance of Mahler's II at the Koussevitzky Memorial Concert in Tanglewood, Mass., on August 8, 1953. Since the late Dr. Koussevitzky himself had espoused the cause of Mahler's music, the performance of the *Resurrection Symphony* was a fitting tribute to his memory. Acting on behalf of the Society, the presentation was made by Mr. Tucker Keiser of the *Boston Post*.

Mr. Bernstein has given performances of Mahler's II in New York, Boston, Chicago, and Tanglewood.

## A NOTE ON FORM IN MAHLER'S SYMPHONIES

by David Rivier

The charges most frequently leveled at Mahler's symphonies are those of excessive length and looseness of form. The two criticisms are actually one since the length of a work, in terms of clock time, is in itself insignificant except as related to the formal structure of that work. Now, that the Mahler symphonies are extremely long in comparison with most others is undeniable; even the shortest, the First and Fourth, are of great proportions. But simply to call them long (as do so many critics), without reference to their formal design, is pointless. After all, a work like Strauss' *Salome* is also long in terms of clock time, longer than the longest Mahler symphony; the same is true of almost any single act from the Wagner dramas. But these stage pieces are not developed in strict accordance with their musical potential; they follow a dramatic schema which offers both support to and distraction from the musical framework. A symphony, on the other hand, must stand as naked music without benefit of a literary dramatic structure; the listener is called upon to concentrate in a contemplation of pure abstractions. The result is a conventional self-limitation in symphonic writing, as though brevity were indispensable for successful handling of the medium.

It is precisely in his expansive concept of the symphony (in which he departs most from the traditional form) that Mahler's genius asserts itself so clearly. He posed his own problems of design and balance, and each of his symphonies is a solution, for the most part successful. As a result he gave new life to the badly worn sonata form, making it something new though still recognizable (as in the *Veni, creator spiritus!* of the Eighth Symphony). The proportions of his opening movements are immeasurably greater than those of the classic symphony, yet the classic balance remains. To criticize such works for their magnitude (without reference to their similarly richer motivic material) is as absurd as to condemn St. Peter's for being larger than Chartres cathedral, or to suggest that all portraits should be the size of Holbein's Thomas More. It is a truism, but one too frequently forgotten, that for each work of art the form must correspond to its special needs. A model can only serve as a point of departure; literal recreation would be inane. Simply conceive of a contemporary writing a typical Haydn symphony with original themes.

All this may seem unnecessarily elaborate for the simple purpose of denying that the length of a work is a suitable criterion for criticism. Yet these points are precisely what a great many critics overlook; it is still a commonplace to dismiss a Mahler symphony as over-long without further comment.

The same lack of perception is found when these same superficial critics point to weak structure or loose form, particularly in the outer movements (as in the Second and Seventh symphonies). There is, on the contrary, and particularly in these large first and final movements of most of the symphonies, a careful ordering of material, aiming for a complete harmony of overall design with the minutest details. Padding is unknown; all is consequent and



In the Ninth Symphony the whole work seems dominated by the disarmingly simple melody at the beginning:



Apart from being the principal subject of the *Andante comodo* it also dominates all three of the chief ideas of the second movement:



The second of these, in a later version—



—is a foreshadowing of the great melody of the *Adagio*, with a strikingly similar harmonic scheme.



The famous motive of the minor third, also important in the final movement of the *Song of the Earth*, is similarly foreshadowed in the first movement (cf. Ex. 3-b)

The whole Ninth Symphony is a summing up of Mahler's achievement, with its conscious references to the Third and Fifth (in the *Rondo-Burlesk*), and *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen* in the *Andante comodo*. The melody quoted in Example 3 above has its prototype in each of the preceding symphonies, and most notably in the Third in the setting for the words, "Gib Acht! Gib Acht!"

It almost seems that Mahler's entire work was planned in advance on a massive scale, a set of continuing chapters, each related to the others by

subtle interior motivic ideas. The first four symphonies, as has often been remarked, form a tetralogy. The First is a youthful prelude climaxed by a triumphant earthly paradise. In the Second the triumph is one of divine resurrection, as is made clear by the text, while in the Third nature and love on earth provide the philosophical answer. In the Fourth, with its suggestions of parody and nostalgia, it would seem that resurrection is only a child's dream, accepted for its incidental charm instead of revealing truth.

There are no clues to the trilogy of Fifth, Sixth and Seventh, except for the explicit pessimism of the Sixth, in which it may be said that death is seen in its most terrifying aspects. The Fifth and Seventh are both affirmative and joyous, each proceeding tonally upward, from C# minor to D major and from B minor to C major. In the Eighth death leads to a transfiguration, which is in turn modified by the calm resignation of the Song of the Earth and the Ninth and Tenth symphonies. In the Ninth the tonality is recessive, the contrary of the Fifth and Seventh, descending from D to D flat.

We have a right to infer some of these philosophical views from Mahler's music because of his own frequent recourse to the word. The essential thing, however, is that the music can stand as well, or better, without any such non-musical implications. Apart from the power of its natural inspiration, this success is due to the wonderful unity of the entire works, taken as movement, symphony or total life achievement. This is almost a unique phenomenon among composers of the century—Debussy, in his utterly different way, is perhaps the only other example. Richard Strauss is certainly not another, for Strauss too often fails to achieve satisfying form. In *Heldenleben*, for example, the natural development of the music is distorted to fulfill a preconceived program, so that in the section, "The Hero's Works of Peace," the structure disintegrates and the music is acceptable only as literature, a chapter of an epic, or even better, a novel. Musically there is only a series of superficially related fragments. It is also striking how naive Strauss' aims seem in contrast to Mahler's idealism. The preoccupation with death (and Macbeth, Don Juan, Till, Quixote, the Hero, the poet of *Tod und Verklärung* all die) is expressed in terms of imitative, physical effects: the stabbing sword, the choking rope, the expiring breath. The more literary and programmatic Strauss became, the less successful was his orchestral music. Perhaps that is why his progressive decline as a composer in instrumental forms was matched by his ascendancy as a writer of music drama.

Mahler, on the other hand, never surrendered to the appeal of spectacle. The large orchestra, the vocal parts, the giant personnel for the Eighth—these were called upon as legitimate resources to increase the intensity of the purely musical expression—even the cowbells of the Sixth and Seventh Symphonies are intended only as added percussion with no suggestion of Alpine pastures. Herein lies a possible answer to the frequent question: why did Mahler destroy his early operas and never write another? Observing his gradually maturing technique through the songs and symphonies it would seem that he became increasingly reluctant to bend music to the expression of dramatic action or represent his vision of the world through expression with literal significance. If he had conceived of music in different terms his accomplishment might have been less; in handling the symphony he would have failed to produce the splendid structural balance of the later works and instead would simply have given us exercises in formalism, as did Strauss in his last years when he turned to the absolute musical patterns

like the concerto. But Mahler chose the more difficult path of refashioning the traditional forms, achieving balance, not through a superficial conjunction of the classic symphony and his own ideas, but through a subtle (and arduous) evolution from the standards of his contemporaries to his own self-contained unique masterpieces.

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### IN MEMORIAM

Philip Greeley Clapp, composer, conductor, pianist, educator, and author, for thirty-four years head of the Music Department of the State University of Iowa, died suddenly of a heart ailment on April 9, 1954, in Iowa City. A strong champion of the music of both Bruckner and Mahler, Dr. Clapp, with the University of Iowa Symphony Orchestra, had performed more works of these two composers than any other American conductor. The Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Ninth symphonies of Bruckner, First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Seventh symphonies and *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* of Mahler were all conducted by him at concerts in Iowa City. He had planned to do Bruckner's Eighth during the 1954 summer session. His close acquaintance with the scores of Bruckner and Mahler had revealed to him while still a student the greatness of these two. Before the general public had had a chance to hear many of their works, he had written articles about their music for the *Boston Transcript*, and, in his courses at the University of Iowa, he played their scores on the piano when records were not available. Several articles were written by him especially for CHORD AND DISCORD. For his performances of the works of Bruckner and Mahler, the *Bruckner Society of America, Inc.*, had awarded him both the Bruckner and Mahler medals of honor. His vast erudition, wise, friendly counsel, and musical ideals enriched the lives of the countless people who knew him, and his influence on the musical life of this country will long be a shaping force.

## MINNEAPOLIS AND PITTSBURGH

By Virgil Thomson

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Traveling westward recently, it was the pleasure of your reporter to hear two of our major regional orchestras in their home cities, Minneapolis and Pittsburgh. Both, by the way, will be playing in New York later this season.

### ANTAL DORATI

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, now playing its fifty-first season, has a long history of sound management and of good musical direction. Eugene Ormandy and Dimitri Mitropoulos have each served there for a decade and more, and both have left behind them unforgotten high standards of music making. Antal Dorati, the present conductor, is a skilled interpreter and a sound trainer. Conducting his orchestra myself, I was impressed by the virtuoso abilities of all the first-desk players, the orchestra's own soloists. Also by the solid schooling of the string sections. This orchestra learns quickly, plays dependably and gives a good sound. Particularly delightful, under Mr. Dorati's hand, were an ever so delicate and poetic reading of Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and a very distinguished performance, at once grandiose and jolly, of Haydn's exquisite Symphony in B flat major, commonly known as No. 98. In the finale of the latter piece the concertmaster, Rafael Druian, did some mighty graceful solo playing, too.

### NOVELTIES

The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, playing last Sunday afternoon under its regular conductor, William Steinberg, provided what happened to be, for this listener, a complete program of novelties. There was Gluck's melodious and nobly animated overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," a great rarity to any one these days; and it was handled by Mr. Steinberg in the grand manner. There was also Rachmaninoff's Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini, which (believe it or not) I had never heard in concert (and do not care whether I hear again), played by Benno Moiseiwitsch (a pianist whom I look forward to hearing again). The performance was immensely applauded. I found it a little on the machine-gun side, though accurate enough note-wise.

The final novelty was Anton Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, played obviously with love and a deep respect, though it had been cut by about a quarter of an hour down to a running-time of only fifty minutes. And Mr. Steinberg had taken the liberty of substituting four tenor tubas for the two tenor and two bass ones indicated in the score. He had added also for the tutti passages one each of the woodwind instruments and a fourth trumpet, and these would have sounded even richer if he had been able to add extra strings, too. For Bruckner needs an opulent sound, profits from one.

## THE BRUCKNER PEOPLE

Bruckner is a composer whose work has never been popular but which has never lacked the respect of musicians. It has also long been deeply loved by many, and I have always been impressed by the fact that the devotees of this music are likely to be persons of elevated character. One can fail to perceive the grandeur of the music itself, but one can not avoid facing the fact that its lovers are neither knaves nor fools.

Many of them, of course, are of German extraction, particularly Austrian, for the music has an atavistic appeal to the religious feelings of those whose childhood was spent among the churches, at once vastly simple and vastly ornate, of the Austrian Baroque. But its spell goes deeper than that. It has the fascination of the pure in heart; there is no lowness or meanness in it, no irony, no wit, no comment. It has only aspiration and the loyalty of careful workmanship. Almost no other composer has sustained throughout a lifetime an attitude toward his work of such serenity, such elevation. These qualities, unsalted by dramatic objectivity or any flavor of the picturesque, have long seemed a bit pallid to the more spicy musical tastes of the Latin countries. Holland, on the other hand, is the seat of a real Bruckner cult. The seriousness of his music, a seriousness in no way false or pompous, has won, in fact, the admiration everywhere of music lovers who are not pre-conditioned to reject the serious. And the childlike anti-intellectualism of Bruckner's expressive content has no less warded off the enthusiasms of those who can accept the serious only when it is also pretentious.

## BRUCKNER'S SEVENTH

Bruckner's Seventh Symphony contains the whole of Bruckner, his Schubertian melodic spontaneity, his suave and somewhat static harmony, his perfection of contrapuntal flow, his taste for a rich and organ-like use of the brass instruments (he was an organist) and his weakness for vast architectural layouts. Much of the thematic material is strong, very strong. It is a piece worth knowing, whether one is going to love it or not. Mr. Steinberg, who evidently loves it, had lavished on it great care. The precision that is characteristic of all this conductor's work can be sometimes a bit coldly theatrical when not warmed from the heart. The Rachmaninoff Rhapsody had been like that. Not so the Gluck or the Bruckner. These were, as is their nature, noble and grand. And I was glad to note that the Pittsburgh orchestra, which had declined somewhat in discipline and in expressive ability under the long stretch of guest-conductors that followed Fritz Reiner's resignation, is again a major musical instrument.

*(New York Herald Tribune, Dec. 27, 1953)*

## MAHLER'S SYMPHONY IS CHEERED AT LAST

By Louis Biancolli

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Perhaps the most thrilling aspect of Bruno Walter's reading of Mahler's First Symphony two weeks ago was the spectacular response of the crowd.

Now, it wasn't a capacity audience by any means; this is sad to recall, considering what a magnificent reading it was and how the Philharmonic, for reasons artistic and budgetary, rates a customer in every seat these days.

But that was one honey of an audience in the way it received the Mahler symphony and what Mr. Walter did to it. When you think what an uphill struggle it has been for the music of Mahler, it was good to hear the cheering at that Sunday matinee.

As I listened I thought uneasily of the years it took me to warm up to Mahler. There was some comfort in the knowledge that I wasn't alone in being slow.

A few rows in back of me sat one of the finest pianists of our time, a highly cultured woman with broad musical tastes and a sense of tradition. When I went up to her to shake hands she said, almost challengingly:

"I adore Mahler, and I'm not ashamed to admit it!"

That was before the symphony started. The remark stayed with me till the performance was over and the cheering broke out from all parts of the house.

The lady's statement was symbolic. Mahler is by no means fixed in the current repertory. Conductors like Walter and Mitropoulos and Ormandy and Bernstein have been laboring nobly to entrench him beyond displacement. There is still work ahead.

But when one recalls the bitter hostility there used to be against Mahler's symphonies, the early departures from the concert hall by bored or indignant patrons, the harsh criticism, it is something to witness a collective outburst like that of two Sundays ago.

Just what has it taken to make Mahler more accessible to listeners? The music remains as he wrote it; the performances cannot have improved so drastically. Walter has been conducting Mahler for at least half a century.

The answer would have to take care of still another question: Just what makes a "classic," or, to put it differently, just when does a "classic" become a "classic"?

I suppose we have to assume that the music was worth while from the start. That is, it was largely a matter of making the public aware of this fact. The force, the beauty, the originality, were all there—but they weren't reaching the public.

All artistic masterpieces are that way. If they are bold and different, it takes time for most of us to get behind the boldness and the difference and glimpse the artist and the genius at work. Only repeated hearings can do this in music.

And repeated hearings are possible only if conductors believe in the composer and communicate the courage of their conviction to the public. Grad-

ually the music sinks in and in time, as if spontaneously, the public "discovers" it.

From being a name tacked on to a symphony, the composer now looms as a human being engaged in high artistic endeavor. There is a growing interest in his personal life and the remainder of his musical output.

From year to year this interest grows; the repertory slowly expands to accommodate more and more of the composer's music. Biographical studies begin to appear, and clues to the meaning of his music are hunted everywhere.

The symphony, if such it be, has become "repertory." No conductor can safely ignore it any longer. No orchestra can keep it for long out of its seasonal rounds.

And by the same token no listener can afford to deny himself this new and exciting adventure along the highway of music. A classic is born.

(*New York World-Telegram and Sun*, February 6, 1954)

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#### KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO WILLIAM STEINBERG

In appreciation of his efforts to create a greater interest in Bruckner's music in the United States, the Directors of *The Bruckner Society of America, Inc.*, awarded the Kilenyi Bruckner Medal of Honor to William Steinberg. Mr. Steinberg broadcast Bruckner's *Fourth* over a nationwide hookup (NBC Orchestra) on March 4, 1939. On December 7, 1948, he conducted the first Buffalo performance of the *Seventh*.

The Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra Society under his direction performed the *Fourth* on December 17 and 19, 1950. After the first of these performances, Mr. Frank N. Farrar, President of the Buffalo Orchestra Society, presented the medal on behalf of the *Society*.

## U. S. PREMIERE OF SCHOENBERG'S ERWARTUNG

*Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor; Dorothy Dow, Soloist; Nov. 15, 16, and 18, 1951. (The last performance was broadcast over CBS.)*

Dimitri Mitropoulos has come forward once again with one of those bold strokes of program-making that gives much-needed impetus to local concert activity. He offered last night, in concert form, the first of three performances of Schoenberg's monodrama, "Erwartung," and by this means transported us within the walls of Carnegie Hall to the uncanny world of terror and frustration that was so dear to German Expressionists early in this century and led them to a new idiom capable of conveying spasmodic, unconscious and unusually bitter impulses. In its first American performance, with Dorothy Dow singing the very difficult single role with extraordinary accuracy, this opera of half-hour duration did not have the shock of "modernism" so far as its textures were concerned. These were quite fabulous from the point of view of instrumentation and color, but it was the dramatic conception that was startling. The idea of a woman entering the dark woods for a tryst with her lover and talking to herself in truncated phrases as her expectation ("Erwartung") mounts is in itself rather odd. It is still odder when, after scouring the woods in desperation to find him, she comes upon him lying dead, and continues her monologue, now addressing the corpse in amorous phrases.

Like the music, her thoughts jump abruptly from one matter to another and are full of suggestion. The ominous nocturnal sounds cause her to hear things you are never quite sure are really there. The ideal medium for it, I think, would be a cinema of very advanced technique with one shot dissolving into another and revealing both the hallucinations of the inner mind and the actual frightening occurrences of nature in a forest at night.

The performance under Mr. Mitropoulos was primarily a reminder of the theater possibilities. Since these possibilities go ignored there was every reason for the Philharmonic to present the work in concert. The conductor's incredible ability to execute works of atonal leaning is, moreover, something to take good advantage of. The accuracy of note and rhythm was itself phenomenal, and this goes for Miss Dow's singing, too. When singers and players are more accustomed to this music, we may expect more varied, tenuous and febrile readings, and these should help widen the audience for Schoenberg and his orbit. As it was, the playing was as fine as we may expect today, and the audience showered enthusiastic applause and bravos on it.

ARTHUR BERGER,  
*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

Arnold Schoenberg wrote "Erwartung," a short opera or cantata or, as he called it, a "monodrama," in 1909. At long last, forty-two years later, the piece received its first performance in this country last night, with Dimitri Mitropoulos, an ardent advocate of Schoenberg, conducting the Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall.

Mr. Mitropoulos probably would have got around to this score in time. Since Schoenberg died last July, the conductor seized the opportunity to do the work, certainly one of the composer's major efforts, as a memorial tribute. He could not have paid his respects more devotedly.

"*Erwartung*," which translates into "Expectation," is based on a dramatic—perhaps the more accurate word is literary—idea of Schoenberg's, for whom Marie Pappenheim prepared the actual German text. It tells of a woman who goes out to meet her lover in a forest in the dark of night and who stumbles over his dead body. You never find out what woman, what lover, what forest or what did him in. The eerie night and the woman's strange emotions are the burden of "plot" and music.

You would think that such a shocking situation would induce music that would be shocking, especially from a composer whose music led to wild, hostile demonstrations years ago. But last night's audience did not seem to be disturbed or shaken. It appeared to take Schoenberg in stride. There were some scattered cheers for the performers, but no angry hissing.

This, of course, is not the most radical Schoenberg. Here, the composer has moved away from the Wagnerism of his earliest works into atonalism but not yet into his system of tone rows. The orchestra is used with freedom and boldness; there is striking rhythmic variety and an almost endless palette of shifting, sensitive colors. The woman's voice is not used in the style of *Sprechgesang*, or speech-song, familiar in other Schoenberg works, but the vocal line is free and often oddly spaced.

The work, in sum, is the product of a man of imagination and intellect. After hearing it at a rehearsal as well as at the performance one can say that it contains some wonderfully poetic and moving pages. One suspects also that the phantasmic, agonized world Schoenberg sought to evoke is only partly realized. Or would that be a shortcoming of a listener who cannot attune himself to the doom-laden world of a Central European of the early twentieth century?

Dorothy Dow sang the only role and gave an astonishing performance. The music is brutally cruel, but she sang it with sovereign control and with musicality. She had done the part in Zurich two years ago, and it was evident that she knew it thoroughly.

Her mastery was intellectual and vocal. If she did not give the part the hysterical, neurotic intensity it should probably have, it could be because Miss Dow is too healthy for that sort of thing. No one can pick up the orientation implicit in this work during a sojourn in Europe; it has to be in the blood, and Miss Dow, happily for her, is from Texas.

Mr. Mitropoulos led a performance that was remarkable for its clarity and precision. He did the bidding of Schoenberg's score with heartfelt fidelity. And the orchestra played brilliantly.

H. T.,  
*New York Times*

The strange, eerie, expressionistic work "*Erwartung*" ("Expectation") by Arnold Schoenberg, was given its first performance in this country by the Philharmonic-Symphony under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos in Carnegie Hall last evening.

This monodrama, which runs about a half hour, has only one character, a woman who enters the forest at night for a tryst with her lover, only to

stumble over his lifeless body. That role was undertaken last evening by Dorothy Dow, young American soprano who had sung it at its first performance in Switzerland in 1949.

The libretto for this piece, dramatic idea suggested by Schoenberg, was written by Marie Pappenheim.

What an extraordinary piece of musical writing this work truly is, and how accurately it foreshadows the "modern" idioms that were to come! The atonal quality of the sounds, which clash and clash and yet seem not to, is as daring as anything a 35-year-old of this century's first decade could imagine.

The singing the one character has to do is practically continuous. It has a devastating power, all the more so because of its integral affiliation with the rest of the score. None of this, as you may imagine, listens pretty.

In fact, a good deal of it, divorced from its ideational attachments, could be quite repulsive. The art and the imagination of the composer, however, do not long permit such a breaking of the bonds. And, finally, the whole work—voice, music dramatic line—is of purest classical intention and achievement.

Mr. Mitropoulos' performance was stunning in its impact, its glistening perfection, its unwavering aims. The orchestra, I thought, had rarely played better, such was the quality of the tone in all dynamic degrees and in a most difficult score to negotiate.

Reams of praise, too, for the splendid singing of Miss Dow, who, but for her amazing instinct of pitch, might have been in serious trouble. And, in line with tributes, another salute to Mr. Mitropoulos for bringing us this work which, though perhaps it might be more complete in a theater, could scarcely aspire to better treatment anywhere.

ROBERT BAGAR,  
N. Y. World-Telegram & Sun

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#### KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO RAFAEL KUBELIK

The Mahler Medal of Honor, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of *The Bruckner Society of America, Inc.*, was awarded to Rafael Kubelik for his efforts to create a greater interest in Gustav Mahler's music in the United States. On December 7, 8, and 12, 1950, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Kubelik's direction performed the *Fourth Symphony*; on April 5 and 6, 1951, *Das Lied von der Erde*; and on January 3 and 4, 1952, the *First Symphony*. Acting on behalf of the Society, Mr. George A. Kuyper, Manager of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, presented the medal to Mr. Kubelik on March 1.

## CINCINNATI COLLEGE OF MUSIC HONORS DR. MARTIN G. DUMLER

The Board of Trustees, Director and students of the College of Music last night [May 22, 1951] paid tribute to one of the Trustees, Dr. Martin G. Dumler, with a festival concert on the 50th anniversary of his graduation from the school. The occasion was signalized by a performance of his latest work, a "Missa Glorise Dei," which enlisted the services of a 100-voice chorus and a symphony orchestra of 75 players under the baton of Roland Johnson.

Though not familiar with all of the composer's music, it seemed to me that the Mass crowned Dr. Dumler's other efforts in dignity of conception and ingenuity of melodic perception. Recalling the amplitude, warmth and color of the late romantic period, the composition underlined the Latin text with sincerity and beauty.

Though the work was massive, it was not embarrassed by its richness. Dr. Dumler did not resort to needless repetition of parts of the text, as some composers have done. He used especially the string and brass choirs of the orchestra to advantage, giving both instrumental support and contrast to the dramatic voice line.

There were times when the intensity of sound needed relief, and in one such emergency the composer permitted a solo tenor and soprano to expound the "Sanctus" on a note of simplicity. Perhaps other sections might have been similarly simplified for a variation in mood, to introduce a note of religious awe, for instance, but that is probably a matter of personal taste.

The second portion of the program was devoted to Brahms' "Song of Destiny," again employing the chorus, Mahler's "Songs of a Wayfarer," Margaret Thuenemann appearing as soloist, and Berlioz's "Roman Carnival," for orchestra alone.

We heard this portion of the program in an upstairs studio, where special sound equipment had been installed by the Audio-Engineers Society of Cincinnati, to carry on an experiment in binaural sound projection. Directional microphones had been installed at a distance of 20 feet from the treble and bass section of the orchestra, the sound being piped to two corresponding amplifiers at opposite sides of the studio, each controlled at will by the engineers.

The effect lent a special depth to the performance, the method being similar to that employed some years ago in the motion picture "Fantasia." Useless for recording purposes, we were told, the installation gave superb reproduction to the orchestra under Roland Johnson's able direction and picked no flaws in Miss Thuenemann's singing, which was unusually intelligent and intelligible.

JOHN P. RHODES,  
*The Cincinnati Enquirer*

REMARKS BY THE HONORABLE ALBERT D. CASH,  
MAYOR OF CINCINNATI,  
AT THE  
FESTIVAL CONCERT HONORING MARTIN G. DUMLER,  
MUS. DOC., LL.D.

(May 22, 1951)

If this occasion causes reminiscence, I take refuge in the fact that the nature of the event is such as to cause it. I remember way back in my earlier days at school, one of my professors had a way of stating forceful ideas with a phrase or a quote; and one of them that was literally given to us every day was "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." If I may reach back and draw upon that reminiscence, I think it sets the keynote of this pleasant affair here tonight.

Way back before the turn of the century, a boy came to this institution to study music. It wasn't easy because, in order to study music, he had to provide as well the wherewithal of daily living, and somehow it seems he had joined those two efforts together always. It seems to me he is unique in being a very successful business man, and, all at the same time and in the same personality, a most successful artist; and as for the things he has done of an artistic nature, most of them are associated with this institution in which we are.

I understand that back in the earlier days before we had established the Symphony Orchestra of Cincinnati, he was one of a quartet who participated in musical entertainment given for the benefit of the establishment of that orchestra. He has been a leader and a protector of the arts not only in this community, but especially in this community, for a matter of fifty years since his graduation from the College.

I have seen and I have read long lists of the honors that have been bestowed upon him, the doctorates here and there for his compositions (among them fifteen Masses alone), many of them performed under the batons of leading directors not only in the United States, but in all of Europe.

Now we are accustomed in America (too much so, I think) to honor people who have made great successes in the industrial, commercial, financial world. They have produced trains that go faster and planes that go as fast as sound, and the like. How many of them have been able to produce anything to project their own fine personalities into the distant future of time as distinguished from space? Dr. Dumler has achieved that in a most remarkable degree.

And so I say to you tonight, and on behalf of all Cincinnati, that we express to him on this fiftieth anniversary the very great appreciation which we feel and all Cincinnati owes to him for the renown which he has brought to it in the arts. Now I don't know whether the life of an artist just begins



Phyllis Dunn (left) and Jean Marie Devereaux, seniors at the Cincinnati College of Music, presenting an invitation to Dr. Martin G. Dumler to be guest of honor at a reception following a concert given on the 50th anniversary of Dr. Dumler's graduation from the College of Music, Cincinnati. In the background is a picture of Anton Bruckner presented to the College by Dr. and Mrs. Dumler.



Mayor Vincent Impellitteri receiving the Bruckner medal on June 13, 1951, on behalf of the Municipal Broadcasting System (Station WNYC). Left to right, Seymour N. Siegel, director of Municipal Broadcasting System, Mayor Vincent Impellitteri, Harry Neyer, and Julio Kilenyi.

after fifty years, because I have no way of telling from my own talents; but from everything that I can learn of Dr. Dumler, he is just as active and just as productive not only in music, but with pigments, and that is his recreation after he finishes a day's work.

I'm sure I express the wish of all of you in saying more power to him, long life, and thanks so much for the renown that you have brought to Cincinnati.

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### KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO STATION WNYC

The Municipal Broadcasting System has for a great number of years devoted its programs mainly to cultural and educational subjects. Its musical offerings under the supervision of the able musical director, Mr. Herman Neuman, are designed to please discriminating audiences. Modern music as well as the classics and so-called controversial works are well represented. Every available Bruckner recording has been on the air at regular intervals, thus enabling listeners of WNYC to become familiar with the music of the Austrian master.

In recognition of its efforts to create a greater interest in and appreciation of Bruckner's music, the Bruckner Medal of Honor, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of *The Bruckner Society of America, Inc.*, was awarded to Station WNYC on June 13, 1951. Mr. Harry Neyer, Secretary of the Society, made the presentation to Mayor Vincent R. Impellitteri who received the medal on behalf of the Station. Mr. Seymour N. Siegel, Director of WNYC, and Mr. Julio Kilenyi, the sculptor, were present.

## BRUCKNER AND MAHLER ON LONG-PLAYING RECORDS

By Paul Hugo Little

When Gustav Mahler uttered his apochryphal remark, "*Meine Zeit wird noch kommen*," he could not have foreseen the marvels of the then embryonic phonograph disc which, in 1948 with Columbia as sponsor, blossomed into what we record enthusiasts today so casually speak of as *lp*. But it is an undeniable fact that, thanks to the  $33\frac{1}{3}$  rpm phonograph record of today, we who admire the music of Mahler and his equally controversial contemporary Anton Bruckner are able to hear all of the major compositions by these two masters of the symphony.

As the noted critic C. G. Burke remarked in the first issue of "High-Fidelity," a publication dealing with audio equipment, something like 1500 long-playing records have been issued since their inception, the equivalent of nearly 7000 "shellac" (78 rpm) records. With this bounty has come a broadening of musical appreciation on the public's part, not only for Mahler and Bruckner, but also for the neglected tonal inventive geniuses of the baroque and the Renaissance eras. Enterprise, enthusiasm, and, commercially speaking, the desire to offer the record buyer the unusual in rivalry with some 50 firms engaged in record production have led to a most sanguine state of affairs for those of us who chafe at the monotony of the average symphony concert's programming.

Of course, we find, as was to be expected, that the smaller independent firms have been more ambitious in seeking out the esoteric and the unfamiliar on *lp* than the major companies. The reason for this is obvious. Without big name soloists and orchestras under contract to them, the independents could hardly expect to compete on an even keel across the record counter with Victor and Columbia. This is a healthy state of affairs, for we have seen scholarly investigations of Haydn (the Haydn Society) and Vivaldi (Period Music Company) and the long-neglected oratorios and cantatas of Handel (the Handel Society, Mercury and WCFM), the four quartets of Schoenberg (Alco), a magnificently ambitious Verdi cycle of all the 27 operas (Cetra-Soria), the Beethoven Quartets and such explorations of early music as Perotinus and Guillaume de Machaut (Concert Hall Society). Fortunately, amid all this, a veritable *embarras de richesse*, even the music of Mahler and Bruckner received generous, long-overdue attention.

After Columbia's brilliant reissues on *lp* from "shellac" of the Mahler First and Fourth symphonies—which, by the way, proved one of the finest facets of long-playing processing, the ability to engineer from tape a better recording than the original matrix—there followed a succession of splendid issues which, to date, provide the devotee as well as the uninitiated with a never-before-offered opportunity to hear the bulk of the creative achievements by these two nineteenth century masters. It is the purpose of this article to offer critical impressions based on performance and reproduction, as a guide to those wishing to add the best Bruckner and Mahler *lps* to their collection.

Let me say at this point that the only true test of reproductive excellence is through the use of audio equipment and that, just as in the days of shellac, the recordmakers' products are far ahead of the average domestic equipment offered the record buyer. A decade ago, RCA-Victor's album of Wagner's Siegfried's Funeral Music and Rhine Journey by Toscanini and the NBC Orchestra attained a frequency cycle-high of 14,000, while the average phonograph or combination gave the listener at best a high of 6000. In the bass the disparity was even more noticeable. This means that a record of fine acoustical quality cannot rightly be judged on the average commercial phonograph. Now both Columbia and Victor have issued three-speed high-fidelity portable players capable of a 12,000 cycle high, and we have such other excellent low-cost hi-fi systems as the Mitchell 3-D and the Kelton "Cambridge," within the budget of every music lover.

With *lp* the problem is even more irksome. Most *lp* collectors have either a three-speed changer in their radio-phonograph or an *lp* player attachment connected through a circuit. In a neighborhood survey I recently made, I found that only one out of every twelve record collectors used equipment capable of realizing the full sound latent in the microgrooves of a long-playing record. This is significant because a record does not sound the same on these three general types of regularly used equipment. The three-speed player has a more powerful cartridge than the attachment and hence allows volume to be turned up for *crescendi* without distortion, while on the attachment full volume is virtually impossible without annoyances, such as "skipping the groove" or pronounced hums and buzzings. Most London *ffrr lps*, for example, have a pronounced "hum" on the attachment when volume is turned up even slightly, because they are made at perhaps the highest frequency rate of any *lp*. Furthermore, there is the problem of needles. The manufacturers, with a few exceptions, have given record enthusiasts no clue as to the best type of needle to use, which is obviously a diamond-point. The dealers themselves know very little about this technical question. As a consequence, many collectors use the same precious metal or sapphire needle an excessively long time, with the danger of gouging the sensitive microgrooves.

A word about the physical conditions under which the following records were played and reviewed. A Magnavox Belvedere model with Columbia Model 102 *lp* attachment with the Q-33 cartridge and a Televex diamond Q-33 needle for one listening; then, a Voice of Vision custom-built audio phonograph with Altec-Lansing speaker, Rek-o-kut turntable, and Pickering tone arm, was purposely used to demonstrate to fellow listeners that accurate reproduction of the full-frequency potential inherent in the modern *lp* is impossible without proper audio equipment. Each record was cleaned with a soft damp cloth before playing, and then a light rubbing of another cloth moistened with a few drops of Walco Stati-Clean applied to eliminate static electricity which produces noise and rumble. And now for the music—a rare and beautiful adventure into the mighty symphonic and choral realms of Anton Bruckner and Gustav Mahler!

\* \* \* \* \*

ANTON BRUCKNER

ZERO SYMPHONY IN D MINOR (NULLTE)

(Posthumous)

Concert Hall Symphony Orchestra; Henk Spruit, Conductor. Concert Hall Society CHS-1142, 12-inch *lp*.

*Performance*

Spruit, a conductor hitherto unknown to us, plays the work *con amore*, thereby conveying all the youthful verve of the music, its lyricism and cheerful triumph. The orchestra is excellent and responds very cleanly to *tempo* indications.

Concert Hall's 1952 issues have embodied a greater trend towards what we call "high fidelity" than any of this enterprising firm's previous releases. Both player attachments and custom-built, high-fidelity equipment can produce good sound from this record without much worry about compensations or over-exaggerated levels. A very good musical as well as engineering achievement.

## FIRST SYMPHONY IN C MINOR

Austria State Orchestra; Dr. Volkmar Andrae, conductor. Masterseal MW-40, 12-inch lp.

*Performance*

Masterseal, a subsidiary of Remington, is to be commended for its painstaking, sympathetic interest in bringing this important composition to the record-buying public. At the very first motive, it is obvious that this initial symphony is no immature work. (Indeed, Bruckner was no less than 42 when he finished it.) Having heard it through again and again, with ever increasing attention to detail, this reviewer can scarcely believe that it is still unperformed by an American orchestra of major stature, especially since it is, for Bruckner at least, a short symphony. Dr. Andrae, according to the abundant and admirably incisive notes of the album, has devoted much of his career to the specialized study of Bruckner's art. Hence his interpretation is not merely expert, but truly *con amore*. The Austria State Orchestra, new to American record buyers, is excellent, the brass section being particularly praiseworthy.

*Reproduction*

Sumptuous, full, life-like tone, even on the home player or attachment—stunning on high-fidelity equipment. Bass and treble are beautifully balanced, without the least distortion. A notable engineering achievement which should convert those diehards who cling to "shellac" as the only suitable productive medium.

## SECOND SYMPHONY IN C MINOR

Linz Bruckner Symphony Orchestra; Ludwig Georg Jochum, conductor. Urania Album 402, two 12-inch lp.

*Performance*

Jochum's feeling for this ardent work is admirable. He conveys equally well the lofty eloquence of the *Andante*, the deft verve of the *scherzo*, the joyous triumph of the *Finale*. The orchestra is excellent, well balanced, the horns particularly fine.

*Reproduction*

Sensationally good, on both attachment and audio equipment. Indeed, Urania's issues are uniformly clear, with good volume processed into the

microgrooves, so that they sound rich and full without excessive distortion on even the small crystal type of pickup.

THIRD SYMPHONY IN D MINOR

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, F. Charles Adler, conductor. SPA 30/31, two 12-inch lp.

*Performance and Reproduction*

Indisputably the best existing version of this eloquent music which Bruckner dedicated so rapturously to Richard Wagner. The Concert Hall tapes were sold to Remington (Fekete's reading) in a poor-surfaced, not too well balanced discing. Adler, who has already revealed his admirable abilities as an interpreter of Bruckner and Mahler on lp, gives this symphony a warm, vividly paced reading. Record tone is excellent, surface clean. On the second disc of this album, Mahler's Tenth Symphony is recorded. While the reproduction has less surface noise than the Westminster version, Adler's interpretation does not surpass the sensitive, penetrating attention of the Viennese conductor.

Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra, Zoltan Fekete, conductor. Concert Hall Society CHS1065, 12-inch lp.

*Performance*

Fekete, who is a director of the orchestra he conducts on this disc, is a well-rounded musician with a catholicity of taste, as is evidenced by his interpretations of Handel, Mozart, and Haydn on the Mercury and Period labels. He brings to this powerful, stirring work that same sensitivity and self-effacement in favor of the composer's intentions, and the result is brilliant, highly communicative reading.

*Reproduction*

On both types of equipment, occasional noisy surfaces (several samples were checked). Bass lows and treble highs are a bit uneven; on an audio machine, compensator will level this defect. Good sound in the main.

Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, Walter Goehr, conductor. Concert Hall Society, CHS 1195, 12-inch lp.

*Performance and Reproduction*

Excellent performance and recording in all respects. Goehr's interpretation is virile and poetic.

FOURTH SYMPHONY IN E FLAT MAJOR

Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, Prof. Herman Abendroth, conductor. Urania Album 7012, two 12-inch lp.

Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, conductor. Vox PL6930, 12-inch lp.

*Performance*

Klemperer's treatment is much more lyrical, especially in the glorious "Hunting" Scherzo. Abendroth allows his tempi to slacken noticeably in the Andante and the middle portion of the Finale; at times he seems overly

pedantic. As against the superior Klemperer reading, however, the Urania set provides a superior orchestra.

#### *Reproduction*

Both performances use the *Urtext* (original version). The Vox single disc has some strident trebles and muffled climaxes on the attachment, while on the audio equipment used for this review it tracks well and there is good balance though at times a metallic tone quality is evident. Urania's tonal range is much richer and deeper; the orchestra sounds nearer the microphone. Far superior on audio equipment.

#### FIFTH SYMPHONY IN B FLAT MAJOR

Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra, Eugen Jochum, conductor. Capitol P-8049-50, two 12-inch lp. (Separate albums; no complete album holder for both.)

#### *Performance*

Re-pressed from Telefunken shellac masters on domestic Capitol lps, this is a competent but not, in the main, sufficiently probing interpretation. Yet, Jochum's concept of the first and fourth movements is really fine.

#### *Reproduction*

Much rumble and mechanical feedback on player attachment, not entirely corrected on audio.

#### SIXTH SYMPHONY IN A MAJOR

(112TH and 150TH PSALMS included in album)

Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Henry Swoboda, conductor. Vienna Kammerchor added for the *Psalms*. Westminster WL5055 and 5056, two 12-inch lp.

#### *Performance*

Original edition. Swoboda is more successful with the *Psalms*. The reading of the symphony is uneven, the high point being the *scherzo*. In the *Psalms*, however, we have some of the finest choral work perpetuated on recording; the attack is exceptional, the feeling tremendously stirring.

#### *Reproduction*

Surfaces somewhat gritty. The choral side comes out best of all on both audio and attachment. Treble in the symphony is at times excessive.

Linz Bruckner Symphony Orchestra, L. G. Jochum, conductor. Urania 7041, 12-inch lp.

#### *Performance*

Jochum's reading here reminds us of his vivid, intelligent, and penetrating discourse of the Second Symphony.

#### *Reproduction*

Acoustically, this Urania disc is a magnificently full-bodied achievement. At times woodwinds tend to be shrill in the foreground, but the strings are far more incisive than in the Westminster record. Surfaces too are superior with no noise or grittiness. The "live" tone comes through clearly on player attachment or hi-fi equipment alike.

## SEVENTH SYMPHONY IN E MAJOR

Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Eduard Van Beinum, conductor.  
London LL-852/853, two 12-inch lp.

*Performance and Reproduction*

This recently issued version turns out to be the finest of all existing versions, surpassing the older Capitol if only on the basis of sound reproduction and the Böhm version on Vox on the grounds of lyricism and sensitivity. Van Beinum's way with the Scherzo is almost magical. Throughout, a superbly consistent level of musicianship and understanding is attained. (Franck's tone poem "Psyche" occupies a final portion of this album.) Sound, incidentally, is hi-fi!

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Carl Böhm, conductor (recorded concert performance 1944). Vox PL7190, two 12-inch lp.

The magnificent Vienna Philharmonic, even granting a lessening of talent during the war years (Vienna was in Nazi hands in 1944 when this album was made), has much "lung power" (as David Hall so aptly puts it). This is especially true of the sonorous brass climaxes of the first and final movements, as demanding as anything by Strauss or Wagner. In Böhm's reading there is a convincing logic, as well as lyricism and heartfelt sincerity, making it as much a joy to the mind as to the ear.

*Reproduction*

In transferring to lp from the tape made at the time of this performance in the concert hall, Vox engineers have done a very able job. Hi-fi owners will need to lower treble, as in some passages there is a wiriness of tone; in others, the bass needs more emphasis to dissemble the hollow concert hall effect produced. But the clarity of the individual orchestral groupings—and especially the always difficult brass section—is remarkably fine. The surfaces are exceptionally clean.

## EIGHTH SYMPHONY IN C MINOR

Hamburg Philharmonic State Orchestra, Eugen Jochum, conductor. Decca Album DX109 (with TE DEUM), three 12-inch lp.

*Performance*

As David Hall, now classical program director for Mercury Records, says in his *Records: 1950 Edition*, "Its adequate realization calls for a conductor of supreme artistry and understanding, plus an orchestra of unlimited virtuosity, lung power and stamina." I concur heartily. The Hamburg Orchestra does not quite qualify, for all its heroics. Jochum's reading is conscientious, but the grandiose climax of the Finale to which all else was preparation leaves the hearer with the feeling that Jochum has sometimes striven for effect rather than built logically to that overpowering emotional sweep. Still, there are many fine things in the reading.

*Reproduction*

Decca transferred this performance from Deutsche Grammophon shellac discs, with highly praiseworthy engineering skill. The attachment can hold

the full sound, except that bass must be turned down for tutti and crescendos. Superb on audio—even balance, no surface noise or rumble.

#### NINTH SYMPHONY AND OVERTURE IN G MINOR

Vienna Philharmonia Orchestra, F. Charles Adler, conductor. SPA Album discs 24-25, two 12-inch lp.

##### *Performance*

The Brucknerite with his insistence on "Urtext" will censure the use of the Loewe version of this, Bruckner's finest symphony. The realist will accept it for its strikingly vivid interpretation, its rich, full, live recording. Adler conducts with conviction and directness; he does not overemphasize the most tempting sections which many interpreters are wont to draw out for the sake of self-gratification or self-exhibition. A commendable performance. His reading of the youthful Overture is definitive.

##### *Reproduction*

Superbly balanced, with full clarity to all orchestral sections and no distortion anywhere. Smooth, noiseless surfaces.

Pro Musica Symphony Orchestra, Jascha Horenstein, conductor. Vox PL8040, 12-inch lp.

##### *Performance and Recording*

Horenstein's second contribution to recorded Mahler and Bruckner (the Mahler Ninth was his first) is a most excellent one. The orchestra, however, seems slightly smaller than Adler's group on SPA and its attack, particularly in the Scherzo, is not quite so biting. Though we do not have access to the score, we suspect that this version has been slightly cut in order to get it on one 12-inch lp. Reproduction is good, though the SPA discs have more depth.

#### QUINTET IN F

Philharmonic Quartet Group of Vienna. Vox PL6330, 12-inch lp.

##### *Performance*

Beautifully conceived throughout, good attack and clarity. Cellist outstanding.

##### *Reproduction*

Satisfying on attachment; Vox's European items seem engineered more for balance than full-frequency, hence often sound better on lower-frequency equipment. Audio tends to bring out slight surface noise, though not disturbing. In all, an adequate blend of fine musicianship and competent engineering.

#### GREAT MASS NO. 3 IN F MINOR

Vienna State Philharmonia, *Akademie Kammerchor*, Ferdinand Grossmann, conductor; Dorothea Siebert, soprano; Dagmar Herrmann, alto; Erich Majkut, tenor; Otto Wiener, bass. Vox PL7940, 12-inch lp.

##### *Performance*

Vox has made a major contribution to disc literature and also to the enjoyment of Brucknerites throughout the nation by bringing us this the first re-

ording ever made of what is probably one of Bruckner's most ambitious and noble works. That he was able to compose so lofty and eloquent a work speaks volumes for the devout faith and selfless religious idealism which we know characterized his entire life.

Unlike the Second Mass in E Minor, this work utilizes the full resources of a large orchestra, chorus and solo voices. At the very outset of the *Kyrie*, we are impressed by the noble simplicity of Bruckner's writing, an impression that, for all his full-scale effects throughout the Mass, is not dispersed. Even with grandiose resources, Bruckner's directness of speech, his profound faith and humility, move us deeply. The *Gloria* is one of the most deeply joyous utterances he ever achieved, but even this grandeur of feeling is surpassed by the exquisitely tender and reverent *Credo*. In the concluding *Agnus Dei*, the contrapuntal writing and fusion with earlier sections are extraordinarily accomplished; the unity and beauty of this overall structure becomes thereby the more moving and profound.

Ferdinand Grossman's direction is worthy of enthusiastic plaudits. The soloists are admirable in the main, save that the tenor's lighter tones are sometimes forced and the basso occasionally produces a somewhat dry tone at the ends of phrases. The orchestra and chorus give a brilliantly balanced accompaniment, so essential in the necessary fusion of the music.

#### *Reproduction*

Generally very good. The Vox engineers have done extremely well, considering they had to work against a considerable hall resonance which makes for slight distortion at extreme highs or lows. Surfaces are very good and quiet. We should rank this as a definitive recording, which will take some little time to surpass.

#### MASS IN E MINOR

Hamburg State Opera Chorus and Wind Choir of Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra, Max Thurn, conductor. Capitol P8004, 12-inch lp.

#### *Reproduction*

Originally on shellac discs, and here transferred successfully except for a few climax blurs.

#### TE DEUM

Munich Radio Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Eugen Jochum, conductor; M. Cunitz, soprano; G. Pitinger, alto; L. Fehenberger, tenor; G. Hann, bass. (Included in Decca Bruckner EIGHTH album).

Salzburg Festival Orchestra and Chorus, Messner, conductor. Festival 101, 10-inch lp.

#### *Reproduction*

The Decca version is far superior, both as regards performance and reproduction. Festival soloists are uneven, chorus blurs at crucial moments, rather prosaic interpretation.

*Chord and Discord*

GUSTAV MAHLER

FIRST SYMPHONY IN D MAJOR

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos, conductor. Columbia ML4251, 12-inch lp.

*Performance and Reproduction*

A highly successful lp transfer from shellac discs, improving tonal quality of the earlier set through skilled engineering. Mitropoulos' reading is excellent. One of the earliest lp issues, but also one which holds up remarkably well in comparison with newer issues from every viewpoint.

Symphony Orchestra of Radio Berlin, Ernest Borsamsky, conductor. Urania URLP 7078, 12-inch lp.

*Performance*

Borsamsky, a conductor new to most disc collectors, has a good feeling for this vivid, youthful music. The orchestra is excellent.

*Reproduction*

The laurels go to Urania by a wide margin, since the Columbia lp was engineered from original 78-rpm tapes, and this is a new live discing with 500-cycle turnover frequency. Treble de-emphasis should be set at 13.7 decibels—high-fidelity enthusiasts, please note. Surfaces are splendidly clean, no noise or distortion.

Symphony Orchestra of Radio Berlin, Ernest Borsamsky, conductor. Vanguard Recording Society VRS-436, 12-inch lp.

*Performance and Reproduction*

A duplicate of the Urania disc. This sometimes occurs in the recording field when both firms have access to the same tape. No difference between the discs.

Pro Musica Symphony of Vienna, Jascha Horenstein, conductor. Vox PL8050, 12-inch lp.

*Performance and Reproduction*

Horenstein's reading is slashingly direct and forceful. The reproduction is not quite so full or lifelike as the Urania and Vanguard discs, but eminently satisfactory as to balance.

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, conductor. Capitol 12-inch lp, P-8224.

*Performance and Reproduction*

This is the latest—and the best—version of Mahler's youthful, impressionistic "Titan Symphony." Steinberg's verve and musical integrity make this reading a memorable listening experience. To this critic's mind, he ranks as one of America's very finest conductors; he plays the classics with absolute fidelity to the score and no annoying mannerisms, yet at the same time his flair for modern music and, above all else, his sheer love for everything he conducts communicates itself to the hearer. The result is dynamic interpretation, whether it be Beethoven or Mahler. Reproduction is magnificent.

## SECOND SYMPHONY IN C MINOR

Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, conductor. *Akademie Kammerchor* and *Singverein der Musikfreunde*, with Ilona Steingruber, soprano, and Hilde Rössl-Majdan, alto. VOX PL 7010, two 12-inch lp.

*Performance*

Klemperer's reading is profound and subtle, on a par with his interpretation of *Das Lied von der Erde*. He gives each movement its proper balance and logic in development, with dramatic emphasis on the first and last sections. The Vienna Symphony Orchestra, however, lacks "lung power"; were this the Vienna Philharmonic, the album would be incomparable. The two soloists are excellent; the chorus too is exceptionally good.

*Reproduction*

One of Vox's best engineering achievements, with the exception of shrillness in several important passages on the first side. Collectors who use long-playing attachments will need to tune down the bass, and may lose nuances in the fortissimo passages. On audio equipment a very good balance is obtained, with less of the "hollowness" that was characteristic of so many of Vox's initial lps. Surfaces are very clean.

## THIRD SYMPHONY IN D MINOR

Vienna Philharmonia Orchestra, F. Charles Adler, conductor; Walter Schneiderhan, violin; Eduard Koerner, post horn; Hildegard Roessel-Majdan, alto; Vienna State Opera Chorus; Vienna *Saengerknaben*. SPA Album 20-21-22, three 12-inch lp. (Includes 14 "Youth Songs" sung by Ilona Steingruber, soprano, with the late Herbert Haefner at the piano).

*Performance*

This masterpiece is seldom heard. The reasons are diaphanously clear in a commercially-conscious age—the enormous orchestra, as well as the obvious necessity for extra rehearsals. To these may be added the inordinate length; indeed, when the work does reach a concert hearing, there is usually an intermission after the first movement. The recording of this fabulous work is a great opportunity for all music lovers to familiarize themselves with music which they might otherwise never hear. That it deserves a hearing is obvious merely from listening to the first movement with its mysterious, march-like rhythm, or to the haunting nocturnal fragrance of the fourth movement with its inspired alto solo, or to the finale with its radiant poetry that depicts nature as surely as the youthful "Titan" Symphony.

Adler's direction of all the diversified orchestral and vocal groups is a model of clarity and balance. His insistence on phrasing and subtlety is praiseworthy to the extreme. The soloists acquit themselves nobly. In a word, Bravo!

*Reproduction*

Quite on a par with the interpretation as regards clarity and richness. Even on a home player attachment, the microphone placement for this album has been so fine that one hears every section of the orchestra. Surfaces are clean and noiseless.

*Chord and Discord*

## FOURTH SYMPHONY IN G MAJOR

New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, conductor;  
Desi Halban, soprano. Columbia ML4031, 12-inch lp.

*Performance and Reproduction*

Again, as with the First, a superb transfer, enriching the orchestral tone by sheer engineering skill. Bruno Walter's interpretation is incomparable, especially in the beautifully emotional slow movement. Desi Halban's poignant and sympathetic reading of the vocal part is a triumph. An even earlier release than the First. Columbia must be congratulated for the almost infallibly high standards of musical direction and processing which characterize their lp discs. It may be added that both these lps sound well even on the limited range attachment.

Concertgebouw Orchestra; Eduard van Beinum, conductor; Margaret Ritchie, soprano. London LL618, 12-inch lp.

*Performance and Reproduction*

This interpretation highlights superb reproduction and balance, but there is more technique apparent than feeling, despite the very distinctive vocal line of Margaret Ritchie in the finale.

## FIFTH SYMPHONY IN C SHARP MINOR

New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, conductor.  
Columbia SL-171, two 12-inch lp. (Includes Eight Songs with Desi Halban and Bruno Walter at the piano).

Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Hermann Scherchen, conductor. Westminster WAL-207, two 12-inch lp. (Includes Tenth Symphony.)

*Performance*

The Columbia release replaces the now discontinued "shellac" version with the same ensemble and conductor; it is a live performance of very moving appeal. Walter's interpretative genius for the scores of Mahler and Bruckner is too well known to require expatiation here. However, as we have two distinct versions to compare, we impartially must say that Walter's reading dwells on the primary lyric aspects of the symphony, whereas Scherchen is more concerned with the drama.

*Reproduction*

Both sets are first-rate, with Columbia having a slight advantage as regards overall balance and breadth. Trebles must be slightly adjusted in the Westminster album to avoid distortion, while bass seems slightly more even in the Westminster version.

## SIXTH SYMPHONY IN A MINOR

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, F. Charles Adler, conductor. SPA 59/60, two 12-inch lp.

*Performance and Reproduction*

With this album, Utopia has been reached, disc-wise, by bringing to record lovers throughout the world every symphony by Bruckner and Mahler! It

was hardly by accident that Mahler's "Tragic" was last to win recording; it is tremendously difficult music, calls for a huge orchestra and a conductor who can guide its passions and febrility away from the pitfalls of Tschaikowskian sentimentality. This music is perhaps the most personally, starkly naked soul-expressive score ever penned. Yet how magnificently rewarding it is, in a skillfully interpreted recording such as this. Adler is faithful to the *Urtext*; he does not overplay the dynamics or overstress the poignancy. Reproduction is splendid. An album of which the makers may well be proud.

#### SEVENTH SYMPHONY IN E MINOR ("SONG OF THE NIGHT")

Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra; Hans Rossbaud, conductor. Urania Album 405, two 12-inch *lps*.

Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera, Hermann Scherchen, conductor. Westminster Album WAL-211, two 12-inch *lps*.

#### *Performance*

Scherchen, as is his wont, goes all out for brilliance, while Rossbaud stresses the lyric aspect of this beautiful work, particularly in the slow movements with Mahler's incredibly effective scoring for guitar and mandolin—which gave the work its subtitle. There is admittedly more fire in the Scherchen interpretation, but Rossbaud's understatement has its own special and very commendable merits in this regard. As for the orchestras, Westminster seems to have slightly the better of it in the matter of solo and ensemble playing. We suggest hearing both and deciding for yourself!

#### *Reproduction*

Both are tremendous engineering achievements — Westminster's having slightly more treble brilliance, Urania's having better balanced base.

#### TENTH SYMPHONY IN F SHARP MAJOR

Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Hermann Scherchen, conductor. Westminster WAL-207, 12-inch *lp* (fourth side of album).

#### *Performance*

Scherchen's living and impeccably honest interpretation of this long neglected work—this is a first time on either 78 or  $33\frac{1}{3}$  *rpm*—ranks as one of the best committed to discs. Not only is this music memorable for the Mahler enthusiast, but also it has a profound beauty and immediate appeal to the lay listener. Only the *Adagio* is performed, taking 23 minutes. In this movement—which has ideas enough for a full symphony—Mahler shows a tremendous advance in expression and a mastery and conciseness of orchestration that prove indisputably what a tragic loss to music was his relatively early death.

#### *Reproduction*

Excellent, more "hall tone" perhaps than in the Fifth Symphony.

#### DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN

Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Felix Prohaska, conductor; Lorna Sydney, mezzo-soprano; Alfred Poell, baritone. Vanguard Recording Society, Inc., Album 412-13, two 12-inch *lp*, boxed, with German and English texts.

*Performance*

This first complete recording of Mahler's youthful, exuberant, and dramatic song cycle is a magnificent one with a few minor flaws that merely point up the distinction of the interpretation. As a whole, Prohaska's handling of the orchestra, his cueing of the singers, might have delighted Mahler himself! The orchestral tone is fiery as well as sumptuous. Miss Sydney is a sincere, thoughtful musician with a voice of just the right darkness. She has the special gift for nuancing and shading essential to this music. Poell is one of the most gifted singers of our day, but unhappily veers off pitch occasionally and wobbles at climactic measures. Yet the sincerity behind his emotional response to the score is beyond challenge.

*Reproduction*

Excellent, even on the small attachment. Microphone placement was exceptionally handled, with many closeups, the intimacy of which is even more striking on audio equipment. Slightly gritty surfaces.

## DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, conductor; Elsa Cavelti, mezzo-soprano; Anton Dermota, tenor. Vox PL7000, 12-inch lp.

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Bruno Walter, conductor; Kathleen Ferrier, contralto, Julius Patzak, tenor. London LL-625-6, two 12-inch lp.

*Performance*

Elsa Cavelti's musicianship and feeling for the music are good, and her diction and phrasing are adequate although at times her voice sounds harsh and strained. The pleasant surprise of the performance is Dermota. Rich tone, wonderful communicativeness, no irksome mannerisms in the romantic vein,—a deplorable tendency of too many tenors who essay this work. Klemperer's interpretation is splendid.

*Reproduction*

Better on audio, as on the attachment the trebles and bass must be carefully watched. Orchestral tone somewhat "backgroundish," singers excellently recorded. Good balance, overall, without high frequency output. For all this fine effort, the edition takes second place to London's; Ferrier and Walter interpret the work sublimely and the reproduction is flawless!

## DAS KLAGENDE LIED

Vienna State Opera Orchestra and Vienna Chamber Choir, Zoltan Fekete, conductor; Ilona Steingruber, soprano; Sieglinde Wagner, contralto; Ernst Majkut, tenor. Mercury MG10102, 12-inch lp.

*Performance*

We owe thanks to the musical enthusiasm of David Hall, program director of Mercury Records, for this first-time recording of one of Mahler's most exciting scores. The music abounds in dramatic contrasts, remarkable turns of orchestration and tempi. The performance is a splendid one. The soloists are excellent, particularly the first two named. Fekete's direction shows again his command of nuances and overall balance.

*Reproduction*

The chorus seems somewhat too much in the background. Again we note an occasional wiriness and off-pitch quality, particularly of the brass, pronounced on lp attachment, lessened on high fidelity equipment. It is not likely that another recording of this unusual and neglected masterpiece will be forthcoming in the near future, and as the good qualities of the disc far outweigh its defects, it is to be highly recommended.

## FIVE SONGS FROM RUECKERT

Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Zoltan Fekete, conductor; Ilona Steingruber, soprano. Mercury MG10103, 12-inch lp. (Reverse side contains KINDER-TOTENLIEDER, sung by Vera Rosza, contralto, with same group.)

*Performance*

Ilona Steingruber is one of the best European sopranos, with excellent diction, good tonal control and range, a genuine feeling for what she sings, as was evident in the Vox album of the Mahler "Resurrection" Symphony. Zoltan Fekete, not so well known to American audiences as he deserves, is a musician's musician, with a thorough knowledge of the nuances in the score, a mastery of getting orchestral coloring and effects precisely as he desires. This group of songs, from the exquisite love lyric *Ich atmet' einen linden Duft* to the dramatic *Um Mitternacht*, contains in essence the varied creative qualities of the composer's genius. An admirable achievement, performance-wise.

*Reproduction*

Not, alas, up to the excellence of the performance. Mercury's early foreign tapes suffered from wiriness and inadequate volume. This is especially noticeable on lp attachment, while fidelity equipment, with compensators to eliminate a somewhat excessive bass, gives better results.

## LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN

Symphony Orchestra of Radio Berlin, Leopold Ludwig, conductor; Josef Metternich, baritone. Urania 7016, 12-inch lp. (Includes KINDERTOTENLIEDER.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, conductor; Carol Brice, contralto. Columbia ML4108, 12-inch lp. (Includes Bach SACRED ARIAS.)

*Performance*

Carol Brice's sombre-hued, almost impersonal singing serves the music's introspection better than Metternich's overemphasized romanticism. Moreover, the German tenor's range is often lack-lustre, evidencing strain and improper breath control. Orchestral laurels to Reiner beyond dispute.

*Reproduction*

Sharper "up-close" range on the Urania, which is clean-surfaced and sounds well on both types of equipment. Columbia's version, taken from shellac, is smaller in tonal scope and sometimes fuzzy.

Orchestra, Sir Adrian Boult, Conductor; Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano. RCA Victor LM-1203, 12-inch lp. (Reverse side contains Wolf songs.)

*Performance and Reproduction*

Miss Thebom's rich voice and excellent musicianship make this reading an excellent one, but we miss the tragic poignance which Carol Brice was able to accord this wonderful work. Had the latter enjoyed better reproduction, hers would be the best of the three available versions now on lp. Still, the bonus of Wolf songs—considering the parallel of Mahler's and Wolf's careers—gives the Victor disc a slight edge.

KINDERTOTENLIEDER

Symphony Orchestra of Radio Berlin, Rolf Kleinert, conductor; Lorri Lail, mezzo-soprano. Urania 7016.

Vienna Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, conductor; Kathleen Ferrier, contralto. Columbia ML2187, 10-inch lp.

*Performance*

Lorri Lail, new to us in America, is a wonderfully gifted singer, with fine breath-control, expressive range, excellent diction, subtle phrasing. Ferrier's artistry is, as always, impeccable. Actually, it is difficult to make a choice here and only the presence of the superb Vienna ensemble under Walter's inspired baton gives Columbia a slight advantage.

*Reproduction*

Both issues are outstanding, Columbia's a bit more "sharp" on attachment. On audio, the subtleties of orchestral accompaniment show up noticeably in the Columbia lp.

Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Zoltan Fekete, conductor; Vera Rosza, contralto. Mercury MG10103, 12-inch lp. (Reverse contains FIVE SONGS FROM RUCKERT.)

*Performance*

Miss Rosza's range is good and secure, and her intonation and diction first-rate. A sympathetic treatment, with good orchestral accompaniment. Fekete understands subtleties as well as any European conductor.

*Reproduction*

See remarks on FIVE SONGS FROM RUECKERT. On lp attachment, bass must be turned down. Strings annoyingly wiry at times, woodwinds vary on pitch. High fidelity improves balance, though not fully.

San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, conductor; Marian Anderson, contralto. Victor LM 1146, 12-inch lp.

*Performance*

The artistry of Marian Anderson is as impeccable as ever. Monteux's reading of the score is most admirable as may be expected.

*Reproduction*

Excellent, with good balance between voice and orchestra. Very clean surfaces, well modulated tone.

## EARLY SONGS FROM "DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN"

Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Felix Prohaska, conductor; Alfred Poell, baritone; Anny Felbermayer, soprano. Vanguard Recording Society, VRS-421, 12-inch lp.

*Performance*

This disc, a sequel to Vanguard's remarkably fine set VRS-412-3, should make many new Mahler lovers. It contains *Hans und Grete*, *Scheiden und Meiden*, *Frühlingmorgen*, *Es sungen drei Engel*, and *Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald* from *Knaben Wunderhorn*, and duplicates the Rückert items offered on the Mercury recording MG-10103. Poell's virile baritone quality is again superlative, as it was in the earlier album. His sympathy and enthusiasm for this highly impressionistic music is at once communicated to the listener. Moreover, the disc marks the recording debut of the young, gifted soprano, Anny Felbermayer, who knows how to convey just the pathos desired in these youthfully nostalgic songs. Once again, Prohaska's feeling for Mahler's music, his tempi and cueing of singers and solo orchestral sections must be highly commended.

*Reproduction*

Topnotch on both high fidelity and ordinary home player attachments. The resonance of Poell's gusty, forthright tones is ably handled by the Vanguard engineers. Surfaces are clean. A brilliant contribution, in all, to the existing lp repertory.

## FOURTEEN SONGS FROM "AUS DER JUGENDZEIT"

Ilona Steingruber, soprano; Herbert Haefner, piano. SPA 20/22.

*Performance*

This reading compares very favorably with that on Vanguard VRS 424 (Powell, Felbermayer) which we did not have opportunity to hear in full. Miss Steingruber has a sympathetic feeling for and understanding of Mahler's music, as she has already demonstrated on discs for other record firms. Here we especially admire her versions of *Hans und Grete* and the exquisite *Aus!* Haefner's piano accompaniment is excellently sensitive to all the nuances. Incidentally, this disc serves as a memoriam to him; a noted conductor in his own right, he was director of the 1952 Vienna summer music festival, died tragically at its conclusion, but fortunately not before he made some memorable recordings, among them Columbia's complete performance of Alban Berg's remarkable modern opera, "Lulu."

*Reproduction*

Very fine, indeed. On other discs featuring piano, SPA's engineers have given us authentic piano sound without distortion or off-pitch flaws; this performance is no exception. The album includes the Mahler Third Symphony, is, therefore, a must for all Mahler enthusiasts, and has the virtue of being

magnificently and artistically done. We emphasize this because many independent firms are occasionally wont to content themselves with routine performances of unusual repertory on the grounds that the uniqueness of the programming suffices. A fallacy!

## EIGHT SONGS

Bruno Walter, piano; Desi Halban, soprano. Columbia SL-171.

*Performance and Reproduction*

A welcome "remake" of Columbia's earlier "shellac" album, which suffered deplorably from poor piano tone and generally "cramped" sound. Here the engineers have balanced voice and piano admirably, illuminating the gifts of both great artists. Miss Halban deserves that adjective for her keenly intuitive understanding of these exquisite songs, the control of diction and tone, the flawless blending with accompaniment.

Those who love and cherish the creations of Bruckner and Mahler owe a vote of thanks to the enterprise of the independent record companies for their protagonism and, in nearly every instance, their high standards of treatment of these magnificent works in performance. When lp first came on the market, it was the tendency of the smaller companies to be content with adequately recorded—yet often slipshod and miscast—performances, simply to get the buyer's attention for the unusual. This is no longer the case. The quality of performance and reproduction to be found in the products of any given independent firm as against those of the "Big Four" holds up well.

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KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO  
LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

On December 15, 1916, Leopold Stokowski, then conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, gave the first performance of *Das Lied von der Erde* in the United States. In March of that year, his pioneering spirit had led him to introduce Mahler's *Eighth*, "Symphony of a Thousand", to American audiences in a series of ten performances, nine of which were given in Philadelphia and one in New York. Writing about this occasion fifteen years later in the *New York Herald Tribune*, May 10, 1931, the late Lawrence Gilman remarked, "The work . . . had a run which, for a mere symphony, was equivalent to the triumphant persistence of *The Green Pastures*. The Academy of Music was jammed at all performances. . . . Even the traffic policemen outside the Academy were excited about the attraction, and spoke of it almost as respectfully as if it had been a prizefight." In an interview with William Engle, feature writer of the *New York World Telegram*, Mr. Arthur Judson described this series of performances as the most memorable milestone of his managerial career. Only two performances had been scheduled. "Philadelphia, the first night, was dumfounded. Then it was jubilant. Instead of two performances, ten were given, and the town celebrated as though the Athletics had won the pennant. In New York the *Friends of Music* heeded. They engaged Mr. Judson to bring the production here, and in a

special train the huge cast came to storm and conquer the Metropolitan." (*World Telegram*, December 19, 1933.)

Thirty-three years after the premiere, the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York gave its first performances of the "Symphony of a Thousand" on April 6, 7, and 9. The conductor was again Leopold Stokowski who throughout his brilliant career has contributed so much toward the education of the music-loving public. The last performance was broadcast over CBS, thus enabling millions instead of thousands to hear a stirring interpretation of this rarely played masterpiece. Cheers from the three Carnegie Hall audiences greeted Dr. Stokowski, the soloists, the orchestra, and the choruses after each presentation of this difficult work. Unfortunately, the recording companies did not record this memorable event.

In belated recognition of his efforts to create a greater interest in and appreciation of Mahler's music in the United States, the directors of the Bruckner Society of America awarded the Mahler medal of honor to Dr. Stokowski. On April 7 the medal was presented to Dr. Stokowski by Mr. Warren Storey Smith of the *Boston Post*, acting on the behalf of the Society.

Mr. Smith made the following remarks:

"Dr. Stokowski, it is my privilege and pleasure to present to you, in the name of the Bruckner Society of America, its Mahler medal of honor. This medal, designed by the American sculptor Julio Kilenyi for the Society's exclusive use, is given to the conductors who have done the most to further the cause of Mahler's music. It was you who in 1916 introduced to America his colossal *Eighth Symphony*, and you have now brought to pass the only subsequent performances by a major orchestra of the East. Because of its manifold exactions, the preparation and conducting of this choral symphony must be considered a labor not only of skill, but of love. You have once more paid it this double tribute."

In accepting the medal, Dr. Stokowski said:

"Thank you, Mr. Smith, and thank you, Bruckner-Mahler Society. I am deeply happy to conduct Mahler's *Eighth* because I regard it one of the greatest creations among the arts of our time. It is, in my opinion, great music, but more than that it has a profound message for everyone."

## SCHOENBERG'S GURRE-LIEDER ON L P

By Jack Diether

Philadelphia Orchestra, Princeton Glee Club, Fortnightly Club and Mendelssohn Club conducted by Leopold Stokowski; Paul Althouse (tenor), Jeannette Vreeland (soprano), Rose Bampton (contralto), Abrasha Robofsky (bass), Robert Betts (tenor), Benjamin de Loache (speaker). Victor M-127 (28 sides); LCT-6012 (4 LP sides).

Chorus and Orchestra of the New Symphony Society of Paris conducted by Rene Leibowitz; Richard Lewis (tenor), Ethel Semser (soprano), Nell Tangeman (mezzo-soprano), John Riley (bass), Ferry Gruber (tenor), Morris Gesell (speaker). Haydn Society 100 (6 LP sides).

Comparing the present *Gurre-Lieder* recordings a section at a time has been an interesting but frustrating experience. Both are so remiss in certain quite different respects that I don't feel that either can be said to give a really adequate idea of this great work.

On the technical side the issue is quite simple. The 1932 Victor recording, both in its original 78 r.p.m. pressing and in the recent LP dubbing, is quite superior to the 1953 Haydn Society recording. In fact the expected qualities are quite reversed. The H.S. is lower in total quality than the average important recording of twenty years ago, the Victor is almost what you look for today in a high-fidelity LP.

The main faults of the H.S. are two. There is a decided lack of presence and fullness in the sound of the orchestra, a general anemia most inappropriate to this work. A reading of the precise orchestration used (requiring over 150 players in all), which is supplied by the Haydn Society in its brochure and advertising, is about the closest the customer can come to a true realization of this Schoenbergian magnificence. Secondly, there is a most eccentric quality in the various dynamic levels. Some phrases sound unnaturally faint, as if held down for artificial contrast, and in a crescendo the full range (which is not great) will suddenly pop out at an arbitrary point, usually too late for the proper climactic effect.

The final chorus is a good index to the over-all qualities of both. In H.S. the orchestra gives far less support to the chorus, and the independent brass part in the final cadence is completely inaudible. Where the orchestra can be heard it is relatively pinched and muffled in sound, and the occasional jumping of dynamic level reaches such a degree of persistence and irregularity here that it sounds as if the amplifier were being short-circuited. The whole thing sounds badly overloaded, yet the volume is much lower than in Victor.

The thinning out of the tone of individual instruments in H.S. is most noticeable in the bassoons in the prelude, and in the brass elsewhere. The latter, magnificent in Victor, often fail to be heard properly in dialogue with the solo voice in H.S. (cf. the trombone at "*Fuer Leut' und Haus*" and the trumpet at "*Doch dereinst beim Auferstehn*"). On the other hand the harps and percussion generally show up better, probably by default. The harps, for instance, are not prominent in either recording, but because in H.S. the entire string and wind sections lack body, effects like the beautiful fast-sweeping arpeggios at the end of Tove's first song are to be heard for the first time. Likewise, the tenor drum at "*Sein Streitross das oft zum Sieg*" (Waldtaube's

song) is not very distinct in H.S., but entirely absent in Victor. Other effects in H.S. like the percussion in the quiet opening of Part 3 do seem due to foresight. But the "several large iron chains" advertised by H.S. are not manifest.

These technical shortcomings are doubly a bitter disappointment since the performance is such a fine one. The problems involved in recording such a long work at a public performance under Stokowski, which did not faze Victor's technicians, were artistically defeating, while in H.S. the opposite is true. Here the artists have prepared and performed their difficult tasks in the recording sessions magnificently, while the recording technicians have not.

The most spectacular default in Stokowski's public presentation is the interpretation of the song of Klaus-Narr, which Robert Betts rendered in a *Sprechgesang* similar to that prescribed for the Speaker in the later section marked "Melodrama." Collectors who have never heard any interpretation but the Stokowski can now, for the first time, hear Klaus sung, as he was intended to be, by Ferry Gruber in H.S. As Leibowitz' tempo is also much slower, one might on first hearing easily fail to recognize the two renditions as the same number. The composer's widow tells me that the use of *Sprechgesang* by Klaus-Narr was not a Stokowskian brainwave, but was necessitated by the sudden illness of the originally scheduled singer. This is surely a unique use for *Sprechgesang*, to fake what cannot be studied. Thus a whole generation of record listeners have lived with this spurious Klaus because of a tenor's laryngitis! Such are the vagaries of recording.

The real Melodrama, which is all the more effective for not being anticipated by the false one, is also better in itself under Leibowitz. Morris Gesell is less hammy than Benjamin de Loache, and his voice is much more pleasant. In fact this seems to be a major difference in the entire choice of the two sets of soloists, that one (the earlier) was chosen for their dramatic qualities, the other for their lyric qualities. In only two cases, I think, did the former choice achieve better results. One is the Bauer; Abrasha Robofsky, it is true, certainly strains his voice more horribly than John Riley, but in the projection of extreme fear I think this is justifiable. The other case is that of Tove. Jeannette Vreeland's rendering of her cruelly high notes is so clear and round that one would not expect to find them easily topped. Ethel Semser comes close, but not quite, and in other respects she is comparatively at a loss, especially in the rapid enunciations and the swinging rhythmic impulse of her second song.

My preference for Leibowitz' Waldemar and Waldtaube is enhanced by the greater latitude accorded them by Leibowitz' tempos, with the exception of "*So tanzen die Engel*," which is rushed and unconvincing. The central number, Waldemar's Curse, could be used to sell the whole H.S. set, for here the orchestral tone and balance is at its peak, as is Richard Lewis' singing form. The all-important general pauses are a little longer, and though he is the more lyric tenor, his attacks following them are more expressive. I think Paul Althouse, on the other hand, has an unpleasant voice; but he uses it well for special dramatic effect, except in his occasional exaggerated scooping and bawling. His most sincere and moving effort is that same "*So tanzen*" slighted by Leibowitz. Lewis' intense *sotto voce* attack on "*Es ist Mitternachtzeit*," though the first word is indistinguishable, enhances the uncanny change of mood there.

Along with the Curse, the most beautifully sustained interpretation under Leibowitz is the song of Waldtaube. The whole section is taken at a uniformly slower tempo, so the final crescendo beginning at "*Wollt' ein Moench*" builds up a most terrifying intensity. I know of nothing in this genre more powerful except the clock scene in *Boris*. Both singers are excellent. The pause before "*Tot ist Tove!*" is twice as long as it is under Stokowski, so on first hearing I instinctively braced myself, somehow expecting Nell Tangeman's attack to be twice as loud as Rose Bampton's. To my most agreeable surprise she attacked it softly instead.

The typography of the Haydn Society's libretto is much larger and more readable than Victor's. Other exclusive H.S. assets include an eight-page essay on the composition by the conductor, and a seven-page essay on Jacobsen's poem and its origins by Allen D. Sapp. The album-cover design by Alvin Eisenman is most attractive. As for the respective record breaks, let's just face the fact that except for the endings of Parts 1 and 2 (which are only five minutes apart) there simply are no satisfactory breaks within the integrated two-hour scope of *Gurre-Lieder*.

Because it is so inordinately difficult to get the right quality and number of players and singers together for a performance of *Gurre-Lieder*, the spoiling of this excellent one by poor recording is a musical tragedy. It will probably require the superior acoustics and technical facilities available in Vienna to reveal this romantic masterpiece adequately on records.

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#### KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO LYLE DOWNEY

In appreciation of his efforts to create a greater interest in Bruckner's music in the United States, the Bruckner Medal of Honor, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the Society, was awarded to Lyle Downey, Head of the Music Department, San Jose State College, San Jose, California. The San Jose State College Orchestra under Dr. Downey's direction performed Bruckner's *Fourth* on December 13, 1949, the *Second* on March 6, 1951, and the *Seventh* on March 4, 1952. Dr. Downey plans a Bruckner-Mahler course to be given at San Jose in alternate years. After the performance of the *Seventh*, the medal was presented to Dr. Downey by Dr. Hugh Gillis, Chairman, Fine Arts Division, San Jose State College, acting on behalf of *The Bruckner Society of America*.

# LIST OF BRUCKNER AND MAHLER PERFORMANCES

SEASON 1949-1950

## BRUCKNER

- III The Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, Conductor; February 2 and 4, 1950.
- IV Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Hans Schwieger, Conductor; November 1 and 2, 1949.
  - U. S. Dept. of Agriculture Symphony Orchestra, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Frederick Fall, Conductor; October 28 and November 4, 1949
  - San Jose State College Symphony Orchestra, San Jose, Calif.; Dr. Lyle W. Downey, Conductor; December 13, 1949.
  - Denver Business Men's Orchestra, Antonia Brico, Conductor; January 19, 1950.
  - The Mozart Orchestra of the Music School of the Henry Street Settlement, New York City; Robert Scholz, Conductor; March 12, 1950.
- VI University of Iowa Symphony Orchestra, Iowa City, Iowa; Philip Greeley Clapp, Conductor; January 25, 1950.
- VII Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Busch, Conductor; January 26 and 27, 1950.
  - Southern Symphony Orchestra, Columbia, S. C.; Carl Bamberger, Conductor; April 29, 1950.
  - Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Cincinnati May Festival, Fritz Busch, Conductor; May 4, 1950.
- VIII Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, Conductor; December 1 and 2, 1949.
- IX Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor; February 23 and 24, 1950.

## QUINTET

The Stradivarius Society, New York City; Gerald Warburg, Cellist; January 10 and 11, 1950.  
Coriolan Quartet, Los Angeles, Calif.; March 13, 1950.

## QUINTET (Adagio)

The Oberlin Conservatory Orchestra, Oberlin, Ohio; Maurice Kessler, Conductor; December 4, 1949.

## ECCE SACERDOS MAGNUS

Franklin & Marshall College Glee Club and Chamber Orchestra, William H. Reese, Conductor; Lancaster, Pa., March 4, 1950; Salem Church, Allentown, Pa., March 5, 1950.

## E MINOR MASS

Los Angeles City College Chorus, Dr. Hugo Strelitzer, Conductor; January 13 and 14, 1950.

## MASS IN D

Columbia University Chorus and Chamber Orchestra, McMillin Theater, New York City; Jacob Avshalomoff, Conductor; Soloists: Helen Dautrich, Soprano; Patti Luer, Contralto; Wallace Wagner, Tenor; Everett Anderson, Bass; March 18, 1950.

## TE DEUM

The Oberlin Musical Union and Conservatory Orchestra, Maurice Kessler, Conductor; Soloists: Beverly Hunziker, Soprano; Eunice Luccock, Contralto; Glen Schnittke, Tenor; and Daniel Harris, Bass; December 4, 1949 and April 9, 1950. (The last of these was broadcast over The Mutual Broadcasting System.)

The Mozart Orchestra of the Music School of the Henry Street Settlement, New York City; Robert Scholz, Conductor; April 16, 1950.

## MAHLER

- I Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor; November 3 and 4, 1949.

*Chord and Discord*

- Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Philadelphia, Pa., November 4, 5, and 7, 1949; New York City, November 8, 1949.
- Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Paul Breisach, Conductor; Dallas, Texas, January 16, 1950; Fort Worth, Texas, January 17, 1950.
- Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, Reginald Stewart, Conductor; February 8, 1950.
- Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Bruno Walter, Conductor; February 9, 10, and 12, 1950.
- National Symphony Orchestra, Washington, D. C.; Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor; March 8, 1950.
- Cleveland Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor; March 9 and 11, 1950.
- II Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Alfred Wallenstein, Conductor; April 6 and 7, 1950.
- Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Ravinia Park, Ill.; William Steinberg, Conductor; Northwestern University summer chorus, George Howerton, Director; Soloists: Alyne Dumas Lee, Soprano; Ruth Slater, Contralto; July 25, 1950.
- III Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, Conductor; Adyline Johnson, Soloist; The Cecilian Singers of Minneapolis, James Aliferis, Director; Choir Boys from St. John the Evangelist Episcopal Church of St. Paul, Minn., C. Wesley Anderson, Choirmaster; February 17, 1950.
- IV Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Alfred Wallenstein, Conductor; Jean Fenn, Soloist; November 17 and 18, 1949.
- Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Hans Schwieger, Conductor; Jennie Tourel, Soloist; December 13 and 14, 1949.
- San Jose State College Symphony, Dr. Lyle W. Downey, Conductor; March 14, 1950.
- Seattle Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Linden, Conductor; June Beard, Soloist; March 9, 1950.
- V (*Adagietto*) San Antonio Symphony Orchestra, Max Reiter, Conductor; January 28, 1950.
- VII (*Nocturnes*) Buffalo Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; March 26 and 27, 1950.
- VIII Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Leopold Stokowski, Conductor; Frances Yeend, Uta Graf, Camilla Williams, Martha Lipton, Louise Bernhardt, Eugene Conley, Carlos Alexander, George London, Soloists; Westminster Choir, John Finley Williamson, Director; Schola Cantorum, Hugh Ross, Director; Boys' Chorus from Public School No. 12 Manhattan, Pauline L. Covner, Teacher; April 6, 7, and 9, 1950. (The last of these was broadcast over CBS).
- IX Chicago Symphony Orchestra, George Szell, Conductor; April 6 and 7, 1950.
- The Festival Symphony Orchestra, Los Angeles, Calif.; Franz Waxman, Conductor; April 28, 1950.
- X Erie Philharmonic Society, Fritz Mahler, Conductor; December 6 and 7, 1949. (First performances in U. S. First broadcast January 21, 1950, over NBC.)
- DAS LIED VON DER ERDE**
- Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin, Conductor; Jennie Tourel and Darid Garen, Soloists; April 13 and 14, 1950.
- KINDERTOTENLIEDER**
- Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, Conductor; Marian Anderson, Soloist; March 17, 1950.
- Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, Conductor; Kathleen Ferrier, Soloist; March 23 and 24, 1950.
- LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN**
- San Antonio Symphony Orchestra, Max Reiter, Conductor; Elena Nikolaidi, Soloist; February 4, 1950.
- Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, Fabien Sevitzky, Conductor; Blanche Thebom, Soloist; February 11 and 12, 1950.
- Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Cincinnati May Festival, Fritz Busch, Conductor; Elena Nikolaidi, Soloist; May 3, 1950.

## SEASON 1950-1951

## BRUCKNER

- II San Jose State College Symphony Orchestra, Lyle W. Downey, Conductor; March 6, 1951.
- IV Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; December 17 and 19, 1950.  
Cleveland Orchestra, William Steinberg, Guest Conductor; December 21 and 23, 1950.  
San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Guest Conductor; April 5 and 7, 1951.
- VI Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Jan Kubelik, Conductor; March 22 and 23 and April 3, 1951.
- VII Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch, Conductor; Boston, Mass., December 29 and 30, 1950; New York City, Jan. 25, 1951.

## TE DEUM

Schola Cantorum, New York City; Hugh Ross, Conductor; February 16, 1951.

## MAHLER

- I New Orleans Symphony Orchestra, Massino Freccia, Conductor; November 7, 1950.  
Erie Philharmonic Society, Fritz Mahler, Musical Director; February 27 and 28, 1951.  
Old Timers Orchestra, Local 802, American Federation of Musicians, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City; Frieder Weissmann, Conductor; March 31, 1951.
- II Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Ravinia Park, Chicago, Ill.; William Steinberg, Guest Conductor; July 25, 1950.  
Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein, Conductor; Alyne Dumas Lee and Ruth Slater, Soloists; Chicago Musical College Chorus and Christian Choral Club, John Baar, Director; January 25 and 26, 1951.  
Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Alfred Wallenstein, Conductor; Soloists; Phyllis Moffet and Janice Moudry; Roger Wagner Chorale, Roger Wagner, Director; Los Angeles, Calif., March 22 and 23, 1951; Pasadena Civic Auditorium, Pasadena, Calif., March 24, 1951.  
St. Louis Choral Society, Second Baptist Church, St. Louis, Mo.; Walter H. Kappesser, Conductor; Beaumont High School Choir; Bette Brauderick Dew and Barbara Watkins Swift, Soloists; March 28, 1951.  
San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Guest Conductor; Stanford University Chorus, Harold G. Schmidt, Director; Dorothy Warenskjold and Claramae Turner, Soloists; April 12, 13, and 14, 1951.
- IV Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Thor Johnson, Conductor; Eleanor Steber, Soloist; October 21 and 22, 1950.  
Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, Musical Director; Marie Simmelink Kraft, Soloist; Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 2 and 4, 1950; Ann Arbor, Michigan, November 5, 1950; Toledo, Ohio, November 7, 1950; Oberlin, Ohio, November 28, 1950.
- V Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, Conductor; December 7, 8, and 12, 1950.  
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin, Conductor; March 29 and 30, 1951.
- (*Adagietto*)  
Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Birmingham, Alabama; Arthur Bennett Lipkin, Conductor; February 13, 1951.
- VII University of Iowa Symphony Orchestra, Iowa City, Iowa; Philip Greeley Clapp, Conductor; March 14, 1951.

## DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Jan Kubelik, Conductor; Soloists: Blanche Thebom and Richard Tucker; April 5 and 6, 1951.

## SONGS OF A WAYFARER

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, Conductor; Blanche Thebom, Soloist; November 17, 1950.

*Chord and Discord*

Cincinnati College of Music, Roland Johnson, Conductor; Margaret Thuene-  
mann, Soloist; May 22, 1951.

## SONGS

Juilliard School of Music, New York City; Shirley Gatzert, Soprano; Samuel  
Krachmalnick, Pianist; May 2, 1951.

## KINDERTOTENLIEDER

University Methodist Temple, Seattle, Wash.; Johsel Namkuny, Bass; Mrs.  
Leona Wright Buntner, Organist; May 18, 1951.

## SEASON 1951-1952

## BRUCKNER

- IV Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, Conductor; December 20 and  
21, 1951.  
Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; January 4 and 5, 1952.  
Boston Civic Orchestra, Paul Cherkassky, Conductor; February 7, 1952.  
Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Daniel Sternberg, Dean of the School of Music,  
Baylor University, Waco, Texas, Guest Conductor; Dallas, Texas, March  
19, 1952; Waco, Texas, March 20, 1952.
- VI National Symphony Orchestra, Howard Mitchell, Conductor; March 19, 1952.
- VII San Jose State College Orchestra, Lyle W. Downey, Conductor; March 4, 1952.
- VIII Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Guest Conductor; January 17  
and 18, 1952.
- IX Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., George Szell, Conductor; December  
27 and 28, 1951.  
Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, Conductor; March 27 and 29, 1952.
- PSALM NO. 150  
Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Cincinnati May Festival, Fritz Stiedry, Con-  
ductor; Festival Chorus; May 9, 1952.

## MAHLER

- I Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor;  
October 18, 19, and 21, 1951. (The last of these was broadcast over CBS.)  
Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, Conductor; January 3 and 4,  
1952.  
Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; January 4 and  
6, 1952.  
Youth Symphony Orchestra, Meany Hall, Univ. of Washington, Seattle, Wash.;  
Francis Aranyi, Conductor; April 18, 1952.
- Second Movement*  
Youth Symphony Orchestra, Roosevelt High School Auditorium, Seattle,  
Wash.; Francis Aranyi, Conductor; April 22, 1952.
- II Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Thor Johnson, Conductor; Soloists: Nell  
Tangeman and Helen Houghham Hamm; Choruses: Cincinnati Conservatory  
of Music, College of Mount St. Joseph-on-the-Ohio, College of Music,  
Georgetown College, Miami University, Orpheus Club and Tri-State Masonic;  
February 8 and 9, 1952.  
Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; March 30 and  
April 1, 1952.
- IV Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Guest Conductor; November 28,  
1951.  
Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Guest Conductor; Nancy Carr,  
Soloist; January 31, 1952.  
Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Guest Conductor; Nancy Carr,  
Soloist; February 7 and 8, 1952.  
Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Guest Conductor; Nancy  
Carr, Soloist; February 22, 1952.
- IX Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin, Conductor; February 22 and  
23, 1952.
- DAS LIED VON DER ERDE  
Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Hans Schwieger, Conductor; Soloists:  
Blanche Thebom and Set Svanholm; November 20 and 21, 1951.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Guest Conductor; Soloists: Jennie Tourel and David Lloyd, August 8 and 9, 1952.

**KINDERTOTENLIEDER**

Margaret Thuenemann, Mezzo-Soprano, and Frederic Gahr, Accompanist; Cincinnati College of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio; April 22, 1952.

Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Marion Anderson, Soloist; April 10, 1952.

**LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN**

Martial Singher, Baritone, and Paul Ulanowsky, Pianist; Town Hall, New York City; October 17, 1951.

Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Bennett Lipkin, Conductor; Elena Nikolaidi, Soloist; March 13, 1952.

SEASON 1952-1953

**BRUCKNER**

III Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, Conductor; November 13 and 14, 1952.

IV Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, Conductor; March 26 and 27, 1953.

V University of Iowa Symphony Orchestra, Iowa City, Iowa; Philip Greeley Clapp, Conductor; January 28, 1953.

VII Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, Guest Conductor; January 13, 15, and 16, 1953.

Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, Conductor; March 5 and 7, 1953.

VIII Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor; December 25 and 26, 1952.

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Thor Johnson, Conductor; March 20 and 21, 1953.

**IX (Scherzo)**

Air Force Symphony, Washington, D. C.; June 20, 1953.

**F MINOR MASS**

Oberlin Conservatory of Music, Maurice Kessler, Conductor; December 7, 1952.

**TE DEUM**

Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Bruno Walter, Conductor; The Westminster Choir, John Finley Williamson, Director; Frances Yeend, Martha Lipton, David Lloyd, and Mack Harrell, Soloists; March 2, 1953.

**MAHLER**

I University of Michigan Symphony Orchestra, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Wayne Dunlap, Conductor; April 2, 1952.

Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, Indianapolis, Ind.; Fabien Sevitzyk, Conductor; November 8 and 9, 1952.

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Pittsburgh, Pa.; William Steinberg, Conductor; February 6 and 8, 1953.

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, New York City; William Steinberg, Conductor; March 6, 1953.

II Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Pittsburgh, Pa.; William Steinberg, Conductor; January 30 and February 2, 1953.

Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Rita Kolacz and Janice Moudry, Soloists; University of Pennsylvania Choral Society, Robert Godsall, Director; Philadelphia, Pa., February 13 and 14, 1953; New York City, February 24, 1953; Washington, D. C., April 14, 1953.

Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Walter Hendl, Conductor; Barbara Stevenson and Joan Merriman, Soloists; Southern Methodist University Choral Union; Dallas, Texas, March 22, 1953; Fort Worth, Texas, March 23, 1953.

Chattanooga Symphony and Civic Chorus, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Joseph Hawthorne, Conductor; Jennie Tourel and Barbara Diehl, Soloists; April 8, 1953.

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Tanglewood, Mass.; Koussevitzky Memorial Concert; Leonard Bernstein, Conductor; Berkshire Festival Chorus, Hugh Ross, Conductor; Soloists: Jennie Tourel and Theresa Green; August 8, 1953.

- IV Philharmonic Symphony Society, New York City; Bruno Walter, Conductor; Irmgard Seefried, Soloist; January 1, 2, and 4, 1953. (The last of these performances was broadcast over CBS.)
- V Cleveland Orchestra, Cleveland, Ohio; William Steinberg, Guest Conductor; December 18 and 20, 1952.
- IX Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Chicago, Ill.; Rafael Kubelik, Conductor; October 16 and 17, 1952.

**DAS LIED VON DER ERDE**

- Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Chicago, Ill.; Bruno Walter, Guest Conductor; Elena Nikolaidi and Set Svanholm, Soloists; February 5 and 6, 1953.
- Philharmonic Symphony Society, New York City; Bruno Walter, Conductor; Elena Nikolaidi and Set Svanholm, Soloists; February 19, 20, and 22, 1953.
- Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Los Angeles, Calif.; William Steinberg, Guest Conductor; Jennie Tourel and David Poleri, Soloists; August 20, 1953.

**LIEDER EINER FAHRENDEN GESELLEN**

- Cornell College Concert Lecture Course, King Memorial Chapel, Mt. Vernon, Iowa; Carol Smith, Soloist; Nathan Price, Pianist; November 7, 1952.
- Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, Purdue University; Fabien Sevitzky, Conductor; Blanche Thebom, Soloist; November 15, 1952.
- Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Cincinnati, Ohio; Thor Johnson, Conductor; Jennie Tourel, Soloist; February 20 and 21, 1953.
- Rockford Civic Symphony Orchestra, Rockford, Ill.; Arthur Zack, Musical Director; Carol Smith, Soloist; Oct. 26, 1952.

**KINDERTOTENLIEDER**

- Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Kansas City, Mo.; Hans Schwieger, Conductor; Marian Anderson, Soloist; February 5, 1953.
- San Jose State College Symphony Orchestra, San Jose, Calif.; Lyle Downey, Conductor; Maurine Thompson, Soloist; March 3, 1953.

**KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO ROBERT SCHOLZ**

Acting on behalf of the Bruckner Society of America, its Executive Secretary, Robert G. Grey, made the following remarks when on March 12, 1950, he presented the Bruckner medal of honor to Robert Scholz, Conductor of the Mozart Orchestra of the Music School of the Henry Street Settlement, before a performance of Bruckner's *Fourth Symphony*:

"Mr. Scholz, Ladies and Gentlemen: Because Bruckner was a neglected composer, the Bruckner Society was founded in 1931 to encourage performances so that the music-loving public might be able to judge for itself the merits of his works. In the not distant past, whenever a conductor wanted to program a Bruckner symphony, he was advised by the powers that be not to do so, and usually took the advice. On those rare occasions when a conductor did perform a Bruckner symphony in spite of the opposition, a great part of the audience (sometimes one-third), unfamiliar with the music and influenced by previous reviews, walked out and the critics unanimously condemned the work using the old clichés—too long, prolix, formless, bombastic, banal. Recently, we have been hearing more Bruckner. WQXR and our

excellent municipal station WNYC broadcast recordings quite frequently. Recordings were unthinkable a quarter of a century ago. College and music school orchestras have played Bruckner recently at the Juilliard School, Eastman School, Henry Street Settlement Music School, Chicago University, State Teachers College at San Jose, Calif., and the University of Iowa. Our larger orchestras have given performances in the cities of the East, South, Southwest, Middlewest, and Far West. Today's audiences, instead of walking out, applaud and sometimes even cheer.

"Yet, in spite of the favorable reaction of audiences in various cities and of various audiences in the same cities, there still exists some prejudice against Bruckner in influential circles. The only way to overcome prejudice of any kind is by education. Repeated performances are in themselves an education, because they familiarize not only the listeners but also the participants with a given work. For this reason the importance of repeated performances by music school and college orchestras can hardly be over-emphasized. Today's students will be tomorrow's concertgoers, tomorrow's program committees, tomorrow's molders of musical opinion.

"Obviously, the directors of the Henry Street Settlement Music School do not share the waning prejudice against Bruckner, and if some do, they certainly do not interfere with your programs, Mr. Scholz. In 1948 you conducted the *Te Deum* and this year you are including two Bruckner works in a series of only four concerts. For the encouraging attitude of the directors of the Henry Street Settlement Music School and for your enthusiasm, Bruckner admirers are profoundly grateful. In recognition of your efforts to create a greater interest in and appreciation of Bruckner's music in the United States, the executive members of the *Bruckner Society of America* have awarded the Bruckner medal of honor to you. This medal was designed by the American sculptor Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the *Society*. Among its holders are Walter, Klemperer, Koussevitzky, Ormandy, and Rodzinski. As executive secretary of the *Society*, it gives me great pleasure to present it to you, and may I express the hope that you will work in Bruckner's behalf for a long time to come."

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

HERBERT ANTCLIFFE is an English writer on music and art who has lived for many years in Holland. He has contributed articles on these subjects to the *London Times*, *New York Herald Tribune*, *Musical Quarterly*, *Music and Letters* and many other newspapers and periodicals. He acted as editor of the Netherlands articles in Cobbett's *Cyclopedic Survey of Chamber Music* and is responsible for many articles on Dutch (and other) music in two editions of Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. His books include *Art, Religion and Clothes*, *Living Music*, *Short Studies in the Nature of Music* and *Muziek in Europa na Wagner*. He is also the composer of a number of church motets, some of which are published in the United States. He has been honored by Queen Wilhelmina with the Order of Officer of Orange Nassau for his work on behalf of Dutch music and by King George with a pension for his work on behalf of that of his own country.

JACK DIETHER, a Canadian writer resident in California, is now writing a book on Mahler.

PAUL H. LITTLE, who has been associated editor of *Musical Leader* since 1939, writes some 50 weekly community newspaper record review columns in Chicago and suburbs. Mr. Little gives occasional community center record concert-lectures, champions the unfamiliar, and has been a protagonist for the recording of music by Bruckner and Mahler, as well as works by American and other neglected composers.

DAVID RIVIER, M.A., Brown University, writes program notes for Vox recordings.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, born in Brookline, Mass., succeeded Olin Downes as Music Editor of the *Boston Post*. His musical compositions include orchestral and chamber music works as well as songs and piano pieces. He became a member of the faculty of Faelten Pianoforte School in Boston after his graduation from that school. He was assistant music critic on the *Boston Transcript*. In 1922 he became teacher of theory and composition at the New England Conservatory.

Among American artistic developments of recent years the rebirth of interest in the music of Bruckner and Mahler is second to none in significance. When *The Bruckner Society of America* was founded on January 4, 1931, performances of these two composers by our major musical organizations were not merely rare, but also ineffectual, because American music-lovers had no adequate approach to the proper appreciation of the art of either Bruckner or Mahler. Therefore the Society, having adopted as its chief aim the fulfillment of this void, published the first biographies of these composers in English and issued a magazine, *CHORD AND DISCORD*, devoted almost entirely to discussions of their works.

The Society solicits the cooperation of all who are interested in furthering this aim. Inquiries concerning membership may be directed to Robert G. Grey, Executive Secretary, 697 West End Avenue, New York 25, New York.

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All contributions are deductible for income tax purposes.

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Copies of *Chord and Discord* are available in the principal public and university libraries in the United States.

# CHORD AND DISCORD

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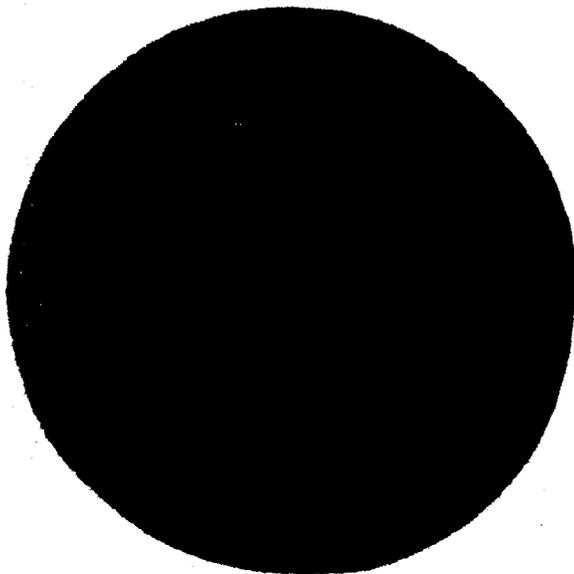


THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

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1958

**"MY TIME WILL YET COME"**



**THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL**

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# CHORD AND DISCORD

A JOURNAL OF MODERN MUSICAL PROGRESS

Published by THE BRUCKNER SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.

CHARLES L. EBLE, Editor

VOL. 2, No. 8

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## BRUCKNER'S THREE GREAT MASSES

by DIKA NEWLIN

It is ironic that Bruckner's Masses—the cornerstone of his art in more senses than one—should today be the stepchildren among his major works, so far as performance is concerned. Few Masses have more sumptuously glorified the essences of Catholicism (at least, so it appears to a non-Catholic), but few churches have the artistic resources to present such music in a worthy fashion, nor is the grandiose orchestral celebration of the Mass, so well known to Vienna since its Classic era (witness Mozart and Haydn!), considered acceptable throughout the Catholic world. Those who may witness the celebration of the three great Bruckner Masses in Vienna's noble *Burghkapelle*, where they are still regularly performed with the participation of members of the Vienna Philharmonic, are fortunate indeed. For those who cannot, however, recordings and concert performances could provide suitable consolation—if they were more numerous. Yet, curiously, while Mozart's *Requiem*, Bach's B minor Mass, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* and even Bruckner's own *Te Deum* are welcome if not overfrequent concert guests, the Bruckner Masses have not yet attained this status for American concert audiences. A similar situation exists with regard to recordings. While all of the Bruckner symphonies are now available on LP—some even in several versions—there is no LP recording of the Mass in D<sup>1</sup>, only one presently available of the E minor Mass (Hamburg State Opera Choir and Orchestra, Telefunken 66033—formerly Capitol P 8004), and only one of the F minor Mass (*Akademie-Kammerchor* and “Vienna State Philharmonia”, Vox PL 7940). Even these are not ideal, as will be seen. An anomaly indeed, in an age when record companies both little and big are scraping the bottom of the barrel in an effort to bring novelties from every period of musical history to discs!

The neglect of these three great Masses is unfortunate from several points of view. One can take a purely esthetic standpoint and regret that so many music enthusiasts are not having the opportunity to hear some of the most deeply felt music of the Romantic Period. One can consider the spiritual values of this music, and regret that many people who, perhaps, are turning to mass-production varieties of religious experience for lack of knowing something better, are not being exposed to Bruckner's higher message. Or one can take the point of view of the historian and claim that we do not really understand the great Bruckner symphonies unless we know the Masses which preceded them, and which furnish their spiritual (in some cases, even their thematic) content. We in America are now beginning to accept the symphonies, in some instances even to take them to our hearts—as was proved by the enthusiastic responses to the Vienna Philharmonic's American performances of the Seventh. But perhaps we cannot completely accept them unless we

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<sup>1</sup> Editor's Note—A recording of this Mass is now available on SPA records, but was released after Miss Newlin had completed this article. Her review of the recording, however, was received in time for inclusion in this issue and will be found on page 117.

accept also the spiritual background from which they sprang. It is this background which we shall find in the Masses. Thus the time seems ripe for those who are already well acquainted with those works to restudy and reappraise them, and for those friends of the symphonies who may not be so familiar with the Masses to make their acquaintance. This brief survey, then, may serve as a reminder and a guide for those who wish to make such a study. It can in no way take the place of the scores themselves or of the much-to-be-wished-for performances and recordings!

### I. Mass in D

The date of composition of this Mass may be fixed by a news report in the *Linzer Zeitung* of February 4, 1864. This notice informed its readers that Bruckner was hard at work on a Mass which was planned for performance at Ischl on August 18 of that year. This date—the Kaiser's birthday—was traditionally honored at Ischl with the celebration of High Mass by the Bishop of Linz. But Bruckner, fighting his way to mastership after his unusually long years of musical apprenticeship, was unable to finish the work in time for the grand occasion. As the manuscript score shows, the complete working-out of the composition consumed the period from July through September. The *Kyrie* was completed on July 4, the *Credo* on September 6, the *Agnus* on September 22, and the *Benedictus* on September 29; we have no dates for the completion of *Gloria* and *Sanctus*. The work then received its first performance at the Linz Cathedral on November 20, 1864.

Comparing this composition with the "School Symphony" (F minor) of 1863, we are immediately struck by the much greater mastery which the Mass displays. This is not surprising, for while Bruckner was a relative newcomer to the symphony, he was long practised in the routines of Catholic church music. Now, spurred on perhaps by his increasing unhappiness in Linz, which led him to search more deeply for musical and spiritual solutions to his problems, he was able to rise above the routine and to create what is generally considered his first full-scale masterwork. Indeed, this great Mass is more than worthy to stand beneath the symbol O.A.M.D.G. (*Omnia ad majorem Dei gloriam*), with which Bruckner humbly headed it—a symbol, indeed, of his whole life.

The *Kyrie* begins with a feature most familiar to us from Bruckner's symphonies—an eleven-measure pedal-point on D, given in repeated quarter-notes in the cellos. As always in Bruckner, this technical device has a deeper emotional meaning. Here it has a sombre effect, as broken fragments of phrases—like interrupted prayers—rise above it in the second violins and violas, poignant with their rising diminished fifths and falling chromatic steps. In the twenty-first measure, the chorus takes up these phrases, at first quietly, then rising to a climax at which we hear a bold counter-phrase of descending octaves in double-dotted rhythm in the trombones. (Such octave patterns were later favorites of Bruckner: cf. the fugue theme from his 150th Psalm (Ex. 1).

#### Ex. 1

Al - les was O - dem hat, Lo - be den Herrni.

They are perhaps descended from the *Kyrie* motif of Haydn's *Nelson Mass* which was well known to Bruckner (Ex. 2). Surging triplets in the strings

Ex. 2



gradually subside as we enter the *Christe* section. Following classical tradition, this portion is introduced by the solo voices, in contrast to the chorus. Rather than introducing new thematic material, these vocal parts utilize the emotional broken phrases already heard in the *Kyrie*, in inversion or transposition and with other slight alterations. Thus the techniques of symphonic development are put to good use; this section, in effect, could be said to resemble the development, elaboration or *Durchführung* section of sonata form, in which the thematic material is led through different harmonic regions. Following this, the text of the *Kyrie* is, of course, recapitulated. The music is recapitulated, too, but in strongly varied fashion—for instance, in the first invocation of this second *Kyrie*, the plaintive diminished fifth is replaced by the powerful upward-leaping octave and accompanied by a highly expressive countermelody in the solo viola. Once more, a great dynamic climax is reached, but the closing invocation of the chorus, followed by a postlude for the strings over a mysterious kettledrum-roll on D (the formal counterpart of the pedal-point at the beginning of the first *Kyrie*), is quiet and subdued. The orchestra, like the choir, ends, not on a D minor triad, but on an empty D octave—thereby skillfully paving the way for the D *major Gloria*.

After the opening intonation by the priest, *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, the choir chimes in with a unison scale-motif which is clearly related to material already heard in the *Kyrie* (Ex. 3). The octave-motif, too, plays a prominent role in

Ex. 3

(a) Sopranos Oboe  
Ky - ri - e e - lei - son

(b)  
Et - in ter - ra pax ho - mi - ni - bus etc.

both sections (Ex. 4). Of course, this sort of thing is not a mere technical

**Ex. 4**

*Kyrie*, mm. 30-32 (Trombones)

(a) *b* *ma. 11-73*  
 Ky - ri - e e - lei - son

*Gloria*, mm. 9-12

(c)  
 Lau - da - mus te, Be - ne - di - ci - mus te

*Gloria*, mm. 14-16

(a)  
 Glo - ri - fi - ca - mus

device (although its skillful use bespeaks Bruckner's mastery of the symphonic arts of motivic manipulation) but also expresses the composer's deep feeling for the spiritual unity of the Mass. But we discover even more interesting relationships as this section progresses. At the *Gratias agimus tibi*, a songful motif in flutes and oboes unexpectedly calls to mind themes of Mahler and Berg (Ex. 5). Biographical details would seem to make this more than a coincidence!

**Ex. 5**

Bruckner, mm. 20-24

(a) Oboes Flutes  
 a

Mahler, 9th Symphony, 1st mvt. (p. 60, Boosey-Hawkes min. score)

(b) Clarinets  
 a

Berg, Violin Concerto, 1st mvt. (cue no. 110)

(c)  
 Clarinets

Mahler conducted this Mass in Hamburg on March 31, 1891. His fondness for self-quotation, which he shared with Bruckner and Berg, also sometimes

extended to the quotation (conscious or not) of the ideas of others. Is it too farfetched to suppose that in the Ninth Symphony—his swansong if we except the incomplete Tenth—his backward look at his own life might have unconsciously summoned up this musical recollection of a period of youthful striving? As for Berg, his devotion to Mahler's Ninth is well documented (he called the first movement "the most heavenly thing Mahler ever wrote"). And Berg's Violin Concerto, in which this reminiscence is included, was also a farewell to this earth.<sup>1</sup>

It is the *Miserere* which Bruckner is later to quote, first in his "Wagner" Symphony and later, as his "Abschied vom Leben", in the Adagio of the Ninth (Ex. 6). In the latter instance, the quotation is integrated into the fabric

### Ex. 6

*Gloria*, mm. 100-103

Sopranos  
Mi - se - re - re, Mi - se - re - re

Bruckner, Ninth Symphony, Adagio (Haas ed., letter T)

Ob., Clar.

of the movement by being related motivically to the beginning of the subordinate theme (Ex. 7). This is perhaps the most famous example of the intimate

### Ex. 7

Bruckner, Ninth Symphony, Adagio (Haas ed. cue C)

(inversion and diminution)

relationship between Bruckner's symphonies and his Masses; we shall, however, see others.

Like the *Kyrie*, the *Gloria* displays a sonata-like organization, with a recapitulation of the initial march-like theme, and culminates, as do all the *Glorias* of these three great Masses, with an imposing *Amen* fugue, in which many motifs already heard are skillfully interwoven to achieve a grandiose climax. The *Amen* motif itself might be considered a transmutation of the *Miserere* motif—as if the worshippers' plea for mercy had now been Divinely answered

<sup>1</sup> For further details on this odd set of circumstances, see Hans Redlich, *Bruckner and Mahler*, pp. 220-221, and the same author's *Alban Berg*, p. 211.

(Ex. 8). Yet it cannot be sufficiently emphasized that all these elaborate motif

Ex. 8

(a) Transposition of *Miserere* motif to D major

(b) *Amen* theme

developments and contrapuntal intertwinings are not considered by the composer as merits in themselves but—like the much-misunderstood “artifices” of the fifteenth-century Netherlanders—as means to the glorification of God. Bruckner makes this very clear in a letter of April 22, 1893, to his friend Franz Bayer in Steyr, in connection with an excellent performance of this Mass that had recently taken place there. Annoyed by references to technical features, including a pedal-point in the Brahms *Requiem*, which had been dragged into a Steyr review of this performance, he remarked with characteristic bluntness. “I’m no pedal-point pusher—I don’t give a hang for that. Counterpoint isn’t genius, but just a means to an end. And it’s given me plenty of trouble!”<sup>2</sup>

The *Credo* begins, after the priest’s opening *Credo in unum Deum*, in vivid D major Austrian festival-mass style. Again we meet the octave-motif already noted in the *Kyrie* and *Gloria* (Ex. 9). After a vigorous first section, a modula-

Ex. 9

Pa-trem om-ni-po-ten-tem, fac-to-rem coe-li et ter-rae

tion through the ambiguous diminished seventh chord D sharp-F sharp-A-C leads us to the mystical *Adagio* section in F sharp major. Over a gently rocking string background, the solo voices, later to be joined by the chorus, introduce the motif of *Et incarnatus est*. At the critical moment *Et homo factus est*, the same diminished seventh chord, by enharmonic change and re-interpretation, leads to the most distant possible modulation from F sharp major—and we find ourselves in the very “earthly” key of C. The Crucifixion is proclaimed by all voices in unison against a background of massive chords in the winds and brasses, throbbing triplets in the violas, cellos and basses, and rushing sextuplets in the violins—a typical Bruckner orchestral pattern. But it is not until we reach the scene of the Resurrection and Last Judgment that we meet the dramatic symphonist in full force. The beat of the double-basses on A, underscored by the roll of the tympani, underlines a sharply-profiled theme in dotted rhythm which, like so many of Bruckner’s symphonic themes, evolves in

<sup>2</sup> Bruckner, *Gesammelte Briefe (Neue Folge)*, p. 272.

fragmentary fashion. The twenty-eight-measure buildup on A before the eruption of the men's voices in a triumphant A major *Et resurrexit* may well have given valuable hints to Mahler for his Sixth Symphony, which begins in like manner with a beating pedal-point on A and with a vigorous dotted rhythm. In any case, it is a striking example of how the pedal-point may be used for dramatic effect—although Bruckner was even to surpass this in his F minor Mass. The motif *Judicare*, intoned by tenor trombones and chorus tenors, may be related to a melodic shape from the first theme of the Seventh Symphony (Ex. 10) but this is probably more a characteristic Bruckner melody-

## Ex. 10

*Credo*, mm. 177-178

Seventh Symphony, mm. 12-13

(a) (b)

Ju - di - ca - re

type than a deliberate quotation. The Resurrection scene completed, the festal theme of the *Credo*'s opening returns (*Et in spiritum sanctum*) and we are treated to an energetic and vigorous close (without fugue). As always in Bruckner, many textual details are vividly illustrated. A vocal line worthy of the later Viennese Expressionists is given to the basses in a striking passage (Ex. 11).

## Ex. 11

*Credo*, mm. 272-79

*f* Et ex-pe-cto-re-sur-re-cti-o-nem *pp* mor-tu-o-rum.

The *Sanctus*, again in D major, begins quietly, yet majestically. The slowly rising threefold invocations remind us of the rising scales of *Kyrie* and *Gloria*, except that the scale is now broken into fragments instead of being smooth and continuous; and the ubiquitous octave-motif again makes its appearance (Ex. 12). *Pleni sunt coeli*, with its vigorous countermelody in staccato eighth-

## Ex. 12

San - ctus, San - ctus, San - ctus Do-mi-nus

notes in the strings, exhibits the chromatic half-steps of the *Et in terra pax* theme; and *Hosanna* is trumpeted in the fourths which are characteristic of many a Bruckner symphonic theme (cf. Third Symphony, first movement). In the midst of all this tumult the *Benedictus* (in G major, the only use of this

key for a major section of this Mass) is a peaceful, almost pastoral interlude, from which trumpets and trombones are absent until the climax (mm. 62-65). Interesting are the harmonic means whereby Bruckner constructs a "retransition" from G major to the D major with which the reprise of the *Hosanna* begins. This is one of the closest possible modulations, yet he goes "the long way around" and ends his retransition with the surprising triad of C sharp major! The C sharp then becomes a leading-tone to the desired key of D.

It is consistent with Bruckner's concept of symphonic form—still to be fully developed in his symphonies, but here clearly present in the Mass—that the *Agnus Dei* and particularly its final section, the *Dona nobis pacem*, should provide a summation of all that has gone before (Ex. 13). Intermingling

## Ex. 13

(a) *First Kyrie* (b) *First Agnus*

Ky - ri - e Ag - nus De - i

(c) *Miserere, Agnus (compare Ex. 6)*

Mi - se - re - re

*Credo*

(d) Et vi - tam ven - tu - ri sae - cu - li

(e)

Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

(f)

Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

(Compare Ex. 3)

(g)

Do - na pa - cem (Compare Ex. 8)

diverse motifs in symphonic (some would say leitmotivic) fashion, the *Dona* rises to an exciting D major climax in which the full chorus and orchestra participate, then subsides to a quiet and humble close with four simple D major triads played by the strings over a soft roll of the timpani.

We have examined this Mass in considerable detail since (as previously indicated) it is the least readily available to the average listener. Let us now survey the remaining two Masses more briefly, yet with attention to their salient points.

## II. Mass in E minor

Like all of Bruckner's major works, the E minor Mass has a somewhat complicated history of revisions. Commissioned by Bruckner's great patron Bishop Rudigier, it was composed during the fall of 1866. Its first version was completed on November 25 of that year. A revision was made in 1869, and this version was conducted by Bruckner in an open-air performance in front of the Linz Cathedral, on September 29, 1869. Of the many subsequent revisions, the 1882 one has been chosen by Robert Haas and Leopold Nowak as the basis of their critical edition (Vol. 13 of the Complete Works). This version, however, is not adhered to in the single recorded performance, which displays an inadmissible cut in the *Gloria* (measure 94 being joined with measure 104 and the important recapitulation at *Quoniam tu solus sanctus* thereby being obscured). There is also disagreement among various versions as to whether a trombone and horn passage of the *Credo* (again just before a recapitulation, at *Et in spiritum sanctum*) should consist of one or two measures. (The critical edition gives two, but the recorded performance gives one.)

The score of this work presents a very different aspect from that of the Mass in D. While the earlier composition utilized a full symphony orchestra including flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns and trumpets in pairs, three trombones, timpani and strings, in the E minor Mass we are confronted with a much more restrained orchestral setting—no flutes, but oboes, clarinets and bassoons in pairs, four horns, two trumpets and three trombones. And, in the *Kyrie*, it is even indicated that this accompaniment is not obligatory. What is the meaning of this change? Redlich has attributed it to "the uncertainty of [Bruckner's] relations to the musico-liturgical authorities of the time." Bruckner was fascinated by plainsong and Palestrinian tradition, yet could never truly reconcile himself to the limited viewpoint of the "Cecilians", who desired to return church music to Palestrinian purity and to eliminate the vivid orchestra of the Viennese Classic Mass. While he did essay works in the pure modal *a cappella* style (e.g., the Phrygian *Pange lingua*, 1868, and Lydian *Os justi*, 1879) he was surely happier with the successful compromise between a *cappella* modality and richly orchestrated chromaticism which is achieved in the E minor Mass. Thus, we meet an opening phrase of plainchant-like character, with a Phrygian close, in the *Gloria* (Ex. 14), and a motif directly

### Ex. 14



borrowed from Palestrina's *Missa Brevis* in the *Sanctus* (Ex. 15). On the other

**Ex. 15**

*Sanctus*, opening canon between 1st alto and 1st tenor



hand, the expressive chromaticism of the Mass in D is found in the *Benedictus* (Ex. 16), and the *Kyrie* reproduces the sighing motif of the corresponding

**Ex. 16**



section of the earlier work.

Of course, the opportunities for dramatic display are far fewer in a Mass of this type than in the fully instrumented D and F minor Masses. Thus, the thrilling orchestral interlude between *Passus et sepultus est* and *Et resurrexit*, so prominent a feature of the Mass in D, is here reduced to two rapid measures of empty fifths (F-C) sounded in repeated eighth-notes by clarinets and bassoons before the triumphal entry of tenors and basses with the joyous outcry "Et resurrexit!" on an F major triad. (For further examples of the importance to Bruckner of the throbbing eighth-note rhythm in empty fourths and fifths as a means of expressing energetic and joyous faith, the corresponding passage in the F minor Mass, and the beginning of the *Te Deum*, may be cited.) But the abbreviated interlude seems just as effective in making its point as are the more grandiose Resurrection episodes of the "symphonic" Masses. Some may feel (as was certainly true in Bruckner's day) that the more modest treatment is more truly "churchly" than the showier one. Others will, more objectively, appreciate the merits of both approaches, and may even feel that Bruckner, with his lavish use of the orchestra in the D and F minor Masses, illustrated in his own way the oft-paraphrased saying of Haydn: "When I think of God my heart leaps up with joy—so why shouldn't my music do the same?" The E minor Mass certainly does have sumptuous sonority to offer in spite of its reduced instrumentation—indeed, the division of the choir into eight parts rather than four often seems to replace the missing instruments. Nor is there any weakening of the arts of counterpoint—again we find, at the close of the *Gloria*, a splendid *Amen* fugue, one of whose themes is (surely not by coinci-

dence, considering Bruckner's habits of quotation) a modification of the Kyrie theme from the Mass in D (Ex. 17).

## Ex. 17

(Compare Ex. 13a)



Curiously, it is recounted that Bruckner played the organ at the second Linz performance (sixteen years after the first) of this Mass. Yet, no organ part is included in the score. Perhaps the accompaniment was performed entirely on the organ on this occasion? That would not be an impossible solution, in the case of this particular Mass—and doing so would certainly increase the chances of our being able to hear the work in churches, where, after all, it belongs!

## III. Mass in F Minor

The time of composition of this work, Bruckner's most triumphant essay in the style of the symphonic Mass, overlaps with that of the E minor Mass—hence a certain confusion in their numbering. Wöss, for instance, in his edition of the E minor Mass, gives it the traditional numbering of "No. 2", yet characterizes it as probably the last of the three great Masses to be composed. Redlich also calls the E minor Mass "Bruckner's third mass written during the Linz period." In point of fact, the composition of the F Minor Mass was begun later than that of the E Minor; the writing of its first version consumed nearly a year, from September 14, 1867, to September 9, 1868. The first of many revisions took place in 1872, in preparation for the work's first performance on June 16 of that year at Vienna's *Augustinerkirche*, under the composer's direction. Subsequent revisions occurred in 1876, 1881 and 1883. It is on the 1881 text (the manuscript of which was willed by Bruckner to the Vienna Court Library but, through a curious concatenation of circumstances, turned up missing at the time the provisions of the will were carried out and did not come into the possession of the—by then—National Library till 1922) that Haas' critical edition is based. As in the case of the E Minor Mass, however, the only available recording does not use the preferred text. (The few measures of soprano solo near the end of the *Christe*, mm. 67-70, are excised.)

In this monumental work, which employs the same orchestra as the Mass in D, Bruckner comes even nearer to the ideal of the completely "symphonized" Mass. Deviating from the pattern set in the two other Masses, the words *Gloria in excelsis Deo* and *Credo in unum Deum*, traditionally intoned by the priest, are here instead given full choral and orchestral setting. More, the word *Credo* is recapitulated numerous times with joyous choral interjections, where liturgically it ought not to be, in the very free "fugue" of *Et vitam venturi saeculi*. In consistency with this symphonic nature, the degree of motivic integration is unusually high. The germ-cell of the entire work may be found in

the opening Kyrie motif (Ex. 18). This scale-line, reversed from its descending ("kneeling") motion, makes the triumphant upward-surgings *Gloria* theme and, in diminution, the typically Brucknerian motoric eighth-note figure which accompanies it (Ex. 19). The simple, modally flavored setting of the next

Ex. 18                      Ex. 19 Glo - - - ri - a in ex -

Ky - ri - e

cel - sis De - o.

Strings

text-line, also based on the same scale-span of a fourth, reminds us of the modal setting of these same words in the E minor Mass (Ex. 20). The boldly profiled

## Ex. 20

Et in ter-ra pax ho-mi-ni-bus.

theme of the *Gloria's* fugue (this time based on the full text *In gloria Dei Patris, Amen*, rather than on the simple *Amen*) is made up of several favorite Bruckner motifs: the trenchant octave- and fifth-leaps and the ubiquitous scale-motif, now extended to the range of a seventh. To be noted is also the diminished seventh-leap which introduces a tinge of that chromaticism favored by Bruckner when he was not attempting to be strictly modal (Ex. 21). And

## Ex. 21

In glo-ri-a De-i Pa-tris A-men.

the fourth- and fifth-leap, implicit in the initial scale-motif, take over in the Resurrection scene with a figure, beginning in the violas, gradually spreading through all the strings, and continuing (in variants) through 101 measures, which is the direct ancestor of the *Te Deum*'s blazing opening (Ex. 22). It is

## Ex. 22

(This group of tones is repeated for 18 measures)



cal significance as well as a musical one. The Mass originated at a time when Bruckner was just recovering from a severe nervous breakdown. In fact, it represented his thanks to God for a return to mental and spiritual health. The Second Symphony, too, comes from a period of crisis. Frightened by the negative reception given to his much bolder First Symphony (the "saucy besom") by critics and audiences, he now became increasingly form-conscious, and attempted to follow classical precepts as strictly as possible. In addition to this, he was deeply involved in the many problems caused by his move to Vienna in 1868. What more natural and heartfelt than this simple gesture of the *Kyrie* quotation, by which he figuratively laid his problems both musical and personal at God's feet for resolution?

And who are we to say that this prayer was not answered?

The reader may wish to consult the following printed and recorded versions of Bruckner's Masses which were used in the preparation of this article.

*Messe in D*, herausgegeben von Josef V. Wöss. Vienna, Wiener Philharmonischer Verlag, 1924. (Philharmonia No. 264).

*Messe in E-Moll* (Fassung 1882), vorgelegt von Robert Haas und Leopold Nowak. (Anton Bruckner, *Sämtliche Werke*, 13. Band.) Wiesbaden, Brucknerverlag, 1940.

*Messe in F-Moll* (Originalfassung), vorgelegt von Robert Haas. (Anton Bruckner, *Sämtliche Werke*, 14. Band.) Wiesbaden, Brucknerverlag, 1944.

*Mass in E Minor*. Hamburg State Opera Choir and Orchestra, M. Thurn, conductor. Telefunken 66033.

*Mass in F Minor*. Dorothea Siebert, soprano; Dagmar Herrmann, alto; Erich Majkut, tenor; Otto Wiener, bass; Akademie-Kammerchor and "Vienna State Philharmonia", Ferdinand Grossmann, conductor. Vox PL 7940.

Wiener Philharmonischer Verlag scores may be obtained through Associated Music Publishers, 1 West 47th, New York City 36. The study scores of the Bruckner *Urtexte* may be obtained through C. F. Peters Corporation, 373 Fourth Avenue, New York City 16.

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#### KILENYI-BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO STATION WFMT, CHICAGO

In appreciation of the efforts on the part of its management to create greater interest in and appreciation of the music of Anton Bruckner, Station WFMT, Chicago, Ill., has been awarded the Bruckner Medal of Honor, designed by the eminent sculptor, Julio Kilenyi, for the exclusive use of *The Bruckner Society of America*. Recordings of the Austrian master's works have been included regularly in the monthly programs of the station over a considerable period of time, thus affording a large audience of music lovers an opportunity to become familiar with the works of a composer infrequently performed in the concert hall. In November 1955 all available Bruckner recordings were broadcast.

The presentation was made by Mr. Charles L. Eble, Vice President of the *Society*, on November 6, 1955.

*To the Memory of Marianna Taylor, M. D.*  
(1881-1956)

*Friend of Music and Friend to Man*

## THE CREATIVE PROCESS AND MAHLER'S TENTH SYMPHONY

by KLAUS GEORGE ROY

"The most important part of music  
is not in the notes." (Gustav Mahler.)

The present article is to be one of two dealing with the unfinished Tenth Symphony of Mahler. The second will concern itself in technical terms with the details of the creative process as it is demonstrated in the musical score itself: how the sketches of a melody look at first, what stages it goes through, how it appears in full score. What can we learn about a composer's structural concepts when he strikes through a measure here, adds a page there, draws arrows and connecting lines? What are every composer's problems in writing a symphony, and how did Mahler handle them in the Tenth? In short, that article will be a study of interest mainly to the professional musician.

In this inquiry, something else is attempted, and attempted with many misgivings. Its subject is not so much the "direct evidence" of the score but the "circumstantial evidence" of Mahler's life as man and composer. The questions to be asked are not conducive to easy or definitive answers. What is the nature of the creative process in music, as it applies particularly to the Tenth Symphony? How does this work, in turn, illumine the nature of the creative process in general? What are the elements of possible misunderstanding about the often terrifying appearance of the facsimile manuscript?

The author's misgivings are these. He did not see Mahler at work; he must accept much second- or third-hand. He is not a practicing psychiatrist — not even a non-practicing one. The highly complex elements of depth psychology involved here may lead him into theoretical errors; yet he hopes to offer no "half-baked" psychiatric jargon. (That any serious study of the creative process is intimately, perhaps inextricably, related to psychological considerations will be obvious to any reader.) He is not willing to wrestle with the whole phalanx of problems on the basis of his own meager powers, but seeks the assistance of the discerning thought processes of many noted scholars. Yet he is certain to miss many a revealing comment, leave important issues untouched. This writer, let it be admitted, is simply a composer who has been moved by Mahler's music, and has in some ways been influenced by him. He has long been interested in the secrets of the creative process in art, and has written a demonstration piece for his composition classes that tries to illustrate the working methods akin to all composers, major, medium, and minor. He believes that in the Tenth Symphony a number of basic insights can be found. Some of these will strike the musician as commonplace; many of the opinions expressed will be considered as obvious by those who

have also thought along these lines. The author may be accused of arguing a non-existent issue at one point or another. His answer would be that the non-composer tends to misunderstand the relationship of a composer's life with his work; few documents will lead their beholders into so many untenable or at least dubious conclusions as does the facsimile of Mahler's manuscript in this instance. What follows should be mercifully free of dogmatic pronouncements; as Graham Greene puts it in his recent play, "The Potting Shed" — "when you're not sure, you're alive." It means, however, to raise a large number of questions along avenues which concern every person who has wondered about the connection between art and life.

\* \* \*

If you, the reader, have this copy of CHORD AND DISCORD before you, it is likely that you have immediate access also to the December 1941 issue. On page 43 you will find an excellent discussion of the basic facts of Mahler's Tenth Symphony, which you should read first. Written by the Viennese composer Frederick Block, it tells us about the publication of the sketches in 1924, thirteen years after Mahler's death in May, 1911, and describes the amazing and affecting appearance of the manuscripts in their life-like facsimile reproduction. The article mentions the first performance, from a reconstruction by Ernst Krenek (Prague, June 10, 1924), and offers brief but cogent analyses of all five movements. Up to this time, it has been possible to salvage for performance only the first and third movements (*Adagio* and "Purgatorio").

Alma Mahler, the composer's widow, makes clear her feeling in the foreword to the facsimile publication that she considered it her duty, after long vacillation, "to reveal to the world the last thoughts of the master." This step, valuable as it is to us, has reaped for Mrs. Mahler a certain amount of critical head-shaking, if not rebuke. It is quite unlikely that Mahler would have approved such publication; at the same time, it is reported that he gave permission to his wife to do with the sketches whatever she saw fit, should he be unable to complete them.

In a perceptive study, "Some Notes on Mahler's Tenth Symphony" (*The Musical Times*, December 1955, p. 656), the English critic Donald Mitchell writes: "There can be no doubt whatever that publication of the Tenth Symphony's sketches — whether justified or not — revealed with terrible clarity the mental stress and strain under which Mahler was working. The manuscripts are littered with wounded cries and incoherent exclamations. It is from this kind of exposure that I think a fastidious mind must recoil. Some private agonies should be left private and the sketches, I feel, might well have been left on deposit at a library where those with an interest deeper than mere curiosity might have freely consulted them. The third movement of the work is titled 'Purgatorio or Inferno'; and though Mahler afterwards crossed through 'Inferno', and would doubtless have eliminated 'Purgatorio', had the work reached a final stage, the title is indeed appropriate. The state of mind in which the Tenth Symphony was composed must have approximated very closely to a private hell."

For better or for worse, then, we have the sketches. All the exclamations strewn over those pages are exactly and mercilessly translated on the last page of Alma Mahler's book, "Gustav Mahler, Memories and Letters" (New York, Viking Press, 1946). The writer reproduces them here with the keen-

est reluctance, realizing the while that the original document has been in the public domain for more than thirty years:

Third Movement ("Purgatorio"). *Death! Transfiguration!* (page 4.) *Compassion! O God! O God, why hast thou forsaken me?* (page 3). Fourth movement; title page: *The devil leads me in a dance . . . Madness seizes me, Accursed! Demolish me that I may forget my being! that I may cease to exist, that I may . . .* End of movement (muffled drum): *None but you knows what it signifies! Ah! Ah! Ah! Fare thee well, my lyre! Farewell, Farewell, Farewell Ah well — Ah Ah.* Fifth Movement, Finale: *To live for thee! To die for thee! Almschi!* (page 10.) (These words occur again at the close of the movement).

As mentioned earlier, the detailed study of the music's growth from idea to shape, from germ-cell to vast melodic arch, from sketch to score, must be reserved for a later study. The steps used in the reconstructions, in which several composers took part, can there be traced at hand of musical examples. But what must here be said at the outset is of vast importance for this inquiry. A considered glance at the sketches reveals to a musician a fact which descriptions of the publication may not have led him to believe: namely, that with the sole exceptions of the verbal exclamations and indications of an unusual degree of haste, the sketches are perfectly normal working devices on the road to a production of a complex musical score. In fact, the full score of the *Adagio* (the step after the "Particell" or reduced score, which in turn followed the initial sketches) is for the most part clear and even neat; transcribing it into a practical score for performance was nowhere near as difficult as was the labor over the brief third movement. All the ink blots, arrows, connecting lines, angry smudges, etc., have nothing essentially to do with the state of the composer's mind. Most early sketches, moreover, are indecipherable to anyone but their authors. You will find the same true of a sketch by Beethoven — who, however, rarely took the trouble to produce a readable end-product. Mahler would have been the first to laugh at the old joke that composition was made up of 10% inspiration and 90% perspiration. "Revision need not lack spontaneity", writes Brewster Ghiselin in his book, *The Creative Process* (University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1952); "and there would be little use in it if it did." Nor does revision, the creative labor of polishing and perfecting, appear to gain from a lack of mental equilibrium; perhaps the very opposite. What is useful to us when we see a page of first sketches is the same thought that struck John Livingston Lowes when he perused the Note Book of Coleridge: "There, in those bizarre pages, we catch glimpses of the strange and fantastic shapes which haunted the hinterland of Coleridge's brain . . . What the teeming chaos of the Note Book gives us is the charged and electrical atmospheric background of the poet's mind."

The realization that the working method in Mahler's Tenth, however hastened by the awareness of impending death, is essentially a natural and normal one, hardly different from that of his other works — but that the verbal outbursts show every mark of irrationality and extreme disturbance, is an issue to which we must return again and again as we study the problem. But in order to place the problem in its proper context, we should look at the nature of the creative process itself — as Mahler saw it, as others see it, and as it applies to this absorbing composition.

"One does not compose," Mahler once said; "one is composed." The Eng-

lish word 'composed', unfortunately, has a double connotation which the German lacks: "Man komponiert nicht; man wird komponiert." 'Composed', in the alternate meaning, Mahler certainly was not; 'consumed' might be more correct. But the concept that the composer is the acted-upon rather than the acting participant in the creative act (!) is a striking one, shared by virtually all the romantics. Even so "classically" thinking a master as Brahms said, "that which in general is called invention, i. e. the thought, the idea, is simply a higher inspiration for which the artist is not responsible, for which he can take no credit." And Mahler claimed that "the creation and genesis of a work are mystical from beginning to end, since one — himself unconscious — must create something as through outside inspiration. And afterwards he hardly understands how it happened." The contemporary American composer Roger Sessions arrives at an astonishingly similar view: "The composer . . . is not so much conscious of his ideas as possessed by them. Very often he is unaware of his exact processes of thought till he is through with them; extremely often the completed work is incomprehensible to him immediately after it is finished." Paul Hindemith draws our attention to the appropriateness of the German for an idea, an inspiration: "Einfall" — a "dropping-in"; but he warns that this is just the first step for a composer, the mere raw material. Donald Francis Tovey, the great English scholar, would have sharply disagreed with both Brahms and Mahler that the composer can take no credit for his flashes of inspirational insight. As he sees it, and as Hindemith and Stravinsky and most modern masters see it, inspiration is "akin to first-rate athletic form." It comes only to those who are ready to receive it, and while waiting to work for it. (Symposium question to Copland: "Sir, do you wait for inspiration?" "Every day." "But what do you do till it comes?" "I work.") The master composer is conditioned as well as liberated by his skill, by his knowledge of what he has to do. How well Beethoven knew this, the moment he fixed an idea on paper — how many permutations it would have to go through before it reached (for the naive listener) a state of "inspiration"! Any idea, heaven-sent as it may seem, must be recognized, captured, instantly put to work — consciously or subconsciously. Not only that: in the hour of inspired work, the creative genius can call for the kind of theme or rhythm or color he needs: a demigod, he commands the muse to bring him what he wants. To the non-composer, the act seems like rubbing the magic lamp to conjure up the obedient genie. Aladdin, however, had merely luck; the composer must have skill. Every creative artist of some attainments knows the feeling of "things going right", of the pen moving where the mind directs, of the visions falling into focus, the ideas crowding up in a ceaseless flow as if summoned, the solutions coming easily to hand. But often, what sounds most spontaneous may be the hardest worked-for, and few composers worked so hard at their ideas as Mahler: a slave to his vision, he toiled endlessly over his scores, attentive to every detail, never satisfied, much more severe with his work than any critic could be — and all this directed toward the realization of what he conceived as the ideal of perfection.

Mahler the metaphysicist, the indefatigable seeker after the solutions to philosophical and religious problems, seemed to attribute (or wished, as a true romantic, to attribute) to divine inspiration what his preparation, his fabulous acquired skill made it possible for him to accomplish. He proves in this last work — so intimately intertwined with the facts of his personal

life, that what he claimed to be unable to comprehend at its source was as an *artistic* creation the result of the all forces he could bring to bear on it. With *opus ultimum*, the final work of a master, these powers are often raised to a pinnacle of awesome height—be it Bach's unfinished "Art of Fugue" or Mozart's unfinished "Requiem" or Mahler's unfinished "Tenth Symphony."

In his book, *Introduction to the Psychology of Music* (Norman: U. of Oklahoma Press, 1954), Dr. G. Révész demonstrates that these two concepts the "metaphysical" and the "psychological", which are "understood and represented as opposites . . . are by no means contradictory, but really supplement each other." It soon becomes clear that the two are in fact inseparable. Révész quotes Nietzsche's comments on the highly involuntary, tempestuous feelings of inspiration, of power and "divinity", but also quotes him in a remark which characterizes Mahler's working method as it does Beethoven's: "All great men are great workers, indefatigable not only in invention, but also in rejecting, revising and arranging."

Look at the sketches! Behold the amount of conscious labor, the thorough awareness of what was good, what was useful, what was weak—the process of criticism almost instantaneous with the process of invention; in short, the two are indivisible. The very fact that there *are* sketches serves as proof. If it were true that by the metaphysical method of creation "the composer could bring forth musical ideas in more or less final form through the action of his unconscious . . .", then why sketches? Schubert and Mozart very rarely sketched; but these men did the parallel labor in their heads, rather than on paper, and there are many extant examples of their revisions. The working methods of composers differ sharply; the essential mental processes are virtually the same. One may crudely compare the issue with digestion or circulation; however divergent the outward manifestation from one person to another, the actual nature of the function remains the same.

But as we go back to the Tenth Symphony, we can see at once how the most elemental creative experience of the first sketches is already modified, made conscious, in the process of revision, of change, or improvement. Of course, an important alteration in a melody or rhythm is to a real composer also a truly creative act, and often a discovery that affects him as powerfully as did the initial version, if not more so. "Eureka! I have found it!" But the head-work that visibly and promptly takes over in these sketches, sometimes seconds after the flash of inspiration has struck home, must account for the degrees and stages of involvement that the composer's psyche undergoes. This comparative lessening of involvement, until the final product may almost seem strange and foreign to its creator, is well explained by Sessions: "The composer's experience in creating the work is incalculably more intense than any later experience he can have from it; because the finished product is, so to speak, the goal of that experience and not in any sense a repetition of it. He cannot relive the experience without effort which seems quite irrelevant. And yet he is too close to it to detach himself to the extent necessary to see the work objectively, and to allow it to exert its inherent power over him." On the other hand, we have many reports about the intense "re-living" Mahler experienced at times when conducting his own scores, hours which left him emotionally as well as physically exhausted.

With some composers, work of distinct inspiration may take place totally without perspiration, controlled almost entirely by calm and conscious application of enormous talent and skill. J. S. Bach, Haydn, Stravinsky might be

examples. But we know how Mahler (as Beethoven before him, and a majority of the romantics in general) "agonized" over his compositional labors. What Ghiselin writes must be true of him: "The concentration [of the creative state] may be so extreme that the worker may seem to himself or others to be in a trance or some similar hypnotic or somnambulistic state . . . The creative discipline when successful may generate a trance-like state, but one does not throw oneself into a trance in order to create." Indeed not; as Mahler said, in a letter to his wife at the time of this symphony's sketches, "in art as in life I am at the mercy of spontaneity. If I had to compose, not a note would come." (Contrast this with Mrs. Richard Strauss's frequent command to her husband, who tended to indolence: "Richardl, now you go compose.") Yet the trance-like state in which many composers work (hardly realizing to what extent they are really doing brain-work) looks confusing to the beholder, and supplies the music-appreciation specialist with some of his wildest misconceptions. Dr. Susanne Langer, in her superb study, *Philosophy in a New Key* (1942; third edition 1957), deals brilliantly with this problem of stress in artistic creation:

"We find the belief widely disseminated that music is an emotional catharsis, that its essence is self-expression . . . Moreover, it is the opinion of the average sentimental music-lover that all moving and poignant music must translate some personal experience, the longing or ecstasy or despair of the artist's own *vie amoureuse* . . ." What Dr. Langer would answer when confronted with the sketches of the Tenth Symphony, and informed of the undeniable facts of the composer's condition at the time of writing, is probably this: she would first prove that all composers (Mahler included) have written some of their saddest music while feeling most cheerful on the surface, and the other way 'round. Examples are legion. She would then quote Wagner, who wrote: "What music expresses is eternal, infinite and ideal; it does not express the passion, love, or longing of such-and-such an individual on such-and-such an occasion, but passion, love and longing in itself; and this it presents in that unlimited variety of motivations which is the exclusive and particular **characteristic of music**, foreign and inexpressible to any other language." Most important, she would continue with this passage of her own: "Music is not self-expression, but formulation and representation of emotions, moods, mental tensions and resolutions—a 'logical picture' of sentient, responsive life, a source of insight, not a plea for sympathy . . . For what music can actually reflect is only the morphology of feeling . . ." Sessions similarly explains what happens in any great work of art, and surely in music like the Tenth Symphony: "'Emotion' is specific, individual and conscious; music goes deeper than this, to the energies which animate our psychic life and out of these creates a pattern which has an existence, laws, and human significance of its own. It reproduces for us the most intimate essence, the tempo and the energy, of our spiritual being; our tranquility and our restlessness, our animation and our discouragement, our vitality and our weaknesses—all, in fact, of the fine shades of dynamic variation of our inner life. It reproduces these far more directly and more specifically than is possible through any other medium of human communication."

It is for these reasons that the terrifying vision some of us may have of Mahler at work on these sketches—correct though it may outwardly be—obscures the basic issue of what composing is. "Composing," said Beethoven, who could frighten innocent farmers in the fields with his shouting and ges-

ticulations over a musical idea, "is thinking in tones". Dr. Langer reminds us that "sheer self-expression requires no artistic form. A lynching party howling round the gallows-tree, a woman wringing her hands over a sick child, a lover who has just rescued his sweetheart in an accident and stands trembling, sweating, and perhaps laughing or crying with emotion, is giving vent to intense feelings; but such scenes are not occasions for music, least of all for composing."

Some of the psychological data in the pages to follow might seem to contradict this view; they do not. For however intense the personal experience of Mahler was, however close the intertwining of the specific and individual emotion with its artistic representation or reflection, the actual work to be done presupposed the availability of pen and pencil, desk and music paper, a piano and a quiet studio. There was the "occasion for music". There, Mahler could devote himself to transmuting into what Dr. Langer calls "significant form" those experiences which involved him most deeply. Only under those conditions would he have had the clarity of purpose to "com-*pose*", to "put together" such a series of highly intricate polyphonic structures as are presented by the main theme of his *Adagio* — in inversion, in augmentation, in juxtaposition with itself. The intensity of stress, as we shall later try to show, is not necessarily in conflict with the creation of extraordinary and extraordinarily complex music, if — and this is the important qualification — if the working conditions are the right ones for the composer, and the time is ripe for him to utilize them to the full.

*Full comprehension of Mahler's music — as any composer's — can ultimately be gained only by the recognition of lasting artistic values, not by acquaintance with biographical conditions.* There is little artistic use to us today in the reports of Gesualdo's homicidal tendencies, or Haydn's unhappy marriage, even of Beethoven's relationship with his nephew. But in the case of Mahler's Tenth we have not a completed work, a creation signed and sanctioned by its composer, but a document so puzzling that we must look for possible clues to understanding its genesis in the very *vie amoureuse* which Dr. Langer rightly discredits as a general principle of interpretation.

In a stimulating and forthright article in the *Musical Courier* of January, 1949, Harold Schonberg writes this: "Perhaps a point in Mahler understanding has been overlooked by a failure to assess his music in terms of his personal life. It may be that it is a little too close for that, but a good researcher with a thorough knowledge of modern psychiatric theory should be able to draw some interesting conclusions. From accounts of those who knew him . . . Mahler was as magnificently neurotic as any person possibly could be. Somebody should do a book on neuroticism in art; it would clear up many of the aesthetic problems concerning the variations in individual tastes . . ." This writer is, when all is said and done, not only skeptical of the procedure of *assessing* an art work in terms of the artist's life, but he could make no claim to the proper qualifications in writing a study such as Mr. Schonberg proposes. He would recommend a careful re-reading of Thomas Mann's "Dr. Faustus" as one of the most brilliant sources on the subject. There is, however, one recent and fascinating book which is largely devoted to "the case of Mahler". It is "The Haunting Melody", by Dr. Theodore Reik, an early member of Freud's circle (New York, 1953). It is there that we find many keys toward a clarification of the psychic conditions under which the Tenth Symphony came into being.

Mahler was ill. He was doomed to die, and he knew it. Dr. Reik discusses in detail the nature of Mahler's superstitions regarding a "tenth symphony", an ideal and a sacrilege not to be attempted and completed without the intervention of death (Beethoven, Bruckner, etc.) "When he was composing it, he remarked to his wife, 'now the danger is past.'" Clearly, it was not, since his heart disease — first diagnosed in 1908 — fatally aggravated a streptococcus infection and a physical collapse less than a year after the sketches were begun. But the thought of death was nothing new to the composer, as any music-lover acquainted with Mahler's output — from the "Klagende Lied" to the "Lied von der Erde", from the "Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen" through the Second Symphony to the "Kindertotenlieder" and the Ninth Symphony — surely recognizes. Reik writes: "Bruno Walter, who was a friend of the composer, states that Mahler's symphonies are conceived 'sub specie mortis'. And now it occurs to us how many of his symphonic movements start with the experience of death and how many end there." No work of his, to be sure, is so clearly marked by the stamp of death as is the Tenth: how could it be otherwise? Yet the listener feels, perhaps, in the completed movements, not at all a macabre grotesqueness but a sense of "other-worldliness", a "Vergeistigung" (spiritualization) that was a new thing even for Mahler. Beethoven's last complete work, the Quartet Op. 135, has a similar visionary quality — wise beyond rhetoric, and therefore brief.

Much has been written about the Austrian-Jewish master's "Weltschmerz," his all-pervading sadness; we need not stress it here. But it is worth recalling that it was Schubert who could say, "unhappiness alone has created the 'Winterreise' . . .", and who wrote in his diary of March 27, 1824: "My works owe their existence to my musical intelligence as well as to my suffering . . ." To paraphrase the Bible — "What some sow in grief, others shall reap in joy." With Bach, with Haydn, with Mozart, even with the later Beethoven, a sense of artistic detachment can be found even in their most deeply affecting moments. This could be true even of Wagner and Bruckner. But with the later romantics, especially Tchaikovsky, Mahler, and the young Schönberg, the last barriers seem to fall; in this hyper-romantic *Gefühlswelt*, that musical reflection and form which would most clearly mirror the personal emotion are freely given. (Even so, the "spiritualization" of the Tenth results in a degree of restraint, of expressive balance, even of brevity, which are most unusual for Mahler.) If we add to this trend toward "Selbstentblössung" ('self-denudation' — the term is Adolph Weissmann's) the nature of Mahler's physical illness, his severe emotional agitation and his foreboding of death, then the conditions under which this masterwork came about are indeed ground for pity.

Pity, also, to him who is virtually destroyed as a man by his very creativeness. "Driven by demoniac powers which demanded perfection and highest achievement, haunted by an inner urge which exacted the greatest, even the impossible, for him, Mahler let life slip by him . . ." (Reik.) And Mahler himself, after being told in 1908 to "take it easy" (!), wrote to Walter, "I cannot do anything but work. I have unlearned all other things in the course of the years. I feel like a morphine addict or a drinker to whom his vice is suddenly forbidden." And in his last year, he sadly admitted, "Ich habe Papier gelebt." ("I have lived paper.") Can we not see what this inescapable fate of life-on-paper, music-paper — the simultaneous glory and terror of the creative genius — did to his marriage? Alma Mahler has explicitly enough —

but not in poor taste — accounted for the nature of their relationship in the summer of 1910, when the sketches of the Tenth Symphony were undertaken. In Dr. Reik's book, we learn details of Mahler's attempts to free himself of this particular burden, to understand and find bases for action. On a single afternoon, probably in August of 1910, he visited Freud, and had with him a long session. There is no doubt that the consultation explained much, however little it could have helped him directly at so late a date in his life. Who could fail to feel the enormous poignancy in the exclamations toward the last pages of the sketches, addressed to Alma (we do not know at what point in the process) — the deep and genuine love he bore her, so terribly disturbed by the intrinsic nature of his creativity? Romain Rolland once wrote, "whoever tries to find the clue to the secret of creation sees with a shock how dearly the genius has to pay for his wonderful conquests. For it costs him an inhuman and boundless effort of the will to satisfy and arrange the angry elements in art so that when he subjugates them at last, he finds himself — bruised and beaten — back in the world of every day." When Mahler was asked, as a boy, what he wanted to become, he said, "a martyr . . ."

Is it correct to say, as Harold Schonberg does, that "the point is that Mahler never worked out his mental doubts and disturbances, all of which were expressed in his music. His scores, then . . . remain creations of the eternal adolescent — adolescent no matter how advanced in years, how seared by experience."? To what extent was the "working-out" accomplished exactly through the music, and through the music only? Could it be that the creative process supplied the ailing master with the very stability that he would otherwise have lacked completely, or should we go further to assume that musical creation was for him the only remaining stability itself? What is the cathartic, curative, therapeutic effect of such work for the composer under such conditions? If not a cure of his problems, did the creation of a great musical edifice, searching and original, allow at least a series of temporary personal resolutions?

The paragraph that follows, from Dr. Frederick Dorian's *The Musical Workshop* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1947), was not written with the case of Mahler in mind, perhaps; yet the fit seems perfect. Nor is it overly poetic; its truth seems profound. "Sublimated in the art works are the narratives of men . . . Art becomes the artist's true reality and life remains but a sad dream. A merciful muse has shown the artist the way out of his misery: the dark forces of destruction which endanger his psychic existence can be fought through the creative act. A cunning device of nature helps her creatures; it forces tragedy to serve its own victim. Enslaved by his unhappiness, threatened with doom, the artist revolts and sets himself free through work . . . Fanatic concentration of all expressive energies emerges victoriously into lasting works. This is the process of catharsis as the antique thinkers interpreted it. It is the act of purification in which the artist liberates himself from the grip of his emotions and creates pure forms of beauty." Would the psychiatrist call such "escape into work" a "defense mechanism"? And would the "victorious emergence of lasting works due to fanatic concentration of all expressive energies" be to the victor a desperately needed proof of his own competence, as the dictionary would define it? "One is competent who has all the natural powers, physical or mental, to meet the demands of a situation or work."

If Dr. Langer is right — as she surely must be — that the primary object

and purpose of first-rate creative activity is not self-expression but the achievement of "significant form", then we must assume that Mahler (as any humanly sensitive composer) was involved in his Tenth Symphony on several levels at once. The verbal aspects of the score may be 'significant' enough, in a psychiatric sense; but they do not make *art*, since they have no *form*. (Had the composer lived, he might conceivably have searched for poetry that might have expressed in artistic form the wider meanings of his exclamations, and could be used in the symphony with the assistance of voices, as he had so often done before.) Nor do the verbal outbursts, in the final reckoning, add to or take away from the artistic product. This product, the music itself, does have *form*, significantly and magnificently so. Had all the sketches been carried to completion as was the opening *Adagio*, we would as musicians certainly have to regard the symphony as the work of a musically clear-thinking man — and especially so since the music is not merely repetitive or nostalgic, but astoundingly fresh and progressive. But to what extent does a *musically* sane or "normal" production guarantee the authorship of a *personally* sane or normal composer?

We do not really know, and what follows is frankly hypothetical. The psychic basis of artistic creation is still mysterious to us. Perhaps it should be left alone by the researcher, as some feel the atom should have been. We do know that the inner life of the creative artist is of extraordinary complexity, and in a certain sense hovers on the brink of mental disturbance. Thomas Mann, in his "Dr. Faustus" and elsewhere, again and again returns to the idea that genius and illness are inextricably bound up together. Whatever the validity of this concept, it is clear that the musician of overwhelming genius must *sui generis* fall under the classification of "obsessive-compulsive" used in clinical psychology. He must work or perish. (What it cost Mahler to be a "summer composer" only, to forswear artistic creation for his conducting and organizing labors, even in 1910-11!, is frightening to consider; it may explain, in part, the "demonic" nature of his orchestral direction — a substitute creative act.) Theorists believe that the obsessive-compulsive state is for some personalities preliminary to the so-called schizoid state. The term "manic-depressive", often used for artists who are so well described by Goethe's phrase, "himmelhoch jauchzend, zum Tode betrübt" ('exulting to the sky, sad enough to die'), is supposedly a mere description of a series of symptoms, rather than an etiological definition. To our untutored thinking, the creation of music, real music, implies control over and integration of the faculties of the mind. We experience it as such. We can hardly conceive of a schizophrenic state as conducive to any kind of artistic work, least of all a great one. (Is Van Gogh an exception? At one point, we learn, he could *only* paint. Schumann and Wolf could write nothing of substance once their disease had passed a certain stage.) But if we take the term *schizoid* to imply a "split personality", we may be able to divide the extant material in Mahler's sketches into "verbal exclamations — disorder; musical formulation — order."

To the psychiatrist, this apparent "split" in the Tenth Symphony offers an instant diagnosis: a schizoid condition. With that affliction, there are not only emotional disturbances, but also thought disruptions. If you look at the translation of Mahler's outcries, you will find a number of repeated words, some even without the expected punctuation, and at least one sudden breaking-off in the middle of a word: *Dass ich ver* (*that I may dis . . .*)

These are, the writer is told, clear schizoid symptoms. At which point the question will arise for any sensitive music-lover, but is it possible that a person in such a state could produce music of such caliber? Is it not more likely that Mahler relived his emotional experiences when looking over the sketches at a later date, and at that time scrawled in the verbal symbols? Alma Mahler believes that they were all written at the time of the visit to Freud. Is it not reasonable to assume that the affecting "Farewell, my lyre" (which could be taken as addressed to his wife as well as to his art) might have been put on the page when realization of the impending end became inevitable, when the shocking awareness that the symphony would never be finished could no longer be evaded? (Yet compare Beethoven's "Heiligenstadt Testament", written 25 years before his death!) Would not Mahler have completed or at least obliterated some of these outcries, if he had had months to do so? Or did he consider it as somehow dishonest to distort what his "darker regions" had sent to the surface?

Perhaps. We do not and cannot know. But there are a number of data which may clarify for us the possible relation of the rational symbols (the music) with the irrational ones (the words).

On one and the same day, August 27th, 1910, Mahler could write a sensitive love poem to his wife, and also leave her a note in which he begs her to come to his studio earlier the next day to call him in for lunch, as was their custom. "My darling, my lyre, come and exorcise the spirits of darkness, they claw hold of me today, they throw me to the ground. Do not forsake me, my staff, come soon that I may rise up. I lie there and wait, and ask in the silence of my heart whether I can still be saved or whether I am damned." This is more than pure poetry. It was the state of mind of the Tenth Symphony. Who could doubt that Mahler recalled the close of Goethe's *Faust, Part I*, the great play on man's dual nature? "Mephistopheles: 'She is condemned.' Voice from above: 'She is saved.'"

The composer was in desperate anxiety; he fled into work, while fearing its effect on his outward balance. Composing, to some, is like childbirth without anesthesia. But it could be, and this might be the crux of the problem, that Mahler's work, musical creation, was to him the last fortress, his only real defense. There lay his greatest strength, the best organized, the most highly developed part of his torn-asunder personality. We learn that the schizoid may keep a part of his personality intact while all the rest seems to be in a state of collapse or dissolution. And at such time, this most resistant aspect of the mentality may come out with complete clarity, "normally", while words fail. Dr. Reik speaks of the "deep well" from which Mahler's outcries came, and says that in his last compositions "desperate hunger for life and utter weariness, the wish to lose one's consciousness and the last clarity fight one another." Not only does a schizoid state (one which has not yet done irreparable damage to the whole organism) not necessarily inhibit the creative function, but it may supply it with a vision and a skill that are uncanny, "super-normal". There is at least one case on record of a scientist whose technical deductions were at their height of brilliance virtually at the same time as his most violent schizophrenic seizures — when the impetus for solving them, the parallel to pencil and paper, was offered him. Now the musical substance of Mahler's sketches may in a mysterious way even have gained from the stress involved; there are moments of truly apocalyptic power (as the progressions of the brass choir on pages 32-34 of the miniature score),

visions vouchsafed to no man in moments of cool deliberation. Even there, cool — or cooler — thinking must of course have taken over during the work of scoring such an idea. It is mere sentimentality to believe that the elemental heat generated by the visionary lightning-stroke can persist at equal intensity during all the ensuing tasks of the composer-turned-artisan — whatever his basic state of mind.

As early as 1896, Mahler wrote in a letter: "I know that as far as I can shape an inner experience in words, I certainly would not write any music about it. My need to express myself musically and symphonically starts only where the dark emotions begin, at the door leading to the 'other world', the world in which things are not any more separated by time and place . . ." By 1910, the situation seems to have become reversed, or at least extended; it is the words, not only the music, which come from the 'other world'. Could these verbal exclamations have been penned at practically the same time as the most rational musical organization? Could Mahler have put the cry for *Compassion* within an inch of a call for a *ritenuto* in the music? The psychiatrist may say yes. Dr. Eugen Bleuler offers in his book *Dementia Praecox* (published 1911) a series of remarks on differential diagnosis which may be applicable. In speaking of the schizoid, he sees " . . . a clear splitting in the sense that various personality fragments exist side by side in a state of clear orientation . . . Clever and logical ideas alongside entirely senseless deductions . . . Senseless ideas suddenly flare up in contradiction to the rest of the personality . . . The delusions are simple and not elaborated, but in contrast to the simplest reality, occurring in a fully conscious state." And later: "Schizophrenics can be cheerful, anxious, elated and depressed not only in rapid succession, but practically simultaneously."

The symbols of the verbal outbursts in the Tenth, to be sure, are never "senseless deductions", nor do they in fact "contradict the rest of the personality"; however violent and incoherent they appear, they are usually connected in a demonstrable "free association" with the music. One might even look at some of them as extreme examples of "program notes", like the "devil's dance" of the fourth movement, or the outcry about the muffled drum, which is based on a specific experience in New York. But the nature of their appearance on the page is in keeping with Dr. Bleuler's descriptions. The slightly sardonic, folksong-like, almost cheerful character of the "Purgatorio" music (an almost "neo-classical" piece!) seems not in balance with the title, nor quite with the verbal exclamations found in it. These and other instances may be moving on a different level from the music, affiliated yet independent, representing other and less "organized" aspects of the personality. *If the conflict of the sketches can be understood, at least in part, through the hypotheses given, we must remember that what remains to us is the best and essentially the healthiest part of the total pattern — the music.*

If we accept the symphony, particularly the *Adagio* and whatever we can make out of the sketches that had progressed beyond the first thoughts, as a work of genius, of "significant form", we may find a near-flawless answer to the paradox of creation-under-extreme-stress in the words of Dr. Austin DeLauriers, Chief of Psychology at Topeka State Hospital. If we see the problem in that physician's way, we recognize that the verbal expressions of the dying master must not by us be confused with the musical substance that is left to us in the art work: "Music is essential order from within. It is not . . . a haphazard sequence of sounds; its very structure requires that

whatever is expressed be expressed through order and organization. Stated differently, music is a medium which by its very structure allows feelings to be expressed always in a rational way. And the more genuine and authentic the feelings to be expressed in music, the more stringent become its intrinsic requirements of order and organization: its rationality. This cannot be said, it seems to me, of other artistic or activity media; this is a unique quality of music." How incredibly complex and "rational", for instance, is the structural organization of certain music by Schönberg and Berg, "even" at the very moments when the emotional temperature seems to be reaching the boiling point! The issue is the same.

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"There are limits to the investigation of the productive process," writes Dr. Révész. "The hope of being able to comprehend the successive processes of creative work is vain. Many roads lead from the explorable to the inexplorable which are not practicable for our brains and our analytical powers. There is no doubt that the forces which govern original creative work, that lead the productive effort to the top-most peak, that give almost unlimited scope to mental life, cannot be grasped in their multiplicity through observation and introspection . . . No matter how precisely we may be able to follow the long inner preparatory process, how convincingly we may be able to describe the stages of development of a composition, there always remains an unbridgeable cleft between the preparatory process and the original inspiration of value. The connection is established by the *genius* of the artist who, through the happy coincidence of divers circumstances and through the work of the unconscious, supplies the connective link. And it is in this leap—which often surprises the productive artist himself—that the unexpected, the involuntary, lies. Both mental activities (conscious work and spontaneous unconscious inspiration) are operative in composing. The one can never lead to a consummate art-work without the other." Mahler, too, was baffled by this 'leap'. "What is it that thinks in us?", he once asked in a letter, "and what acts in us?"

As his Tenth may demonstrate, even "divers *unhappy* circumstances" may come together in a "happy coincidence", one beneficial at least to the artistic result. But it is important to remind oneself again and again, as Dr. Révész advises, that no investigation of a work, its productive processes and its extant matter, can ever penetrate to certain mysteries. Perhaps their "beauty" lies in their insolubility. No amount of psychological speculation can explain exactly what makes a work of genius as contrasted with a work of competence, even if one can technically account for an unexpectedly large number of details in their comparison. Dr. Langer delivers a sharp warning, which the explorer in musico-psychological currents does well to heed: in her opinion, the psychoanalytic theory of aesthetics, though probably valid, does not throw "any real light on those issues which confront artists and critics and constitute the philosophical problem of art. For the Freudian interpretation, no matter how far it is carried, never offers even the rudest criterion of artistic excellence."

This is not the place to enter into a discussion of quality, of value, of absolute and relative excellence. The effort we spend on searching out the conditions under which Mahler's Tenth was written is justified by the assumption—widely shared, we trust—that the work is worthy of such effort. Were it not so—were it inferior music in the context of the composer's

output, did it show a saddening decline of his powers — then the biographical situations which brought this about would ultimately be more interesting than the music. This is not so. Having gone a certain distance in separating intention from achievement, method from result, cause from effect, surface from essence (essential functions of "kritikos", the critic), *we can only conclude that the superior quality of the artistic achievement has at least a part of its foundation in the extraordinary conditions and the extraordinary febrile processes which saw it come to light.*

It is inconceivable that the music of so hyper-sensitive and "literary" a man as Mahler would not absorb and mirror with uncommon poignancy the events and problems of his "outer life" through the art work born of his "inner life". However successful a career, an artist's life may seem to him to have been a failure; his creation, if it is "great", may prove the opposite. "For their works shall follow after them . . ." We find a kind of reverse demonstration of this in a striking paragraph of Dr. Reik's. Mahler, he writes, "sought for the hidden metaphysical truths behind and beyond the phenomena of this world, for the ideals. He never tired in his search after that transcendental and supernatural secret of the Absolute and did not recognize that the great secret of the transcendental, the miracle of the metaphysical, is that it does not exist." Whether one can agree with so shattering a world-view or not, it may be less a contradiction of it than a new horizon, a positive aspect, to claim that the existence of the great art work means *ipso facto* that the idealistic search was consummated, that the mystical faith was crowned. There is now something where there had been nothing before. That, in art, may be the real miracle.

Not only that. That "something", created on the arduous road toward a goal of perfection which the true creator believes he can never reach, is not only there but it is a *new* thing. Even under the immense stresses which surround the genesis of this work, or perhaps because of them, Mahler's productive fantasy — to use a felicitous phrase of Dr. Révész's — was "like a stream that grows broader and mightier through constant new influxes." Mahler was able to look forward, to free himself of the accumulated burden of what he already knew; always suspicious of "tradition", he was eager to go beyond that of his own style. "Whatever there be of progress in life," writes Henry Miller, "comes not through adaptation but through daring, through obeying the blind urge. 'No daring is fatal,' said René Creval . . . The whole logic of the universe is contained in daring, i. e. in creating from the flimsiest, slenderest supports."

A musical, stylistic, technical discussion of the Tenth Symphony must, as we said, follow at a later date. But the writer wants to share with the reader, at this point, his sense of amazement that Mahler could achieve as a true "Abschied", a farewell, so *progressive* a piece, so marvelous a blend of the old and the new, of the firm foundations and the "slenderest supports". In one way, he seems closer here to the ecstatic spirituality of his mentor, Anton Bruckner, than ever before; the hyper-expressive dross which at moments disfigures some of his later symphonies is stripped away, in favor of a tighter polyphonic structure, a transparent texture, a keen search for the substance and essence of a thematic idea rather than an episodic parade of incompatible "Einfälle". The transfigured final pages of the *Adagio* in the Tenth are paralleled in symphonic music perhaps only by the close of the *Adagio* in Bruckner's Seventh. At the same time, how noticeably influenced was Mah-

ler by some of his young disciple's, Arnold Schönberg's, explorations in the first decade of the 20th century — how near to "atonality" are some of the pages in the *Adagio*! And with what surprise will some of us feel the touch of Mahler's influence (probably quite "unconscious") on the outstanding modern heir of the German tradition — Paul Hindemith, especially in the second and third movements of the "Mathis der Maler" symphony! In the "Purgatorio", we may recognize with a shock of delight the kinship of the Danish master, Carl Nielsen — born but five years after Mahler. Donald Mitchell has well accounted for the remarkable stature of this work when he writes:

"The *Adagio* never falls below Mahler's best level of inspiration, often transcends it, and most clearly and poignantly exposes both his love for a past tradition of romantic beauty and his quite extraordinary willingness to shoulder the responsibility of newer concepts . . . Throughout the movement we find even the most traditional gestures fertilized by new ideas . . . Created under intolerable pressure, the slow movement represents one of Mahler's profoundest excursions into the territory of the twentieth century. He was, after all, something of a paradoxical composer, and it is only fitting, perhaps, that he should have succeeded in writing an almost painfully nostalgic movement very much in touch with a musical future which he did not live to see."

Perhaps it is the final paradox of musical expression — one which reassures us that only truly significant art can prevail against the inexorable passage of time — that as we move further and further away from an intimate awareness of the conditions which helped to give a work its own particular and personal stamp, the most important part of the music remains, after all, in the notes.

Newton Centre, Massachusetts  
July 7, 1957 (Mahler's 97th anniversary)

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An essay of considerable pertinence to this inquiry — received by this writer too late for inclusion in the discussion — is an article by Rollo Myers in *The Score*, Number 19, March 1957 (London), "Music and Human Personality."

The author also wishes to express his appreciation to his friend Dr. Claus Bahnson of the Psychosomatic Research Unit, Boston University Medical School, for his generous interest and valuable technical advice. Danish-born Dr. Bahnson — who is an outstanding concert pianist as well as a research psychologist — gave freely of his knowledge and experience in musical and clinical psychology. He is not, however, to be held responsible for the possible scientific inaccuracies in this writer's interpretations of psychoanalytic theory.

## BRUCKNER VS. BRAHMS, AND MAHLER VS. STRAUSS: A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

by WARREN STOREY SMITH

Comparisons are not necessarily odious. By recognizing points of difference, as well as of resemblance, we may see more clearly and judge more fairly the individuals or things thus compared. In the present attempt to appraise jointly the two late 19th century symphonists and the two men who, between them, sang the swan song of musical Romanticism, attention will be drawn to both the positive and negative aspects of their creative work, since in order to know what something is, we must at the same time be aware of what it is not.

No one with any real knowledge of either composer could possibly mistake a symphony by Bruckner for one by Brahms—or even a single movement, a single page or, to stretch a point, a single phrase. There are differences of idiom, of texture, of sonority, of pace, and so on. Now since any discussion must start somewhere, this one might as well begin with the treatment that the respective composers have accorded the middle movements. Both intrinsically and in relation to the outer ones, Bruckner makes considerably more of them than does Brahms. It has been said repeatedly that the high point of the typical Bruckner symphony is the slow movement, and Bruckner himself welcomed the fact that he was known as an *Adagio* composer.<sup>1</sup> In the symphonies of Brahms there is only one slow movement marked *Adagio*, that of No. 2, and in the Bruckner nine there is only one that is not so designated, the *Andante* of the Fourth<sup>2</sup>, which, incidentally, is far from being the climax of that particular work.

In his most characteristic slow movements Bruckner was endeavoring to be impressive and portentous in a way that Brahms was not. These *Adagios* attain to a greater sonority, particularly the last three, where the orchestra is reinforced by the Wagner tubas, of which more anon, and they are longer, more elaborately designed than those of the Hamburg master. Except in his Fourth Symphony, where he uses the sonata form without development, Brahms in his slow divisions is satisfied with the A-B-A-Coda form that some theorists, though by no means all, call a First Rondo. Bruckner, on the other hand, will use the full-fledged sonata form or an A-B-A-B-A-Coda design, with development along the way.<sup>3</sup> And as the *Adagio* is the climax of the symphony, so will the movement itself reach a mighty climax, something we certainly do not find in the slow divisions of Brahms.

As far as the scherzo is concerned, while we find a movement bearing the name in every one of the Bruckner symphonies—and the titanic Bruckner scherzo is as characteristic of its creator as the soaring Bruckner *Adagio*—we do not find the term in any symphony of Brahms. The nearest approach to

<sup>1</sup> Boston's Philip Hale liked to describe the great Bruckner *Adagios* as "Apocalyptic".

<sup>2</sup> In the revised version the second movement of No. 2 is marked *Andante*, but the original version, first released in 1938, has *Adagio*. It is Bruckner with whom we are here concerned, not those who tried to improve upon him.

<sup>3</sup> As is often the case in matters of musical analysis, we find different labels affixed to the same movement, the nature of which remains unchanged by these disagreements.

the style occurs in the *Allegro giocoso* of No. 4, which still departs from the traditional pattern by being in duple time and having no trio.<sup>4</sup> Elsewhere, Brahms replaces the scherzo with a graceful intermezzo, the name generally applied to the third movements of the first three symphonies, and that he himself employed to designate the corresponding portion of his G minor Piano Quartet, Op. 25, No. 1.<sup>5</sup> Brahms appears to have played down the middle movements of his symphonies in order to emphasize the importance of the corner ones, although they are relatively more important in the always exceptional No. 4.<sup>6</sup> The heroic vein was native to Bruckner and he tends to employ it throughout a work.

Bruckner has been repeatedly and, as some will have it, mistakenly assailed on the score of formal construction, especially in regard to the outer movements. The controversy is too vast to be gone into here, but this much may be said: Brahms in these same movements better achieves the classical ideal of continuity and momentum. Paul Bekker aptly speaks of Bruckner's "terraced progress."<sup>7</sup> It is without doubt, Brahms's "logical continuity"<sup>8</sup> and the aforesaid momentum, combined with a greater terseness of utterance, that has made him more acceptable than Bruckner to the average concertgoers. If nothing counted but the sheer musical substance, the melody, harmony and orchestration, Bruckner might easily win out. One is reminded of the jibe at Brahms made by an unidentified French critic, quoted by Felix Weingartner: "Il travaille extremement bien avec ses idées qu'il n'a pas."<sup>9</sup> Weingartner himself put the issue this way: "In the strife between the Brahms and Bruckner factions in Vienna I was once asked my opinion of the two men. I replied that I wished that nature had given us one master in whom the characteristics of both composers were united,—the monstrous imagination of Bruckner with the eminent possibilities of Brahms. That would have given once more a great artist."<sup>10</sup>

Not everyone is convinced that Brahms was a successful manipulator of the ideas that he had, or "did not have." Mahler, for example, expressed himself thus in a letter to his wife: "I have gone all through Brahms pretty well by now. All I can say is that he is a puny little dwarf with a very rather narrow chest. . . . You will be astonished when I tell you where I get more completely bogged than anywhere else—in his so-called 'developments.'

"It is very seldom that he can make anything whatever of his themes, beautiful as they often are. Only Beethoven and Wagner could do that."<sup>11</sup>

<sup>4</sup> It thus resembles the second movement of the *Scotch Symphony* of Mendelssohn.

<sup>5</sup> The latter's companion piece, the Piano Quartet in A major, has a Scherzo, as do many of Brahms's other works.

<sup>6</sup> Thus reversing the conditions of the Bruckner Fourth, already noted.

<sup>7</sup> *The Story of the Orchestra*, W. W. Norton & Co., New York, 1936, p. 217.

<sup>8</sup> The logic, of which Bekker speaks, is well exemplified by the closely-woven texture of the initial movements of the First and Second Symphonies. The latter has even been called a "symphony in three notes", less of an exaggeration than it first appears, when we see the uses to which the motto theme, or basic motive, of the first movement has been put, not only in that movement but in the whole work. Much of the transformation to which this three-note figure is subjected is rhythmic, and Brahms's rhythm is much more diversified as well as more intricate than that of his rival. Of the two composers he is the more "intellectual", the more finicking craftsman.

<sup>9</sup> *The Symphony Since Beethoven*, Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, 1904, p. 41.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 48.

<sup>11</sup> Alma Maria Mahler: *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters*, The Viking Press, New York, 1946, p. 205.

Shortly afterwards he wrote: "Now that I've worked my way through Brahms, I've fallen back on Bruckner again. An odd pair of second-raters. The one was 'in the casting ladle' too long, the other not long enough."<sup>12</sup>

It is entertaining, but not always instructive, to read what the great composers had to say about one another. Mahler, for example, was capable of defying the world by rating Leoncavallo's now forgotten *La Boheme* above the masterpiece of Puccini.

Quite possibly it is the lack of speed in Bruckner, more than his discursiveness or his occasional disconnectedness, that makes him difficult to take in this speed-conscious age. Brahms's pulse rate is slower than that of Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven, but even in jest you could hardly say of any Brahms symphony that it contains not one slow movement but two, or even three. Bruckner sometimes, if not always, courted "solemnity" in the corner movements, applying his favorite expression mark, *Feierlich*, both to the Finale of No. 8 and the first movement of No. 9.<sup>13</sup> His scherzos have momentum aplenty, and continuity besides, but he is capable of slowing down in the Trio, as he does in the Seventh and Eighth. The fleet, light-footed Trio of the Scherzo of No. 9 is quite exceptional, unlike anything else in his entire output. It has even been described as French—strange word to use in connection with Bruckner.

Per contra, Cecil Gray, endeavoring to prove that Sibelius was the only post-Beethoven symphonist who really made the grade, accuses Brahms of "a complete lack of that variety of mood and breadth of style which are the prime requisites of symphonic writing—the one quality on account of which all sins may be forgiven. Brahms's movements, however they are labelled, practically all seem to be *andante con moto*; he is incapable of writing either a true *allegro* or an *adagio* movement—above all a *scherzo*. He entirely lacks gaiety, verve, spontaneity, abandon, in default of which a symphony is necessarily incomplete and imperfect."<sup>14</sup> One need not go all the way with the extremely prejudiced British critic, who was frantically trying to build up his own man at the expense of all the others, but evidently some of the distinctions between Brahms and Bruckner that have just been made here are relative rather than actual. The answer is, of course, that most Teutonic music in the second half of the 19th century was on the lethargic side. Look at Wagner!

Gray distinctly had it in for what are generally known as song-symphonists, and there is an amusing irony in the fact that Lazare Saminsky once accused Sibelius of being that very thing.<sup>15</sup> It looks as though the world had not come to any very definite conclusion on this vexed and vexing issue. On the one hand we have Weingartner saying, "I would add that with a very few exceptions a characteristic mark of all symphonic themes is their breadth and their special melodious character,"<sup>16</sup> and, on the other, Gray affirming, apropos of Sibelius: "It is true that most of his themes are short-winded, but that is precisely one of the reasons why he is a great symphonist—it is characteristic of

<sup>12</sup> *Loc. cit.*

<sup>13</sup> No one could put the vexing issue of Bruckner's "fast" movements any better than did his pupil and biographer, Ernst Decsey. Discussing the first movement of the Quintet in *Cobbetts Cyclopedia of Chamber Music* (Oxford University Press, London, 1929, Vol. 1, p. 216), he says that it is "one of those melodious Bruckner Allegros, which are not allegro in the accepted sense, but have rather the character of animated slow movements, corresponding to the composer's own inner rhythm."

<sup>14</sup> *Sibelius*, Oxford University Press, 1934, pp. 192-3.

<sup>15</sup> *Music of Our Day*, Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York, 1939, p. 197.

<sup>16</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 78.

practically all of the finest that have been written. And it is precisely the long-winded Teutonic thematic material of the German symphonists of the nineteenth century that prevents them from attaining to the monumentality and concentration of the form &c., which are the hall-mark of the true symphonic creations of the Finnish master."<sup>17</sup> He then continues with the observation on Brahms quoted above. To be sure, he exempts Beethoven from all this, but Beethoven, he assures us, "was no more a typical German than Goethe was."

Some authorities, inclined to draw finer distinctions than the above, have separated the Teutonic symphonists into two groups, the German and the Austrian, placing in the first, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms<sup>18</sup>, and in the second, Schubert, Bruckner, and Mahler. By and large, the Austrians are more lyrically inclined than their German brethren. Surely Bruckner eclipsed Brahms in melodic invention, as Schubert did Beethoven. Bruckner's strength, like Schubert's, lay in the creation of themes, and that of Brahms, as did Beethoven's, resided in the manipulation of them, as our French critic has suggested. Take what many regard as Bruckner's most winning melody, the initial theme of the Seventh Symphony. Is it not more appealing when it is first heard than it is in the working-out section, or in the reprise, where it is combined with its own inversion? Additional examples might be cited, but the reader who knows his Bruckner, as well as his Brahms, will get the idea.

Bekker, to return to him, makes the point that Brahms's orchestral style approached the chamber music type.<sup>19</sup> He further says: "He chose his orchestral cast as he needed it. Indeed, he would hardly have known what to do with a larger or more colorful apparatus! He neither took the orchestra for granted nor found it an especially interesting form of expression."<sup>20</sup> Brahms's scoring is better thought of today than it was 50 or 60 years ago. In comparison with the rich and brilliant orchestration of Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, and their imitators, it sounded dull and drab, and was even described as "muddy and hoarse." It now seems an eminently suitable garment in which to clothe the composer's thoughts. We do not hold a Rembrandt in disesteem because it lacks the bright colors of a Renoir. It is nevertheless true that Brahms was relatively indifferent to sound, as such, having an almost Puritanical disdain for the more sensuous side of his art.<sup>21</sup> He more than once composed a work for a certain sound-medium and then blithely transferred it to another.

I have neither the space nor the inclination at this time to delve into the moot question of the original and revised versions of the Bruckner symphonies, made more complex by the fact that Bruckner sometimes did his own revising. The argument has been offered that the well-intentioned Löwe and Schalk succeeded in making Bruckner's orchestration sound too Wagnerian. The fact is that, even as Bruckner intended it, his scoring has a marked kinship with that of the great music dramatist, for whom he had unbounded admiration. His use of the *Bayreuth* tubas inevitably lends to many passages in the last

<sup>17</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 192.

<sup>18</sup> Strauss would fit in here too.

<sup>19</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 204.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 210.

<sup>21</sup> Donald Ferguson attributes the sobriety of Brahms's scoring to his obsession with polyphony (*A History of Musical Thought*, F. S. Crofts & Co., New York, 1939, p. 422). Yet Wagner, Bruckner, Mahler, Strauss and others have managed to write contrapuntally without sacrifice of aural charm.

three symphonies an inescapable suggestion of *The Ring*. We must also acknowledge that his treatment of these instruments was highly individual, and that he sometimes used them more imaginatively than did their inventor.

Quite possibly, some of the difference between Bruckner's orchestra and that of Brahms was due to the fact that the former was an organist and the latter a pianist, with a strong feeling for chamber music. Many have found that Franck's orchestra has an organ-like quality, and so, at times, does Bruckner's. Take, for example, the first phrase of the Adagio of the Seventh, in which the five tubas double the lower strings. The sound is more truly Wagnerian in the transition to the second subject, assigned to the tubas and a French horn. The second theme itself, a section of ravishing beauty, is scored for strings, intermittently reinforced by woodwinds and horns, with a skill that was Bruckner's own. Indeed, the attempt to instance all of the examples of felicitous orchestration in his symphonies (yes, in the original version) would almost mean a complete reproduction.

Brahms also has his moments, such as the Introduction to the Finale of the First Symphony, the end of the retransition to the reprise in the opening movement of No. 2, with its golden-voiced horn, the Coda to this movement, and, in the Adagio, the soft trombones supporting the cellos. These things haunt the memory, as do the return of the chief theme in the Andante of the Third and the flute solo in the Finale of No. 4. But for the most part, we are more conscious in Brahms of the music itself than of its sonorous presentation, the latter being more a matter of utility or suitability than of intrinsic attractiveness. In a symphony this is probably quite as it should be. The Romantic composers have put notions in our heads.

It is his use of the brass, in particular these added tubas, that imparts to Bruckner's orchestra the Wagnerian sound so conspicuously missing from that of Brahms. In No. 7, the work in which they made their symphonic debut, Bruckner's use of these instruments is confined to the Adagio and the Finale. In Nos. 8 and 9 he uses either eight horns or four horns and four tubas in every movement.

From the Third Symphony on he requires three trumpets, as Wagner generally did. The brass choir of eleven that is added to the orchestra at the end of the Fifth was Schalk's idea, but approved by the composer. The original version, now available, does not have it.

Brahms, always conservative in his orchestral demands, never required more than two trumpets, the classical norm. Like Bruckner, he used trombones in every symphony, but in only ten out of a possible sixteen movements, whereas Bruckner used them in every one.<sup>22</sup> Brahms used the ordinary bass tuba, standard equipment for Bruckner, as for Wagner, in the Second Symphony only, but in three of the movements. He used the contrabassoon in every symphony but the Second, though naturally not in every movement, while in the aforementioned Allegro giocoso of the Fourth he has a piccolo, played by the second flutist, and a triangle.

Save for the use of three flutes and contrabassoon in the Fifth, Bruckner adhered to the classical pattern of woodwinds in twos, until he reached the last two symphonies, when, quite appropriately in view of the heavy brass department, he increased them to three. The cymbals and triangle in the Adagio of the Seventh were put there at the suggestion of Nikisch. In the

<sup>22</sup> The reference here is to Symphonies 1-9. In the Andante of the posthumously published Symphony No. 0, in D minor, neither trombones nor trumpets are required.

corresponding section of the Eighth Bruckner used them on his own. And in the Trio of the Scherzo, as well as in the Adagio, he permitted himself the luxury of a harp part.<sup>23</sup> In one respect Bruckner's orchestration was as conventional and as un-Wagnerian as that of Brahms: he never used either the English horn or the bass clarinet.

In mentioning Beethoven, Schubert, and Wagner, I have listed what surely are the principal influences discernible in Bruckner's symphonic writing. Beethoven was for Bruckner and Brahms a common heritage. The former, as suggested above, followed the great exemplar chiefly in the central movements, while the latter reveals his influence mainly in the outer ones. The search for either Schubert or Wagner in the symphonic Brahms is as vain a pursuit as the quest for Schumann in Bruckner. The Austrian master shares with Schubert his gift for melody, his ease in modulation and (the anti-Brucknerite would add) his prolixity.

Bruckner's chromaticism has something in common with Wagner's, although, unlike Franck, he never developed *Tristanitis*: he never submitted to what Lawrence Gilman called "the tyranny of the ascending half-tone progression." The chromaticism of Franck has been dubbed by unfriendly critics both "slithering" and "slimy", disagreeable terms that could never be applied to the music of Bruckner.

As a harmonist, Bruckner, in his own particular way, went even beyond Wagner. In the Scherzo of the Ninth, which some irate critic called "the ugliest piece of music ever written", and again in the opening theme of the Adagio, we cross over into the 20th century. In the case of the latter, the tonality of E major is not really established until the seventh measure, and by altering the

The image displays two systems of musical notation, each consisting of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is E major (three sharps). The first system shows a melodic line in the treble staff with frequent chromatic alterations and a bass staff with block chords and some moving lines. The second system continues this style, with the treble staff featuring a more active melodic line and the bass staff providing harmonic support with chords and occasional single notes.

<sup>23</sup> In each case Bruckner wrote one harp part but suggested that, if possible, three harps be used. The revised score specifies one in the Trio of the Scherzo and three in the Adagio.

pitch of three of them, the first twelve notes of the theme can be transformed into a Schönbergian tone-row.



The Eighth also has its daring passages, notably the out-of-the-key beginnings of the chief themes of the first and last movements, matters fully explained in the masterly analysis of the work by Robert Simpson, in the 1950 issue of *Chord and Discord*.

In respect to tonality, speaking now of the key-relationship between the first and second subjects, Brahms, at least in his symphonies,<sup>24</sup> was a traditionalist, while Bruckner, like Schubert before him, loved to experiment. For example, the Fourth has in its first movement a chief theme in E-flat and a second theme in D-flat, which returns in B. And a most unconventional relationship is found in the Adagio of the much-neglected Sixth, where the first subject is in F and the second in E. Drawing comparisons between Brahms and Bruckner, Virgil Thomson, then writing for the New York *Herald Tribune*, inadvertently referred to the latter as "the younger man". It was a natural enough mistake; the evidence of the music is all that way.

This brief dissertation has been principally concerned with the surface aspects of the works under discussion, with the flesh, one might say, rather than the spirit. It may be remarked that the spirit plainly reflected the personalities of the two men, who had in common only a devotion to the highest ideals of art. On this score it should be noted that both composers resolutely courted absolute music in a day when the descriptive variety was very much the fashion. What little they wrote in the latter vein hardly deserves the name. Brahms's *Tragic Overture* and the early piano ballad, *Edward*, are illustrative music in its most rudimentary form. Nothing but a prevailing mood is conveyed by either title. Bruckner affixed the label *Romantic* to his Fourth Symphony, which, outside the magical opening, is no more romantic than many of the others, and then made an ingenuous attempt to explain the music, which explanation he afterwards repudiated. We can also ignore the foolishness about the *Deutsche Michel*, in connection with the Scherzo of the Eighth. Like Mahler's laboriously contrived program for his First Symphony, these were largely efforts to satisfy public taste. One can even read an Alpine scene into the Introduction to the Finale of the Brahms C minor, but this is not what we mean by program music.

As men, Bruckner and Brahms were conspicuously unlike. The former's upbringing was rural, the latter's urban. Brahms was far more sophisticated, much better read than Bruckner, who is said to have read little besides the Bible. Brahms also read his Bible faithfully, a fact to which his music, choral and vocal, bears abundant testimony. But a wide gulf separates the Upper Austrian Catholic, a man of simple faith, commonly referred to as a mystic, from the North German Protestant, who, when it came to the teachings of the Lutheran

<sup>24</sup> We find an astonishing key scheme in the first movement of the Piano Quintet, matched by Bruckner in the corresponding portion of his Quintet. Another bold stroke on Brahms's part is the recapitulating of the chief theme of the Allegro giocoso of No. 4 a semitone higher, in D-flat instead of C.

church, could accept the spirit but reject the letter.<sup>25</sup> Brahms was fond of the theatre and found in opera, which attracted him as composer no more than it did Bruckner, a means of relaxation. Bruckner's worship of Wagner was a musical matter. The dramas confused him, as they have many another. That Brahms was the more prosperous of the two was due to several factors, the principal ones being that his music was easier to assimilate, then as now, and that he cultivated a greater variety of media, producing such salable items as songs and piano pieces. (Bruckner maintained that he could write songs like those of Brahms but had no desire to do so.) For a final comment, neither man married, but in their attitude toward the opposite sex they differed as widely as they did in other respects.

Allusion has already been made to the Brahms-Bruckner controversy, and while I cannot pursue the matter here,<sup>26</sup> everyone knows that the relations between the two men were far from cordial; and for this their respective followers were partly, and perhaps largely, to blame. Before applying the critical scalpel to Strauss and Mahler, I would like to state that their relations were always friendly, that they were not rivals but colleagues and co-workers, both as composers and conductors. Mahler once wrote to "a prominent critic": "I shall never cease to be grateful to Strauss who has so magnanimously given the impetus to public hearings of my works. Nobody should say that I regard myself as his rival (although I am sorry to say the stupid implication has often been made). Aside from the fact that my music should be looked upon as a monstrosity had not the orchestral achievements of Strauss paved the way for it, I regard it as my greatest joy to have met with a companion fighter and creative artist of his calibre among my contemporaries".<sup>27</sup>

According to Alma, Mahler was wont to remark: "Strauss and I tunnel from opposite sides of the mountain. One day we shall meet."<sup>28</sup> While Strauss had this to say: "In my opinion, Gustav Mahler's work is one of the most interesting products of our modern history of art. Just as I was one of the first to have the privilege of championing his symphonic creations before the public, I consider it to be one of my pleasant duties to obtain for them in future both in word and deed the general recognition which is their pre-eminent desert. The plastic of his orchestration in particular is absolutely exemplary."<sup>29</sup>

The common aim of Mahler and Strauss was the writing of music that *meant* something, the thing that allies them with the Romantic Movement and that separates them from the absolutists and abstractionists of the succeeding generation. As suggested, they went about it in ways that, for the most part, were quite dissimilar. Mahler was a symphonist and song writer, the one published work of his that falls outside these categories being the early choral piece, *Das Klagende Lied*. Strauss was a composer of tone poems and operas, as well as of songs, with a certain addiction to chamber music and concerted music at the two extremes of his long career. His symphonies in D minor and F minor were no more than student exercises in the manner of Brahms, while the *Symphonia*

<sup>25</sup> Walter Niemann tells us that Brahms could take sharp issue with the utterances of the Lutheran clergy: *Brahms*, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1929, p. 182.

<sup>26</sup> A full account of the Bruckner-Brahms controversy is found in Werner Wolff's *Anton Bruckner: Rustic Genius*, E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York, 1942.

<sup>27</sup> Gabriel Engel: *Gustav Mahler: Song Symphonist*, The Bruckner Society of America, New York, 1932, p. 88.

<sup>28</sup> *Mahler Letters*, p. 87.

<sup>29</sup> *Richard Strauss: Recollections and Reflections*, Boosey & Hawkes, Ltd., London 1953, p. 78.

*Domestica* and *Ein Alpensymphonie* were merely tone poems on a more extended scale. For the sake of the record it may be added that the long and varied list of his compositions also includes choral pieces, piano pieces and ballets.

Save for *Das Lied von der Erde*, which is a symphony only because he elected to call it that, no one of Mahler's symphonies bears a descriptive title. The name *Titan* (after the novel of Jean Paul) originally bestowed upon the First soon lost general currency, which is a good thing. The wholly appropriate label *Resurrection* is commonly applied to the Second. In much the same way we continue to call the First of Schumann the *Spring* Symphony. In relation to their initial symphonic efforts both Schumann and Mahler followed the same course of action. Each one invented picturesque titles for each of the four movements and then discarded them. Historian Ferguson calls Mendelssohn, Chopin and Schumann "Romantic idealists" and Berlioz and Liszt "Romantic realists." Had he extended that classification into the later Romantic era he could have included Mahler in the first category and Strauss in the second. Strauss was, in fact, far more of a realist than Liszt and, in that respect, the heir of Berlioz. Both the Frenchman and his German successor were given to describing actual events. They expected us to see with our ears.

If we make a slight exception in the case of the Finale of the Second Symphony, with its summoning horns, its suggestion of marching hosts and its bird calls, all adding up to what has been called a gigantic tonal fresco of the Day of Judgment, we can say that there is no *Malerei* in Mahler's instrumental music and only a very small amount of it in the vocal works. Tone painting was not his forte, whereas Strauss once boasted in jest that he could make it clear in orchestral music whether a man was eating with a fork or a spoon. He had an unrivalled skill in descriptive writing,<sup>30</sup> both in his tone poems and in opera, to which, and perhaps wisely, he finally turned.

The "Resurrection" Symphony is as close to genuine program music as Mahler ever got. He called the first movement a *Totenfeier* or Death-Celebration, but was at a loss to provide a convincing explanation for the second and third—the purpose they serve is musical rather than programmatic. We do know that the First Symphony grew out of the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, and that the song cycle grew out of a personal experience, thus making an acquaintance with the latter necessary to a full understanding of the former, which can still be enjoyed purely as music. There are many things in the Strauss tone poems that do not make sense merely as music and there is nothing in Mahler of which this may truthfully be said. He told the sharply disagreeing Sibelius that a symphony should be made of the stuff of life, and he has been quoted as saying that for him to write a symphony was to build a world. Of the Sixth he said, "It is the sum of all the suffering I have been compelled to endure at the hands of life." And in the Ninth we find him in a state of spiritual withdrawal from the world, thus recalling, as does *Das Lied von der Erde*, the Beethoven of the last quartets. We might as well realize that while

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<sup>30</sup> It would still be a mistake to think of the Strauss tone poems as being wholly "descriptive". Besides, much that he described lay in the domain of fancy, of pure emotion, of mental states, even of philosophical speculation, which puts his program music, a few bits of sheer literalism aside, on a much higher plane than most. And while some of his works need a deal of explaining, in others the only important guide to the listener's understanding is the title.

Mahler was not, in the accepted sense, a writer of program music, he wrote very little that is music and nothing more.<sup>31</sup>

What Mahler did subjectively, and quite consistently, Strauss did objectively with, to be sure, an occasional suggestion of subjective feeling. This objective approach took two forms: the representational and the symbolic. The first of these phases found expression in the *Symphonia Domestica*. The tone poem, to repeat what everyone knows, describes a day in the life of the Strauss family. Strauss draws his own likeness in four themes that, respectively, depict him as easy-going (*gemächlich*), dreamy, peevish (*mürrisch*), and fiery. *Intermezzo, Eine bürgerliche Komödie*, with text by Strauss, unfortunately still unknown in this country,<sup>32</sup> is based upon an actual incident. During the composer's absence in Vienna, on a conducting assignment, there arrived at his Garmisch villa a letter, the contents of which caused the inquisitive and quick-tempered Pauline to consult her attorney. Word of these proceedings reached Strauss and, accompanied by a baritone from the Opera, for whom the incriminating missive was actually intended, he returned to Garmisch. The opera ends on a note of joyous reconciliation. The only attempt at disguise consists in the names of the chief protagonists, who become Robert and Christine Storch.

The symbolic approach is found in *Ein Heldenleben* and the opera *Feuersnot*, definitely in the second instance and presumably in the first. I shall take them in the wrong chronological order and begin the discussion with Strauss's own words: "After the failure of *Guntram* I had lost courage to write for the stage. It was then I came across the Flemish legend, *The Quenched Fires of Audenarde*, which gave me the idea of writing, with personal motives, a little intermezzo against the theatre, to wreak vengeance on my dear native town where I, little Richard the third (there is no 'second', Hans von Bülow once said) had just like the great Richard the first thirty years before, had such unpleasant experiences."<sup>33</sup>

Strauss was his own librettist only in *Guntram* and *Intermezzo*, but Ernst von Wolzogen, who wrote the book for *Feuersnot*, followed an outline provided by the composer. The scene is laid in Munich in the "legendary no time" (*fabelhafter Unzeit*). Kunrad, the central figure, to be identified with Strauss in much the same way that Walther von Stolzing was identified with Wagner and, more recently, Palestrina with Pfitzner, takes his fellow citizens to task for their shabby treatment of one Meister Reichardt, who soon receives the name of Wagner. Allusions to him successively draw from the orchestra the Valhalla theme and the Call of the Flying Dutchman. But, says Kunrad, in driving out Wagner you did not get rid of your enemy, for he has reappeared

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<sup>31</sup> We are reminded of Tchaikovsky, a composer whom Mahler greatly admired. When Taneiev complained that the Fourth Symphony gave the impression of being a symphonic poem to which three other movements had been added, Tchaikovsky wrote in reply: "I should be sorry if symphonies that mean nothing should flow from my pen, consisting solely of a progression of harmonies, rhythms and modulations . . . . . Should not a symphony reveal those wordless urges that hide in the heart, asking earnestly for expression?" And what was true of Tchaikovsky—and Mahler—was equally true of Schumann.

<sup>32</sup> Strauss once declared that it was his favorite among all his works, and he conducted it *con amore*. He also had an especial fondness for the *Domestica*, which is considerably more than the large-scale foolery that its title and certain heavily playful episodes suggest. It is, in point of fact, a paean to domestic felicity, something by which Strauss set great store.

<sup>33</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 149.

in Strauss, whereupon the orchestra proclaims, in a mighty crescendo, the *Kampfsthema* from *Guntram*.

Since *Feuersnot* seems to have gone the way of its predecessor, albeit less deserving of oblivion, this amusing bit, like the *Guntram* quote in *Ein Heldenleben*, has only an academic interest, save for the light that it throws upon Strauss's mental processes. If *Feuersnot* is a dead letter, the *Heldenleben* is still very much alive, and performances of it continue to bring down upon the composer's head taunts and reproaches. Surely, say these outraged listeners, only a man of overweening conceit could glorify himself in such fashion. Strauss stated at the time that the tone poem, which immediately succeeded *Don Quixote*, was designed as a companion piece to the latter. The Hero, he explained, was not "a single poetical or historical figure, but rather a more general and free ideal of manly heroism—not the heroism to which one can apply an everyday standard of valor, with its material and external rewards, but that heroism which describes the inward battle of life, and which aspires through effort and renunciation towards the elevation of the soul."

This does not sound like the Strauss whom we encounter in the *Domestica*, but Strauss the family man and Strauss the creative artist were two very different people. Anyway, no sooner had the *Heldenleben* appeared than all and sundry declared that the spiteful and stupid Adversaries were the music critics. To strengthen that opinion the composer later added a bit of circumstantial evidence. In *Intermezzo* Frau Storch tells a chance acquaintance that a celebrated critic has called her her husband's "better half", whereupon the orchestra obliges with the first, *scharf und spitzig*, portion of the Adversaries theme. Additional evidence is found in the fact that the section known as The Hero's Works of Peace is a melange of Strauss themes, both from the *Heldenleben* itself and previous compositions. It could be argued, of course, that only in that particular way could he express the idea of creative activity, and that as far as the *Intermezzo* quotation was concerned he was merely acceding to a popular supposition.

Even if we did not know it anyway, the music of Mahler and Strauss, as we have just seen, would proclaim the one a decided introvert and the other something of an extrovert. They were still more alike, outwardly at least, than Brahms and Bruckner. Both were devoted family men and solid citizens, jointly occupied with composing and conducting. As with their two predecessors, we have here a Protestant and a Catholic, the latter reared in the Jewish faith. Mahler was something of a mystic, though of a very different stripe from Bruckner, and there was none of that in Strauss. If his head was sometimes in the clouds, or should have been there to write much of the music that came from his pen, his feet were always planted firmly on the ground. He poses few problems for the character analyst, while Mahler was a mass of contradictions. To attempt a perhaps too facile but nevertheless intriguing generalization, we could say that he was a sophisticated man who sometimes wrote naive music, whereas Bruckner was a naive man who often wrote sophisticated music.

Mahler was afflicted with the then-prevalent Teutonic malady of *Weltschmerz*, to which members of his race were particularly subject—he has been accused of "seeing the worm in every apple". Strauss, the only one of the four composers here under discussion who was not in some way maladjusted, was, actually, well-poised to a degree rare in artists of his stature. He took everything in stride, including a difficult wife, to whom he was greatly devoted. He

was a shrewd business man, inclined to be mercenary, and, more than most, he made serious music pay. Orderly and systematic in his work, he could forget it when his carefully-allotted hours were over and relax in a game of *Skat*, his addiction to which also finds expression in *Intermezzo*. His sense of humor, something that Mahler appears to have lacked, reveals itself, at times almost too aggressively, in his music. The too intense, hard-working Mahler wore himself out in middle life, while Strauss lived serenely on to an uncommonly ripe old age, composing to the last.

To continue, Mahler was at ease with simple and saintly things, as witness the Finale of the Fourth Symphony, and much of the rest of that engaging work. He frequently stated that an artist's deepest and most valuable experiences came to him before adolescence. Strauss was essentially a virtuous man but, by his own admission, he found evil characters easier to depict than good ones. Writing to Hofmannstahl apropos of the *Josefslegende*, on which they were jointly engaged, he said: "The chaste Joseph himself is hardly in my line, and I find it difficult to write music for a character that bores me; a God-fearing Joseph like this I find infernally hard to tackle. However, perhaps I may yet find lurking in some queer ancestral corner of my nature some pious melody that will serve for our good Joseph."<sup>34</sup>

Strauss's music is never as erotic as Wagner's—nor is that of anyone else—but he wrote his full share of love scenes, and many of his songs and most of the best of them are love songs. Mahler's muse, on the other hand, was almost pathologically chaste. His only love song, *Bist du um Schönheit*, is as I maintained in this magazine a few years ago,<sup>35</sup> the poorest that he wrote and far inferior to Clara Schumann's fine setting of the Rückert poem. Strauss found Zerbinetta more to his taste than Ariadne, and the theme of Jokanaan in *Salome* is a serviceable musical tag but hardly an adequate characterization.

In their attitude toward nature Mahler and Strauss differed as widely as they did in so many other matters. Mahler felt a definite kinship with the natural world, a fact to which *The Song of the Earth* bears eloquent testimony, and largely on the strength of this masterpiece he has been called a pantheist. Strauss, when the need arose, painted natural phenomena with his customary graphicness. He too loved the natural world, but there was no mysticism involved.

Several years ago Ernest Newman made the challenging statement that Mahler was "the last noble mind in German music."<sup>36</sup> In the same article, in the London *Sunday Times*, he bade us overlook Mahler's eclecticism, an admonition that would be unnecessary today. While Mahler's style was less strikingly individual than that of many composers, Strauss included, it was unmistakably his own. He was, indeed, one of the most original of music makers, a fact not recognized once, but now patent to all.

Virgil Thomson, to quote him once more, while engaged in a comparison of Strauss and Mahler, to the general advantage of the latter, remarked that their

<sup>34</sup> *Correspondence Between Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannstahl, 1907-1917*, Knopf, p. 193.

<sup>35</sup> Vol. 2, No. 6, p. 77.

<sup>36</sup> In his memoirs, *I Segreti della Giara*, recently issued in English as *Music in My Time* (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1955, p. 92) the late Alfredo Casella called Mahler "one of the noblest musicians I had ever known." Rather oddly for an Italian, Casella was a great Mahler enthusiast and made the piano four-hand arrangement of the Seventh Symphony.

melodic styles were much the same. To be sure, they both favored a diatonic type of melody, although in general Strauss's themes are more chromatic than Mahler's, as is his harmony, and he modulates with greater frequency. Mahler, of course, had his moments of effective, even inspired, chromatic writing, as at the end of the *Urlicht* in the Second Symphony and in the setting of *Alles vergängliche* in the Eighth. And this much is certain: neither one of them would have written a theme such as that from the Bruckner Ninth quoted above. While despite the fact that each was a famed interpreter of *Tristan*, that particular type of chromaticism does not appear in their music any more than it does in Bruckner's.

More than Strauss, Mahler leans toward a folk song idiom and, as was the case with Brahms, many of his melodies might be mistaken for genuine *Volkslieder*. Strauss was enamored of the six-four chord, both melodically and harmonically. The sol-do-re-mi or "How dry I am" figure, with its reversion and its various possibilities for ornamentation, obsessed 19th century (and even earlier) composers as a whole, but Mahler made much more sparing use of this melodic stereotype than did Strauss, who permitted it to become his thematic trade-mark.<sup>37</sup>

Strauss's rhythm was more complex than that of Mahler, in much the same way that the rhythm of Brahms was more complicated, more varied, than that of Bruckner. Nevertheless, in the final pages of *Das Lied von der Erde* Mahler indulges in rhythmic complications of a nature without precedent in that day. It was of this passage that he jokingly said to Bruno Walter, to whom the task of doing so ultimately fell, that he didn't see how it was going to be conducted.<sup>38</sup>

Mahler once admitted that the evaluating of Strauss's music baffled him, since it represented such a mingling of the good and the bad. There have been those who deplored a similar unevenness in Mahler, though since his output, covering some three quarters of a century, was so much greater, there is in actual quantity more of Strauss that fails to give complete satisfaction. Mahler's average was undoubtedly higher. The sifting process of time has barely begun in these two cases, and we are in no position to say what the verdict of posterity will be, although we can make our own surmises.

Certainly, Strauss today enjoys a degree of popularity denied his Bohemian-born contemporary. For one thing, he may be represented on orchestral programs by short or relatively short tone poems instead of by long symphonies, and it is precisely the longer of the tone poems that show signs of a waning popularity. Again, the matter of length has, no doubt, a good deal to do with the fact that, outside the German-speaking countries and Holland, the symphonies of Brahms are played so much more frequently than those of Bruckner. Brahms's popularity is also enhanced by his essays in fields other than the purely orchestral, namely, concerted music, chamber music, choral music, and the aforementioned songs and piano pieces. There are rare performances of the Bruckner Masses and the *Te Deum*, but the people who think of Bruckner at all think of him primarily as a symphonist. It is no wonder that Brahms's name is a household word while Bruckner remains a name—when he is even that—to so many who consider themselves music lovers.

<sup>37</sup> His versatile six-four pattern can express both the passion of Salome and the sanctity of John.

<sup>38</sup> Bruno Walter, *Gustav Mahler*, The Greystone Press, New York, 1941, p. 59.

In the same way there are more approaches to Strauss than to Mahler, who published no operas, concerted pieces or chamber works. Both composers made notable contributions to the lied, and it is possible to find Mahler's the more distinguished of the two, but the warmer, more impassioned songs of Strauss have the edge, so far as both singers and public are concerned.

But there is one respect in which Mahler has, and may continue to have, his revenge: many important contemporary composers have expressed their admiration for his music, and not a few have acknowledged their indebtedness to it, while Strauss is looked upon as a back number, a man of the 19th century, who remained faithful to its ideals and tenets, even though he lived and worked half way through the 20th. It is possible that the classicizing of his style in the final years may work toward a reversal of this opinion, as (and if) the compositions of his *Sturm und Drang* period fall into neglect. He was, of course, a bold, bad man in his day—the boldest in fact—and we find many anticipations of modern methods and devices, such as the polyharmonic chords that proclaim the madness of Don Quixote, the combined keys in *Salome*, as well as the free use of extreme dissonance in that opera and *Elektra*, and the array of unrelated triads that make the Silver Rose motive in *Der Rosenkavalier*. These things and others like them were once the horror of the pedants.

All and sundry will doff their hats to Strauss as a technician. His command of every facet of composition was as easy as it was secure. Above all, he was a superb musical architect who, even in an hour-long tone poem, never let matters get out of hand. We are so prone to think of form in music as classical form that we regard an unconventional structure as formless. According to Ernest Newman, the difficulty is that we confuse form with formalism. Answering the objection that Strauss had discarded the forms to which Brahms had remained faithful, he expended many words in an effort to prove that Strauss had mastered form whereas Brahms had let form master him.<sup>39</sup> In this connection it is pertinent to quote the composer himself: "A perfect work of art", he wrote some nine years before his death, "is achieved only when, as in the case of our great masters, content and form are blended to perfection.

"Our musicologists—I would mention the two greatest names: Friedrich von Hausegger (*Music as Expression*) and Eduard Hanslick (*Music as Form Moving in Sound*)—have given definitions which have since been considered incompatible. This is wrong. These are two mutually complementary forms of musical creation."<sup>40</sup>

To a greater extent than Strauss, Mahler adhered to classical procedure, modifying it to suit his own ends, and generally with complete success. Only rarely with him do we complain of looseness of structure. What chiefly interests your modernist in Mahler, however, is his counterpoint. On many sides you will hear it stated that Mahler's polyphony had definitely the linear quality so much in vogue today, while Strauss, Ernst Krenek suggests, wrote "mostly animated harmony." Mahler's, he goes on to say, "is a new kind of genuine polyphony: all commentators on Mahler, even skeptical ones, agree that therein lies his unique and all-important contribution to the evolution of our contemporary music." A few pages earlier we find: "Strauss appears today clearly as a figure of the faraway 19th century while Mahler's testament constantly

<sup>39</sup> Richard Strauss, John Lane, London and New York, 1908, pp. 53-61.

<sup>40</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 116.

generates new impulses, its inspiring problematical qualities being by no means exhausted."<sup>41</sup>

More than two decades ago, when Mahler's music was receiving scant attention in this country, Ferguson suggested that Mahler might "prove to be one of the most important links between the nineteenth century and the twentieth." Another and not altogether friendly critic who might be quoted on this point is Alfred Einstein, who wrote: "Mahler, more clearly than any other, stands on the frontier between the old and the new worlds; he displays in tragic intensity the dualism of his time, the exaggerated sentimentality of the romantics and its first repudiation."<sup>42</sup>

Long before the above authorities paid tribute to the special character of Mahler's counterpoint, Philip H. Goepf, program annotator for the Philadelphia Orchestra, 1900-1921, called attention to it in the third volume of a series entitled *Symphonies and Their Meaning*. Shortly after Mahler's death he had the perspicacity to write, in regard to the Fifth Symphony: "In Mahler the most significant sign is a return to a true counterpoint, as against a mere overlaying of themes, that began with Wagner and still persists in Strauss,—an artificial kind of structure that is never conceived as a whole. . . . ."

"We cannot help rejoicing that in a sincere and poetic design of symphony is blended a splendid renaissance of pure counterpoint that shines clear above the modern spurious pretence. The Finale of Mahler's Fifth Symphony is one of the most inspired conceptions of counterpoint in all music. In it is realized the full dream of a revival of the art in all its glorious estate."<sup>43</sup>

When we come to the matter of orchestration, we find that both Mahler and Strauss were, in their diverse ways, past masters of that exacting craft. The story goes that Strauss once said to Artur Bodanzky that Mahler was the only man who could tell him anything about an orchestra. Strauss's orchestration underwent many changes throughout the years, as did that of Mahler, although the latter's years were fewer. Both men had their scores in which they "shot the works", if in a very different way, and both helped to further the development of the modern chamber orchestra. But taking all this into account, we can still say that Mahler's orchestration was more "modern" than that of his colleague. In evidence here is the linear style upon which so much stress has just been laid. Mahler's approach is more soloistic, and it is a well-known fact that his orchestral directions, his instructions and admonitions to the conductor, are the most copious and detailed to be found anywhere. Again, Strauss's brilliant, virtuosic orchestration, even when dictated by the demands of plot or program, seems almost an end in itself. No wonder that Bekker, in the study already referred to, included Strauss in the chapter entitled "The 'Art-for-Art's-Sake' Orchestra."

Many contemporary composers, among them Aaron Copland and Benjamin Britten, have voiced their admiration for Mahler's way of handling the orchestra. I shall content myself with citing the verdict of Casella: "Mahler's scoring is much closer to us than that of Strauss, whose work I had digested too completely when I first studied orchestration."<sup>44</sup> It may be added that Strauss has

<sup>41</sup> Biographical Essay in Walter: Mahler, pp. 206 and 196.

<sup>42</sup> *A Short History of Music*, Knopf, 1937, p. 250.

<sup>43</sup> The three volumes (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, 1898-1913) have been combined in one, as *Great Works of Music*, Garden City Publishing Co., Inc., Garden City, Third Series, pp. 243-4.

<sup>44</sup> *Loc. cit.*

at least one follower among the younger men of today. Glenn Gould, the Canadian pianist, whose formidable reputation belies his years, is eager to shine as composer also. Asked to name the masters who had influenced him most, he mentioned Schönberg, Strauss, and Bruckner.<sup>45</sup>

While it is true, as I have said, that Brahms and Strauss are in higher favor in most parts of the world than Bruckner and Mahler, the two last-named are slowly and surely gaining ground. If we had to depend upon the conductors and performers alone, and the audiences to whom they feel that they must cater, at least to a reasonable extent, the situation would not perceptibly change for a long time to come. But in this mechanized day there is an approach to music other than the "live" one. This goes not only for the record buyer, and his name is legion, but also, and perhaps more importantly, for those who listen to the radio stations that specialize in the broadcasting of recorded music. If you are a devotee of either Bruckner or Mahler, even though you live in one of the cities that supports a major symphony orchestra, you can hardly satisfy that craving by attendance at concerts, but you can buy all, or virtually all of both composers' music on records, certainly all that is of any real importance—there is already a great deal of duplication—and you can hear much of it over the air. When enough people have cultivated a taste for and a desire to hear it in actual performance, the conductors will have to do something about it. And when that day comes, the balance of power in the Brahms and Strauss vs. Bruckner and Mahler competition may shift a little, or even a great deal. The real point is that there is plenty of room for all four.

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CINCINNATI 1956 MAY FESTIVAL  
BRUCKNER'S F MINOR MASS AT OPENING CONCERT

JOSEPH KRIPS, Conductor

The opening concert of the forty-first May Festival appeared on paper to promise a highly stimulating evening of music. . . .

For many persons the Bruckner Mass was the highlight of the evening and possibly of the entire Festival. For one thing, it is the principal representative of the cornerstone works that veteran Festivalgoers adore, the Bach, Beethoven, etc. repertory.

The chorus may glory in it and the audience will be alternately soothed by its soft, mystical themes or bombarded by its vaulting, climactic thunder. That it has many moments of pure, shining inspiration can hardly be denied.

One may dislike Bruckner but his music at its best meets enough of anyone's artistic canons to merit all the special pleading that goes on in its behalf.

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<sup>45</sup> *Time*, Vol. LXVIII, No. 4, p. 33.

I myself found it memorable in the performance by the chorus and orchestra last night.

One can hardly single out any number of the solo quartet in view of the scarcity of solo singing required by Bruckner. The four soloists were Naomi Farr, Nell Rankin, John Alexander and Kenneth Smith. Certainly they were adequate to the occasion.

ARTHUR DARACK  
*Cincinnati Enquirer*  
May 8, 1956

The subtitle of Mozart's C Major Symphony, brilliantly played by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra under May Festival Musical Director Josef Krips — "Jupiter" — may well be the key to the entire 41st May Music Festival. Certainly, the opening concert in the festively decorated temple of great music (Music Hall) was a banquet of sounds fit for the ears of gods. And to complete the Olympian picture, Junoesque, stunning goddess-voiced Inge Borkh sang a scena and aria ("Ah, Perfido!") by the composer who has been called "Olympian" more times than Greece has sacred shrines.

Yet in the end the "pagan" gods and goddesses had to defer to the banners of Christ the King, Whose awesome Sacrifice — in the text of the mass — is devoutly and overwhelmingly "translated" into musical sounds by the genius of Anton Bruckner. I will be very surprised if any other work on this May Festival matches the sublimity, the awesome Godcenteredness of this splendid composition, Bruckner's "Mass in F Minor."

Let us give credit where credit is due. Josef Krips is a festival music director of the (so-called) "old school". Maestro Krips believes that a festival number should be 90 percent perspiration and 10 per cent inspiration. The 10 per cent is assuredly there, and it is of the unalloyed kind. But that 90 per cent pre-festival rehearsal perspiration is what really makes the wheels go 'round. Flashy, sensational, melodramatic podium antics don't make festivals. I haven't a doubt in the world that Bruckner's "Mass in F Minor," in the hands of an unimaginative, careless conductor could be as unwieldy, tedious and merely noisy as a village band. In the hands of a Krips it climbs to the very portals of the heavens. I doff my hat to a conductor who can produce such choral-orchestral sounds. . . .

One could write a book about the "Jupiter" Symphony and the Bruckner "Mass in F Minor" as they were performed — let us say interpreted — Monday night.

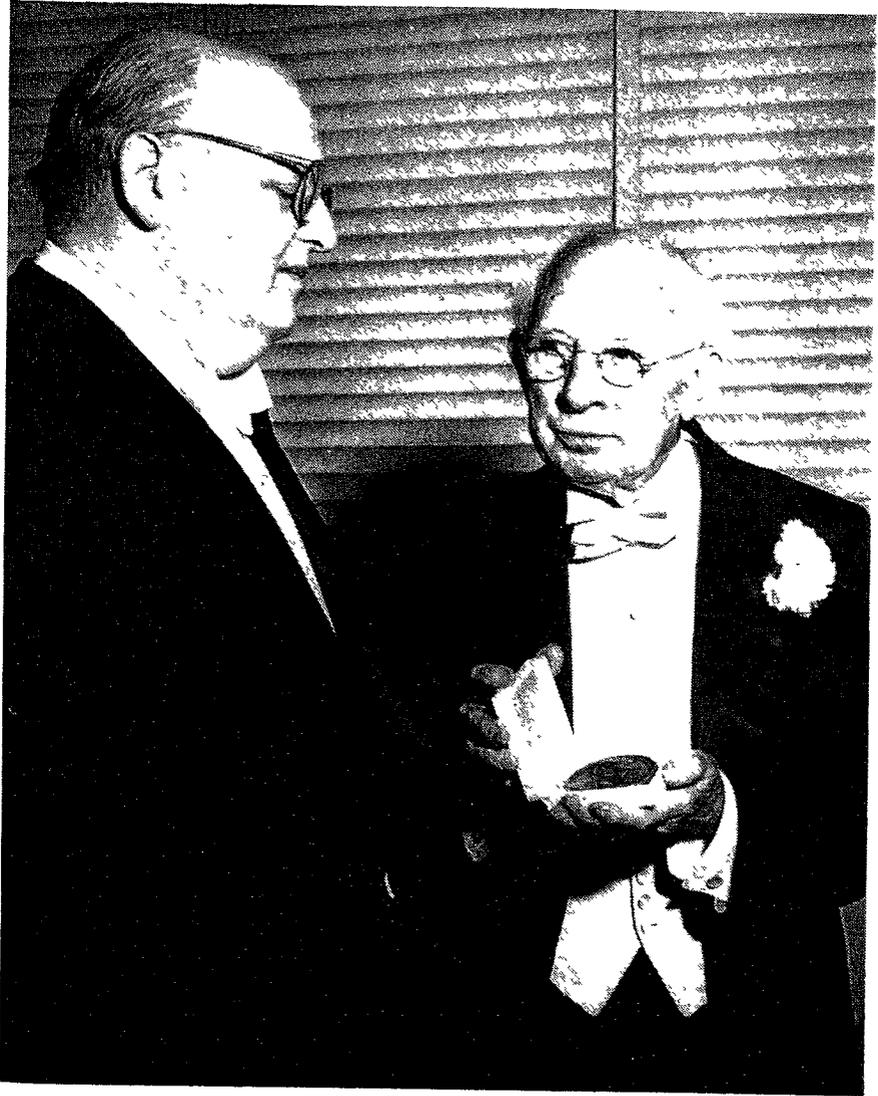
And the Bruckner work, with very good (though very brief) solo "interludes" by Naomi Farr, Nell Rankin, John Alexander and Kenneth Smith was, and I can't say it too often, a revelation to this critic. It is obviously a master-work; but it takes a fine chorus — our own festival chorus — and a fine orchestra — our own Cincinnati Symphony — good soloists and (above all) a maestro who is really a maestro and not merely a pedant or a show-off to perform this Bruckner mass.

HENRY HUMPHREYS  
*Cincinnati Times-Star*  
May 8, 1956

### KILENYI-BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO JOSEF KRIPS

In appreciation of his efforts to create greater interest in the works of Anton Bruckner, the Directors of the Society awarded the Kilenyi-Bruckner Medal of Honor to Josef Krips. Though Mr. Krips had been conducting in the U.S. but a short time, he had already included Bruckner's IV and VIII on programs of the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra. Under Mr. Krips' direction these symphonies were also heard in Sydney and Melbourne, Australia, in Montreal and Ottawa, and in Mexico City.

The Bruckner Medal, designed by the eminent sculptor, Julio Kilenyi, for the exclusive use of the Society, was presented to Mr. Krips by Dr. Martin G. Dumler, President of *The Bruckner Society of America*, after the performance of Bruckner's "F Minor Mass" at the Cincinnati May Festival on May 7, 1956.



*Dr. Martin G. Dumler presenting the Kilenyi Bruckner Medal to Joseph Krups  
at the Cincinnati May Festival May 7, 1956*



*Dika Newlin receiving the Kilenyi Mahler Medal from President Fred G. Holloway, Drew University, on November 10, 1957*

## KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO DR. DIKA NEWLIN

### PRESENTATION SPEECH

PRESIDENT FRED G. HOLLOWAY, DREW UNIVERSITY

Intermission of Drew University Concert, Nov. 10, 1957

*The Bruckner Society of America* has placed upon me a very pleasant responsibility—that of presenting to you the Mahler Medal of Honor. Whenever a member of our faculty is honored, Drew University is also honored. For this reason I am doubly happy to present to you this award on behalf of the *Society*.

In receiving this award you are in the line of many distinguished persons in the world of music. It is my understanding that you are the first musicologist to be the recipient of the Mahler Medal. Because of your interest in the music of Mahler it seems particularly appropriate that this award should be made to you.

We well recognize the saneness of your approach to the newer musical forms. Your volume, "Bruckner, Mahler and Schoenberg", has received wide and deserved attention. The full significance of it is recognized in the fact that it now appears on the Continent in a German edition. The contribution which you have further made in the translations of Schoenberg's "Style and Idea" and of Leibowitz's "Schoenberg and His School" is further evidence of the contribution which you have been making.

I have the greatest satisfaction, therefore, in presenting to you this award on behalf of *The Bruckner Society of America*.

## MAHLER THIRD UNDER MITROPOULOS

by LOUIS BIANCOLLI

The following review is reprinted by permission of the *N. Y. World Telegram*,  
April 13, 1956.

A Gargantua among concert scores, Mahler's Third Symphony measured its giant length in a brilliant performance by Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic Symphony in Carnegie Hall last night.

Mr. Mitropoulos' grasp of style and design, plus a strong sense of conviction in the genius of Mahler, made the performance one of the memorable events of the Philharmonic season.

The orchestra, put to a severe test by Mahler's highly individual scoring, honored both the conductor and the composer with a superb technical job, heightened by what seemed more than a borrowed fervor for the music.

This is problematic symphony in more ways than one. Its length alone — almost an hour and a half — would by itself explain why last night's was the first performance here in 34 years.

Besides being long, the symphony is complex, divided in style, and of a philosophical program requiring some attention on the part of the listener before the six movements fall into place with any semblance of coherence.

Mahler had in mind a scheme of reconciliation with the world around him. The theme is a sort of comradeship with the world of nature, the world of man, the world of God. It is the ultimate peace and security of belonging.

There is doubtless much too much of everything in this symphony, though chiefly of time. Yet, for all the overextended pointless repetitions, it is an arresting work, profound and sincere.

One brought away last night a sharp sense of Mahler's love of nature — not even Beethoven exceeded him there — and of his affirmation of life. The symphony ranges far and wide, and much of the ground covered is new and exciting.

Besides an enlarged Philharmonic, Mr. Mitropoulos had the added assistance of Beatrice Krebs, who handled the contralto solos beautifully, and the Westminster Choir, which also rose nobly to Mahler's message.

The following review is reprinted by permission from the *N. Y. World Telegram*,  
April 16, 1956.

Having heard Mahler's Third Symphony yesterday for the second time in four days — and never before that — I should like now to amplify the opinion I expressed Friday.

My review contained a few reservations concerning the length, size, and "seemingly pointless repetitions" of the symphony. On the whole, I thought it a powerful work.

As of yesterday's Philharmonic broadcast, I still think it a powerful work,

but I confess my reservations are a good deal weaker. I found myself revising my opinion upward yesterday.

I believe Mahler's Third — not heard in Carnegie in 34 years — a monument of the concert writing of the last hundred years. If profounder slow movements than the final Adagio exist in that period, outside Mahler, I hereby invite correction.

This enormous score — an hour and a half in length — is more than a symphony. It is almost a set of symphonies within symphonies, a concert by itself, a whole banquet of interrelated solo, choral, orchestra courses.

What an experience it is to live through this music — to follow its evolution of thought, its controlled growth of theme and variation, until its rise and fall and expansion of tone unfold like the limitless wonder of life itself.

Mahler's plan is unlike any other I know of. Even among his own irregular structures, the Third is unique in its contrasts of tension and rest, drama and commonplace, song and symphony, brevity and length.

Often, the music builds to a heady crest of whirling intensity, only to settle abruptly on a humdrum plane of repose. Sometimes, the passage is crowded to bursting; sometimes, it is sparse and hollow and distant.

It is as if Mahler wanted the low and the lofty to be equally accommodated in this symphony, the swift and the slow, the deep and the shallow — life on the run and life as an illusion of arrested motion.

I was glad Dimitri Mitropoulos and the orchestra were given the "bravos" that rang out so smartly over the air from Carnegie yesterday. The maestro was in truly visionary vein, and the men rose to their leader's vision.

He is quite a phenomenon, this master-music-mind from Greece, of uncanny insight and broad and deep as the music he cherishes — the ideal crusader for the genius and gospel of Gustav Mahler.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY

14 Lilac Dr.  
Rochester 20, N. Y.  
6/3/56

Mr. Robert G. Grey  
697 West End Ave.  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Grey:

What a great pleasure to hear from you. Mr. Taubman, of the *TIMES* advised us that the Bruckner Society kept a fatherly eye also on the Mahler presentations. But, frankly, until reading your publication *CHORD AND DISCORD*, I didn't realize that Mahler was more than a sidelight with you. I see that you on the other hand have a good deal of your publication devoted to Mahler. So it will be a privilege to tell you the exciting story of our recent production of his 8th Symphony.

It's a privilege, because only at such times do you really sit back and get a picture of what you have been through, what you've accomplished. We are a group with few tangible assets and none of the superstructure which gives and guarantees continuity and security to musical organizations. We do have one high card: one of the most gifted men in the field of oratorio, Theodore Hollenbach. His ability to gather a chorus from the community and train it to a surprisingly high degree of skill is our main strength. For 11 years we have weathered the storms of the box office and have, entirely on our own, managed to stay solvent and continue singing.

This all is not mere rambling, but indicates the background against which the Maestro's request to do the Mahler Symphony of 1000 was made. When he outlined the work to the Board, of which I am chairman and by no means the most timid member, I thought he had gone mad. Here we were, hanging onto a puny bank balance with a drowning man's desperation, having just lost over \$1,000 of it on the Bach *B Minor Mass*, and he wants to do a work calling for three choruses, orchestra of a hundred, brass choir, 8 soloists and Lord knows what else. He sits there with a straight face and says that an unknown gradeschool music teacher will organize and train a choir of 150 boy sopranos from the County Schools; that he will canvass Buffalo and Syracuse for another oratorio chorus to do the second chorus part.

Well, out of pure loyalty to him, I withdrew and reckoned up the necessary budget. \$6,000 it came out. \$6,000, when we had grossed \$2500 on our last concert and had \$1500 in the bank. At this point the disease caught the whole Board. They all lost their senses after hearing the work on discs. They voted unanimously to undertake the work. Like a meteor, I thought, we are going out in a blaze of glory, and told my friends all to be sure to hear the last concert of the Oratorio Society, and cautioned the Maestro to look around for a source of income to replace the little we are able to pay him.

Like most crazy men an aura of confidence and sublime optimism surrounded him. He talked like we would sell out one of the largest concert halls in the

country for an unknown work. He talked as though 150 boys who could actually sing, who would actually give up more than a dozen *Saturday mornings*, could be located and organized. He talked as though another oratorio chorus, 100 miles away, would be willing to give up its own spring concert and train for this work . . . then travel all the way here, completely at its own expense from start to finish (there wasn't a cent budgeted for them). He talked as though the newspapers and radio and TV stations would find it one of the most exciting offerings of the season.

And the amazing thing about it all was that he turned out to be right.

The Monroe County Boys Symphonic Choir took shape. Saturday after Saturday the parents of 150 boys hauled them from all over the County to rehearse in a chorus that would give but one performance. And these parents called the Maestro up repeatedly to ask what he had done to so spellbind their squirrely children. They sang their music almost completely from memory.

The Buffalo Schola Cantorum acted like it was a privilege for them to put half a season and much of their funds into the work.

Our Society was so enthralled by the work that they didn't even mention the fact that there is much less choral work in this than in their customary bill of fare (about half as much to be exact . . . and there has been a standing objection among them to singing anything for 3 or 4 months which was not a real choral work).

The newspapers were bitten by the bug. An example of the publicity given free by them is enclosed.

Two weeks after the tickets went on sale it looked like a sellout, and turned out to be one.

Five days before the performance the Eastman Theatre authorities stated that such a number of people had never before been supported by the Theatre stage, and that they would not permit it to go ahead without a completely different seating platform plus OK's from architects and engineers. (Two years previous a great section of the ceiling had fallen in three hours before a concert, causing tremendous expense and painful public relations, the wounds from which had just healed. They were understandably not anxious for a repetition.) So the final week was a nightmare of scurrying around to make the performance possible.

It was a tremendous success with the public, who gave us all and especially Maestro Hollenbach, a standing ovation.

I am obviously not modest in telling you this story. But I do it for a purpose: the hope that you might be able to pass it on to other organizations who face the same fearful obstacles against the performance of such great works of music. Maybe the story of one group's success in the face of these obstacles will give them some little encouragement.

Your beautiful Mahler Medal of Honor has on it the composer's words, "My Time Will Yet Come". It gives me a great feeling of warmth to realize the courage and daring leadership of Hollenbach has helped make that come true.

Almost none of the 700 of us who learned the 8th Symphony had any real acquaintance with Mahler. I wish I had counted the times people said to me words of thanks for the opening of their eyes to the beauty of Mahler's music. And the 3500 who heard the concert must in some degree have had this same feeling, for Mahler, even in this musical city, gets precious little hearing.

Indicative of the enthusiasm surrounding this discovery of Mahler, a mem-

ber of our chorus, Dr. Leslie Brooker, read every biographical word about the composer, in English and German, he could locate. He also journeyed to New York for a most interesting interview with the composer's widow, Alma Mahler Werfel.

I am now chagrined that I did not show more energy in learning about your Society, because we would have been so happy to invite the principals of your group to come stay with us and hear the work, which, judging from the list of its performances in CHORD AND DISCORD, even you don't have much chance to hear.

Will you allow us to take out a membership in the Society and thus do some little bit toward helping the fine work you are doing?

Cordially,  
 CARL C. STRUEVER JR.  
 Manager and Chairman of the Board  
 ROCHESTER ORATORIO SOCIETY

## GREAT MAHLER SYMPHONY STIRRING AT EASTMAN

by HARVEY SOUTHGATE

The following review is reprinted by permission of *Democrat and Chronicle*, Rochester, N. Y., April 29, 1956.

One of the towering musical creations of all time was presented on the stage of the Eastman Theater last night with a detail and a dimension commensurate with its heroic quality. Purely on the statistical side, the Eighth Symphony of Gustav Mahler is something to strike awe to the listener.

Two choruses each of 300 adult singers, another of 150 boys, eight soloists and a full size symphonic orchestra, with a brass choir for extra measure in the balcony and a part of an organ — all these are united in a mechanical problem to stagger the most ambitious producers.

Last night's audience, which filled almost every seat in the theater, learned that Rochester has a conductor with the ambition and enough depth and breadth of musical resources to do justice to this extraordinary work. Theodore Hollenbach, assembling his forces in the Rochester Oratorio Society early last fall, brought the vision to fulfillment after weeks of steady effort. He called on the excellent Schola Cantorum of Buffalo to assist, trained a boys' choir selected from Monroe County schools, and in the net result, as revealed last night, set a musical landmark in the city. As the audience rose at the end of the performance and thundered its applause, he and all who took part in this "symphony of a thousand" must have felt their efforts were worthwhile.

One does not need to like everything in this long and sometimes unfathomable work to appreciate the vitality and creative power that went into it. Like

most of Mahler's work, it has moments of sagging interest, and its very size sometimes defeats its purpose in making itself clear to the listener. It reaches peaks, however, of breathtaking power, proclamations of spiritual conviction in which one clearly catches the vision which the composer is expressing in his music. There are solo passages of extraordinary beauty, instrumental moments that sound at times like a Wagner opera, at others like lovely folk songs. One would like to hear some of these detached as single melodies — the violin and harp dialogue, the bits for flute and low strings, the charming airs for woodwinds.

Yet the work is primarily for choral and solo voices and the mechanics of keeping all these together with the orchestra and other instruments, of "cueing" first one then another, leave little freedom for the conductor to attend to minute details of expression and shading. It was the more remarkable that Mr. Hollenbach did manage to achieve such excellent cohesion and musical understanding in all sections of the personnel.

The work, which was first performed in 1908, is in two parts. The first, in Latin, built on the ninth century hymn, "Veni, Creator Spiritus," is mainly choral, full voice, and rather repetitious. The second part, in German, based on the final scenes of Goethe's "Faust," has the "sweet" music mentioned and the steadily ascending emotional power that eventually brings in the entire body of sound in a richly sonorous climax.

The solo voices have heavy duty through a large part of the symphony. These without exception last night were ringingly good. They sang out over and above the heavy instrumentation, adding their special parts to the emotional meaning of the music. The soloists were Delores Whyte, soprano; Nancy Cringoli, soprano; Patricia Berlin, contralto; Cherlene Chadwick, contralto; Ray DuVoll, tenor; William DuVall, baritone; Jon Vickers, tenor; Herbert Beattie, bass.

The Oratorio Society and the director are to be congratulated on this noteworthy achievement. It seems too bad if this one performance should also be the last.

HARVEY SOUTHGATE  
*Democrat and Chronicle*  
 Rochester  
 Apr. 29, 1956

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#### HORENSTEIN CONDUCTS BRUCKNER AND MAHLER IN CARACAS

On Feb. 8, 1957, Jasha Horenstein conducted the *Orquesta Sinfonica Venezuela* in a performance of Bruckner's *Third*. The following week he conducted Mahler's *Fourth*; Fedora Aleman was the soloist. Neither symphony had been played by the *Orquesta Sinfonica Venezuela* before. Mr. Hornstein is an ardent champion of Bruckner and Mahler. He made the first recording of Bruckner's *Seventh* many years ago. Since that time Vox has released his interpretations of Bruckner's *Eighth* and *Ninth* and Mahler's *First* and *Ninth*.

## TWO LUCKY "SEVENTHS"

by Dika Newlin

Bruckner's Seventh in New York, 1956

Bruckner's most popular symphony reappeared in New York concert halls during the 1956-57 season under rather unusual circumstances. Of special importance was the New York debut of the Vienna Philharmonic under Carl Schuricht, November 7, 1956, in a program half of which was consecrated to this symphony. We are told that Mr. Schuricht was advised in Germany not to perform this work on his American tour, because it would not be appreciated or understood here. How fortunate that this advice was disregarded—that instead the American public was favored with this magnificent orchestra's interpretation of a work that has long been identified with it (in spite of its initial reluctance to play Bruckner's symphonies during his lifetime). And the compliment was more than repaid by the enthusiastic responses of both audiences and critics in communities as different as Boston, Cincinnati, and East Lansing, Mich. (Michigan State University). Oddly, only in New York were most critics rather cool, not to the achievements of orchestra and conductor, but to the symphony itself, for the usually adduced reasons of "excessive length", etc. This historic attitude seems to persist, but did not afflict a majority of the New York audience, judging from the numbers who remained to the end with rapt attention.

Mr. Schuricht has the happy knack of achieving a maximum of musical excitement with a minimum of visible expenditure of physical energy. Thus, a mere flick of the wrist was often sufficient to unleash climaxes of breathtaking power, in music which has plenty of them to offer. His flair for drama was shown by his re-introduction of the controversial cymbal stroke at the high point of the Adagio. Even with full knowledge of the historical arguments against this practise (lucidly outlined by Robert Haas in his preface to the *Internationale Bruckner-Gesellschaft* edition of the work) one felt, in this climactic moment, that it was inevitable. Less praiseworthy (though welcomed by some critics) was the small cut made in the subordinate theme of the Finale, which, without materially reducing the elapsed time of the monumental work, had an adverse effect on its formal balance. However, all reservations were swept away by the tonal splendor of the final E major climax, constructed by a master hand and unfolded by the conductor with all the leisurely development which it demands. The audience's ovation afterwards was spontaneous and warm—and brought forth an unexpected (at least in Carnegie Hall) response from the orchestra: *The Blue Danube* as encore! The shock of the complete change of mood was well nigh physical, yet once one had recovered from the initial surprise one could sit back and enjoy an incomparable performance of the old favorite. Since wartime years when the appearance of this waltz as an encore on Philharmonic concerts played abroad was one of the ways the Viennese had to express their longing for renewed cultural independence, its use on this orchestra's foreign tours has become

traditional. One still finds it surprising, to say the least, after a Bruckner, Beethoven or Brahms symphony—but perhaps Bruckner, no bad hand at fiddling a waltz or *Ländler* himself in younger years, would not have minded too much after all!

We note with pleasure that the Vienna Philharmonic is planning a return engagement to the United States in 1958, and hope that they will once more come bringing Bruckner—and perhaps Mahler? (Schuricht is said to have expressed an interest in performing Mahler's Eighth here.) A concentration on the repertory of the Viennese Classic and late-Romantic masters would, I feel, serve them better on tour than their attempts to perform contemporary Austrian music, for which their performance style, their instruments and the mental attitude of many of the players towards modern works are not well suited.

A very different approach to Bruckner's Seventh was heard in a concert of the student orchestra of the Mannes School of Music, under Carl Bamberger, on December 19, 1956. One did not, of course, expect a Vienna Philharmonic-like perfection from the ambitious group, but the results of the endeavor were surprisingly good and well repaid the three months spent by Mr. Bamberger on training his youthful charges in a taxing program which also included Corelli's *Christmas Concerto* and Richard Strauss' transfigured *Four Last Songs* (interpreted with deep feeling and promising vocalism by Ruth Morris, a student of the school). Somewhat disconcerting were the various liberties taken with the symphony—large cuts in the Adagio and Finale and, most surprising of all (though practised by Bruckner in the Ninth Symphony) the reversal of order of Adagio and Scherzo movements. However, the *Urtext* was followed in such matters as the omission of the cymbals. All in all this was a worthwhile experience not only for the young performers but also for the many interested listeners. We are glad that Mr. Schuricht had the opportunity to direct this group in a rehearsal and thus to find out that young Americans are not so unacquainted with Bruckner as he may perhaps have supposed. But we still await the day when this ever-exciting symphony will become as staple a part of the American symphonic repertory as Brahms' favored four.

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#### KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO F. CHARLES ADLER

In appreciation of his efforts to create greater interest in and appreciation of Bruckner's music, the Directors of *The Bruckner Society of America, Inc.* awarded the Bruckner Medal of Honor, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the *Society*, to F. Charles Adler. Mr. Adler conducted Bruckner's rarely played *Third Symphony* in January 1936 and the equally rarely performed *Sixth Symphony* in May 1936 at the Brooklyn Museum in New York City. Recently, he recorded the Third and the Loewe version of the *Ninth*.

It is also of interest to note that he recorded the extremely difficult and rarely heard *Third, Sixth, and Tenth Symphonies* of Gustav Mahler.

## BRUCKNER AND THE CLASSICS

by HERBERT ANTCLIFFE

Between modern composers and their predecessors, there must of necessity be some affinity, both personal and artistic. Otherwise what Sir George Grove aptly called "the apostolic succession" of great composers could not be continued, and, of course, each modern composer has a closer affinity with some individual classical master than with others. In the case of Bruckner it would seem that the closest personal affinity with any individual master is with Haydn, and before looking at Bruckner's musical affinity with others we may well consider this personal affinity between the eighteenth century master and his successor (as a symphonist) in the nineteenth.

Affinities, even although they be clearly recognized, are inevitably difficult to define. Especially is this so when a century or even half a century divides the work of the men between whom such affinities exist. The fact of such separation in time in almost every case leads not only to entirely different circumstances, which necessarily affect the character of the men and their work, but places us in the difficulty of seeing both the men and their work along different vistas, one may say, down different avenues. Yet, if one looks intently and carefully, if, as it were, we adjust our focus, the affinities come out as clearly as their differences.

This is particularly the case with Joseph Haydn and Anton Bruckner. Born almost a century apart, one almost a pure Slav<sup>1</sup>, the other an equally pure Teuton (though this purity has been questioned), there was something in their natures which united them very closely. This may at first sight appear unlikely, if not quite strange, as not only their circumstances but their personalities, which in some matters closely affect such circumstances, were quite different. Haydn was a great traveler for artistic and professional purposes; Bruckner travelled little, although travelling in his days had become much easier than in those of Haydn. Perhaps the most obvious affinity was in their religious faith, for both were devout Catholics and a religious strain ran right through their lives. Both, too, were home loving by nature, with circumstances which hindered this characteristic. Haydn was a servant by profession who from time to time openly defied his masters. Bruckner was in a subordinate position though not officially a servant, and he also opposed his superiors in office from time to time.

The naiveté of these two was the equal of that of Mozart "the boy who never grew up", if it were not greater. Elsewhere, I have described that of Bruckner

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<sup>1</sup> I am aware that this has been controverted by some high authorities. It may be observed that in spite of a German (Thuringian, not Austrian) teacher, and the influence of Vitali, Vivaldi, and others, the character of Haydn the man and that of much of his music shows some strong Slav influences, and much of what Haydn was able to do for Austrian, or Teutonic, music arose from these influences. And, I may add, to stress my point, it is not the use of the melodies which are assumed to be Croatian, that made this influence, but the essential nature of both the man and his art, that made his music so distinctly Slav (i.e., Yugoslav). Consequently, at least for my present purpose, I prefer to leave my statement as it is.

as "stupendous" and this might be equally applicable to Haydn, though with the latter it did not result in large-scaled works, as it did with Bruckner himself. Had either of them been less naive, they might have given way less to those whom they regarded as their superiors or masters—Haydn to the demands of his employers, Bruckner to those of the men upon whom he was more or less dependent for the performance of his works.

Possibly, this naiveté came to some extent from their common peasant origin, for though neither of them was "of the land" they both came from the peasant class, for both the small workman and tradesman and the village schoolmaster belonged essentially to the same class as the small farmer or even the farm laborer, provided this last was intelligent and, therefore, to some extent self-educated.

In position, of course, Bruckner was nearer to J. S. Bach than he was to Joseph Haydn, and he had something of the same "humility of genius". And in their characters both Bruckner and Bach were sunk entirely in their work, having only such ambition as made them desire and work for perfection in their compositions and in their execution of their own and other men's works. In this matter Bach was somewhat far removed from Bruckner, because he came of a family of more or less great and prominent musicians, while the musical antecedents of Bruckner were neither so striking nor so favorable. They had both a certain degree of self-dependence which made them, while for professional purposes seeking the patronage of highly placed persons, go their own way without much regard for the opinions of princes and nobles unless these were musicians of ability and discernment.

It is interesting to compare the portraits, and, especially, the profiles of these two. Different as they are, there is the same tenacity of purpose, one with the liveliness of the Slav and the other with the sturdiness, almost one is tempted to say the surliness, of the Teuton.

When we turn to the question of Bruckner's purely musical affinities, we are on wider, and possibly vaguer, ground. Of his affinity with the classics at all, with Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, he was, in all probability, himself entirely unconscious and ignorant. Deeply religious Catholic as he was, he had little affinity with the great Church classics, with Palestrina, Josquin des Prez, Victoria, et al.

His contrapuntal feeling was also different from that of Bach. With Haydn he had an affinity of feeling and style. With Mozart an affinity of technic. Time and time again, one feels the spirit of Haydn in the symphonies. In these symphonies we often feel that Mozart also might have conceived this or that phrase or combination, and that had Haydn or Mozart lived a century later, then one or both might have designed the same orchestration as did Bruckner. My own personal feeling is that Haydn might have written Bruckner's Third and Mozart his Eighth.

I am still looking for a conductor (at least in Europe; I do not, unfortunately, know American orchestral life sufficiently) who will make up a program consisting of a Haydn symphony and one by Bruckner. One would even suggest, as a favorable introduction to the works of Bruckner to those who do not know Bruckner's works, say the popular G Major of Haydn and the Third of Bruckner. The emotional relation of these two is sufficiently close to allow them to be played in the same program without any clash or disagreement.

As to the industry of all three, technically, he had more affinity with Mozart

than with Haydn, and there is the outstanding comparison of Mozart's Jupiter and Bruckner's Eighth, both of which are masterpieces of contrapuntal treatment of symphonic form. In person, character, and temperament he was more nearly related to Haydn. As a church organist, of course, his affinity with J. S. Bach was very close, though not in their orchestral works.

A description of the character, that is the musical character, of Haydn by a recent Dutch writer applies to both: "So much expression of seriousness and passion, so many moods of manly strength and intense energy, devout contemplation and hymnodic energy," which unites practically all great composers, but particularly those of a deeply religious character as Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Bruckner.

Most composers have been also great performers and many of them in their lifetime more famous in this respect than as composers. Bach and Handel, for instance, were both great organists. Their affinities were, as all affinities must be, psychological, though in a more marked way than most. They were also directly spiritual and found expression in their religious faith and feeling. Perhaps, however, the most notable affinity between Haydn particularly, and Mozart to a lesser extent, and Bruckner, was in their naiveté.

In some formal respects the music of Bruckner and Haydn had something in common in the fact that they both were fond of the folksongs of their country and their respective districts, but while Haydn drew on a wide area, Bruckner confined himself chiefly to two or three popular dance forms, of which the chief was the Ländler.

As reformers or pioneers Haydn and Bruckner had this in common; they both took the traditions of their time and developed them along broader and sometimes newer lines. Haydn "the father of the symphony" yet owed much to his teacher C. P. E. Bach, Bruckner owed equally much to Beethoven.

The amount of a man's indebtedness to the past is also shown to some extent by his influence on the future. There is little doubt that Liszt and later Richard Strauss, who were both symphonists and revolutionaries, owed something in the melodic structure of their works to Bruckner, Strauss particularly in his springing themes. Bruckner and Haydn were not revolutionaries. Equally, these earlier masters, notwithstanding their numberless works in other forms, developed the symphonic form, Haydn by following C. P. E. Bach, and also learning from others (including his pupil W. A. Mozart) developed a new form, or new forms for the symphony. Bruckner, by following Beethoven and his predecessors, and learning from Wagner and others, erected not a new form but rather a new species of symphonic structure based entirely on the older ones.

By considering these points and comparing them with others arising from our general study of history, we can see, in the main, that Bruckner owed much, in fact all apart from his own genius, to the classics, and his admiration of the works of Wagner was incidental to this and had comparatively little influence on the works except, alas, when he allowed the Wagnerites to tamper with what he ought to have left alone, even at the cost of having his works shelved for a generation.

## MAHLER AND FREUD

by DONALD MITCHELL

*Note: This is a script, not an article. It was first broadcast in the B.B.C. Third Programme on 28th March, 1955. I have not attempted to alter the text but have replaced the music examples (extracts from recorded performances of Mahler's symphonies) by detailed references to the relevant scores. Readers sufficiently interested may check the passages concerned. The scores used are 'study' editions published by: Messrs. Universal Edition (SI, SIII), Messrs. C. F. Peters (SV), Messrs. Bote and Bock (SVII).*

If I were asked for a single term which described the characteristic flavour of Mahler's music, and had both emotional and technical relevance, I think I should suggest 'tension' as the most appropriate word. It seems to me that when Mahler is expressing this basic tension—translating it into musical technique—he is at both his most characteristic and most inspired. Tension presupposes some kind of conflict between two opposed poles of thought or feeling, and often in Mahler's music we have just this situation exposed. Sometimes, of course, we have music from Mahler, anguished and turbulent, which does not state the conflict but expresses his reaction to it. Here the premises from which the conflict derives are not revealed but suppressed; from the suppression emerges the characteristic tension. Often, however, Mahler does express—or achieve—his tension through vivid contrast, through the juxtaposition of dissimilar moods, themes, harmonic textures—even whole movements. On these occasions, the conflict is exposed; we feel strongly the pull between two propositions which superficially seem to have little in common. The tension which results is typical of his mature art where continually we are confronted with the unexpected. What seems to be reposeful and straightforward suddenly develops into something agitated and complex. This passage from the nocturnal fourth movement of the seventh symphony is characteristic; the guileless serenade atmosphere is surprisingly disrupted, and the level of tension intensified through the dislocation of the prevailing mood. [SVII 4. p. 176. Fig. 211 to 3 bars before Fig. 216.]

This overwhelming tension in Mahler's music has, of course, been noted before, but its function has been little appreciated. Indeed, for the most part, it has been criticized, offered as evidence of his emotional instability, his stylistic inconsistency; the violent contrasts about which so much of Mahler's music pivots have been interpreted as an inability to maintain his inspiration—hence that view of Mahler's art that utter banality mingles with and deflates noble intentions, that dire lapses in taste inexcusably ruin otherwise impeccable conceptions. On a broader view, this misunderstanding of the nature of his tension has led to derogatory contrasts made between the size of his ideas and the size of his symphonies—not to speak of the strong body of opinion that sees the symphonies as inflated songs. Altogether, Mahler's tension at all levels of expression, has been regretted rather than applauded.

If there has been little real understanding of his characteristic tension, there

has been much analysis of it, much of it ill-founded, most of it inadequate. Mahler's conflict—sensed alike by friend and foe—has been explained as the result of his activities tragically split between the tyranny of conducting and the urge to compose. It has been suggested that Mahler was born at the wrong moment, on the tide of a musical fashion that was rapidly running out: his musical efforts to stay the retreating current imposed a strain on his music that it could not withstand. Or there is the art and society viewpoint, that Mahler lived in a disintegrating culture, in the midst of the collapsing Austro-Hungarian empire, and his music therefore faithfully reflects the social tensions of his epoch. Taken to excess, as it has been, this latter analysis almost assumes that history wrote Mahler's symphonies for him; his works become little more than musical commentaries on political events.

Mahler was a man of many talents and many tensions, and it would be rash indeed to suppose that the world in which he lived and his mode of life did not influence his art. Yet it is hard to imagine—it almost goes against plain commonsense—that his music was shaped down to its finest detail by his historical environment. On the contrary, acquaintance with his music and the facts of his inner life suggests that his characteristic tension stems from sources much nearer home, from himself and his early relationship to his family, to his mother especially. His later environment, in the widest sense, may have done nothing to lessen his tension—it may, in fact, have exacerbated it—but it seems likely that the basic tension was a creation of his childhood years, was private and a part of his personality, not public and a part of history, either musical or political.

I may as well say at once that even when one has stumbled on the unconscious forces behind a composer's work, the task of evaluating his music is not suddenly made easy. Music remains good or bad in itself, however far we penetrate a composer's mind. The discussion of a composer's neurosis is only musically relevant in so far as it enables us to see clearly what he did with it in terms of his music. If what may have appeared to be purely arbitrary in the music is shown to spring from deep personal sources, to present a consistent artistic attitude, extended and matured across the years, it may well be that the impression of musical arbitrariness is removed. Certain biographical data may actively assist musical understanding, and since understanding is a necessary stage on the way to evaluation, one can claim that such information is, at the very least, a proper study for musical research.

We are particularly fortunate in the case of Mahler that the kind of information I have in mind comes from a meeting he had in 1910 with none other than Sigmund Freud. The fact that the meeting took place has been known for some time; Mrs. Mahler mentions it in her memoir of her husband and gives a brief account of the interview, based upon what she was told by Mahler.<sup>1</sup> What has come to light recently is Freud's own account of his conversation with Mahler, made by Freud in a personal communication to the psychoanalyst Marie Bonaparte in 1925. Perhaps I may say at this point that it is entirely due to the courtesy and most generous cooperation of Dr. Ernest Jones, Freud's biographer, that I am in possession of this new material.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters*, London, 1946, pp. 146-7.

<sup>2</sup> See Ernest Jones, *Sigmund Freud: Life and Work*, Vol. II, London, 1955, pp. 88-9. Dr. Jones was good enough to provide me with the material that formed the basis of this broadcast in advance of its publication in the second volume of his immaculate biography. I am happy to pay tribute once more to his generosity.

First a word about the meeting itself. In 1910, Mahler became seriously alarmed about his relationship to his wife. He was advised to consult Freud, wrote, was given an appointment—cancelled it. He cancelled his appointment—significantly—no less than three times. Finally the meeting took place in Leyden, Holland, towards the end of August. The two men met in a hotel, and then, in Dr. Jones' words, "spent four hours strolling through the town and conducting a sort of analysis". The interview over, Freud caught a tram back to the coast, where he was on a holiday, and Mahler returned by night train to the Tyrol.

Apart from what was said, it is impossible not to be intrigued by the very thought of this encounter between two men of exceptional genius. Mahler, of course, was an artist, Freud a scientist. Yet Mahler's incessant seeking after musical truth had something of the selfless passion with which Freud conducted his investigations; and no one, perhaps, either layman or expert, can fail to appreciate the consummate artistry with which Freud expounded his humane science. Perhaps it was this common ground, between psychoanalyst and patient that explains why Mahler, who had never before met with psychoanalysis, surprised Freud by understanding it with remarkable speed. Perhaps Mahler, in his turn, was surprised by Freud's analysis of himself—as partial as it had to be in the peculiar circumstances of the interview. In a letter of 1935 to Theodor Reik, Freud wrote: "In highly interesting expeditions through [Mahler's] life history, we discovered his personal conditions for love, especially his Holy Mary complex (mother fixation)".<sup>3</sup> Mahler, his wife tells us, "refused to acknowledge" this fixation—the denial confirms rather than contradicts Freud's diagnosis—but it seems that the meeting had a positive effect and Mahler's marriage was stabilized for the brief remainder of his life.

It was doubtless during those "highly interesting expeditions through his life history" that Mahler—to quote Dr. Jones—"suddenly said that now he understood why his music had always been prevented from achieving the highest rank through the noblest passages, those inspired by the most profound emotions, being spoilt by the intrusion of some commonplace melody. His father, apparently a brutal person, treated his wife very badly, and when Mahler was a young boy there was a specially painful scene between them. It became quite unbearable to the boy, who rushed away from the house. At that moment, however, a hurdy-gurdy in the street was grinding out the popular Viennese air "Ach, du lieber Augustin". In Mahler's opinion the conjunction of high tragedy and light amusement was from then on inextricably fixed in his mind, and the one mood inevitably brought the other with it".

Mahler's confessions strike me as being of genuine musical significance and relevance. It is not possible to deal in this talk with all the questions they raise. We must overlook, for example, Mahler's estimate of his own achievements, remembering that composers are often the worst judges of their own value—what they value in themselves may not be at all what they are valued for by posterity; moreover, we do not know by what standards Mahler judged his own music. He may even, quite sincerely, have wanted to be another kind of composer altogether. In this context, his own comment on "noblest passages . . . spoilt by the intrusion of some commonplace melody" is of particular interest. Mahler himself seems to have regretted the conflict, to have viewed it as a disability, to agree, almost, with the views of his own critics. I, on the

<sup>3</sup> See Theodor Reik, *The Haunting Melody*, New York, 1953, pp. 342 ff.

contrary, as I have already suggested, regard the inevitably ensuing tension as that main spring motivating his most characteristic and striking contributions to the art of music. But this, I feel, is not the moment to discuss whether Mahler was wrong or right about his own art, whether, in fact, the sublime in his music was fatally undermined by the mundane. I believe he was wrong, that he felt insecure about his music, that in a sense he did not even fully understand it himself. It would certainly not be unnatural for an artist in the grip of a violent tension from which he was unable to escape to curse it rather than to praise it, to imagine that to be rid of it would necessarily be an improvement. I am inclined to share Ernst Krenek's opinion that "it is possible . . . for an innovator not to grasp fully the implication of his venture into the unknown. He may sometimes even be unaware of having opened a new avenue . . .", that "the disconcerting straightforwardness of Mahler"—"his regression to primitive musical substances"—"is a striking foretoken of the great intellectual crisis which with extraordinary sensitivity he felt looming in the oncoming 20th century".<sup>4</sup>

But it is not my purpose this evening to attempt a critical evaluation of specific features of Mahler's music. I only hope to show how frequently in his music, though by very various means, he re-enacted his traumatic childhood experience, how the vivid contrast between high tragedy and low farce, sublimated, disguised and transfigured as it often was, emerged as a leading artistic principle in his music, a principle almost always ironic in intent and execution.

Mahler himself confused the issue by crudely over-simplifying it. It would be easy to point to the parallel between his music and his childhood experience if comedy always relieved tragedy, or a commonplace thought succeeded every noble one. But his music, mercifully, is more interesting than that: the trauma assumes complex shapes. However, in his first symphony, in the slow movement, we have a clear instance of the basic conflict at work. The movement is a sombre funeral march. Mahler's use of a round, "Frère Jacques", as the basis of the march is symptomatic of both his ironic intention and of his ability to make old—even mundane—musical material serve new ends by reversing its established meaning. [SI 3 p. 78. Start of mvt. to Fig. 3.]

Already in the movement's first section, the funeral mood has been interrupted by outbreaks of deliberate parody. In the gloomy recapitulation, the very march itself is juxtaposed with these mundane invasions, not quite hurdy-gurdy music perhaps, but close to it. The result is almost a literal realization of the tragic mood inextricably mingled with the commonplace. [SI 3. p. 89. 2 bars after Fig. 14 to Fig. 17.] Many like examples of this kind of simultaneous expression of seeming opposites could be found in Mahler's early music. As he matured, the gap between his contrasts narrowed. There is a greater degree of thematic and formal integration. One might say that in disciplining his tension, Mahler succeeded in subduing the most strident features of his contrasting materials. The seventh symphony's first movement offers an interesting instance. The movement begins with an exalted, mysterious slow introduction. [SVII 1. p. 1. Start of mvt. to Fig. 3.] This compelling mood is abruptly terminated in a passage in Mahler's favourite march rhythm which bumps us down to earth—a common function of Mahler's march-inspired

<sup>4</sup> See Bruno Walter and Ernst Krenek, *Gustav Mahler*, New York, 1941, pp. 163-4, p. 207.

motives. [SVII 1. p. 5. bar 1 to p. 6, bar 3.] The sudden drop in the level of harmonic tension and the sudden change in the character of the musical invention are, I think, striking. That the march motive grows thematically out of the opening paragraph integrates the contrast but does not lessen its effect. It is rather as if Mahler were expressing the conflict in terms of pure music—demonstrating that even the most far-reaching and profound musical idea can have a commonplace consequent, and one, moreover, which is thematically strictly related. It is, so to speak, still his childhood experience; still the hurdy-gurdy punctures and deflates and makes its ironic comment. But now the experience is lived out at the subtlest artistic level. Even the mundane march motive is occasionally transformed into something sublime. For the most part, however, it ranges the movement as a free agent, as a saboteur, stressing a rough world's impingement upon the eternal. Here, as a final example from this work, the rudely triumphant march cuts across the ecstatic convolutions of the movement's lyrical second subject. [SVII 1. p. 69. 2 bars before Fig. 60 to p. 72, double bar.]

Perhaps the most significant musical consequence of Mahler's childhood trauma was this: that his unhappy experience meant that the hurdy-gurdy—the symbol of the commonplace—assumed a quite new weight. Its music became as charged with emotional tension as the tragic incident to which it was related. The conjunction of high tragedy and the commonplace meant that the commonplace itself, in the right context, could be used as a new means of expression; and here Mahler remarkably foreshadowed a main trend in 20th century art, not only in music, but also in the literary and visual arts. Undoubtedly this discovery of the potentialities of the commonplace vitally influenced Mahler's idiom. The first movement of his third symphony, a movement of massive proportions, 45 minutes long, symphonically elaborated and organized to a high degree of complexity, largely draws its material from the world of the military band, upon marching songs and military signals. These mundane elements derive their tension from the new context in which they are placed. The movement's development is typical. The commonplace is made to sing a new and unprecedented song. [SIII 1. p. 59. Fig. 43 to p. 72, Fig. 51.]

In the third symphony, Mahler, as he had done in the funeral march of the first, obliged the commonplace to serve his own singular purpose—the contrast between means and achieved ends could hardly be stronger. Elsewhere, we have seen how he used the mundane as comment upon nobler conceptions. Mahler, however, was nothing if not thorough in his contradictions, and his attitude to the commonplace itself was often sceptical. In the fifth symphony we see this reverse process in action. The work's scherzo first offers an unblemished, winning, slow waltz. [SV 3. Figures 6 to 7.] But just as the tragic mood aroused its opposite, so too does even this kind of attractive commonplaceness undergo savage transformation. We do not have tragedy, it is true, but ironic comment on the deficiencies of the commonplace, on its musical unreality, on its inability to meet the realities of a tragic world. If the mundane often succeeds the tragic drama, Mahler seems to say, there is no guarantee that the easeful security of the commonplace is anything more than a deceitful fantasy. [SV 3. 11 bars after Fig. 14 to 5 bars after Fig. 17.]

I hope I have shown some of the ways in which Mahler in his music actively and, I believe, fruitfully reacted to that central event of his childhood which I have discussed. There is little doubt to my mind that it played a main role

in the formation of his musical character, in the creation of that tension which is so conspicuous a feature of his art. It was, I think, the basis of his musical conflict and certainly responsible for the remarkable irony of his utterance. If there were another tension of almost equal weight which played a part in determining the nature of his art, I should suggest it was the conflict he witnessed, felt and registered between the old concept of musical beauty and the emerging new. But while not excluding the influence wielded by historical circumstance, I cannot but believe that an analysis of Mahler's personality is the surer guide for those bent on discovering why his genius took the shape it did.

The relationship of psychology to the art of composing has as yet been little investigated. Perhaps, as Hindemith wrote in "A Composer's World", "we are on the verge of entering with our research that innermost field in which the very actions of music take place: the human mind. Thus psychology, supplementing—in due time perhaps replacing—former mathematical, physical and physiological scientiae, will become the science that eventually illuminates the background before which the musical figures move in a state of meaningful clarity".<sup>5</sup>

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#### KILENYI-MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO WILLIAM STEINBERG

In appreciation of his efforts to create greater interest in the works of Gustav Mahler, the Directors of *The Bruckner Society of America* awarded the Mahler Medal of Honor, designed by the eminent sculptor, Julio Kilenyi, for the exclusive use of the Society, to William Steinberg.

Mr. Steinberg conducted the "Nachtmusiken" from Mahler's VII at a concert broadcast by the NBC Orchestra on November 9, 1940, and a year later included the Nocturnes at a concert by the Buffalo Philharmonic. Mahler's I under his direction was performed by the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Chicago Symphony, and Pittsburgh Symphony; Mahler's II by the San Francisco Symphony, Chicago Symphony, Buffalo Philharmonic, and Pittsburgh Symphony; Mahler's V by the Cleveland Orchestra and Pittsburgh Symphony; "Kindertotenlieder", with Marian Anderson as soloist, by the Pittsburgh Symphony; and "Das Lied von der Erde" by the Chicago Symphony, Los Angeles Philharmonic, and the Pittsburgh Symphony in Pittsburgh, Pa., Hartford, Conn., and New York City.

Acting on behalf of *The Bruckner Society of America*, Mr. Charles Denby, President of the Pittsburgh Symphony, made the presentation of the Mahler medal to Mr. Steinberg after a performance of Mahler's V in Pittsburgh on April 6, 1956.

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<sup>5</sup> See Paul Hindemith, *A Composer's World*, Harvard University Press, 1952, pp. 24-5.

## ENTR'ACTE WHEN THE SHEEP BLEATS

by ERNEST NEWMAN

Reprinted by permission from *The Sunday Times*, London, Jan. 15, 1956.

Music criticism has never been held in universal esteem, which is hardly surprising, considering how often and how woefully it has blundered. It is too often forgotten, however, that the public must take its share of the general opprobrium, for "the critic" means, in the broader view, not only the professional but the lay deliverer of a verdict on a given work or performance. Everyone these days, in fact, is a "critic" of something or other; and perhaps the time is approaching when no one will listen to anyone else on any subject under the sun because he himself will be too busy talking. It is not for me to say whether that will be a desirable state of affairs or not.

Assuming, however, that professional musical criticism still has some years of bustling life before it, is it not time that we who practise it began to ask what it is that is often wrong with it and, by inference, with us? I make a distinction between "music criticism" and musicology. The latter is concerned with the history of music, the study of periods, styles and so on. By "criticism" I mean what the term has gradually come, in practice, to mean — the giving by all and sundry of good or bad marks to works and composers.

In the last resort this means no more than that the critic is talking about himself *à propos* of someone or something or other; and it is "criticism" in this sense of the term that has brought criticism into dis-repute. The craft is obviously sick, and this being so, is it not time that the craftsmen themselves made an effort to trace the malady to its source?

Surely the first thing to do is for each critic to ask himself frankly in virtue of what faculty within himself he allots praise or blame, gives good marks or bad. Surely to every thoughtful critic there must come a time when he feels it necessary to operate critically on himself, to begin a search for what I have called, in Kantian terminology, a Critique of Criticism, to attempt to discover, if he can, what it is in his own constitution that determines the standards by subconscious reference to which he decides upon his acceptances and rejections, his allotment of good marks or bad. A few literary critics of former days, such as Hennequin and John M. Robertson, have addressed themselves seriously to this problem of self-understanding through self-analysis. It would be well for all of us to try to do so: the results should be instructive.

What we call our critical judgment on a particular occasion is a balance struck by a number of hidden forces within us; the object put before us is instinctively referred by us to a complex of elements in ourselves — temperament, intellect, knowledge, experience and so on — and our final approval or disapproval is the expression, in quantity and quality, of the results of that impact; and there is so little fundamental resemblance between these subtle complexes in different individuals that it is little wonder that each of us has

his own system of "marking" that is only partially valid or quite invalid for others.

For the professional critic the problem is complicated by the frequent necessity of having to deliver himself of a judgment on a big new work, or a new presentation of an old one (such as Wieland Wagner's "Fidelio") immediately after his first contact with it: for few newspapers are much interested in problems of aesthetic, while all have an almost religious reverence for "news." Now when the thoughtful critic begins, on an occasion of this kind, to investigate what is going on within him he is likely to come upon some curious facts. One of them is this, that his attention to the work (or the production) in hand has been curiously intermittent. It is here that I can make it clear to the reader what is meant by the title of this article.

There is a proverb somewhere to the effect that every time the sheep bleats he loses a mouthful of grass. I submit that every conscientious critic, professional or lay, will recognise that his intellectual processes on a "first night" are generally an alternation of bleating and nibbling.

He hears or sees something against which the whole complex of forces within him to which I have referred reacts instinctively in a hostile way. This counter-action he regards as vital, as indeed it is for him; and if he has to do an article on the subject for the next issue of his paper he not only fastens this unfavourable reaction of the moment firmly in his memory but, as likely as not, searches for the ideal verbal expression of it; unconscious of the fact that while he is thus bleating he is losing, perhaps, not merely one but several mouthfuls of grass in the immediate neighborhood; while his colleague in the next seat, not having been moved to bleat just then, is getting the greatest delight out of some first-rate nibbling in the vicinity. And if this sort of thing goes on the whole evening, as it well can do, need the public be surprised if next day or next week it reads two wholly different estimates of the work or the production?

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#### KILENYI-MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO KLAUS PRINGSHEIM

Klaus Pringsheim, for a number of years head of Musashino Academy, is a pupil of Mahler who has shown lifelong devotion to the Austrian master's works. Professor Pringsheim has given Mahler performances whenever an opportunity presented itself. He has conducted all the Mahler symphonies in Japan. In 1955 Professor Pringsheim included Mahler's Fifth on a program in Osaka and in December of the same year he led the orchestra and choruses of Musashino College of Music and the Children's Chorus of Egota Primary School in a performance of Mahler's Eighth in Hibiya Hall, Tokyo. Reviewing the event in *The Mainichi* on December 12, 1955, Mr. Robert Gartier called it "one of the most thrilling occasions that have of late graced the Tokyo concert stage".

In appreciation of his efforts to spread Mahler's message in the Far East, the directors of *The Bruckner Society of America* awarded the Kilenyi-Mahler medal to Professor Pringsheim. The presentation was made on behalf of the *Society* by Mr. Walter Nichols, Field Supervisor of the U. S. Information Service, at a reception held in Tokyo on December 26, 1956, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of Professor Pringsheim's arrival in Japan.

## BRUCKNER'S *TE DEUM*

The following article was part of the program notes for a concert given in New York by the *Concert Choir* under the direction of Margaret Hillis on March 5th, 1956 and is reprinted by permission of The American Choral Foundation, Inc., and the author.

by Dika Newlin

The Vienna of the 1880's was anything but a bed of roses for Anton Bruckner, that simple, devout worshipper of God and Wagner who had lived in the Imperial City since 1868, yet never felt comfortable amidst its airs and graces—not to mention its artistic intrigues. "That I keep on composing is nothing but pure idealism!" he once despairingly exclaimed; and, indeed, he can hardly be blamed for having said so, under existing circumstances. Bruckner's bugaboo, the dread critic Hanslick (Wagner's Beckmesser) controlled a substantial portion of Vienna's public opinion—at least, that of the "best people"—through his witty and scathing feuilletons and reviews in the *Neue Freie Presse*. While Hanslick was certainly not the caricature of a critic which later generations have made of him—often after having read only a few quotations from his most biased writings about Wagner—it can easily be understood that he did not greatly help the mental state of the sensitive Bruckner by delivering himself of the opinion that this composer's Third ("Wagner") Symphony was "a vision of Beethoven's Ninth keeping company with Wagner's *Walküre* till it was trampled to death by her horse's hooves." Such sentiments were hardly calculated to endear Hanslick to the fierier spirits of the *Akademischer Wagner-Verein*. Fortunately, however, rough treatment did not deter Bruckner from continuing to turn out symphonies, or from submitting them to conductors. His persistence was rewarded when, on February 20, 1881, his *Fourth* ("Romantic") *Symphony* finally achieved—and in Vienna, at that!—the world premiere for which it had waited since 1874. Hans Richter, basically a loyal Wagnerian though a bit too much inclined to blow hot and cold depending on the prevailing winds of the press, conducted the Vienna Philharmonic. We may imagine that he smiled a little during the performance, remembering the rehearsal after which the beaming Bruckner had rushed up to him and pressed a silver *Taler* into his hand, exclaiming, "Here, take this and have a beer on me!" Whether because of or in spite of the beer, the performance was a resounding success. Even the *Neue Freie Presse* had to admit that the rafters rang with applause! As always, Bruckner's deep sense of gratitude turned towards his God. Returning to his former home-town of Linz for Easter, and occupying his old place on the organist's bench of the cathedral, he was inspired to a grandiose improvisation as he preluded before the Easter Sunday services. Many such improvisations by him are lost. The theme of this one, however, remained with him, and from May 10 to 17 he proceeded to sketch a *Te Deum* based upon it. The new work had to be put aside in favor of the even more urgent demands of symphonic creation; so it was not until September 23, 1883, that—the monumental Seventh Symphony completed—Bruckner could resume work on his song of praise. It was finally completed on March 7, 1884.

The influential court conductor Joseph Hellmesberger, who had been encouraging the composition of the *Te Deum* as he was anxious to have it for the *Hofkapelle*, now gently suggested to Bruckner that it would be a nice idea to dedicate it to the Emperor. But Bruckner, never much of a courtier, pleasantly replied that, though he would love to, he was no longer free to do so, since he had already dedicated it "to dear God in gratitude for having survived his sufferings in Vienna." (The title page bears the initials O.A.M.D.G. — *omnia ad majorem Dei Gloriam.*) Perhaps this — and not the long-suffering composer's unwillingness to allow some of his choicest passages (including the luscious tenor solo *Te ergo quaesumus*) to be cut in performance — is the real reason that the *Te Deum* somehow did not turn up in the *Hofkapelle* after all. However, it did not have to wait five years to be heard in Vienna, as Max Auer — one of Bruckner's semi-official biographers, ever ready to defend his hero against slights real and fancied — avers. The ever-faithful *Wagner-Verein* arranged for a performance with two-piano accompaniment, which took place in the small *Musikvereinssaal* on May 8, 1885, under the composer's direction. And a little less than a year later, on January 10, 1886, there came the first performance with orchestra, in one of the *Gesellschaftskonzerte*. Hans Richter, who had in the meantime come under fire from the most ardent Brucknerites for not performing Bruckner oftener, was again at the helm. He must have come through with a convincing performance, as even Hanslick noticed that this work sounded more logical, clear and unified than what he was accustomed to hearing from Bruckner's pen. All other Viennese critics were, for a change, outspokenly enthusiastic. Ludwig Speidel, in the *Fremdenblatt*, even felt that the work should be saved for performances on great state occasions, or after the Emperor's victorious battles! (The handwriting on the wall must not have been very easy to read in 1886.)

But, as has so often happened to Viennese composers, Bruckner had to take his *Te Deum* abroad in order to win for it the kind of success he really wanted. The first performance of the work in Berlin, on May 31, 1891, under Siegfried Ochs, was one which he would never forget. "Never again will I hear my work done like that!" he wrote enthusiastically to the distinguished conductor afterwards. He was, though, to hear the *Te Deum* again — in fact, it was the last of his works that he ever heard. The circumstances were rather curious. In 1895, there was a change in the directorship of the *Gesellschaftskonzerte*. The new conductor, Richard von Perger, was definitely in the camp of the Brahmsians. When he was visiting Brahms one day, the aging master inquired whether he had yet paid a call on Bruckner, too. On receiving a negative reply, Brahms remonstrated, "But you certainly should go and see him; and I think it would be a good idea for you to do one of his choral works this season." Perger must have been rather surprised, but took Brahms' advice seriously enough to program the *Te Deum* on his first concert, January 12, 1896. Paying his duty-visit to Bruckner in order to inform him of this plan, he was coolly received at first, for Bruckner's experience with Hanslick had taught him a salutary caution when dealing with card-carrying Brahmsians! However, on hearing the conductor's plan he warmed up a bit. "Well, now", he responded in his broad upper-Austrian dialect, "you want to do my *Te Deum*, do you? Good! But what about one of the Masses?" Perger suggested that this project would be more suitable for the following season. "Oh God!" sighed Bruckner,

"I'll surely be dead by that time! My poor heart — it's not doing well at all. I have so many troubles — look here, the way they let go at me in a few of the papers, that really hurts. I never did anything to them — why should they have it in for me? Why can't they let me write in peace?" Perger, deeply moved by this scene, was confirmed in his intention of performing the *Te Deum* as soon as possible. The concert took place on January 12 as planned. The emaciated composer, no longer able to walk, was carried to his favorite seat in the first parterre box. There, he listened for the last time to one of his own works — and to the torrent of applause which followed it, as much a tribute to the dying master as to the immortal masterwork. But the belated public recognition in Vienna was, after all, of minor importance in the face of Bruckner's recognition that he had accomplished what he had set out to do in music as in life — to pay tribute to his God with all the single-mindedness of some medieval builder of cathedrals. "When God calls me to Him one day", he is supposed to have said, "and asks me, 'What hast thou done with the talents that I have given thee?' why, then I'll hold up the score of my *Te Deum* before Him, and surely He will judge me mercifully!" That Bruckner could and did mean this literally, in the midst of the skeptical and materialistic age into which he had anachronistically managed to be born, was his sustaining strength. And it is the sustaining strength of this music today, in an age even more skeptical and materialistic.

#### I. *Te Deum laudamus* (C major)

The *Te Deum* begins in a well-nigh barbaric blaze of glory. Against organ-like winds and a vigorous eighth-note background of strings sawing away at empty fifths and fourths (C-G-C) in heaven-storming tumult, the chorus, supported by trumpets, trombones and bass tuba, blares forth its great affirmation of faith, "*Te Deum laudamus! te Dominum confitemur.*" It is one of those massive, monumental, rocklike themes in which one cannot imagine one note changed. Strangely medieval — or strangely modern — is Bruckner's relentless insistence, in these opening bars, on the empty fifths and fourths of the C chord, with no conventionally "colorful" thirds. Gentler harmonies, leading into a chain of subtly varied sequences, are heard with the entrance of the solo voices; a tender duet between soprano and tenor, "*Tibi omnes Angeli*", is soon joined by the alto. Gradually the orchestra — which has been reduced to oboes, clarinets and upper strings during this transparent solo episode — disappears entirely as the three voices, singing of the Cherubim and Seraphim, rise to an F minor chord forte, then subside through one-and-a-half octaves. The full chorus re-enters: quietly at first with two invocations of the "*Sanctus*", then with primitive violence as the climactic "*Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth*" is hammered home. Now Bruckner flings great blocks of harmony about, in bold yet logical juxtaposition. C major collides with B flat major — no formalities of modulation in this incessant cry of praise. Four times "*Pleni sunt coeli et terra*" is proclaimed, the fourth time driving the sopranos up to their high A, the loftiest point they have so far reached. The trumpet theme of the beginning marches relentlessly onward, always partnered by the driving eighth-notes; barbaric accents punctuate the forward surge, even as the drum-beat of the recurrent "*Te*" punctuates the text. The numbers of the Prophets, the armies of the Martyrs, the glorious company of the Apostles are summoned before our eyes in a musical scene that is hardly surpassed in vividness by the

famed "Resurrection" movement of Mahler's Second Symphony. It seems the impact of this perpetual motion cannot possibly continue — but with his sure theatrical sense, just as we might become tired of it Bruckner interrupts it: first with the mystical chords which describe the opening of the kingdom of Heaven to the true believers, then with one of those great "general pauses" by which he likes to herald a change in the musical scenery.

II. *Te ergo quaesumus* (F minor). Indeed, the change of scene is complete. Up till now, we have heard (with few exceptions) music of a harsh and superpersonal grandeur; now, everything is tender, warm, and personal. Accompanied by a pulsing repeated F in the violas with interspersed phrases in the cellos, basses and clarinets, the tenor sings what can only be called a highly emotional aria, embodying the plea of the individual soul for aid and support. The other soloists join him in typically Brucknerian devotional cadences. When the redemption by the Precious Blood is described, we are in the purest Austrian Baroque, illustrated by the festooned and gilded garlands (like those cast from angel to angel in many a baroque decor) of the solo violin. The transcendental mood blends into a simple hymn-like reiteration of "quos redemisti, quos redemisti" by all the soloists.

III. *Aeterna fac* (D minor). The relentless drive of the beginning returns as the words "aeterna fac, cum sanctis tuis" are pounded home again and again by the chorus in savage iteration, almost Stravinsky-like in its rhythmic emphasis. Swooping down from its high point of "gloria", the chorus gradually builds up to a second climax (a process in which Bruckner's favorite sequences play a valuable structural role) and ends in suspense with a half-cadence on the dominant, followed by another general pause.

IV. *Salvum fac* (F minor). There is a slight sense of shock as we are plunged back into F minor (the last preceding chord was an A major triad) and into the tenor's impassioned prayer, almost as if nothing has intervened. This time the exquisite violin solo adorns the words "et benedic". The solo bass implores, "et extolle illos usque in aeternum," plunging down into the abyss of eternity through an octave and a half of c minor and f minor broken chords. A hushed suspense "in eternity" over a G pedal-point — and once more the monumental theme of the *Te Deum's* opening bursts upon us, so fulfilling the demands of textual drama and of musical form. Gradually, then, the initial surge of sound subsides as we hear the gentle plea "miserere nostri Domine", and the thought of "hope in the Lord", about to triumph in the last movement, is foreshadowed.

V. *In te Domine, speravi* (C major). The grandeur of this section is scarcely hinted at by the naive harmonies which the solo quartet (punctuated by a slightly disconcerting "boomp" in the horns) sings in the opening measures. Bruckner, ever the master of contrast, seems here to express the idea of the wide gulf between the simple worshippers and the Supreme Commander whom they obey — a gulf which can yet be bridged by the power of Love. Playing in a deceptively simple manner (at first) with a rising G major line in the sopranos, Bruckner makes it into a model for one of his expressive sequential passages that sometimes lead to unexpected goals. And suddenly we are confronted with the full glory of the words "Non confundar in aeternum," as the whole chorus, supported by strings and brasses, trumpets forth its message in

brilliant B major. In a freely yet logically constructed fugue, new variants of the themes "In te, Domine, speravi" and "Non confundar in aeternum" are now combined and developed with ever-increasing tension. Suddenly the "chorale" theme, that deeply moving memorial to Wagner from the slow movement of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, appears — first softly intoned by the solo quartet in flat keys, then, with one of Bruckner's stunning enharmonic changes, triumphally proclaimed by the whole chorus and orchestra in B major. This time, however, B major is not the end of the climax, but only its beginning. Relentlessly pushing his voices higher step by step, Bruckner drives through C sharp major, C sharp minor and D minor — up to the high B flat on which the sopranos are impaled over a quivering diminished seventh chord. *Fortississimo*, the voices prolong the suspense a little further as they hammer out "Non confundar in aeternum" one last time before we are swept into the *alla breve* roof-raising C major close — a triumphal orgy of life that will in truth "never be confounded in eternity".

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#### KILENYI-MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO THEODORE HOLLENBACH

Despite the sensational success of Mahler's *Eighth* in Philadelphia and New York in a series of performances by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Leopold Stokowski in 1916, thirty-four years elapsed before this unique work was heard again on the Atlantic Seaboard. Once more it was Stokowski who conducted, this time the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York. Though Mahler's prophecy "My time will yet come" is gradually becoming a reality, the *Eighth* Symphony requires forces of such huge proportions that program committees, because of the heavy expenses involved, might hesitate to approve of its performance even if it had been composed by a master whose works are in the standard repertoire and not subjected to the criticisms of some *infallible* critics. It, therefore, requires unusual courage for a conductor of a major orchestra in one of our larger cities to suggest a performance of Mahler's *Eighth*, which the late Lawrence Gilman considered "one of the noblest scores of our time" and which, in the opinion of Leopold Stokowski, is "one of the greatest creations among the arts of our time". According to Dr. Stokowski, "it is great music, but more than that, it has a profound message for everyone".

Only a brave *visionary* with a burning conviction of the greatness of its message would dare propose this work for performance in a city of moderate size where the name Gustav Mahler is hardly known. Yet, this is exactly what Theodore Hollenbach, conductor of the Rochester Oratorio Society, did. Under circumstances which would have discouraged a man of lesser stature, Theodore Hollenbach turned the seemingly impossible into a resounding triumph for his organization and for Mahler. The difficulties he faced and the success of his daring are described in a letter from Carl C. Struever, Jr. on page 54 of this issue.

In appreciation of his efforts to bring about the realization of Mahler's prophecy, the Board of Directors of *The Bruckner Society of America* awarded the Mahler medal to Theodore Hollenbach. Acting on behalf of the Society, Mr. Thomas H. Hanks, Vice President of the Rochester Civic Music Association, made the presentation at a concert given by the Rochester Oratorio Society on April 26th, 1957.

## MAHLER'S SECOND SYMPHONY

by PARKS GRANT

James Huneker once pointed out that the opening of Wagner's *Die Walküre* sounds like that of Schubert's *The Erl-King*. The opening of Mahler's Second or C Minor Symphony is reminiscent of both — though not for long; we quickly become aware that Mahler — not Schubert, Wagner, or a second-hand version of anybody else — is speaking. The cellos and double-basses enter in the second measure with a powerful, declamatory theme which continues for sixteen measures under a constant tremolo G in octaves. During the next fifteen measures the cellos and double-basses repeat this declamatory theme (with a slight change near the beginning) while higher instruments, mostly woodwinds, later violins, claim the center of our attention with another important theme. The restless bass figure persists, however, during quite a few measures to come. The rhythms it has already established, and to a lesser degree its melodic characteristics, dominate much of the entire movement.

The second theme or subordinate subject is presented in E major, harmonically a very distant relative of C minor, key of the first subject. Mahler ever so gently slips from one key to the other. The effect is sheer magic — as delightful as it is unconventional, and represents one of the happiest incidents in a symphony that is replete with them. (See example below.)

End of First Theme

Woodwinds  
Horns and Trumpets

Strings

Cellos and Double-Basses

## Beginning of Second Theme

The musical score is presented in two systems. The first system consists of three staves: the top staff is for Violins and Violas, the middle staff is for Horns, and the bottom staff is a lower register. The key signature is E-flat major (three flats). The first system shows the initial entry of the theme in the strings and horns, with a "Horns sustain" instruction. The second system shows the continuation of the theme with "etc." markings.

Someone has written that the second theme seems to be "suffused with light" as it appears, *pianissimo*, chiefly in strings and horns. The cellos and double-basses meanwhile keep muttering away at a melodically-compressed fragment of the first theme, with its characteristic triplet rhythm. By causing a particle of the first subject to serve as an accompaniment to the second, Mahler insures a subtle and subconscious connection between them on the listener's part; different as the two are in spirit and tonality, they convincingly belong together.

The comparatively short and peaceful second theme moves toward a climax and cadence in E-flat minor. If we have been lulled away into any day-dream, Mahler rudely shatters it with an abrupt loud G-natural, which jars against the just-released G-flat of the E-flat minor triad (E-flat, G-flat, B-flat) on which the theme has just cadenced. The composer's method of bringing us back to the grim business of the first theme (for as will be seen, that is his purpose) is truly a brusque one, but memorable none the less.

It must be borne in mind that in the typical sonata-allegro movement which

forms the first movement of any normal symphony, the section consisting of the two themes (known as the exposition) is almost always enclosed in repeat-signs, though actually the practice of repeating the enclosed material often becomes "a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance." Mahler insures the re-hearing of his two themes by the simple expedient of writing them out again, though it is no mere literal repetition; on the contrary he varies them tremendously. Undoubtedly their growth during the second presentation is his real aim, not merely their restatement.

The first subject in its new form is at first highly compressed, but then continues with fresh material freely derived from that of the first presentation, so the result turns out to be one of expansion rather than abridgement.

Mahler leads to the second subject by way of a quiet connecting passage in G minor over a steadily-moving bass, during part of which two oboes in unison carry a melody with accompaniment by trumpets — just one of the innumerable unexpected but ingenious orchestration-effects which are scattered through all of the composer's works, reflecting his vast experience as an orchestral conductor.

The second presentation of the second theme occurs again in strings and horns, *pianissimo*, but this time more soberly (though not prosaically) in the key of C major, and with no restless bass beneath it. It soon moves however to its former key, E major (the key-signature is just one sharp, but the tonality is clearly E major), and there is much admixture of new and freely-derived material, including the prominent motive first given out by the English horn.



So closely-knit is the structure at this point that it would be well-nigh impossible to lay one's finger on the exact spot where the development-section begins. The writer's nomination of the third measure after rehearsal-figure 9 (see the Kalmus Edition miniature score) is only a personal opinion. As the tension gradually mounts, material derived from the two themes and free extensions of them holds sway in passages of sweeping power. There are a number of memorable moments — one in C-sharp minor featuring wedge-like movement by unison horns and trumpets against two trombones, violas, and cellos; a startling crash from the cymbals unaccompanied, followed by a fortissimo uproar; a gentle, quiet reference to the second theme, starting in the flute over a delightful moving harp figure and continuing in a solo violin; and a brief bit in B major where two trumpets briefly suggest the style of a drinking song.

The energy of the movement seems to disintegrate in a short, tearing passage in E-Flat minor. Then hesitatingly, seeming barely able to drag, the music gradually lifts itself out of its exhaustion. Psychologically — and Mahler nearly always utilizes form at least partially for its psychological as well as architectural possibilities — the composer's intention is to lead to a climax of tremendous violence. As this climax gradually builds there are very brief references to two of the themes which are later destined to be associated with the idea of "resurrection" which forms the triumphant apex of the last or fifth movement. Naturally, only the person already familiar with the symphony

can detect the presence of these all-but-hidden fragments. The violence grows, predominantly in the dark key of E-flat minor, when a sudden downward chromatic scale spills us into C minor. Fortissimo brass and timpani hammer out one of the most dissonant passages in Mahler's writings, by forcefully repeating the dissonant chord



then by banging away at the even more dissonant chord



The tension built up by the latter is almost unbearable, but Mahler quickly resolves it to the tonic chord of C minor (i.e. to C, E-flat, G), and the recapitulation of the two themes is at hand.

Before discussing the recapitulation let us pause to examine the second of these two dissonant chords, which probably stands unique up to the appearance of the modernist movement in music — and very rare even then. It is a complete dominant-thirteenth chord of C minor, built of stacked-up thirds complete to the fifteenth or double octave, and contains every note of the C minor scale. (The famous chord in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony which contains every note in the D minor scale has an effect not nearly so dissonant, due to being widely dispersed, of short duration, and to containing certain tones more weakly scored and hence less prominent than others; that is, Beethoven's chord is very imperfectly balanced — intentionally so, perhaps — while in Mahler's the tones are of equal strength, thus accentuating the dissonance.)

The recapitulation of the first subject is highly abbreviated, compared with either of its hearings in the exposition, but contains all the necessary elements that make it a distinctive musical idea. The already-mentioned magical transition passage again leads from C minor to E major to usher in the recapitulation of the second theme, the statement of which is eloquently lyrical.

By the simple expedient of changing a tremolo E to E-flat, Mahler returns to the original tonality — C minor — for a long coda. It begins very softly and wearily. Almost inaudible references to earlier motives creep in in the violins (at first marked *ppppp*), until during the course of a crescendo and a compensating diminuendo the fabric interweaves many of the already-presented motives in brief or perhaps not-so-brief references. For a moment it looks as though the movement will close in C major, but by again changing an E to E-flat, Mahler converts the C major triad (C, E, G) into a C minor triad (C, E-flat, G), after which a fortissimo downward chromatic scale brings a conclusion suggesting disillusionment.

At the end of the first movement Mahler writes, "Here follows a pause of at least five minutes."

After a long, tense, and stormy opening piece, something unruffled, gently lilting, and reposed is surely in order. The second movement, in A-flat major,  $\frac{3}{8}$  time, marked *andante moderato*, fulfills these needs. Its style at first reminds one of Schubert, yet those who know Mahler's works will agree that it is pure Mahler.

The form is roughly ABABA; that is, a song-form with repeated trio (middle section); but Mahler's well-nigh invariable custom of employing varied repetition, and hence allowing for natural organic growth, produces a form-scheme more accurately described as  $A^1 B^1 A^2 B^2 A^3$ .

The charming A section is first heard in the strings. The B theme, busy with triplets, begins very softly, and too late strives toward a semi-climax that does not quite succeed in crossing the hump. Psychological use of form again! We shall soon discover that Mahler has bigger plans for the B subject in its later appearance.

After a short hesitating passage, the muted violins make the second statement of the A theme while below them half of the cellos (not using mutes), sound an engaging countermelody, thoroughly Mahleresque.

The second statement of the B theme begins loud, bold, and agitated. It is much longer than the earlier appearance, and this time its climax seems to achieve its destiny; it gets over the hurdle it failed to cross before.

Again there is hesitation, and the A section is heard for the final time, beginning quietly in pizzicato strings. The non-sustained character of this portion makes a delectable contrast with what has preceded and with what is to follow. The movement reaches its height of eloquence in a passage where the principal theme is played by the low woodwinds and low muted strings, while above them the divided first violins have a varied form of the countermelody previously allotted to half of the cellos. Some clashes that occur at certain spots between these two melodies are really fairly harsh, yet they pass quite unnoticed due to the inherently logical movement of both melodies as they pursue their separate ways. (See example below.)

Here surely is the "linear counterpoint" so important in the music of Mahler's great contemporary Richard Strauss, not to mention later composers.

The conclusion is dainty and winsome, not without just the faintest hint of gentle humor.

Like Schubert before him, Mahler occasionally used material from one of his songs as the basis for an instrumental work. The third movement of Symphony No. 2 is in large free rondo form and fulfills the function of a scherzo. Much of its material is borrowed from Mahler's song *Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt* (St. Anthony of Padua's Fish Sermon), the text of which was drawn from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (The Boy's Magic Horn), a noted

anthology of German folk-poems collected by Ludwig Achim von Arnim (1781-1832) and Clemens Maria Brentano (1778-1842). Here deprived of its mocking text, the satire of this third movement was doubtless more apparent to the composer than to anyone else, yet its parodistic spirit is not to be missed.

It opens with some abrupt, short solos on the timpani (incidentally this symphony requires two sets of kettle-drums) which might well be derived from the symphony's opening theme. Running sixteenth-notes in  $\frac{3}{8}$  time make an early appearance and are encountered in nearly every measure. There are passages which burlesque the style of the *Ländler* (a German country dance), grimacing solos for the E-flat clarinet, scattered notes for the strings to be played *col legno* (with the back of the bow), and occasionally a brief piccolo solo. For contrast there is a more sober though equally homely theme in F major.

After a transitional passage for cellos and double-basses under a long-held flute and piccolo octave C, the horns and trumpets announce a short, bold, fanfare-like theme in D major; the just-mentioned connecting material forms a moving bass, and the violins and violas persistently continue with the steady sixteenths. This, like the rest of the middle of the movement, is new material — not taken from the previously-mentioned song. Another transition, featuring flute, solo violin, and pizzicato cellos, and sounding for all the world like something from Bach's pen, leads to a second statement of the short fanfare theme, just as bold as before, but this time in E. A delightfully vulgar though lyrical melody, also in E, is sounded by the first trumpet, accompanied by three other trumpets, both harps, and strings. Mahler loved to write music which was good-naturedly "corny," yet whose very bucolicism is distinguished. After another transition the principal idea returns, sardonic as ever.

About two-thirds of the way through the movement the fanfare-theme returns beginning in C, and now in all seriousness appears a striking message (see example below) of great significance, destined to return with such telling effect at the beginning of the last movement and again at its climax.

The musical score is presented in four staves. The top staff, marked 'gva', features a series of chords in a descending sequence of keys: B-flat major, A-flat major, G major, F major, E-flat major, D major, C major, B-flat major, A-flat major, G major, F major, E-flat major, D major, C major. The second staff contains a melodic line with long, sustained notes, primarily in the lower register. The third and fourth staves provide a rhythmic accompaniment consisting of steady sixteenth-note patterns. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/8.

Things gradually quiet down, and a long transition leads to the final version of the principal theme, the close being practically note-for-note the close of the song on which the movement is based.

The form might be analyzed thus: A<sup>1</sup> B<sup>1</sup> A<sup>2</sup> W C<sup>1</sup> X C<sup>2</sup> D Y A<sup>3</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C<sup>3</sup> Q Z A<sup>4</sup>. In this scheme, W, X, Y, and Z are all transitional passages derived mostly from A, and Q represents the music foreshadowing the fifth movement. The fourth movement follows without pause.

If the third movement is based on a song, the brief fourth part is a song—a deeply moving, placid song in D-flat major for contralto and orchestra. Entitled *Urlicht*, which might be translated "Primordial Light" or "Eternal Light," its text is drawn from *Das Knaben Wunderhorn*. It is by far the shortest of the symphony's five movements. The opening, with its quiet brass instruments, suggests a chorale. With 21 changes of time-signature in the first 35 measures, coupled with a very slow tempo, it seems almost rhythmless; but it is exactly what is needed after the music that has preceded and in light of that which is to follow.

About two-thirds of the way through there is another of Mahler's amazing strokes in orchestration. During a passage in A minor a piccolo plays a high, soft countermelody to the singer's solo, soon joined by a second piccolo a third lower; two solo violins double the two piccolos in the octave below. Only a man who knew the orchestra inside out could have conceived that the ordinarily whistling, shrill piccolo could if necessary sound so delightfully ethereal.

This lovely movement, so charged with mysticism and resignation (as are so many of Mahler's songs) leads without pause into the finale.

The fifth and final movement—one of the longest in any symphony—was beyond question influenced by the finale of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and has a general plan in common with it: it opens in pessimism, which increases and then reaches a turning-point; optimism then conquers, steadily gains ground, and finally attains a triumphant conclusion.

Long as this part is, only a person who did not know it would be rash enough to brand it "too long." The writer's long-held (though completely unsupported) private opinion is that the finale was originally planned to be even longer—that its form as we know it actually represents a slight condensation.

The uproar of the opening suggests the day of judgment as surely as any music ever can. The quotation already mentioned in conjunction with the third movement (page 81) is powerfully stated. However there is an immediate quieting down and this motive



associated later with the idea of "resurrection" is heard tentatively. (The casual hint of it in the first movement has already received mention. The other theme that was so briefly foreshadowed appears soon.)

In general, it may be said that the first part of the finale consists of a series of comparatively brief and not-closely-connected sections, a bit fragmentary in effect. Several spots stand out in the listener's consciousness, (some of them are not the principal themes, but rather fascinating episodes), namely: (1) A

fanfare-like theme for horns, played not in the orchestra but off-stage so that the sound appears to reach us from a great distance — almost like a barely-recalled memory, or perhaps suggesting a dimly-perceived glimpse into our future. (2) A chain of trills in parallel triads which is strongly suggestive of the style of the French impressionists. In view of the fact that musical Impressionism was barely becoming established at the time this symphony was written (1894), it seems likely that this resemblance is a thought-provoking coincidence rather than imitation. (3) A short but agitated section suggestive of a desperate pressing to overcome some obstacle, but which quickly collapses. The failure is only temporary, for this theme is destined to turn up twice later, once at the beginning of a passage which does indeed lead across the turning-point of the movement, again as a short contralto solo with a text of reassuring tone. (4) A section based on fanfare-like material accompanied by many trills, slow and majestic, yet brilliant.

The next part of the movement brings the first passage of any sustained length. A terrifying crescendo for nothing but percussion instruments — decidedly unusual considering when it was written — suggests the gates of hell opening. The music that follows is a wild march — urgent, desperate, at times hard-bitten, and only occasionally buoyant or confident. Mahler's favorite rhythmic pattern — eighth-note, sixteenth-rest, sixteenth-note — is prominent for the first time in this movement. Sometimes the music suggests an inexorable drive toward an unwelcome fate. The music dissolves in wild collapse; again there is a failure to surmount an obstacle. The above-mentioned agitated theme returns, and this time grows, becomes eager and urgent. It unfolds amid many changes in meter. Meanwhile off-stage there is barely audible fanfare-like material played by two trumpets, triangle, bass drum, and cymbals; it seems to be military music carried to our ears by the wind. The mounting crescendo of the rest of the orchestra swallows it up, and soon a bold fortissimo sweeps us to the grand climax of the movement, at whose peak Mahler states (in a different key) the chord-progression already heard in the third movement and again at the start of the present movement (Example page 81). Here is music that is a climax in every sense — not merely a tremendously loud passage but a genuine turning-point as well. A few quiet measures suggestive of dawn lead to perhaps the most remarkable spot in a symphony truly laden with remarkable spots. It is unique; one can search musical literature in vain for anything else even slightly like it. Trumpets and horns, both off-stage, play fanfares of magical character; in the orchestra there are bird-like twitters from flute and piccolo and underneath occasional rumbles from the bass drum or off-stage timpani. Surely if nature had the gift of composing, the result would sound like this! Mahler has specified that of the four trumpets used, two should be placed to the left, two to the right.

The long-awaited entrance of the chorus follows, in music of solemn, reposed dignity. It will be noticed that both here and twice later, out of the chorus there gradually emerges a solo voice, in this and the following instance the soprano, in a still later passage the contralto. Not unless one consults the score can he say exactly where the soloist is detached from the rest of the chorus. Mahler's effect is fresh, striking, yet simply achieved. The spirit from now on is by turns solemn, hopeful, restful, reassuring, and wildly triumphant; it has been purged of everything bitter, desperate, and frustrating. The listener is swept into one brilliant cadence after another. Toward the end an organ lends its plangent support to the already powerful chorus and

orchestra. The symphony concludes in a blaze of jubilation, the key being E-flat major.

The text employed in the finale is partly by Friedrich Klopstock<sup>1</sup> (1724-1803) (slightly altered by Mahler) and partly by the composer himself. In all fairness it must be said that from a literary standpoint Mahler was no match for Klopstock, one of the great names in German literature, but whose verses extolling the idea of resurrection do not carry as far as Mahler's needs demanded.

It is pertinent to mention that the composer first became interested in this text — indeed first conceived the idea of the symphony itself — when he heard it at the funeral of the great pianist and conductor Hans von Bülow (1830-1894). Thoughts of death were something of an obsession with Mahler (verging on the neurotic at times); hence the thought of another life to come fascinated him as it has many others, for mankind has been intrigued by this idea since the dawn of recorded time.

Some believe the purpose of this symphony is one of "telling a story," in other words, that it is program music. However the composer has left no official hints other than those implied in the texts he has used and the moods he has created. At the time he wrote Symphony No. 2, the symphonic poem was at the height of its popularity, and Mahler was sometimes pressed for explanations of the "meaning" of his work. It is well known that these inquiries annoyed yet somewhat amused him. He even gave out conflicting "stories" on various occasions, there being no better illustration than the first movement of his symphony. On one occasion he described it, rather fittingly, as a "death celebration," but on another he declared it represented a growing seed trying to push its way up through the soil! To say that he made the latter statement in scorn is probably superfluous.

Donald Ferguson states in his *A History of Musical Thought*<sup>2</sup> that Mahler's Second Symphony is the first instance of a genuine five-movement symphony in the history of music. Dr. Ferguson probably means that earlier works which are nominally cast in five parts (such as Beethoven's Sixth Symphony) could perhaps be reasoned as actually being in four, and that what is nominally one of the movements is in reality just an introduction to one of the others, while with the present work there is no getting around the quintuple division — no explaining it away as a structure which "might" be reasoned otherwise than as marked by the composer.

Symphony No. 2 by Gustav Mahler, known as the "Resurrection" Symphony, calls for one of the most elaborate outlays of musical forces of any work.

The mixed chorus and solo soprano appear in the fifth movement only, the solo contralto in the fourth and fifth. The orchestral forces of course include the usual string section — first and second violins, violas, cellos, and double-basses — plus the following woodwind, brass, and percussion instruments:

- 4 flutes, all alternating with piccolos.
- 4 oboes, the third and fourth alternating with English horns.
- E-flat clarinet.

<sup>1</sup> Mahler used the first two of the five stanzas of "Die Auferstehung" (The Resurrection), one of Klopstock's *Geistliche Lieder* (Spiritual Songs) — not one of the *Odes* as is often stated.

<sup>2</sup> Appleton-Century-Crofts, New York, 1935 and 1948.

- 4 clarinets, the third alternating with bass clarinet, the fourth with second E-flat clarinet.
- 4 bassoons, the third and fourth alternating with contrabassoon.
- 10 horns (however Mahler makes provision for performance by only 6).
- 10 trumpets (but provision is made for performance by only 8, or even 6).
- 4 trombones.
- Tuba.
- Organ.
- 2 sets of timpani, plus an additional single drum off-stage.
- 2 bass drums, one off-stage.
- 2 pairs of cymbals, one off-stage.
- 2 gongs, one of (relatively) high pitch, the other low.
- 2 triangles, one off-stage.
- Snare drum (preferably more than one).
- Glockenspiel.
- Bells (Mahler requires that they be steel bars of deep, indefinite, but widely-differentiated pitch).
- Ruthe.
- 2 harps (with two or more players to each part if possible).

Since it is an unusual instrument, it might be well to speak briefly about the Ruthe (also spelled Rute; literally "rod"). Made of many pieces of rat-tan, it looks like a large clothes-brush or a small broom, and is used to play the bass drum (sometimes on the shell of the instrument). It is used only in the third movement, perhaps because the composer had already employed it in the song from which this was derived. Although Mozart wrote for the Ruthe, comparatively few composers have called for it. Mahler also included it in his Third, Sixth, and Seventh Symphonies. As will be gathered from the foregoing, it is not so much an instrument as a special implement used in playing one of the instruments.

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#### KILENYI-BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO CARL SCHURICHT

During November and December 1956, the Vienna Philharmonic visited the United States for the first time in its long history. Its conductor, Professor Carl Schuricht, included Bruckner's Seventh on programs in the following cities: Washington, D. C., Nov. 5, 1956; New York City, Nov. 7, 1956; Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 13, 1956; Lafayette, Ind., Nov. 16, 1956; East Lansing, Mich., Nov. 19, 1956; Dayton, Ohio, Nov. 23, 1956; and Boston, Mass., Dec. 2, 1956. The Bruckner symphony aroused great enthusiasm among audiences as Bruckner always does on the still all too rare occasions when any of his works is performed.

In recognition of his efforts to create greater interest in and appreciation of this Austrian master in the United States, the Bruckner medal, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of *The Bruckner Society*, was awarded to Professor Schuricht. The presentation of the medal was made by Robert G. Grey, Executive Secretary of the Society, at a reception given in honor of Professor Schuricht at the Mannes College of Music on Dec. 6, 1956.

## BRUCKNER, VIENNA-STYLE

by WINTHROP SARGEANT

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The great Anton Bruckner was a composer who, in his music, talked very simply and earnestly about very profound things—mostly about faith, love, the beauty of the world as he saw it, and the glory of God. His symphonies do not contain any trace of technical display for its own sake, or of the bitter, passionate critical faculty that lends spice and color to the work of more restless, revolutionary, and egocentric nineteenth-century composers. His musical language is everywhere notable for its vast sincerity. He says what he has to say in the most unabashed and direct terms, pushing his message home with long, leisurely phrases and punctuating these phrases with exclamation points that often strike the over-sophisticated listener as pretty obvious. There is, nevertheless, a certain grandeur in nearly everything he ever wrote—a grandeur of a sort that, to my mind, is matched only in the religious compositions of Johann Sebastian Bach. No one, having once encountered this grandeur, is likely to forget the experience, or to regard Bruckner as anything less than a supreme master of deep musical communication. The trouble is that, in order to encounter it, the listener must have before him a performance as sober and dedicated as the music itself, and such performances, in this age of speed, polish, and superficial brilliance, are by no means frequent.

In its American début at Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening of last week, the Vienna Philharmonic, under the baton of Carl Schuricht, offered New York concertgoers a performance of this kind. The symphony was Bruckner's Seventh, the most often performed of all his works (if one can use the word "often" in connection with any Bruckner composition), and one that has been done here in the past by various orchestras and maestros of considerable distinction. The fine Viennese ensemble and its courtly seventy-six-year-old conductor succeeded, however, in adding a new dimension to Bruckner interpretation as we know it, and the symphony emerged with a coherence, warmth, and eloquence that very rarely fall to its lot. Perhaps this new dimension was, in part, a result of the painstaking traditions of the orchestra, which is obviously better acquainted with the work of its fellow-Austrian than is any other ensemble on earth. But much of it was also a result of the orchestra's great emotional absorption in its task, and of the contribution of Mr. Schuricht, who has a way of turning himself into the ideal tool of Bruckner's thought. Nowhere did one feel that Mr. Schuricht was hastening or brightening up things by way of apology for Bruckner's leisurely method of expression. As a matter of fact, the opening and closing measures of the first movement were played slower and more deliberately than I had ever heard them played before, and there was an expansive plasticity about the conductor's tempos in general that gave Bruckner's melodic pronouncements the air of unhurried and serene majesty properly belonging to them.

When it comes to the virtues of the Vienna Philharmonic as compared to

those of the numerous other admirable ensembles that have visited us recently, I should say they lie in the direction of exquisite refinement of phraseology and extraordinary mellowness of tone. These virtues showed themselves not only in the Bruckner work but in an early Mozart symphony (K. 181) and in Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture—the items that preceded it on the program. The orchestra's strings, in particular, have luminous sonority and suavity of articulation that are, as far as I am aware, unique, and the rapport among the various choirs—strings, woodwinds, and brasses—is remarkably well balanced and intimate. Where sheer flash and energy are concerned, there are undoubtedly orchestras that surpass this one, but it was pleasant the other night not to be bowled over by mere exuberance, and to find, instead, the sort of mature artistry that makes its appeal through charm and elegance, rather than supercharged virtuosity. In Mr. Schuricht, moreover, the orchestra has a conductor of great sensibility and modest demeanor, whose gestures produce the maximum musical result while remaining visually as unpretentious as possible. Altogether, the evening that their collaboration provided was a continuous delight.

(*The New Yorker*, Nov. 17, 1956)

## WALTER'S FAREWELL

by DIKA NEWLIN

"Was du geschlagen,  
Zu Gott wird es dich tragen!"  
Klopstock, *Auferstehungsode*.

To the initiate, it was really not necessary to read the brief newspaper announcement that Bruno Walter would, after this 1956-57 season, no longer be returning as regular guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. The mere listing of the programs he would conduct, which had been published in September, 1956, was enough to tell the story. Bruckner's Ninth, the composer's heartrending farewell to a world which had not always been kind, coupled with heaven-storming adoration of the "lieben Gott" to Whom this music explicitly, as all his music implicitly, was dedicated: Mahler's Second, also striving passionately towards a God of Whom the composer had sometimes lost sight, but Who is wellnigh visibly present at the symphony's close in the triumphant cry of the chorus: "Die I must, that I may live!" To one who had followed Walter's career for nearly two decades the symbolism of these choices was almost painfully obvious. Yet with all the sadness of such an occasion there was mingled a feeling of satisfaction that Walter had chosen *this* way to say his farewell.

It was a rather subdued audience which gathered on the evening of February 7, 1957, for the first of these farewell concerts. A vivid performance of the overture to *Der Freischütz* and a gentle, mellow interpretation of Schubert's *Unfinished* somehow seemed like a prelude to the real events of the evening. And this feeling proved to be justified; for when, after the intermission, the first, almost inaudible D of the Bruckner symphony began to emerge as though from nowhere, we were plunged into a new world of sound. We have heard Walter conduct this symphony on other occasions, but never as inspiredly; and the Philharmonic really outdid itself in following where he led. The mighty proclamations of the brass choir were not merely flawlessly technically, but truly evocative of the heavenly visions which had inspired their composer. The work of the string section and of the solo winds in the more delicate sections of the fantastic Scherzo and Trio was of exquisite grace and lightness. As for the Adagio, with its touching reminiscences of the themes Bruckner had loved (his own Mass in D and Seventh Symphony, and the Magic Fire Music) and its almost frightening premonitions of what was to come (Mahler's Tenth and even early Schoenberg), Walter extracted every ounce of emotion from its pages. The final bars, in which Bruckner lovingly takes leave of one theme after another like someone taking leave of a beloved place and tenderly touching each object which he knows he will never see again, were quietly breathtaking. The moment of silence before the audience had to relieve its feelings in a heartwarming and lengthy ovation was the truest tribute to this unforgettable human and musical experience.

A rehearing of the Bruckner (this time appropriately preceded by the

*Siegfried Idyll*) on the broadcast of Sunday, February 10, deepened these impressions and whetted the appetite for the feast of Mahler to come in the following week. (Incidentally, heartfelt thanks are due to CBS and the Philharmonic for making possible the full broadcast of a Bruckner and a Mahler symphony on two successive Sundays. It was not ever thus!)

About the following Thursday's performance of Mahler's Second it is hard to write objectively. Quite simply, it was a revelation. From the opening viciously accented tremolo of the *Totenfeier* it was evident that this was going to be an interpretation of uncommon intensity even by Walter's own standards. Nothing which followed changed that impression. We were allowed a little relaxation in the delicate Andante (like a faded charming vignette from our grandfathers' world) but with the Scherzo we were back again on the meaningless treadmill of daily life which Mahler had so aptly depicted in the busy theme of *St. Anthony's Sermon to the Fishes*. The audience might have been tempted into unconventional between-movements applause (which it had already spontaneously given after the Andante) if the composer's intent had not been rigorously fulfilled as, without pause after the Scherzo, statuesque Maureen Forrester rose to sing the deeply moving *Urlicht*. Her voice had the warmth and velvety surface needed to bring out the tenderness of this song—an oasis of beauty in the surrounding apocalyptic wilderness. The violent opening crash of the Finale was as startling as one could wish and from that moment to the entrance of the chorus there was no relaxation of the ever-mounting tension. Episode after episode unfolded with almost scenic vividness, each set forth with a vigor which belied the conductor's eighty years. A visible shock ran through the audience as, at the hair-raising utmost climax of the souls' Judgment Day march, the scarlet-robed Westminster choristers sprang to their feet in unison—their flash of intense color unforgettably accenting the surge of the music. Then an awe-inspiring moment: after the crumbling of the world into nothingness—only a solitary bird-call remaining as a message of life in the midst of the universal devastation—the huge chorus began almost inaudibly to whisper, "Aufersteh'n, ja aufersteh'n." Maria Stader's small silvery voice, which had sounded a little tentative in the Mahler songs (*Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen*, *Ich atmet' einen linden Duft*, and *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*) of the concert's first half, now soared out gloriously above the choral mass and, in the duets, blended exquisitely with Miss Forrester's richer tones. Slowly and inevitably this "heavenly" scene (a forerunner of the *Faust* finale of the Eighth) rose to its overwhelmingly triumphant climax. Except for the bells which, partly because of unfavorable placement on the stage, did not ring out as brilliantly as one might have wished, and the well-known wheeziness of the Carnegie Hall organ, this climax was in every way the crown of all that preceded it. Not just of this transcendent evening of music, but of a whole career which, like Mahler's symphony, had encompassed sorrow, even catastrophe, to culminate in triumph. So it was both to the music and to its chosen interpreter—hardly separable in this climactic moment—that the audience responded with cheers and tears, calling the beloved conductor back on stage till he would appear no more.

The Sunday afternoon performance was no anticlimax—rather a renewed affirmation of faith (with more security in the playing of some individual brasses and winds than had been manifest on Thursday), received in an exalted spirit by the sold-out house. Once more the triumphal close was cheered to the echo and we were left in happy anticipation of the Columbia

recording which was to result from this series of performances. Alas, this anticipation must be postponed, for we are told that Walter succeeded in completely recording only the fourth and fifth movements of the symphony before his heart attack put a stop to all conducting for the time being. But we may still be allowed to hope that one of the "extraordinary occasions" for which he has promised to return to the Philharmonic may turn out to be another of his monumental Mahler re-creations!

## BRUCKNER AND MAHLER IN THE FIRST DECADE OF LP

by JACK DIETHER

For the millions of music-lovers who read no music, the names of Bruckner and Mahler have become almost exclusively associated, except in the largest musical capitols, with the phonograph. There is nothing quite like the discrepancy between the almost total coverage of their output in the American LP catalogs and their almost total neglect in all but a few of the world's concert halls. Thus the varying merits of the existing recorded versions of their works tend to assume an altogether disproportionate significance in forming popular judgments of the works themselves. Where only one version of a work is available, that work is absolutely at the mercy, for an indefinite time to come, of the immediate circumstances surrounding the recording session. In the previous issue of this journal I had occasion to note how the accident of a certain tenor's laryngitis on a certain date in 1932 resulted in a last-minute adjustment which gave record listeners a distorted picture of Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder* that could not be superceded until 1953. Similar accidents have occurred in the presentation of Bruckner and Mahler also, such as the church bells in Ormandy's 1934 recording of the Mahler *Second*, which gave that symphony a ludicrously bitonal ending, the key of D contending with that of E flat! But since what we have on vinylite is, for the vast majority, all there is, a serious consideration of the overall picture is vital. In the following article, only the American manufacturers' names and catalog numbers are listed; most of the same recordings will be found abroad in other identifications.

It is not only the limited scope of recording activity that tends to distort the picture somewhat. There is also the chaotic state of the printed scores and parts themselves. In Bruckner's case, most of the symphonies were known almost up to the present generation only in one amended edition, and the eventual production of a complete critical edition has been attended by some controversies over which of several possible versions represents his truest wishes. In Mahler's case, we still await the appearance of a critical edition, and the interim picture is equally chaotic in a different way. Bruckner's difficulties arose from his susceptibility to the suggestions of well-meaning friends who continually advised him on how to do his work, won his approval of some of their changes, and even went on making them on their own. Mahler, however, made frequent changes prompted mainly by his revolutionary manner of orchestration and his insistence of great clarity of detail, and as long as he lived the publishers, swayed by his commanding presence (and also by his willingness to put up the money himself), were fairly cooperative. But his death left many of his later emendations unengraved, and since then the same old uncorrected plates have continued to be stamped out year after year, to the enormous profit of everyone but the buying and listening public.<sup>1</sup> And so, ironically, the absolutely authentic Mahler revisions have not been printed, while the spurious or doubtful Bruckner revisions have. At the present time

<sup>1</sup> See, e.g., the essay "The Unknown Last Version of Mahler's Fourth Symphony", in Erwin Stein's *Orpheus in New Guises*, Rockliff, London, 1953, page 31.

there are few textual differences in the competing recorded versions of Mahler symphonies compared to those found in the Bruckner.

The ten years of LP recording whose consideration I shall apply to Bruckner and Mahler here can be roughly divided into two halves. The first half was characterized by a rapid expansion of the whole recording industry, and of the recorded classical repertory. It was a time in which almost anything was likely to be recorded, especially if it were a phonographic debut of the work, and standards of artistry and ideal reproduction were for the most part secondary. In Europe tape recorders were often set up in broadcasting studios, to take down and market whatever issued therefrom, and many broadcasts were even pirated off the air, to be sold under fictitious names. There was a time in this era when virtually everything performed in Vienna was automatically taped as potentially marketable.

The second half, extending through the present time, is the reaction to this, a period of consolidation and strong competitiveness, in which by far the major activity has been in duplicating previous recordings and trying to improve on them artistically and technically. In this period an "off-beat" composition is rarely presented for its own sake as before, but rather as a likely vehicle for the artist or the sound engineer, or preferably both. In Bruckner and Mahler, the first period saw the rapid multiple vinyliting of nearly all the principal works of Bruckner, and all the published works of Mahler (culminating in the first appearance of Mahler's *Sixth Symphony* in November, 1953), in recordings of widely varying merit. The second period has seen the gradual deletion of a few of these, and the equally gradual addition of a few more or less superior duplications. This seems fair enough, except that the less popular of their works tend to disappear first and reappear last. At any rate the hectic period in which new Bruckner and Mahler could be expected to appear every month is quite over and done with.

The first Bruckner work to be considered in chronological order is the *Overture* in G minor (1862-3). There are three LP versions, recorded, in order of release, by F. Charles Adler and the Vienna Philharmonia (SPA 24/5), Willem Van Otterloo and the Hague Philharmonic (Epic SC-6006), and Lovro Von Matacic and the Philharmonia Orchestra (of London) (Angel 3548-B or T-35359). Since in each case it is presented as a filler to a 4-sided album, it is quite unlikely that it will be bought for itself alone. It should therefore be sufficient to state that this effective and straightforward work is well presented in each case, with special honors going to Von Matacic for performance and to both SPA and Angel for clarity. In the Von Matacic, note especially the more effective contrast between the slow introduction and the *Allegro*, and the extremely beautiful pianissimo with which the *Allegro* commences. The orchestration is slightly different in this recording, and here the *Overture* also shares a side with the *Scherzo* from the "Nullte" *Symphony* (see below).

The *Mass No. 2* in E minor is available only in an ancient transfer from 78-rpm records (Max Thurn and the Hamburg State Opera Choir and Orchestra, Telefunken 66033), which has been reviewed in detail in *Chord and Discord* by Herman Adler (see Bibliography). A first recording of the original version of 1866 (edited by Haas and Nowak, 1940) is badly needed, as the edited instrumentation of the revised version used above bears all the distinguishing characteristics of Bruckner's later "advisers".<sup>2</sup> The deleted sole

<sup>2</sup> See *Chord and Discord*, 1950, pp. 60-1.

recording of the *Mass No. 3* in F minor (Ferdinand Grossmann and the Vienna State Philharmonic and Choir, Vox PL 7940) was reviewed here by Paul H. Little (see Bibliography). The *Mass No. 1* in D minor is now available on SPA.

The *First Symphony* in C minor makes a stunning single-LP hi-fi vehicle on the Unicorn label (LA-1015), with F. Charles Adler conducting the Vienna Orchestral Society. The pungent chromaticism of this audacious symphony, such as was not heard anywhere in Europe in 1868,<sup>3</sup> has been recaptured by Adler and Unicorn in a really exciting manner. It is performed, with slight modifications, in the revised version of 1891 (published 1893). An earlier deleted LP of this work was by Volkmar Andreae and the Austrian State Orchestra (Masterseal MW-40).

"The *"Nullte"*, or *"Zero"*, or *"Youth"* *Symphony* in D minor, which according to late research is probably preceded by the *First*, has been recorded by Henk Spruit and the Concert Hall Symphony (CHS-1142), and the *Scherzo* therefrom by Lovro Von Matacic and the Philharmonia Orchestra (Angel 3548-B or T-35359). The complete recording is notable for its verve and sparkle, and for Spruit's very persuasive powers. And though the Philharmonia players are more finished executants, it should be noted that Spruit's *Scherzo* is actually the livelier of the two.

The *Second Symphony* in C minor lasts exactly an hour in the early Urania LP (402) by Ludwig Georg Jochum and the Bruckner Orchestra of Linz, but is spread out over two records, a fact naturally to its disadvantage. Another is the thinness of sound of the strings in this orchestra, which have been recorded with considerable distortion in wiry, burbly tone. This is a great shame, for Jochum gives a commendable performance in the Bruckner-Gesellschaft edition (ed. Haas 1938). This edition actually combines features of Bruckner's 1872 and 1876 versions, thus does not correspond to any actual Bruckner autograph;<sup>4</sup> Hans Redlich, however, believes that none of the autographs "represents Bruckner's ultimate intentions".<sup>5</sup> At any rate this version is 135 bars longer than the 1892 revision in which the symphony was formerly published and known, and quite different in orchestration. Thus it was obviously the desire of the Bruckner Orchestra to perform this longer version that led to the necessity of two records, and as an only attempt at this work it is too bad it didn't turn out better.

Of the *Third Symphony* in D minor (dedicated to Wagner), Bruckner produced no less than three different autographs between 1873 and 1877, long before the final heavily edited revisions of his symphonies occurred. The first two were never published, and the first version contained a number of actual quotations from Wagner which Bruckner later expunged. The third (pub. 1878) is the longest, and is the version of which Mahler made his famous piano-duet arrangement. This is the score which recently reappeared in the *Brucknerverlag* (ed. Oeser 1950). The final revision of 1889 (pub. 1890) is 175 bars shorter than this, many passages are completely rewritten or modified, and the orchestration "smoothed out" in the familiar manner. Redlich calls it "labored, artificial and essentially inorganic"<sup>6</sup> compared to

<sup>3</sup> Listen to the magnificent *Scherzo* and try to place it in that decade, even with *Tristan*.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. discussion of the *Eighth Symphony* below.

<sup>5</sup> H. Redlich: *Bruckner and Mahler*, Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, New York, 1955, pages 42 and 86.

<sup>6</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 88.

the 1878 version, and the structure of the finale especially is a mere shell of itself in this treatment.

Since, however, the three recordings presently available all utilize the 1890 score, Brucknerites may be as astonished as I was to learn that a deleted single LP issued by Allegro-Royale (1579) actually contained the 65-minute 1878 version intact. The recording was technically nothing to boast of, and it was performed by a conductor pseudonymously listed as "Gerd Rubahn". Whoever he may actually be, the gentleman here knows his Bruckner, though some of his *pp*'s were too soft for A-R's rough-and-ready methods to capture. Those unable to hear a copy of this recording have no way at present to compare the two versions. (The anonymous A-R annotator states categorically that the 1890 revision is "the one played today", quite unaware of what he is annotating, which surely shows that one can take nothing for granted.) Currently available are the Viennese recordings of Adler (SPA 30/1), Knappertsbusch (London LL-1044), and Volkmar Andreae (Epic LC-3218). Adler takes 2½ sides, the others two. Of these the Epic is especially recommended here for its incisive spirit and the clean flowing lines of the recording. Deleted recordings of this 1890 version were by Walter Goehr (Concert Hall 1195) and Zoltan Fekete (Remington 199-138, formerly Concert Hall 1065), of which the Goehr was possibly the liveliest of all, with an absolutely breathtaking *Scherzo*.

The *Fourth Symphony* in E flat major ("Romantic") was also composed in several early versions, though in this case they culminated in only one complete extant autograph (pub. 1936 ed. Haas, together with an alternate earlier *Scherzo* and *Finale*). The final revision (pub. 1889) is again a heavily edited and reorchestrated version of this, 105 bars shorter; it is a revision by other hands, to which Bruckner specifically denied his confirmation.<sup>7</sup>

The "Romantic" is currently available in no less than seven LP recordings, besides one previously deleted (Allegro). Four of these use the Haas edition: Paul Van Kempen and the Netherlands Radio Orchestra (Telefunken 66026/7), Herman Abendroth and the Leipzig Symphony (Urania 401), Otto Klemperer and the Vienna Symphony (Vox PL-6930), and Willem Van Otterloo and the Hague Philharmonic (Epic SC-6001). The other three use the revision: Hans Knappertsbusch and the Vienna Philharmonic (London LL-1250/1), Lovro Von Matacic and the Philharmonia Orchestra (Angel 3548-B or T-35359/60), and Wm. Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony (Capitol P-8352). Vox and Capitol are 2-sided recordings, Urania 4-sided, and all the others 3. But in addition to using the shorter version, Steinberg makes a further cut of 60 bars in the reprise of the *Andante*, beginning 3 bars before letter G. Also, the fact that Van Kempen's version is dubbed from a 78-rpm recording brings about his downfall in the *Scherzo*: the 78 side containing the main section was to be repeated after the side containing the *Trio*, but on the LP, unaware of this, Telefunken's engineers have blissfully left the *Trio* high and dry at the end of the record.

The only satisfactory recording of the "original", and therefore the preferred version for most Brucknerites, is Van Otterloo's, a very sensitive reading, and well engineered. Klemperer gives by far the most eccentric interpretation, for in the *Andante* he uses a *solo* viola in place of the *ensemble* violas in both occurrences of the long second subject, entirely altering its

<sup>7</sup> For an excellent, detailed comparison of the editions, see Andrew Porter's review in *The Gramophone*, Sept., 1955.

character. The movement is also too rushed. Abendroth is exceedingly pedantic, and impedes the flow of the *Scherzo* quite ludicrously. That should settle matters in favor of Epic, but there are in fact a couple of things to be said about two of the other versions. Angel and Capitol are both superior, more up-to-date recordings than any of the issues of the "original", and in addition the players of the Philharmonia (Angel) perform exquisitely here. I would call their *Scherzo* about the most virtuoso piece of Bruckner playing I have heard on records. Secondly, Steinberg (Capitol) makes a far more exciting thing, for me, out of the finale than it usually is at more sedate tempi, and the effect is abetted by dramatic timpani sound and agile string work. The Knappertsbusch also has fairly up-to-date sound, but I don't care as much for his work. In short, the situation of the "Romantic" is thoroughly complex and discombobulated, and for the Brucknerite no Utopian answer is forthcoming. The one thing it cannot complain of is neglect. A further recording of the original version is due from Eugen Jochum.

The *Fifth Symphony* in B flat major is the first of three (5, 6 and 9) which were published posthumously in versions differing widely from Bruckner's original autographs, and which revisions must today be considered especially inadmissible by those who care what the composer really intended. And without his participation, the revisers of 5 and 9 especially have really given themselves some rope. As Redlich puts it, the orchestral layout has been radically altered throughout, "with the result that Bruckner's original conception of a terraced, organ-like orchestral sound has had to give way to an orchestration based on Wagner's principle of mixed colors."<sup>8</sup> Of all cuts in Bruckner, the most serious is the virtual disemboweling of the fugal core of the finale of 5 (122 bars).

However, as Donald Mitchell writes in the album notes for the London *Fifth* (LL-1527/8, Knappertsbusch and the Vienna Philharmonic, revised version): "Comparisons of the symphonies in their original and edited versions offer us a significant glimpse into the workings of Bruckner's mind and shed much light on the sonorous ideals of his contemporaries — ideals often at variance with his own." As an *apologia* for presenting the revision of No. 5, this could not be better put, and those willing to expend the extra cash to convince themselves or others how much better the Urania version (239, Gerhard Pflueger and the Leipzig Philharmonic, original score) is in every respect could not do so more effectively than by purchasing the London also. For Pflueger, giving one of the really great Bruckner performances on records, is eloquently convincing at every turn. Knappertsbusch entirely lacks a strong hand in holding this great work together, and in the *Adagio* saunters through a relatively glib reading which should be especially evident on direct comparison. The recording by Urania is also clearer and more forceful, especially in the bass. Urania's album cover is one of their most hideous, but the sight of it still gives me some pleasure by conditioned response to what it contains. A deleted version by Eugen Jochum and the Hamburg Philharmonic (Capitol P-8049/50, repressed from Telefunken 78's) also used the original score, but was handicapped by the leaden pace of the finale that took most of the urgency out of the final chorale.

The *String Quintet* in F major has two recent and excellent recordings, by the Koeckert Quartet and George Schmid, viola (Decca 9796), and by the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet with Ferdinand Stangler (Vanguard 480). The

<sup>8</sup> *Op cit.*, p. 44.

Vienna recording includes in addition to the regular *Scherzo*, the so-called *Intermezzo* which Bruckner composed to replace it when Josef Hellmesberger prematurely termed it unplayable. The Bavarian players are much more spirited than the Viennese, and the texture of their recording is cleaner too. The latter, though good enough in isolation, sound positively slack and listless on direct comparison along with the score; a major triumph for the Koeckert ensemble. They should now perform the *String Quartet* in C minor, which has never been recorded, but was recently published by the Bruckner-Gesellschaft.

In the Urania recording (7041) of the *Sixth Symphony* in A major recurs the same problem as in the other recording of the Bruckner Symphony of Linz under L. G. Jochum. Here the strings sound so few in number as to seriously distort the music, and their recaptured sound is ugly and wiry. In this case we have beautiful string sound from Westminster for comparison, and one need only play the opening of the *Adagio* to get the full contrast. Also, Urania has missed the two opening bars of the finale. The Westminster, originally a 3-sided issue now repressed on 2 sides with improved sound (WN-18074), is by the Vienna Symphony under Henry Swoboda. The latter, unfortunately, is not in all respects the polished Brucknerite that Jochum is, though both perform the original version (ed. Haas 1935) and make a really exciting thing of it. Though Swoboda's *Scherzo* may be "*Nicht schnell*" as the score directs, I hardly believe this is what Bruckner had in mind. Neither makes much of the fantastic *Trio*.

The *Seventh Symphony* in E major has fared the best on vinylite, with three excellent recordings, of which the two currently available in the U. S. are by Van Beinum and Van Otterloo (3 sides each). Each of these can be heartily endorsed, for both have a broad, firm grasp of this enchanting score. In both performance and recording qualities, however, Van Beinum's has the slight edge, on a scale of excellence set very high. He has the Amsterdam Concertgebouw (London LL-852/3), Van Otterloo the Vienna Symphony (Epic SC-6006). The London sound is more impressive, and so are the players, both of which aspects can be rapidly tested and compared through one easily accessible passage: the quartet of Wagner tubas which open the *Adagio*.

In the *Finale* Van Beinum has one personal idiosyncrasy which comes off quite well: the very retarded opening of the final passage at letter Z. Van Otterloo uses the original version (ed. Haas 1944), Van Beinum the revised (pub. 1885),<sup>9</sup> but in this case the differences of orchestration are neither extensive nor important, and there is no difference in length. The other good but deleted recording was by Carl Boehm and the Vienna Philharmonic (Vox PL-7192). A further recording of the original version is due from Eugen Jochum.

It is well to consider Bruckner's last two major choral works, the *Te Deum* (1881-4) and the *150th Psalm* (1892), together, for as Redlich says, "both works are in the key of brazenly triumphant C major", both are "inspired and indeed carried away by an almost pagan feeling of triumph".<sup>10</sup> However, to call one a Latin and the other a German version of the same text, as Red-

<sup>9</sup> Thus Van Beinum introduces the controversial cymbal clash at the climax of the *Adagio* (letter W), but for all the effect it makes in this recording it might just as well not be there. Herman Adler calls this discreet, but a discreet *fff* cymbal clash is as vile as Tovey's 30-foot pyramid.

<sup>10</sup> *Op. cit.*, pp. 74-5.

lich does, is stretching literary inattentiveness to a ridiculous extreme: the titular lines, "We praise thee, Lord" and "Praise ye the Lord" respectively, are just about all the actual texts have in common. The *Te Deum* is composed for solo quartet, chorus, orchestra and organ *ad lib.*, the *150th Psalm* for the same without the solo voices, excepting a brief soprano solo. One immediately precedes, the other follows, the composition of the *Eighth Symphony*.

The *Te Deum* has been recorded by Eugen Jochum and the Munich Radio Orchestra and Chorus, with Cunitz, Pitzinger, Fehenberger and Hann (Decca DX-109), and by Bruno Walter, the New York Philharmonic Symphony, and Westminster Choir, with Yeend, Lipton, Lloyd and Harrell (Columbia ML-4980). The Jochum version is an object lesson in the advantage of recording with a smaller chorus of extreme flexibility in acoustically live surroundings, rather than with a monolith like the Westminster Choir in spacious but deadening circumstances. Almost everything is clearer and more plastic in the Jochum, and also more dramatic. The Walter soloists are so acoustically remote that they make little effect, and some of their lines are quite indistinguishable. In addition, Walter turns the organic structure of the work almost inside out, making the opening *Allegro* more ponderous and then speeding up the succeeding lyric section. Finally, the Decca sound is quite beautiful and free of Columbia's overloading. A deleted LP by Messner and the Salzberg Festival Orchestra and Chorus (Festival 101) is unlamented.

The *150th Psalm* has only one recording, by Henry Swoboda, with Hilde Ceska and the Vienna Symphony and Chamber Choir (West. WN-18075, formerly WL-5055). The performance is adequate, but the recording doesn't do justice to the contrapuntal rigors of this work, being, in balance, weak on the orchestral side, especially the bass. The *ad libitum* organ is not in evidence. The same record side also contains the *112th Psalm* (another "Praise ye the Lord" psalm) for chorus and orchestra, composed 30 years earlier (1863), and revealing "vividly at a glance", as Gabriel Engel says in the album notes, "Bruckner's growth in artistic stature during the three decades." But again, to describe the underlying texts as "virtually identical in content" may cause misunderstanding in those lacking the enterprise to pick up a Bible and check for themselves, as neither German nor English texts are provided by Westminster. Psalm 112, far from being a wild jubilation, is actually a dissertation on righteousness and charity. In addition to Bruckner's soprano solo in the *150th*, Swoboda chooses to allot certain choral passages to concerted solo voices in both works. Westminster has placed the later Psalm first, presumably for technical reasons. Both of these works now deserve re-recording.

The 1955 Vox recording of the *Eighth Symphony* in C minor is the first to utilize one of the newer post-war editions of the Bruckner-Gesellschaft edited by Leopold Nowak (and in the very year of its publication). In the present work this is significant, for as Joseph Braunstein says in the lucid and extensive album-notes: "Nowak's categorical rejection of the method Haas applied in this particular case, and to the *Second Symphony*, one must add, is a declaration of war against the editorial policy hitherto followed in the Complete Edition." The "method Haas applied" (1939) was actually to use Bruckner's second version of 1890, but to add to it 48 bars derived by Haas himself from Bruckner's first version of 1887, which was a good 150 bars longer than the second, contained a different *Trio*, and differed in a number of

other respects, notably in using only duple rather than triple woodwind. The 48 bars were termed by Haas "organically vital" to the second version.<sup>11</sup> This, according to Nowak (1955), must be considered a Haas compilation rather than a critical edition, for it bears "no true relation to either of the two versions"; the latter are different sources which "according to principles for the working out of critical complete editions, may never be intermingled".

Obviously what is now needed is both the publication and recording of the 1887 version *per se* (the version whose rejection by Hermann Levi brought about a profound shock and serious illness to the composer), as both this and the 1890 version may be considered valid "originals". The latter, incidentally, was published in 1892 with a number of the usual discrepancies and alterations. What we have now, ostensibly, is one recording of the Nowak edition and two of the Haas. The former, as I have said, is by Vox (PL-9682, Jascha Horenstein and the Pro Musica Symphony of Vienna, 4 sides); the others are the Decca (DX-109, Eugen Jochum and the Hamburg Philharmonic State, 5 sides, an early LP transfer from Deutsche Grammophon 78's),<sup>12</sup> and the Epic (SC-6011, Van Beinum and the Concertgebouw, 3 sides).<sup>13</sup>

The Vox set is further significant in being actually the first and only Bruckner recording so far issued in the U.S. whose annotator has really come to grips with the textual problem and discussed it in full. Most often the edition used is not even identified (and many of the identifications made above may not be found elsewhere), nor the fact that there is a textual problem even mentioned. One feels in these cases that the annotator either has not heard the recording of the work he is discussing, or would be none the wiser if he did, since the limits of his interest are defined in a generalized acclamation of Bruckner anyway.<sup>14</sup> Braunstein is a veritable beacon in this murk, whether or not one agrees with his remarkably favorable conclusions regarding the relationship of the defenceless composer to his many eager advisers-after-the-fact. At least they are mentioned! Of those "eminent musicians and distinguished conductors" (but no creators), one nearly killed Bruckner by his solid lack of comprehension of this very *Eighth Symphony*; however, the composer recovered and proceeded to increase the size of the orchestra!

Of the three recordings, my own preference is for Vox-Horenstein in the *Trio* and the *Adagio*, and Epic-Van Beinum in all the faster movements. The latter's more propulsive finale, coupled with a furious onslaught of brass and timpani sound, make it truly exhilarating in the same way I find the finale of Steinberg's *Fourth*. In other respects I prefer the sound quality of the

<sup>11</sup> In the 1950 *Chord and Discord*, Robt. Simpson, trustingly referring in his analysis of the *Eighth* to this edition as an *Urfassung*, found (pp. 50 and 53) 30 of these 48 bars indispensable to Bruckner's design. This may be a tribute to Haas' astuteness or to the hypnotic power of the term *Urfassung*, which in any event has certainly been applied loosely to this publication.

<sup>12</sup> The 10-bar Haas interpolation in the *Adagio* (just before letter Q), which Simpson specifically describes (on p. 50) as included in the Jochum recording, is definitely not in the American Decca pressing of it at least, thus anticipating Nowak.

<sup>13</sup> Even in the 1955 Epic release, though the Nowak score and preface appeared in March of that year, Klaus G. Roy still writes that "the restoration of the original, without cuts or other emendations . . . the '*Urtext*', or pristine version, is the one followed in the present performance."

<sup>14</sup> Naturally the pre-Bruckner-Gesellschaft scores give no information either, since everyone was supposed to assume in those days that there could never be another edition and things were as pristine as they could get.

Vox, which is very beautiful. The harp, making its sole appearance in all Bruckner with a series of upward arpeggios in the *Trio* and the *Adagio*, is given its full effect by Vox. On the other hand we have again Van Beinum's men of the Concertgebouw, quite unmatched in this sort of thing, to further balance the scale. Their Wagner tubas are again the height of artistry. There is really no excuse for any true Brucknerite not to own both of these outstanding sets. Jochum's version is very slow in the *Adagio*, but otherwise is not far from Van Beinum's overall interpretation, which is high praise. Certain specific shortcomings pointed out by Adler (see Bibliography) and Simpson (*Op. cit.*, p. 55) are probably not as decisive as the fact that the recording is technically superceded, and sold in a 3-record set (which, however, includes the magnificent *Te Deum* reviewed above, and which now deserves to be issued separately).

If ever Bruckner's scholarship may be said to have paid off in pure gold, it was in the unearthing of the original score of the *Ninth Symphony* in D minor. This is the one case where the alterations made were eventually taken squarely on the shoulders of the man who made them, and that man was Ferdinand Loewe. After hearing the restored original of the three completed movements in 1934, Lawrence Gilman called the revision (pub. 1904) "an astonishing perversion and distortion of Bruckner's intentions". While the wholesale conventionalizing of contour and orchestration is quite incredible from beginning to end, one can safely say that the emasculated effect of what Loewe does to the climactic chord of the *Adagio* is equal in loathsomeness to the denaturing into a cadence chord of the climactic interruption and scream in old-fashioned concert versions of the *Liebesnacht*. The whole story is now well known, especially in *Chord and Discord*, and may be followed in detail in L. Biancolli's article in the 1946 issue. The irony of the whole pitiful situation, which prevailed for 30 years, is that, as Biancolli points out, "it was probably modesty that restrained Loewe from divulging the changes he had made . . . He regarded the task as a labor of love." At the time of publication in 1904 he even pretended that Bruckner had left the manuscript an incoherent mass which he had been trying in the intervening years to decipher, though Bruckner was known to be fastidiously neat.<sup>15</sup>

Thus we are today in a very fortunate position compared to Brucknerites of only 25 years ago. We are also fortunate in that the Loewe version has been recorded, by SPA, and clearly identified as such, and that it can be directly compared with either of the two recordings of the original version, both also clearly identified. No obscurantism here. The only aspect in which obscurantism does emerge is in the habit of referring to the three completed movements simply as "*Symphony No. 9*", without any qualification to indicate that they were never intended to be a complete work, and indeed cannot be within Bruckner's consistent understanding of what constitutes a symphony, in view of which any pretence that they perform that function in a higher sense is sheer sentimentality. The very ending in a different key is as un-Brucknerian a phenomenon as may be imagined.

The Loewe recording is by Adler and the Vienna Philharmonia (SPA 24/5), the others by Horenstein and the Pro Musica Symphony (Vox PL-8040) and by Eugen Jochum and the Bavarian Radio Orchestra (Decca DX-139). Each is a magnificent performance in its way, and Jochum is to be commend-

<sup>15</sup> Cf. the example after page 100 of H. Redlich, *Op. cit.*

ed on a really integrated reading this time. His very slow *Adagio* (27 minutes against Horenstein's less than 21) is convincingly rendered to the last detail, and to me is not, as some feel, funereal. In other respects, however, Horenstein is sometimes the stronger interpreter, e. g. the first movement coda: It is curious that Jochum's coda should sound comparatively rushed, losing its uncanny inexorability. The Bavarian radio orchestra sounds surprisingly polished,<sup>16</sup> but its string leaders are in fact the commendable Koeckert Quartet (see *String Quintet in F*). Adler does very well, but his *Trio* is impossibly slow, and this is not Loewe's fault, since the direction is "*Schnell*" in both scores. The true contrast with the pounding main section lies not in tempo, but in its gossamer, *Midsummer-Night's-Dream-like* texture. With Adler's beat the Mendelssohn *Scherzo* would sound just as foolish. The Decca recording is the clearest and fullest, but the SPA excels in a few woodwind details. The Vox is also the first Bruckner recording available on commercial monaural tape (Phonotapes PM-125).

A recording of the finale sketch, up to the point of its being broken off, should be undertaken. This manuscript, except for a few bars, is complete in full score as far as the beginning of the coda,<sup>17</sup> thus providing a complete head and torso for Bruckner's largest and possibly finest instrumental movement. Such a recording would help immeasurably to put the *Ninth Symphony* as a whole into a more accurate perspective.

The first work of Mahler to be considered in chronological order is *Das klagende Lied* (1878-1900). This is the only published work by Mahler that has so far never been publicly performed in America, so here is a prime example of what I referred to as a composition entirely at the mercy (as far as most of us are concerned) of a single recording. And the recording in question was made for Mercury (MG-10102) in the earliest days of LP, in rather limiting circumstances. Zoltan Fekete conducts, with Ilona Steingruber, soprano, Sieglinde Wagner, contralto, Ernst Majkut, tenor, the Vienna State Opera Orchestra and Chamber Choir.

Actually, *Das klagende Lied* should be taken seriously by the best of Mahler interpreters, not left to be picked up by anyone who happens to be around. There is some really good choral singing here, but neither the conductor nor soloists pass much beyond the sphere of the tentative, casual and inquiring. There is a persistent lyricism in this work that belies its grisly subject, but this is a positive quality to be studied and developed persuasively. The solo vocal lines include some of the most difficult Mahler ever wrote, and demand the best singers available. For the present I must say that, whatever the reason may be, I have seldom heard so much slightly hoarse *parlando* tone outside of a Blitzstein opera.

Each of the two parts of the cantata is about 20 minutes long, so there is no reason except inertia why this attractive work should not become a natural and popular choice for single-LP recording. The second orchestra off-stage, in a couple of passages, is a problem for recording, and cries out for stereophonic treatment. Here the tape editing is rather obvious and intrusive, and the sound, though fairly spacious and pleasant, could be greatly improved on today.

The 14 *Lieder aus der Jugendzeit* for voice and piano (1883-92) are given

<sup>16</sup> It was even mistaken by Winthrop Sargent (*Saturday Review*, April 27, 1957) for the Berlin Philharmonic.

<sup>17</sup> A curious way Bruckner has with this symphony. Cf. Redlich, *Op. cit.*, p. 105.

complete on one LP side by Ilona Steingruber, soprano, with Herbert Haefner (SPA-20/2), and on two sides by Anny Felbermayer, soprano, and Alfred Poell, baritone, with Viktor Graef (Vanguard 424). The former recording comprised the 6th side of an SPA set containing the *Third Symphony*, which was later superceded by a 4-sided pressing (SPA 70/71) of the symphony alone, thus eliminating the songs from circulation. The Vanguard is superior anyway, though it annoyingly fails to follow the published order of the songs as the SPA did. The alternation of voices is appropriate, as this is just a collection of songs, not a cycle, and Miss Felbermayer and Dr. Poell are exquisite interpreters of them. On this collection as on the later Mahler songs, it should be borne in mind that Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau is undertaking to record them all in time.

Desi Halban, soprano, sings a selection of 8 of the 14 songs, with Bruno Walter (Col. SL-171), a repressing from a 78-rpm set. These interpretations are bettered by the Vanguard artists, and so by far is Columbia's recording in which the piano frequently sounds almost as if it were coming from an adjoining room. On Vanguard 421, four of the songs, with the accompaniments variously orchestrated by Robert Heger and Lothar Windsperger, are sung by Felbermayer, in alternation with the five Rückert songs (see below) sung by Poell, with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Felix Prohaska. The record bears the general title "Early Songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and Last Songs from Rückert", a rather precious idea. What is alternated here is of course two groups of songs in widely differing styles, and the folklike early songs, in their borrowed dress, seriously detract from the introspective mood of the orchestral *Lieder* which Mahler composed in his maturity. They should have been pressed on opposite sides of the record, but it is good to be able to compare some of the individual songs in such disparate versions. Also included on 421 is Josef Woess' arrangement (not credited to him) for soprano and orchestra of the *Wunderhorn* song for contralto, women's chorus, boys' chorus and orchestra from the *Third Symphony* (*Es sungen drei Engel*).

The best conductor of the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (1883-5) I have yet heard is Eduard Van Beinum, who has recorded this work twice. The first was made in 1947 with Eugenia Zareska, contralto, and the London Philharmonic on English Decca 78's, and was never transferred to LP; the second was in 1957 with Nan Merriman, mezzo-soprano, and the Concertgebouw (Epic SC-6023). Van Beinum's searching concept of this song-cycle remains intact and immediately identifiable after the ten intervening years. There is, however, a considerable difference in the singers. Zareska's was one of the truly great Mahler interpretations of our day, with a tragic intensity in the lower register and a pure, clear beauty in the upper that was quite unforgettable. Merriman comes nowhere near this, though she benefits immensely from the sure guidance of Van Beinum and gives a splendid account. Epic's sound quality is quite the best that has been produced for this work, revealing every intimate detail of Mahler's iridescent orchestration.

Mahler's text for this "Wayfarer" cycle is of course intended preferably for the male voice, and well up on top of the male versions is Fischer-Dieskau, with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Wilhelm Furtwaengler (HMV ALP-1270), which as this is written is due shortly for American pressing by Angel. This collaboration of the young baritone with the veteran conductor shortly before the latter's death has been preserved in a remarkably fine recording. The version of Norman Foster (baritone) and the Bamberg Symphony under

Horenstein (Vox PL-9100) is also very good, except for some top notes transposed downward by Foster (as permitted by Mahler), but Foster does not stand well in company with Fischer-Dieskau. The deleted LP's by Ludwig Metternich, Carol Brice and Blanche Thebom were not such as to be regretted in view of what we have, and a Flagsted version is also due.

The *First Symphony* (1885-8) has become the most favored of Mahler's works on LP, due to the facts that (1) it is, like the *Fourth*, about standard length for a present-day single record, (2) its style, both lyric and dramatic, is readily accessible in comparison to later works, and (3) it has even become something of a hi-fi war-horse. It is good, therefore, that amid the general clamor to "beat it out" for maximum immediate effect, there has been preserved at least one interpretation with values of a more thoughtful and searching nature. This is the recording of Horenstein and the Pro Musica Orchestra, which unfortunately is at present out of print on disc (Vox PL-8050) in the U.S., but is enjoying a unique position as the first Mahler recording available on monaural tape (Phonotapes PM-114).

The legend "complete recording" inscribed on this version refers to the fact that this is one of the only two out of nine whose conductor observes the expository repeat in the first movement (the other being an otherwise undistinguished performance by the "ubiquitous" "Gerd Rubahn": *Allegro-Royale* 1554). This is structurally a very important repeat, and its observance characteristic of Horenstein's uniquely serious intent, above and beyond the call of duty. However there are no actual cuts in any of the other versions, except for 24 bars inexplicably cut from the coda of the finale in the recording of Paul Kletzki and the Israel Philharmonic (Angel 35180), at an important point of modulation (cues 57 to 59). Horenstein's subtle *pianissimo* effects are especially beautiful, and his ethereal D-flat *cantabile* in the finale demonstrates the exact opposite of Mitropoulos' swollen emotionalism at that point (Entre RL-3120). And Horenstein alone seems to comprehend the timing of the *ritardandi* before the D-major sections of this movement.

Hermann Scherchen (West. 18014) is also excellent in the crucial D-flat section, as is Bruno Walter (Col. SL-218), and these two versions are quite exceptional in their own ways. Walter is inclined to go after the maximum effect of each passage, regardless, so that the overall design and continuity are sometimes choppy. Scherchen, on the other hand, is structure-conscious to the *n*th degree, and not very flexible here. Other competing versions are by Borsansky (Vanguard 436 and Urania C-7080), Kubelik (London LL-1107) and Steinberg (Capitol P-8224), and testify more to the astonishing vigor of this work than to their especial insight. Most of the recordings, as I have hinted, are hi-fi with a vengeance, with Vox the liveliest in sound, and Columbia and Vox the clearest.

In utter contrast to the *entente cordiale* between vinylite and the *First* stands the solitary *Second Symphony* (1888-94) of Otto Klemperer (Vox PL-7012, 4 sides), as dismal an electronic effort as one will find. Vox is scarcely to be blamed for keeping such a wretched thing in the catalog as long as it is without competition, but those who have not otherwise heard this symphony are warned against jumping to any conclusions. The dimensional effects encompassed by this score again cry out for stereophonic treatment, and the final chorus, from the first barely audible entry to the final peroration with organ and deep bells, calls for the utmost in sonic versatility. There

was actually a good deal more of the latter in Victor's 1934 recording (a pioneering effort engineered by Charles O'Connell) than in Vox's 1950 recording, though Ormandy's slick interpretation would not pass in this slightly more enlightened Mahlerian age. Bruno Walter, who is currently engaged in a protracted taping of the *Second* for Columbia, has a far better interpretation than either Ormandy or Klemperer, but is hardly a pioneer in sonic matters either. I had occasion to observe at a recording session how a recalcitrant Westminster Choir paid absolutely no heed to his injunctions, and was shocked to hear the printed instruction "greatest possible number of horns blown very loudly and placed at a great distance" (finale, cue 3) embodied by two horns playing *mezzoforte* behind a closed door. Until the day when someone with the will is given also the wherewithal, I predict a gloomy phonographic future for the *Second Symphony*.

Vanguard 412/3, a 4-sided LP album issued in 1950, contained the two volumes of orchestral songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* composed between 1888 and 1899, plus the two later *Wunderhorn* songs originally published with the *Fünf Lieder nach Rückert* as *Sieben letzte Lieder*, plus *Urlicht* from the *Second Symphony*. These 13 songs were later reissued on two sides (Van. 478) with no loss in sound, as they last only 50 minutes. They are sung alternately by Lorna Sydney, mezzo-soprano, and Alfred Poell, baritone, with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, under Prohaska. Again Vanguard does not follow the printed sequence of the songs, but this is almost the only disadvantage in a lovely and attractive recording.

Prohaska emphasizes the strongly rhythmic propulsion behind each song with telling effect. Miss Sydney's warm and tender tones infuse with highest art the most hauntingly beautiful of Mahler's songs, *Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen*, a conception so lovely that it can move one to tears in a D-major passage in lilting  $\frac{3}{4}$  time! Dr. Poell gives of his best in the two last and greatest of these songs, *Revelge* and *Der Tamburgs'sell*. He maintains an almost unbearable intensity in the former, seeming to sum up a nightmare of our time, an inexorable, relentless marching into the unknown. In the *Urlicht*, Miss Sydney outsings Hilde Roessel-Majdan in the Klemperer *Second* by maintaining a light buoyant tone of expectancy.

The *Third Symphony* in six movements (1895-6) is even longer than the *Second*, but much easier to handle sonically. The brief interlude with women's and boys' choirs (*Es sungen drei Engel*), once more stereophonic in intent, as is the posthorn solo in the *Scherzando*, offers none of the problems associated with the full-scale chorus in the *Second*. Like Vanguard in the *Knaben Wunderhorn*, SPA, which has alone undertaken to record the *Third*, has utilized the principle of the variably pitched groove to reissue its previous recording on fewer and more compact sides. As mentioned earlier, the 5-sided version (SPA 20/2) has been replaced by the 4-sided (70/1), to the advantage of all concerned. This grand and neglected symphony is performed by F. Charles Adler and the Vienna Philharmonia Orchestra and chorus. As in the *Second*, there is a contralto solo (*O Mensch, gib acht* from Nietzsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra*) which is again sung by Hilde Roessel-Majdan, in a profoundly compelling manner. The players are in close rapport, and recorded with spaciousness and generally admirable balance. The concluding *Adagio* is played very slowly, and sustained better than performances I have heard on the faster side. It is a true *Adagio* in the Beethovenian sense, the responsibility for the full realisation of which falls largely on the sustained

bowing ability of the string players. It is then a moving statement of affirmation and love.

The *Fourth Symphony* (1892-1900), originally called a *Humoreske*, is the lightest in orchestration of any of Mahler's symphonies (notably dispensing with trombones), and along with the *First* is also the shortest. Its four movements are also perfectly balanced on two LP sides, so it is by all odds the most ideal for present-day recording. On the other hand it has few of the hi-fi demonstrational potentialities of the *First*, and to further point up the difference, its finale is a strophic song for soprano which ends with no brass peroration, but dies away in the lower register of the solo harp! This really separates the Mahlerites from the pure unadulterated audiophiles, and naturally makes its appearance a little rarer occasion.

Its spirit is delightfully caught by Van Beinum and the Concertgebouw (London LL-618), aided and abetted by the lively English soprano Margaret Ritchie who sang and gayly embroidered her way through Scherchen's audacious *Messiah*. The qualities of sudden magic and more sudden sarcasm that lurk in the *Fourth* are counterpoised with ease by Van Beinum, where his colleagues tend to stumble or plod by comparison. His first movement is faster in its main tempo, opening a door into a strange magical world. The second Netherlands orchestra to record this work, the Hague Philharmonic (Epic LC-3304), has equally superb musicians, but in Van Otterloo it has not quite the equal of Van Beinum in special finesse. The soprano here, Teresa Stich-Randall, gives a cool, classical shapeliness to her exacting part.

Bruno Walter (Col. ML-4031) outlines the work with loving care, but the New York Philharmonic is not quite as good as the Dutch orchestras, and the recording, an early reissue from '78's, is quite inferior; singer Desi Halban is unfortunately partly inaudible as well. Also technically inferior are a Supraphon import (LPM 51/2) under Sejna (another transfer from '78), and a Royale concoction (1308) under that "person" of apparently many styles who is listed as "Gerd Rubahn". Of greater interest than these, but unfortunately deleted, was the only known example of Mahler himself as a recording artist, playing the *Finale* on the piano, through the medium of the dynamically sensitive Welte piano roll (Col. ML-4295). He seemed to have been rather nervous and emotionally intimidated by the strange mechanism, but this only made more moving and human the preservation of a unique occasion. A new recording of the symphony is due by the Saxon State Orchestra of Dresden under Leopold Ludwig with Anny Schlemm.

The *Fifth Symphony* (1901-2) has been recorded only twice, and the results are so utterly different that I urge all Mahler enthusiasts to acquire both for intensive comparison. The versions are by Walter and the New York Philharmonic Symphony (Col. SL-171), and Scherchen and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra (newly reissued as West. XWN-2220), both occupying three sides. Here Scherchen's architectonic approach really pays dividends, to say nothing of his affinity with and concern for the razorlike distinctness of instrumentation which Mahler always sought above all, beautifully reinforced by Westminster's recording techniques. Walter is more concerned with big effects and telling climaxes, and for me it adds up here to a superabundance from which the real peaks sometimes fail to emerge. The chorale in the second movement, e. g., is just another incident in an overcrowded movement under Walter, but under Scherchen is revealed as a summit achieved by love and tenacity.

Scherchen's *Allegro* passages in the first two movements have been criticized for excessive speed, which completely changes the internal proportions of both movements through the relation between *Allegro* and alternately slower tempi. These new proportions also apply to the work as a whole. Since the opening movements are both shorter in duration, while the *Scherzo* is a little slower, the latter now becomes the longest movement in the symphony (18 minutes). Scherchen begins it in a more relaxed and offhand manner, building it up gradually into a tremendous and quite fathomless work: Mahler's greatest *Scherzo*. Now we can see why Mahler could think of nothing else after the first rehearsal of the *Fifth* in Coblenz. There are some slight differences in the editions used in regard to orchestration. Scherchen pays more careful attention to Mahler's exact markings, with one very mysterious exception. The second movement ends with a blow on the timpani reproduced like a pistol shot that should be the envy of every sound engineer, but for one thing: Mahler marked it "*pianissimo*".

Besides the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, the *Kindertotenlieder* cycle (1901-4) is the only Mahler work of which the finest version was never on LP. This is the 1932 Polydor recording of Heinrich Rehkemper (baritone), recorded in Munich with an orchestra under Horenstein, an incredible realization of Mahler's most astonishing lyric creation. The best available version is that of Fischer-Dieskau and the Berlin Philharmonic under Rudolf Kempe (RCA-Victor LM-6050). This fine singer has to reach for effects that lay already under Rehkemper's innately expressive voice, but he reaches with the highest artistry and care. Norman Foster (Vox PL-9100) and Herman Schey (Epic SC-6001) are not comparable, but they keep the repertory of this song cycle on a very high level, and the Hague Philharmonic in the Epic is especially beautiful. Kathleen Ferrier, with the Vienna Philharmonic under Walter, is by far the finest of the women, and gives a haunting rendition. Marian Anderson (RCA-Victor LM-1146) is very ill-at-ease in this work, while deleted versions by Vera Rosza (Mercury 10103) and Lori Lail (Urania 7016) are valiant but unsuccessful attempts from the earlier uninhibited days of LP. Vox, Epic and the newer RCA have all beautifully caught the chamber-like qualities of the score. Flagstad is to be our next interpreter of this cycle.

The *Fünf Lieder nach Rückert* (1901-4) have been represented on LP by two complete recordings and one partial one. The incomplete version is that of Ferrier and the Vienna Philharmonic under Walter (London LL 625/6), which is a pity, for this is the best of the three versions. She sings *Ich atmet einen linden Duft*, *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*, and *Um Mitternacht*, and omits *Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder* and *Liebst du um Schönheit*. This is the only version which solves the difficult problem of orchestral balance in the climactic stanza of *Um Mitternacht*, so at present it is necessary to own two versions in order to have this brief but significant collection adequately represented. First choice for the complete cycle is Alfred Poell, with the Vienna State under Prohaska (Van. 421). The recording suffers from the interspersing of these *Lieder* with the early songs as discussed above. But the interpretation is a fine one, and the two songs not sung by Ferrier are excellently rendered here. The deleted version by Ilona Steingruber (Mercury 10103) is weak.

The *Sixth Symphony* in A minor (1903-4) is the most difficult of Mahler's purely instrumental works to handle sonically. This is the largest orchestral apparatus he ever used except in support of the chorus, and the percussion

department alone is, as one album annotator puts it, "an orchestra in itself". Percussion, especially in large and varied doses, is the most notoriously difficult of the sections to record satisfactorily, and the two present versions offer no exception to this. Of all recording units, Westminster's engineers seem to be the most aware of the importance of percussive sounds, which being mostly intermittent rather than sustained sounds must often be slightly ahead of the other sections in decibels in order to be distinguished. In its handling of the *Fifth*, which is somewhat preparatory to the *Sixth* in this respect, Westminster showed a keen awareness of this problem, but unfortunately it has not yet entered the lists on behalf of the *Sixth*, and the Epic and SPA versions, though very good, still leave much to be desired in this heroic, tragic work.

In one respect, indeed, I am convinced that the *Sixth* should be approached from an experimental lab viewpoint. I refer to the famous *Hammerschlag*, the mighty blow of fate sounded three times during the long finale, the materialization of which Mahler never solved to his satisfaction in the concert hall, but which is ideally suited to sound-engineering experimentation for recording purposes.<sup>18</sup> "A short, powerful, but hollow blow of non-metallic quality" is the way Mahler expressed it in his mind, and the engineers who have in the past few years produced all manner of fantastic sounds could have a field-day with this — a wonderful opportunity so far missed. I stress this single effect because it is of great structural importance. It should be both louder and quite different from the other percussive climaxes in the finale; then its three occurrences will be landmarks along the way, taking an active part in the unfolding drama. These conductors may simply omit it because it is scored in unison with other percussion, but in so doing they destroy the superstructure.

The rest of the percussion prospers variably in the two recordings, but the more distinct bass line in the SPA, a very important consideration, sets it ahead of its rival. The two conductors, Eduard Flipse (Rotterdam Philharmonic, Epic SC-6012) and F. Charles Adler (Vienna Philharmonia, SPA 59/60), are too alike in their approach to offer much real chance of comparison. This approach is of the stolid type that avoids all extremes of tempo and concentrates on clarity of presentation and outline. The rather slow *Scherzo* common to both pounds its grotesque rhythms unforgettably into the brain, but its intricate system of tempo changes is thrown quite askew by the simple fact that the main section is made just as slow as the "contrasting" *Trio*. Thus, e.g., the indication "*Tempo I subito*" is greeted with no change at all. The lovely *Andante moderato* is quite breathtaking in both versions, but Adler imparts an added tenderness to the principal theme. All the players come through magnificently, especially the Rotterdam. There are slight differences in the editions used. It is hoped that the next recording of the *Sixth* will finally give us the expository repeat in the first movement,<sup>19</sup> but above all the *Hammerschlag*.

The apparatus of the *Seventh Symphony* (1904-5) reverts to the size of the *Fifth*, i. e. it is not exceedingly difficult to record, just extremely. The two versions both appeared in 1952, one by Scherchen and the Vienna State (newly reissued with enhanced sound as West. XWN-2221) and the other by Hans

<sup>18</sup> My idea is of course that the sound should be worked out alone on tape, then added to the recording as the cannon and church bells were to Mercury's "1812". This technique would also benefit some of the typical low bell sounds indicated by Mahler and Wagner, which are below the pitch of most present-day concert bells. They could be made an octave lower on the tape by reducing its speed.

<sup>19</sup> Cf. Gabriel Engel, "With Hammer and Cowbells", *Chord and Discord*, 1948, p. 7.

Rosbaud and the Radio Berlin Symphony (Urania 405). The latter recording bears the symphony's unofficial subtitle "Song of the Night". The performances are quite different, and both interesting as interpretations, but the orchestra under Rosbaud (consistently referred to by Urania as "Rosbaud") is so poor that his apparent intentions don't always come off. I prefer his slower tempo in the wonderful *Adagio* introduction, so unique in its harmonic idiom and its sombre beauty, but it is a difficult tempo to sustain in execution, and here the phrasing is so sloppy that it doesn't succeed. He allows the very first bar to run into the second, utterly destroying the rhythmic impulse, as one may see from the score. The solo brass players struggle to fill their long bars in this opening creditably, but they must have felt naked. This is obviously a radio presentation.

Scherchen keeps the three fast odd-numbered movements all going at a fair clip for better contrast with the two intervening movements (the famous *Nachtmusiken*). In the second movement Rosbaud's tempo is slower, and should achieve a higher degree of slashing sarcasm, yet Scherchen somehow excels in this by phrasing alone. Even more bite would have been in order. But Scherchen's *Andante amoroso* (fourth movement) is simply *too* slow to be amorous or even just lyrical; its flow is exceedingly labored. Rosbaud's mandolinist is to be commended for strumming the long notes instead of plucking them once; this is more idiomatic, and also keeps the melodic line clearer. Scherchen's *Scherzo* is extremely fast, yet he miraculously contrives to make every point more strongly than Rosbaud. In the *Rondo-Finale* Rosbaud makes more effective *ritardandi* than Scherchen, who goes all-out to keep it rolling, and for the most part succeeds brilliantly, though with a couple of ill-fitting joins (most unusual for him).

Westminster's recording is infinitely preferable, yet the Urania should be studied for a greater prominence of the woodwinds which sometimes lets entirely different sounds be heard in this very contrapuntal work (e.g., the gurgling of the low clarinets at the start of the moonlit B-major episode in the first movement). This is Mahler's most sensuously beautiful symphony, and its kaleidoscope of nocturnal sounds is endlessly fascinating. The guitar chords are not distinct enough in either recording to give the serenade its proper rhythmic basis, and in the finale neither solves the problem of balance after the bells come in.

The *Eighth Symphony* in E flat major (1906-7) is a far more difficult proposition sonically than the *Second*, for here the antiphonal double chorus, the eight vocal soloists and the huge orchestra are in constant use or alternation. Furthermore, the basic problems are of depth as well as size, since the texture varies from these heroic proportions to exceedingly chamber-like delicacy, with many small and special sounds like the mandolin and the harmonium. What is needed at the very least is an efficient resonating chamber large enough to hold the thousand or so performers and not much larger, plus an ultra-sensitive microphone to catch every last whisper, plus a relatively unlimited amount of rehearsal time. It can and I believe will be done, but not until the recording industry has to take Mahler as seriously as RCA had to take the problem of producing a Beethoven *Ninth* acceptable to Toscanini. From an artistic standpoint the *Eighth's* antiphonal choruses also make it a logical priority item for stereophonic recording, but here artistic and commercial logic are virtually galaxies apart.<sup>20</sup>

<sup>20</sup> Westminster, pioneering once more, has recently released on duo-track tape "A

Basically what is wrong with the existing recordings is that they both had to be made at public performances, in one case without the conductor even being aware that a recording was in the process! This is the recently deleted version of Scherchen with the Vienna Symphony and choruses (Col. SL-164), whose strident, distorted sound is actually, physically painful to the ears. After this, the second version, quite beautiful in its overall sound, is an intense relief, even though it solves few additional problems of balance and perspective, and lacks indeed just as many essential sounds as the earlier version, though different ones. This is the 1954 Holland Festival recording by Eduard Flipse and the Rotterdam Philharmonic and choruses (Epic SC-6004). Epic provides some extensive and excellent album notes by Henri-Louis de La Grange, very badly proof-read, but does not even list the names of the soloists!

Scherchen's work is rather routine, since this was for all he knew a thoroughly routine occasion, with miserable, badly allocated soloists, one doing double duty. Flipse has a total personnel of 1100, and no less than 11 soloists rather than the minimum of eight called for, all acceptable and several performing magnificently (e.g. Herman Schey as *Pater Ecstaticus* and Gottlob Frick as *Pater Profundus*). Within the limitations of his conception of the work, Flipse gives us a carefully modelled and quite moving rendition. Neither Flipse nor Scherchen give the vital joyous reading that characterized the Stokowski performance of recent memory,<sup>21</sup> and the two major American recording companies, both of whom rejected the opportunity of issuing a recording of this great performance because of the large fees involved, have notably retarded the cause of Mahler thereby, much to their indifference. It could still be issued should the occasion arise.

In midsummer of 1957 appeared, at long last, the first technically adequate recording of Mahler's vocal masterpiece, *Das Lied von der Erde* (1908-9), and, with reservations noted, possibly the finest interpretation of it as well. This recording (Epic SC-6023) is by Van Beinum and the Concertgebouw, with Nan Merriman, mezzo-soprano, and Ernst Haefliger, tenor; it is the fourth time *Das Lied* has appeared on records, but only the second recording currently available.

Let us consider the conductors and orchestras first. Bruno Walter has led the Vienna Philharmonic, both pre- and post-Hitler (1936 and 1952), in *Das Lied*, and Klemperer recorded it with the Vienna Symphony in 1951. The latter (Vox PL-7000) is out of print in the U.S., and the 1936 version (Columbia) has never appeared on LP, though its processing was once begun for the Entré series. Thus the 1952 Walter (London LL-625/6) is Epic's only current competitor. Klemperer took 52 minutes to Walter's 58, and though the result fitted nicely on a single LP, a feeling of hurrying predominated. Now Van Beinum uses a round 60 minutes, and his interpretation, beautifully defined and modelled, is fully the equal of Walter's classic rendition. I personally feel that his more just appreciation of *caesurae*, sardonic contrasts, and other Mahlerian devices makes it even more ideal. Amsterdam possesses a Mahler tradition quite as illustrious as that of Vienna herself, and the musicians of the Concertgebouw seem to live and breathe this music as naturally as they eat and drink. The great orchestral interlude near the end, which Neville Cardus declared to be a dirge which by comparison "makes all other

Stereophonic Study in Double Choruses", featuring German and Italian Baroque music sung by the David Randolph group.

<sup>21</sup> Cf. *Chord and Discord*, 1954. p. 21.

dirges merely so many public ceremonials or State occasions for the expression of a commonplace grief",<sup>22</sup> acquires a perfection of line and structure here that raises it to an almost unbearable intensity.

When we come to the singers, however, the picture is not quite so ideal. In the opening salvo of Oriental pessimistic epicureanism, *Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde*, Haefliger does not strain in the too familiar manner for the passionate intensity called for in the score, but he does not quite achieve it, either. Despite some inevitable bawling, Julius Patzak (London) is more compelling. In his two later, more lyrical songs, *Von der Jugend* and *Der Trunkene im Frühling*, Haefliger is quite at home. But it is the performance of Nan Merriman that attaches the most serious reservations to Epic's album. Her singing in the longest (28-minute) section, *Der Abschied*, is far too loud almost throughout, as can be seen by a few simple facts. Of the total of 230 vocal bars in this movement, only 26 are indicated to rise above *piano*, yet Miss Merriman sings *forte* most of the time (including the several passages marked "very tenderly"), usually increasing to *fortissimo* near the top of the staff. At "O sieh, wie eine Silberbarke", the poignant major third between voice and first clarinet is not even perceived. I cannot understand how a man of Van Beinum's sensitivity could permit this, especially in a recording session, as distinct from a public performance, and after beautifully sculptured renditions of her other songs, *Der Einsame im Herbst* and *Von der Schönheit*. *Der Abschied* therefore has yet to be done adequately on LP, for both Kathleen Ferrier (London) and Elsa Cavelti (Vox) share this fault to a considerable degree, only Kerstin Thorborg (Col.) remaining in memory as an indication of what can be accomplished.

On the technical side, there is no contest. The Columbia suffered from concert-performance shortcomings for which Dr. Walter was moved to apologize in the album-notes. The Vox was from that company's undernourished period, especially lacking in bass. On London, an even more unfortunate circumstance attendant on Miss Ferrier's too loud singing in *Der Abschied* was a serious degree of technical distortion on nearly all high notes on side 3, which no re-pressings could remove. At the beginning of the final passage, "Die liebe Erde allüberall", which Mahler pleadingly marked "ppp! Without crescendo. N.B.", and which Miss Ferrier and Miss Merriman both sing *fortissimo*, the ugliness of London's sound is quite unbearable; the Epic engineers have taken it all in their unswerving stride and reproduced this artistic distortion with as perfect fidelity as they have rendered everything else in this ravishing score.

The revered first recording of the *Ninth Symphony*, dramatically timed on January 16, 1938, and thus the last collaboration of Walter and the old Vienna Philharmonic before the *Anschluss*, was briefly available in our LP era on RCA-Victor LCT-6015 (3 sides). Second is the 1952 version of Horenstein and the Vienna Symphony (Vox PL-7602, 4 sides), and lastly the 1955 issue of Paul Kletzki and the Israel Philharmonic (Angel 3526-B and T-35181/2, 3 sides). This score makes extreme virtuoso demands on nearly all the players, and it is the glory of all three versions that the respective musicians are all eminently adequate to it, with the special palm going to the superb Israelites. Not unexpectedly, there is also a slight overall improvement in sound qualities with each successive version, and Angel has done a truly fabulous job

<sup>22</sup> N. Cardus: *Ten Composers*, Jonathan Cape, London, 1945, p. 74.

considering the many difficulties. When it comes to interpretation, however, Angel's double advantage is wiped out by the inadequacies of Kletzki. Regarding the very complex opening movement, an English critic remarked that if one could imagine pursuing the opposite of every piece of advice in Erwin Stein's essay "Organizing the Tempi of Mahler's *Ninth Symphony*",<sup>23</sup> one would have a fair approximation of Kletzki's effort. In the next movement he makes a "convenient" (i.e. painlessly lethal) cut of 115 bars (beginning at *Tempo III*). Such high-handedness is in no sense acceptable to those who have progressed to including the *Ninth* in their experience, and one must therefore turn to Walter and Horenstein.

The former takes 70 minutes, the latter 84. Each movement is a little more broadly conceived by Horenstein, and benefits in clarity thereby. The closing *Adagio*, e.g., begins at exactly the same tempo under both, but Walter speeds up before he has reached the twelfth bar, while Horenstein remains faithful to his chosen tempo throughout, and does not shy away from the frightening admonition "*Adagissimo*" in the coda. Schoenberg once said to me regarding this that Walter feared the audience's impatience, which reminded me of Wagner's advice that if an *Adagio* is in danger, it is better to slow it down than speed it up. Kletzki is also steadier than Walter, and almost redeems his *Adagio*, until he reaches that final page. In the preceding *Rondo-Burlesque*, Walter's faster opening makes a more daemonic initial effect, but again he fails to sustain his tempo. Kletzki's tempo, even faster, is so utterly frenzied from the start that he can make no further acceleration on reaching the final *Presto!* As in the *First Symphony*, Horenstein produces most exquisite *pianissimi* throughout, and he keeps the contrapuntal texture marvelously clear. As Henri de La Grange writes in a Parisian review: "*Je ne saurais assez conseiller aux amateurs la superbe version de Jascha Horenstein.*"<sup>24</sup>

Of Mahler's 5-movement posthumous work, the *Tenth Symphony* (1910),<sup>25</sup> the public at large is as yet familiar only with the two movements edited by Ernst Krenek in 1924 and published and performed in that year. The recently completed contrapuntal filling-out and orchestration of the other three movements by J. H. Wheeler, not yet performed, will offer a new revelation of Mahler's last and richest period, for they are quite unique even in such a fantastic output as Mahler has given the world. Meanwhile we have two recordings of the opening *Adagio* and one of the central *Intermezzo*, which Mahler entitled *Purgatorio*. It is characteristic that neither in the American study score (Associated Music Publishers) nor on either of the recordings is editor Krenek's name inscribed or mentioned, though the album notes make vain pretences at a musicological approach. And, as with the Bruckner *Ninth*, both recordings are simply presented as "*Symphony No. 10*", as if the two movements in the one case and the single movement in the other represented a complete work.

The two movements are performed by Adler and the Vienna Philharmonia (SPA 30/1, 1½ sides), the *Adagio* only by Scherchen and the Vienna State (West. XWN-2220, 1 side). The earlier and superceded limited edition by Franz Schmidt and the Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra (Gramophone Newsreel 101) also contained both movements. There is again considerable difference in tempo. Adler's *Adagio* takes 23½ minutes, Scherchen's 29, and my own

<sup>23</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 19.

<sup>24</sup> *Disques*, December, 1955.

<sup>25</sup> Cf. *Chord and Discord*, December, 1941, p. 43, and p. 17 of the present issue.

preference is for the latter, for its more contemplative beauty and just contrast. The sound of Mahler's strings, which becomes more luxuriant through complex polyphony than before, is embodied about equally well in both cases by the Viennese players. Westminster captures their fullness even a little better, though one might easily deny that this would be possible on hearing the SPA first: a most excellent pair of recordings. The brass is a little more audible against these wonderful strings in Westminster, the woodwinds in SPA. Adler favors a more stinging *sforzando*. The first trumpet has more trouble with his long high A under Adler. In the brief *Intermezzo*, with its sinister reminder of the "Mill of Life" rhythm from *Das irdische Leben* (*Wunderhorn* song, see Vanguard 478), Adler gives a fine alternately delicate and dynamic reading, except for the last three bars, where the brass does not sound its sudden warning forcefully enough. We shall understand both of these great movements better when we know the others.

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## THEIR TIME HAS NOW COME

Webern and Bruckner in New York, November 12, 1957

While not so advertised, the New York concert of the Pittsburgh Symphony under William Steinberg might well have been billed as "The History of the Viennese School in Three Episodes". The juxtaposition of Haydn (*Surprise* Symphony), Webern and Bruckner in a single program was indeed a daring, surely not an uncalculated, enterprise. Its success was attested to by the enthusiastic response of the audience, which might have been larger had a more familiar program been announced, but could scarcely have been more forthcoming in its welcome to the seldom-heard music and to its able performers.

It is ironic that Anton Webern, the "quiet one" of the Schoenberg disciples, who so shunned publicity during his lifetime, should have become the object of such a cult after his death. Interest in his work has become so great as to justify the issuing of a record album of his complete works (Columbia K4L 232) and the reprinting of the scores of most of them (to be had through Associated Music Publishers, 1 West 46th Street, New York City.) Thus Mr. Steinberg's choice of the *Six Pieces for Orchestra*, Op. 6—written in 1910, but only now receiving its first New York performance!—was most astutely timed. (Incidentally, the same pieces will be performed by the New York Philharmonic under Mitropoulos on January 16, 17, and 19, 1958—the last named a broadcast performance.) On the present occasion, we could fully appreciate Webern's musical and spiritual inheritance from Mahler, manifest in his highly individualized use of the instruments of a large and varied orchestra and in his intense expression of moods often deeply pessimistic. The fourth movement (a funeral march) was the high point in this respect. Beginning with almost inaudible sounds in the bass drum, tam-tam and low chimes, it rose inexorably to a shattering climax in winds, brasses and percussion, which left the audience breathless. Here, the implications of certain portions of Mahler's Sixth Symphony seem developed to their fullest extent. It may seem strange to compare Webern's pieces, which last 9 minutes all told to Mahler's symphonic colossus—this simply points up anew that *length* is not the important thing about Mahler! Mr. Steinberg conducted the difficult score with complete devotion, and won for it far more than mere respect.

Following intermission, we were treated to an energetic, dynamic, and ecstatic performance of Bruckner's 8th which showed the orchestra at its very best, particularly in the augmented brass section whose glowing tone was a feast for the ear. If we must make a reservation as to this performance, it is in the matter of *cuts*, with which Mr. Steinberg was generous in the Adagio and Finale. Also, the Finale was taken at an uncommonly fast tempo; this made for a stimulating and exciting interpretation, but detracted from the breadth and dignity which belong to Bruckner's style even in fast movements. Admittedly it is a problem to present this symphony in its entirety and still restrict the concert to a normal length; but I feel this might better be solved by not attempt-

ing to present so many other compositions with it—by preceding it with an overture only, or even allowing it to stand alone. Nonetheless, this was an uplifting performance in which neither the spiritual or the technical difficulties of the music were slighted. Once more friends of Bruckner and Mahler have every reason to be grateful to Mr. Steinberg and to anticipate with pleasure his future program plans.—Dika Newlin.

## MY RECOLLECTIONS OF GUSTAV MAHLER

by KLAUS PRINGSHEIM

While living in my native Germany and in neighboring Austria, I had the privilege of meeting personally some of the great musicians there. The greatest among them, the greatest of his time in my judgment, was Gustav Mahler, the composer and conductor. More than that, he was a great man—a very great man. Whereas his creative work, especially his symphonies, was highly controversial throughout his lifetime—"He deserves two years in jail," was the summary verdict of a Viennese critic after the premiere of his Third Symphony—there could have been none face to face with him who was not fascinated by the penetrating look of his eyes and by the grandeur of his sterling personality.

A man of irresistible willpower, uncompromising to the utmost where music was concerned, but broad-minded and kindhearted (most of his considerable earnings used to go to his less fortunate relatives); a person unprejudiced, unpretentious, and tolerant in all matters of daily life, of simple tastes and habits, yet endowed with an almost childlike capacity for enjoying the trifling pleasures his day—filled with struggle and hard work—yielded; a passionate hater of hypocrisy and insincerity and of all the evils of human society (though with no political inference), ever contemptuous of the self-complacent, self-conceited and easily self-contented mediocrities, unapproachable by flattery or superficial compliment, still most sensitive to sympathetic comprehension of his artistic intentions; a restless thinker, possessed of a keen intellect, and a devout seeker of truth, approaching the problems of eternity with a philosophical mind yet with deeply religious humility—filled with all-embracing love of mankind: such are some features in the picture of the man, Gustav Mahler, as I knew and still see him more than forty years after his death.

No other musician had so profound and lasting an influence on the inner course of my life; to none do I owe so much of what true insight into musical things, beyond mere technical knowledge and understanding, I have perhaps been able to acquire. I was a boy of fifteen, attending middle-school in Munich, Bavaria, when I first saw him as a guest conductor with the "Kaim-Orchester", the program including one movement only of his Second Symphony (for lack of rehearsal time) as well as some music by Berlioz, Beethoven's Fifth, which I have never heard so magnificent, so transporting in performance. After that evening I dreamt, or rather I fancied, it would be my destiny to come under the guidance of this master who seemed to wield some magic power over the orchestra he directed.

However, it took seven years before my dream came true. Meanwhile, I thoroughly familiarized myself with all his symphonic scores so far published and missed no opportunity whatever that might arise to hear them interpreted by him. Eventually, the momentous hour arrived when I was received at his office by him—then the almighty director of the famous Vienna Court Opera—and he granted my request to serve with him as an assistant conductor, an atmosphere of most informal cordiality prevailing throughout the time we were

talking. To describe that very first impression I got of his personality, I have no words.

There was another great moment in my life when, some time later, he offered me his friendship. It occurred on a train from Vienna to some provincial town in Austria where he was to conduct his First Symphony. I had made it a habit to accompany him on such trips. What prompted him so to honor an insignificant young beginner, I have often asked myself in vain. Maybe, the lonely man—lonely in his art—who met with lack of understanding, distrust, and stubborn opposition almost everywhere, appreciated the intense and deeply sincere admiration for his work I manifested on many occasions, and which, indeed, was all I had to offer him. I have no other explanation.

There is no room here to elaborate on what those two years I spent in Vienna in the double role, as it were, of Mahler's friend and disciple meant to me in terms of human experience and musical education. It became my privilege to be admitted as the sole listener to all his rehearsals, even when they were held in his private room, regarded as a kind of sanctuary by the opera personnel—not to speak of the unique object lessons presented time and again by his directing of performances of such works as "Don Giovanni", "Marriage of Figaro", "Fidelio", "Tristan and Isolde", "Iphigenie in Aulis", to mention but a few, none of which I would have failed to attend.

Once, at noon, I happened to meet him at his office when he was just about to leave and he asked me to accompany him on his way home. When we parted in front of his residence, located within walking distance from the opera-house, he proposed that we should make this a daily habit, and so we did, forthwith. On our walks, sometimes resumed in the afternoon and extending over hours, he used to discuss exhaustively any musical problem I would bring up. Indeed, those daily-recurring conversations assumed in my education the importance, but through the immediacy of our personal contacts did much more than fill the place of what conventional lessons in a classroom could possibly have been. And it was on such occasions that the most lovable, most delicate traits of his character revealed themselves. Once, while we were walking on the Kärtnerstrasse, it occurred to him that his young wife, whom he adored, would like to have some of those delicious Viennese toffees; but then after he made the purchase he wouldn't allow me to carry the small package. "Why," he said, "if I happen to let it slip in the mud, that would be just a minor incident; if you did, it would make you feel much embarrassed."

I left Vienna when the incessant intrigues by his enemies had eventually succeeded in getting him ousted from the office he had held for ten years; so came to an inglorious end one of the most brilliant eras in the history of European opera. Still in later years, part of which he used to spend in New York with the Metropolitan Opera and also conducting the concerts of the N. Y. Philharmonic Orchestra, I saw him on several occasions. The last was one of the most triumphant musical events I ever witnessed: the world premiere in Munich, at that time the most anti-Mahlerian among German music centers, of his gigantic Eighth Symphony, generally known under the name—though not given it by the composer—of "Symphony of a Thousand". (In Tokyo it was performed sometime ago under the direction of Kazuo Yamada.) When I was bidding him farewell at the Munich Central Station, he told me of his latest works, still unpublished, the Ninth Symphony and the "Song of the Earth." That they were conceived in a mood somehow portentous of his near

death, he would not say. Nor could I know that this was to be a farewell forever. Half a year later he returned from America a sick man, soon to die in his beloved Vienna at the age of 51, leaving behind him a gap that will never be filled.

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### PITTSBURGH GROUP RECEIVES OVATION

by LOUIS BIANCOLLI

Reprinted from *New York World-Telegram and Sun*, Nov. 13, 1957.

The visiting Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra was given a royal reception in Carnegie Hall last night. So was its dynamic and masterly conductor, William Steinberg.

Wherever there was a chance, during the pause between movements or at the end of a performance, warm and spontaneous applause broke out. Any baseball hero would have been proud of Mr. Steinberg's personal acclaim.

The response was all richly deserved. This is a solid and splendid orchestra, versatile in style and technic, and its conductor has imprinted upon it the stamp of his own strong personality.

The program was all Viennese, but scarcely the Vienna of gypsy barons and champagne polkas and moonlight nostalgia; rather the Vienna of Haydn, Anton Webern and Bruckner—three geniuses of widely different quality.

For the Vienna of Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, Mr. Steinberg evoked the full courtliness and classic strength of the music, an ever-fresh marvel of freedom and design perfectly balanced.

If there was any "surprise" about the Haydn symphony, it was the kind and duration of the music that followed it—six orchestra pieces by the tragically neglected Webern.

These are perhaps the shortest symphonic pieces on record—some lasting scarcely 30 seconds. Yet they are wonders of artistic compression and daring.

Though Webern composed them in 1908, they bear the startling impact and novelty of today in their boldly planned intervals and colors. They pack everything that can be packed into a short space—and more.

From the compact brevity of Webern, the program moved, as if from pent-up energy, into the far-flung terrain of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, a contrast as startling as it was Viennese.

Still, for what Bruckner set out to say only the wide vistas were possible. Where Webern used the microscope, Bruckner used the telescope.

What a grandly conceived symphony this is—spread out, as it seems, all over creation. It is as much Bruckner's soaring piety, as his artistic inclination, that gives it such vast elbow room.

In Mr. Steinberg's reading, the symphony rang out in true prophetic fervor.

A GAP IS FILLED  
BRUCKNER'S D MINOR MASS IN DISC DEBUT<sup>1</sup>

by DIKA NEWLIN

When I expressed, in my article on *Bruckner's Three Great Masses*<sup>2</sup>, my hope that the omission to record the D minor Mass would soon be rectified, I did not know that my wish would so quickly be fulfilled! Now, for the first time, we have a recording of this great symphonic Mass; simultaneously we may welcome the reactivation of the SPA label from which we have heard little news for some time.

It is not surprising that the man to achieve this notable "first" should be F. Charles Adler, whose services to Bruckner and Mahler should be most familiar to *Chord and Discord* readers. One must admire his continuing devotion to this cause, a devotion which has added a number of worthwhile albums to our record shelves. One cannot, however, claim that in this particular recording he has given us the last word on the D minor Mass. I sometimes noted a certain slovenliness in the ensemble of orchestra ("Vienna Orchestra", presumably members of the *Wiener Symphoniker*) and chorus (unnamed). Patricia Brinton's somewhat shrill soprano, Sonya Dracksler's rich alto, William Blankenship's edgy tenor, and Frederick Guthrie's powerful but often vibrato-marred bass do not form the best possible blend for a solo quartet. The recorded sound is rather rough in comparison with the best available Bruckner recordings. Unfortunately, there has to be a break in the middle of the *Credo* between sides 1 and 2. But, at least, it is made at a harmonically possible place.

The record jacket does not state which version of the Mass Mr. Adler is using. However, I noticed no deviation from the "revised" score.<sup>3</sup> Mr. Adler has previously indicated his preference for the "revised" versions of the symphonies. There are, happily, no cuts.

In spite of its defects, this record is naturally at present a "must" for anyone who wants a complete Bruckner disc collection. Let us hope that, now that the recorded Masses are finally available to us complete, the record-buying public's interest will be sufficient to justify the issuing of a number of competitive recordings of each Mass, as has come to be the case with most of the symphonies. Both Bruckner and the listener can only benefit thereby.

<sup>1</sup> SPA 72.

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 3.

<sup>3</sup> For bibliographical reference, see above, p. 16.

## LIST OF PERFORMANCES

SEASON 1953-1954

### BRUCKNER

- IV San Antonio Symphony Orchestra, Victor Alessandro, Musical Director; San Antonio, Texas, Jan. 23, 1954.
- VII Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 16 and 20, 1953.  
Philadelphia Orchestra, Eduard Van Beinum, Conductor; Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 19, 1954.  
Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Guest Conductor; Chicago, Ill., Feb. 11 and 12, 1954.
- IX Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor; New York City, Dec. 24, 25, and 27, 1953.

### E MINOR MASS

Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Walter Hendl, Conductor; The Choral Union of Southern Methodist University of Dallas; Dallas, Texas, March 8, 1954; Fort Worth, Texas, March 9, 1954.

### TE DEUM

New York City College Chorus and Orchestra; Broadcast over WNYC on Feb. 3, 1954.

Summit Community Chorus, Ralph Burrier, Director; Summit, N. J., Dec. 16, 1953.

### *Christus factus est*

New Jersey Choral Society, David Randolph, Director; Morristown, N. J., May 5, 1954.

### MAHLER

- I Philadelphia Orchestra, William Steinberg, Guest Conductor; Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 1 and 2, 1954.  
Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor; New York City, Jan. 24, 1954; Broadcast over CBS.  
San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Guest Conductor; San Francisco, Calif., Feb. 11, 12, and 13, 1954.  
National Symphony Orchestra, Howard Mitchell, Conductor; Washington, D. C., March 24 and 25, 1954.
- II Hartford Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Mahler, Conductor; Edythe Specker and Rosalind Elias, Soloists; The Connecticut Oratorio Chorale, Herbert A. France, Director; The New Haven Chorale, Alden Hammond, Director; Hartford, Conn., April 14, 1954.
- IV Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin, Conductor; Anne English, Soloist; Boston, Mass., March 19 and 20, 1954.
- V University of Iowa Symphony Orchestra, Philip Greeley Clapp, Conductor; Iowa City, Iowa, Dec. 2, 1953.

### *Adagietto*

Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Arthur Bennett Lipkin, Conductor; Birmingham, Ala., Jan. 20, 1954.

Drew University Chamber Series, Mary Canberg, violin; Dika Newlin, piano; Madison, N. J., Feb. 7, 1954.

- VII (*Three Movements*) Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, Conductor; Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1953.

- X Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin, Conductor; Boston, Mass., Dec. 11, 12, 13, and 15, 1953.

### DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; Elsa Cavelti and David Lloyd, Soloists; Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 8 and 10, 1954; Hartford, Conn., April 1, 1954; New York City, April 2, 1954.

## SONGS

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Guest Conductor; Hilde Gueden, Soloist; Chicago, Ill., Feb. 11 and 12, 1954.

## SEASON 1954-1955

## BRUCKNER

- IV Boston Civic Symphony, Paul Cherkassky, Conductor; Boston, Mass., Nov. 18, 1954.  
 Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, Walter Kaufmann, Conductor; Winnipeg, Manitoba, May 5, 1955.  
 Inglewood Symphony Orchestra of L. A., Ernst Gebert, Conductor; Inglewood, Calif., Jan. 23, 1955.
- VI (*Original Version*) New Los Angeles Orchestra, Peter Jona Korn, Conductor; Royce Hall, U.C.L.A., Los Angeles, Calif., June 19, 1955.
- VII Philharmonic Symphony Society, Bruno Walter, Conductor; New York City, Dec. 23 and 24, 1954.  
 Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Alfred Wallenstein, Conductor; Los Angeles, Calif., Feb. 24 and 25, 1955.  
 San Francisco Symphony, Enrique Jorda, Conductor; San Francisco, Calif., April 14, 15, and 16, 1955.
- VIII Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, Josef Krips, Conductor; Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 12 and 14, 1954.
- IX San Francisco Symphony, Bruno Walter, Conductor; San Francisco, Calif., March 3, 4, and 5, 1955.

## E MINOR MASS

Collegiate Chorale, Ralph Hunter, Conductor; New York City, Dec. 15, 1954.  
 Glee Clubs of Sweet Briar College and Haverford College, Wm. H. Reese, Conductor; Haverford College, Haverford, Pa., April 17, 1955.

## TE DEUM

Seattle Philharmonic and Choral Society, Don Bushnell, Musical Director; The Collegian Choir, Wallace Goleeke, Director; Soloists: Pamela Haas, Soprano; Dorothy West, Alto; Tommy Goleeke, Tenor; Wallace Goleeke, Bass; Seattle, Wash., Feb. 25, 1955.

## PSALM 150

New Los Angeles Orchestra, Carlton Martin, Conductor; Los Angeles Symphonic Choir; Royce Hall, U.C.L.A., Los Angeles, Calif., June 19, 1955.

## MAHLER

- I Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Rafael Kubelik, Conductor; Chicago, Ill., Oct. 31, 1954; New York City, Dec. 3, 1954.  
 Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Walter Hendl, Conductor; Denton, Texas, Nov. 12, 1954; Dallas, Texas, Nov. 15, 1954; Fort Worth, Texas, Nov. 16, 1954.  
 Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Hans Schwieger, Conductor; Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 21 and 22, 1954.
- II Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Chicago, Ill., Jan. 19 and 20, 1955.  
 National Symphony Orchestra, Howard Mitchell, Conductor; Washington, D. C., April 13, 1955; University of Maryland, College Park, Md., April 14, 1955.
- VI Philharmonic Symphonic Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor; New York City, April 7, 8, and 10, 1955. (Air premiere over CBS on April 10.)

## DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Eunice Alberts and David Lloyd, Soloists; Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 19, 20, and 21, 1955; New York City, Feb. 22, 1955.  
 Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Thor Johnson, Conductor; Carol Smith and David Lloyd, Soloists; Cincinnati, Ohio, Feb. 25 and 26, 1955.

The University Symphony Orchestra, Josef Blatt, Conductor; Arlene Sollenberger and Harold Haugh, Soloists; Ann Arbor, Mich., May 18, 1955.

## KINDERTOTENLIEDER

Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Walter Hendl, Conductor; Soloist, Juanita Teal; Dallas, Texas, Dec. 26, 1954.

Elena Nikolaidi, Contralto, and Paul Ulanowsky, Pianist; Town Hall, New York City, Nov. 7, 1954.

Buffalo Symphony Orchestra, Josef Krips, Conductor; Will Rankin, Soloist; Buffalo, N. Y., March 27 and 29, 1955.

**LIEDER EINER FAHRENDEN GESELLEN**

The Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman, Conductor; Elena Nikolaidi, Soloist; New York City, Oct. 25, 1954.

The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert Von Karajan, Conductor; Carol Brice, Soloist; Chicago, Ill., March 12, 1955.

Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Arthur Bennett Lipkin, Conductor; Elena Nikolaidi, Soloist; Birmingham, Ala., April 14, 1955.

SEASON 1955-1956

**BRUCKNER**

IV Montreal Symphony Orchestra, Josef Krips, Conductor; Montreal, Ont., Nov. 15 and 17, 1955.

Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, Josef Krips, Conductor; Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 11 and 13, 1955.

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; Pittsburgh, Pa., Feb. 17 and 19, 1956.

Buffalo Symphony Orchestra, Josef Krips, Conductor; Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 19 and 21, 1956.

Buffalo Symphony Orchestra, Josef Krips, Conductor; Ottawa, Ont., March 12, 1956.

VII University of Michigan Symphony Orchestra, Josef Blatt, Conductor; Ann Arbor, Mich., Nov. 17, 1955.

Denver Symphony Orchestra, Saul Caston, Conductor; Denver, Colo., Nov. 29, 1955.

San Antonio Symphony Orchestra, Victor Alessandro, Conductor; San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 11, 1955.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Karl Boehm, Conductor; Chicago, Ill., Feb. 16 and 17, 1956.

**TE DEUM**

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, Conductor; Chicago, Ill., Hilde Gueden, Jennie Tourel, Leopold Simoneau, and Donald Gramm, Soloists; Jan. 19 and 20, 1956.

New York Concert Choir and Orchestra, Margaret Hillis, Conductor; Hilda Gueden, Gloria Sylvia, Harry Jacoby, and Robert Falk, Soloists; Town Hall, New York City, March 5, 1956.

Sacramento Philharmonic Orchestra, Fritz Berens, Conductor; Mary Tudor White, Irene Hooper, Alec Gould, Frank Pursell, Soloists; Sacramento Philharmonic Chorus; Sacramento, Calif., March 8, 1956.

**PRELUDE AND POSTLUDE ARRANGED FOR ORCHESTRA BY GANSTER**

Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Arthur Bennett Lipkin, Conductor; Mary Lou Robinson, Organist; Birmingham, Ala., March 8, 1956.

**QUARTET IN C MINOR**

La Salle String Quartet at the College of Music Conservatory, Cincinnati, Ohio, April 3, 1956. The American premiere of the Quartet was arranged by Dr. Martin G. Dumler, President of The Bruckner Society.

**F MINOR MASS**

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Josef Krips, Conductor; Naomi Farr, Nell Rankin, John Alexander, Kenneth Smith, Soloists; Cincinnati May Festival Chorus, Cincinnati, Ohio, May 7, 1956.

**E MINOR MASS**

Occidental College Summer Chorale, Allen C. Lannom, Conductor; Los Angeles, Calif., July 27, 1956.

**MAHLER**

I Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin, Conductor; Boston, Mass., Oct. 28 and 29, 1955.

- Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, Walter Kaufmann, Conductor; Winnipeg, Ontario, Canada, Feb. 9, 1956. First performance of a Mahler symphony by Winnipeg Symphony.
- Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, William Steinberg, Guest Conductor, Los Angeles, Calif., Feb. 9 and 10, 1956.
- Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, John Barnett, Conductor; Redlands, Calif., Feb. 13, 1956; Santa Barbara, Calif., Feb. 14, 1956; and San Diego, Calif., Feb. 16, 1956.
- Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Georg Solti, Conductor; Ravinia Park, Chicago, Ill., July 20, 1956.
- Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin, Conductor; Tanglewood, Mass., July 30, 1956.
- II Symphony of the Air, Leonard Bernstein, Conductor; Frances Yeend and Martha Lipton, Soloists; Schola Contorum, Hugh Ross, Director; New York City, Nov. 9, 1955.
- Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Blanche Thebom and Marlys Watters, Soloists; Rutgers University Chorus, Austin Walter, Director; Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 24 and 25, 1956. Last movement broadcast by CBS March 17, 1956.
- III Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor; Beatrice Krebs, Soloist; Westminster Choir, John Finley Williamson, Conductor; New York City, April 12, 13, and 15, 1956. The final performance was broadcast by CBS.
- IV Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, Peter Herman Adler, Conductor; Helen George, Soloist; Baltimore, Md., Feb. 15, 1956.
- V Kansai Symphony, Klaus Pringsheim, Conductor; Osaka, Japan, Oct. 10, 1955.
- Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; Pittsburgh, Pa., April 6 and 8, 1956.
- VIII Musashino College of Music Orchestra; Choir of Musashino College of Music; Pupils of Egota Primary School; Soloists: Kayoko Izaki, Tomoko Sugawara, Reiko Tokuyama, Sopranos; Sachiko Ogura, Setsuko Odano, Altos; Ryoe Kano, Tenor; Seichi Hayakawa, Baritone; Eishi Kawamura, Bass; Klaus Pringsheim, Conductor; Toyko, Dec. 5, 1955.
- Rochester Oratorio Society, Theodore Hollenbach, Conductor; Buffalo Schola Cantorum, Hans Vigeland, Conductor; Guido Male Chorus of Buffalo, N. Y., Herbert W. Beattie, Director; Monroe County Boys' Symphonic Choir, Charles Fowler, Conductor; Dolores Whyte, Nancy Cringoli, Patricia Berlin, Charlene Chadwick, Ray De Voil, William Duvall, Jon Vickers, Herbert Beattie, Soloists; Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Theodore Hollenbach, Conductor; Rochester, N. Y., April 28, 1956.
- DAS LIED VON DER ERDE**
- Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, Henry Sopkin, Conductor; Beverly Wolff and David Lloyd, Soloists; Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 22, 1955.
- KINDERTOTENLIEDER**
- Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; Marian Anderson, Soloist; Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 21 and 23, 1955.
- LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN**
- Seattle Symphony, Milton Katims, Conductor; Dorothy Cole Posch, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 9, 1955.
- Lincoln Symphony Orchestra, Leo Kopp, Conductor; Mildred Miller, Soloist; Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 10, 1956.
- Fordham University Glee Club Concert, Eudice Charney, Soloist; Town Hall, New York City, May 5, 1956.
- University of Iowa Symphony, James Dixon, Conductor; Herald Stark, Soloist; Iowa City, Iowa, June 28, 1956.

## SEASON 1956-1957

## BRUCKNER

- IV Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, Conductor; Chicago, Ill., Nov. 8, and 9, 1956.
- Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Arthur Bennett Lipkin, Conductor; Birmingham, Ala., Jan. 22, 1957.

- Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Philadelphia, Feb. 8, 9 and 25, 1957; Baltimore, Feb. 27, 1957; CBS broadcast, March 23, 1957.
- VII Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Carl Schuricht, Conductor; Washington, D. C., Nov. 5, 1956; New York City, Nov. 7, 1956; Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 13, 1956; Lafayette, Ind., Nov. 16, 1956; East Lansing, Mich., Nov. 19, 1956; Dayton, Ohio, Nov. 23, 1956; Boston, Mass., Dec. 2, 1956.
- Denver Businessmen's Orchestra, Antonia Brico, Conductor; Denver, Colo., Jan. 17, 1957.
- Mannes College of Music Orchestra, Carl Bamberger, Conductor; Dec. 19, 1956.
- IX Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Bruno Walter, Conductor; Feb. 7, 8, and 10, 1957. The last performance was broadcast over CBS.

**MAHLER**

*Finale (I)* Honolulu Symphony Orchestra, George Barati, Conductor; Youth Concert, Honolulu, Hawaii, Nov. 9, 1956.

- I Honolulu Symphony Orchestra, George Barati, Conductor; Honolulu, Hawaii, Nov. 18 and 20, 1956.

New Orleans Symphony, Alexander Hilsberg, Conductor; New Orleans, La., Nov. 27, 1956.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Chicago, Ill., Jan. 17 and 18, 1957.

- II Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Bruno Walter, Conductor; Westminster Choir, Dr. John Finley Williamson, Conductor; Maria Stader and Maureen Forerster, Soloists; New York City, Feb. 14, 15, and 17, 1957. The last performance was broadcast over CBS.

- IV Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Irmgard Seefried, Soloist; Los Angeles, Calif., Nov. 21 and 23, 1956.

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin, Conductor; Nancy Carr, Soloist; Boston, Mass., Jan. 4 and 5, 1957; Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1957; New York City, Jan. 12, 1957.

*Adagietto (V)* Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Arthur Bennett Lipkin, Conductor; All Request Program, Birmingham, Ala., March 12, 1957.

**NACHTMUSIKEN (VII)**

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 4 and 5, 1956.

**THREE SONGS FOR ORCHESTRA**

Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Irmgard Seefried, Soloist; Los Angeles, Calif., Nov. 21 and 23, 1956.

Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y., Bruno Walter, Conductor; Maria Stader, Soloist; New York City, Feb. 14 and 15, 1957.

**KINDERTOTENLIEDER**

Hartford Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Mahler, Conductor; Nan Merriman, Soloist; Hartford, Conn., Feb. 13, 1957.

**DAS LIED VON DER ERDE**

Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Eduard van Beinum, Conductor; Nan Merriman and Walter Fredericks, Soloists; Los Angeles, Calif., Jan. 10 and 11, 1957.

**FIVE SONGS**

Iowa City Civic Music Assoc., Lois Marshall, Soloist; Weldon Kilburn, Pianist; Iowa City, Iowa, March 1, 1957.

Birmingham Music Club, Lois Marshall, Soloist; Weldon Kilburn, Pianist; Birmingham, Ala., March 30, 1957.

**LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN**

Cedar Rapids Symphony, Henry Denecke, Conductor; Betty Allen, Soloist; Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Jan. 28, 1957.

Philadelphia Orchestra, Thor Johnson, Conductor; Rise Stevens, Soloist; University of Michigan May Festival, Ann Arbor, Mich., May 5, 1957.

## EMPIRE STATE FESTIVAL PRESENTS ELEKTRA

JULY 11, 13, 19, 1957

At City Center, Laszlo Halasz accomplished the seemingly impossible. Few would, perhaps, have been bold enough to stage *Salome* under even more promising circumstances; yet City Center's production of *Salome* with Brenda Lewis in the title role proved to be among the most thrilling performances of this masterpiece in the memory of this writer (See CHORD AND DISCORD 1948 issue).

The Empire State Festival Board demonstrated its pioneering spirit when it sanctioned the production of *Elektra*, one of the most difficult works in the literature of music drama, under Halasz' direction with the young American singer, Virginia Copeland, making her first appearance in the extremely exacting role of Elektra after having been coached by Halasz for several weeks. Previously she had sung the title role in Menotti's *The Saint of Bleacker Street*.

Like *Salome*, *Elektra* requires a conductor, a stage director, and singers of unusual intelligence and insight as well as an excellent orchestra. That these prerequisites had, on the whole, been met and that the singing actors and orchestra had been well rehearsed by the conductor, Laszlo Halasz, and the stage director, Leopold Sachse, was evident from the teamwork on the stage and the playing of the orchestra. It may be noted that each participant looked his or her part and, in general, acted in such a manner as to make each role believable. This may be said of Virginia Copeland, the neurotic Elektra with her feline-like gestures and facial expressions (though at times her movements seemed somewhat mechanical and her gesticulating overdone), of Ellen Faull, the Chrysothemis, the womanly sister of Elektra and Orestes, of Elisabeth Höngen, the corrupt guilt-laden Klytemnestra (mother of Elektra, Orestes, and Chrysothemis), of Orestes and Aegisthus, as well as of those who portrayed minor roles. Among the latter Mary Judd and Marc Flynn deserve special favorable mention.

Virginia Copeland gave a vivid portrayal of the brooding Greek heroine. Ghastly pale, filled with hatred of her mother, thinking only of avenging the murder of her father, Agamemnon, by Klytemnestra and Aegisthus, she, nevertheless, aroused pity on the part of the listener in the moving scenes with Chrysothemis and Orestes. She can sing softly and magnificently as was shown in the passage (among others) where she tells her mother: "you yourself are a goddess, you are like them (the gods)". When, however, the waves of sound surged forth from the orchestra pit, her beautiful voice carried into the audience. Miss Copeland is a singer who should make her mark.

Ellen Faull, already well-known to American audiences, deserves great praise for her interpretation of the timid, human Chrysothemis, who gains sympathy just because of these qualities. Her impassioned plea to Elektra to forego her hatred of their mother so that she and Elektra might be freed from their miserable existence in the servants' quarters of the palace was a highlight of each of the three performances which this writer attended. At the

second performance there was a spontaneous outburst of applause toward the end of the scene. Such outbursts at the wrong time are always very annoying.

The Klytemnestsra of Elisabeth Höngen was by far the most convincing characterization. One could understand practically every word; there were no superfluous gestures; her every movement had meaning. Her plea to Elektra for her help in her predicament: her description of her suffering caused by her fear and her feeling of guilt:\* her expression of malevolent triumph: these were memorable moments in performances that remained on a high level from the opening bars to the end.

Michael Bondon, the Orestes and Marcello Di Giovanni, the Aegisthus, interpreted their respective roles well.

The Symphony of the Air proved itself equal to the great demands made upon it by the extraordinary score. From the first bar to the end of this relentless tragedy its role is as important as the action on the stage. Under Halasz' direction it lived up to the enviable reputation it had established during broadcasts extending over many years. What a pity that radio audiences have been deprived of hearing this outstanding orchestra!

The Empire State Festival Board may look back with pride upon this daring undertaking, which received tremendous ovations from the audience at each performance, and one may hope that it will keep alive its pioneering spirit by repeating *Elektra* and producing such masterpieces as *Salome*, *Otello* and *Boris* in the not too distant future.

ROBERT G. GREY

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\* "and between day and night when I lie with eyes open, something creeps over me; it is not a mood, it is not a pain, it does not press me, it does not choke me, it is nothing, not even a nightmare, and yet it is so terrible that my soul craves to be hanged and every bone in me cries out for death and yet I live and am not even ill."

STOKOWSKI CONDUCTS CANTICUM SACRUM  
AND CARMINA BURANA

EMPIRE STATE MUSIC FESTIVAL  
ELLENVILLE, NEW YORK

Leopold Stokowski ventured and won again at the Empire State Festival last night. He dared to pit two contrasting choral works against each other, neither known in these hills, and drew the largest crowd of the season through the magic of his name.

He was in his element. He had the Eastern U. S. premiere of Stravinsky's "Canticum Sacrum" to bewilder his audience and Orff's "Carmina Burana" to electrify it. That he did both successfully—with the symphony of the air, three soloists and the American Concert Choir—may be an old story but it is nevertheless stimulating.

Both scores are extraordinary for opposite reasons. The Stravinsky is the product of an ivory-towered attitude, aloof from human contact. The Orff springs from the people and is as earthy as anything could be. The Stravinsky expresses orderliness even when cacophonous. The Orff bubbles with variety and never hesitates to be obvious when the text demands it.

Many other contrasts could be detailed; such as, the workmanship in Stravinsky's counterpoint and the ingenious sensibilities of Orff's rhythms: the sophistication of Stravinsky and the worldliness of Orff. Both looked backwards — Stravinsky to the 14th Century for his canonic technique; Orff to the 13th Century for his texts. Orff appears to have been the more inspired by what he found.

Stravinsky's sacred song in honor of St. Mark is in five parts, punctuated by organ transitions. It uses a tenor and baritone soloist, chorus, and an orchestra minus clarinets, horns, violins, and cellos. It is 12-tone and sparsely orchestrated. Performed twice, it courted admiration for its craftsmanship but left this listener cold.

Orff's secular songs are 20 years young. From its dynamic opening to its brilliant close, "Carmina Burana" vibrated with life and wit and intensity. To hear it with Stokowski was a thrilling experience. The chorus outdid itself and the soloists, Ellen Faull, Rudolf Petrak, and Philip Maero served admirably, while the orchestra was as theatrically brilliant as possible. This concert of the "sublime" to the renegade, of the esoteric to the erotic, turned out to be an artistic triumph, thanks to Stokowski. It will be repeated tomorrow night.

— MILES KASTENDIECK  
New York Journal-American  
July 19, 1957

Opposite poles of contemporary creative practice were juxtaposed at Thursday's concert of the Empire State Music Festival.

The advanced, sophisticated way of Igor Stravinsky and the return to a

kind of rude primitivism as exemplified by Carl Orff were confronted on this program, conducted by Leopold Stokowski. They offered an absorbing contrast in the divergent approaches being taken by composers of our time in an effort to achieve fresh meaningfulness. And, of course, these are only two approaches; there are quite a few others.

Mr. Stravinsky, who at 75 may be justifiably termed an old master, has tried more different approaches than any living composer of his stature. He remains an amazing figure. For in the "Canticum Sacrum," which had its first performance in the East at Thursday's concert, he continues to be eager and youthful in his exploration of compositional devices.

The "Canticum Sacrum," which was written last year for the Venice Festival and which had its American premiere in Los Angeles last month, employs the twelve-tone technique. But Stravinsky could not touch any technique without placing the imprint of his own personality on it. In this work based on a sacred text he has given the serial technique an individual cast. He does not use it throughout the piece. And when he does, his ideas come closer to those of Webern than of any other dodecaphonist.

The writing is spare in texture. Violins, 'cellos, clarinets and horns are dispensed with. The instruments remaining in the orchestra are treated with the greatest economy. A few notes here, a short phrase there, but only rarely massed instrumental blocks. The chorus has impressive sections at the beginning and end, with the latter section employing the material of the former in retrograde motion. The baritone and tenor soloists are woven into the work with subtlety of design.

This nineteen-minute work is difficult to play and difficult to absorb. After conducting the piece, Mr. Stokowski suggested to the audience that in view of the music's complexity, a second hearing might help to make it clearer. He asked whether the listeners would like a repeat performance. The applause encouraged him to go ahead.

After these successive performances a woman was heard to say, "That was a good idea, I liked it better the second time." On the other hand, a young man remarked "It was as bad the second time as the first."

To this listener the "Canticum Sacrum" seemed a significant work. There is a searching expressive content in it. The idiom is austere on the surface, but underneath there is a touching, devotional mood. Mr. Stravinsky seems to reach special heights in his works on religious themes; witness the Symphony of Psalms and the Mass.

Mr. Stokowski conducted both performances with sovereign control and sympathy. The Symphony of the Air played well, and the American Concert Choir did a good job. Philip Maero, baritone, and Rudolf Petak, tenor, sang the difficult solo parts effectively.

In Orff's "Carmina Burana" the soloists were joined by Ellen Faull, soprano, who sang with sensitivity and delicacy of nuance. Mr. Stokowski gave this work with its almost overwhelming emphasis on rhythm a vital colorful performance. But brilliant as it was, it could not conceal the limitations of Orff's musical philosophy.

—HOWARD TAUBMAN  
New York Times  
July 19, 1957

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

HERBERT ANTCLIFFE is an English writer on music and art who has lived for many years in Holland. He has contributed articles on these subjects to the *London Times*, *New York Herald-Tribune*, *Musical Quarterly*, *Music and Letters* and many other newspapers and periodicals. He acted as editor of the Netherlands articles in Cobbett's *Cyclopedic Survey of Chamber Music* and is responsible for many articles on Dutch (and other) music in two editions of *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. His books include *Art, Religion and Clothes*, *Living Music*, *Short Studies in the Nature of Music* and *Muzik in Europa na Wagner*. He also is the composer of a number of church motets, some of which are published in the United States. He has been honored by Queen Wilhelmina with the Order of Officer of Orange Nassau for his work on behalf of Dutch music and by King George with a pension for his work on behalf of that of his own country.

JACK DIETHER lives in New York's Greenwich Village with his ceramicist wife and son (named after Bruckner), writing musical, dramatic and psychological articles and preparing a book on Mahler's works.

PARKS GRANT was born in a suburb of Cleveland in 1910. He has contributed frequently to CHORD AND DISCORD since the issue of March, 1934. At present he is Associate Professor of Music at the University of Mississippi at Oxford, Miss., where he is a fellow-townsmen of William Faulkner, the noted author. Dr. Grant has also taught at Temple University, Louisiana State University, and elsewhere.

He is a composer of note as well as a writer on music. Some indication of his versatility may be gained by pointing out that he is the author of a textbook for classroom teachers in the elementary school, relative to the teaching of music to young children; entitled *Music for Elementary Teachers*, it has been used in over two hundred colleges and universities.

DONALD MITCHELL is a music critic, born in London in 1925. His books include *Benjamin Britten*, co-edited with Hans Keller, 1952; *The Mozart Companion*, co-edited with H. C. Robbins Landon, 1956; *Mozart. A Short Biography*, 1956. At present he is working on the life and works of Mahler and a study of contemporary music. For many years he was London music critic for *The Musical Times*, in addition to contributing criticism to *The Times* and *Daily Telegraph*. He is a busy broadcaster.

DIKA NEWLIN was born in Portland, Oregon, in 1924, and holds a B. A. degree from Michigan State University, M. A. from the University of California, and Ph. D. in musicology from Columbia University (1945). Her work in California included three years of study with Schoenberg. At present Associate Professor of Music at Drew University, Miss Newlin held previous teaching positions at Western Maryland College and Syracuse University. While her greatest enthusiasm is composing, and her compositions have won equal success with her writing, Miss Newlin is best known for her book, *Bruckner-Mahler-Schoenberg*. In addition to this now standard work, she has translated Leibowitz's *Schoenberg and his School* and Schoenberg's *Style and Idea*. She has written for many periodicals including *Musical Quarterly*, *Saturday Review of Literature*, etc.

KLAUS PRINGSHEIM. See pages 114-116.

KLAUS GEORGE ROY was born in Vienna, Austria, in 1924. His early studies in music theory and piano were with the composer Frederick C. Schreiber, who now lives in New York. Mr. Roy came to this country in 1940. A graduate of Boston University and Harvard University with the degrees of Mus.B. and A.M., he was a student of Karl Geiringer in musicology and of Walter Piston in composition. Since 1948 librarian of the Boston University College of Music, he is also a contributing music critic to *The Christian Science Monitor*. Mr. Roy currently teaches courses in music criticism and composition at Boston University and gives radio broadcasts in various series. He is at present working on a book on the music of Walter Piston. Among his more than 70

sets of annotations for long-playing disks, there are several on works by Bruckner: the Fourth, Seventh, and Eighth symphonies. The majority of his compositions are in the media of vocal and chamber music; many of his choral pieces have been published and widely performed, and his first opera was recently premiered on television.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, born in Brookline, Mass., succeeded Olin Downes as Music Editor of the *Boston Post*, now discontinued. He has been a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory since 1922 where he teaches the history and theory of music.

Among American artistic developments of recent years the rebirth of interest in the music of Bruckner and Mahler is second to none in significance. When *The Bruckner Society of America* was founded on January 4, 1931, performances of these two composers by our major musical organizations were not merely rare, but also ineffectual, because American music-lovers had no adequate approach to the proper appreciation of the art of either Bruckner or Mahler. Therefore the *Society*, having adopted as its chief aim the fulfillment of this void, published the first biographies of these composers in English and issued a magazine, **CHORD AND DISCORD**, devoted almost entirely to discussions of their works.

The *Society* solicits the cooperation of all who are interested in furthering this aim. Inquiries concerning membership may be directed to Robert G. Grey, Executive Secretary, 697 West End Avenue, New York 25, New York.

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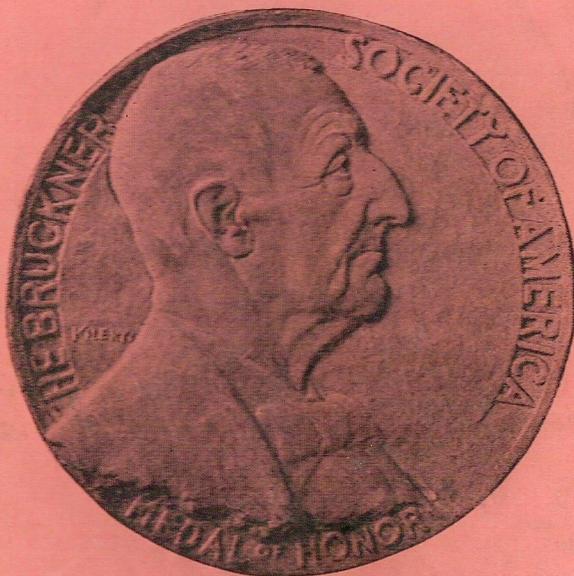
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# CHORD AND DISCORD

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THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

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1960

*Jack Diethe*

## IN MEMORIAM

MARTIN G. DUMLER

President of the Bruckner Society of America

Martin G. Dumler was born in Cincinnati on December 22, 1868, less than four years after Lee had surrendered at Appomattox.

His rise in the business world reminds one of a Horatio Alger story. In 1883 he gave up the munificent salary of five dollars a week to become the office boy for the Cincinnati firm, Chatfield & Woods Sack Company, at four dollars a week, because he was promised a better chance of advancement—a promise that was fulfilled and culminated in his election to the presidency of the firm in 1929, the office which he held at the time of his death.

His talents were not confined to business for he was also a painter and a musician. Some of his paintings have been exhibited in museums. Paintings, a number of them his own, hung on the walls of his home and of his office in the modern factory of Chatfield & Woods Sack Co. The idea of building a modern factory originated with Dr. Dumler.

Music was an integral part of his life. For many years he led the choir of St. Francis de Sales Church where he began his musical training as a choir boy. He led the choir for the last time at the Midnight Mass, Christmas 1957, after he had passed his eighty-ninth birthday. The music for the Mass had been composed by him.

Dr. Dumler attended Xavier University in Cincinnati. He received his formal musical education at the College of Music in Cincinnati, where he studied voice, harmony and composition. He was graduated in 1901. To honor a distinguished alumnus on the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation, the College gave a concert devoted entirely to music composed by him.

The Rose F. and Samuel B. Sachs Prize was awarded to him for his *Ballet Scenes* performed by the Cincinnati Symphony during the season 1943-1944.

Although Dr. Dumler composed in various forms, he is best known for his settings to music of religious texts. His *Missa Latreutica* was recommended by the Society of St. Gregory in America as a model of liturgical music for the Roman Catholic Church. His *Stabat Mater* and *Te Deum* were performed at the Cincinnati May Festivals in 1935 and 1946 respectively. After the premiere of the *Stabat Mater*, A. Walter Kramer, *Musical America*, wrote in part:

Dr. Dumler writes with remarkable naturalness, with a sure hand in his choral parts, contrapuntal dexterity, and a really admirable feeling for orchestral investiture.

In the opinion of the late Gabriel Engel, editor of *CHORD AND DISCORD* and contributor to the *Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians*, "the

unqualified success of this extended composition at an important concert performance stamps it as a work of universal art, a significant contribution of our own day to that proud, slender array of thoroughly human super-ritual scores that have found few worthy companions since the great religious compositions of Bruckner."

In May 1946, Mr. Howard W. Hess, *Cincinnati Times Star*, made the following observations:

The premiere of Martin Dumler's *Te Deum* proved that work to be one filled with rich chromatic harmonies, splendid climaxes, complicated polyphonic writing, rich orchestral scoring and judicious use of the organ for special effects. . . .

Dumler is an amazing man with many talents and his *Te Deum* was a powerful expression of a heart filled with praise.

Dr. Dumler's admiration for Bruckner dates from his stay in Vienna when he was twenty-one years old. There he heard Bruckner's music for the first time and became an ardent Brucknerite. His efforts brought about the American premiere of Bruckner's F-Minor Mass in St. Francis de Sales Church on July 15, 1900. Dr. Dumler participated in that performance.

In 1907, Dr. Dumler met Mahler in Vienna. He never forgot a magnificent performance of *Tristan* under Mahler's direction. Furthermore, he developed an interest in Mahler, the composer, and became a champion of Mahler's music in this country when Mahler was still extremely unpopular.

To further the aims of the Bruckner Society of America, an organization founded primarily to create greater interest in and appreciation of the music of Bruckner and Mahler, Dr. Dumler gave unstintingly of himself. Due to his efforts, works by these neglected masters were included in programs of the Cincinnati Symphony and the May Festivals, among them Bruckner's *Third* and *Seventh* symphonies and the *Te Deum* as well as Mahler's *Resurrection* and monumental *Eighth* symphonies. In his capacity as President of the Society, he presented the Bruckner Medals of Honor, designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the Society, to Eugene Goossens, Josef Krips, and the late Fritz Busch in recognition of their work to create a better understanding of the music of the neglected Austrian master. Dr. Dumler's enthusiasm never flagged.

Dr. Dumler was not only a creative artist but also an active member of a number of organizations. He was a member of the Executive Committee of the Society of St. Gregory in America, a member of the Board of Directors of the Cincinnati Musical Festival Association and for a number of years Chairman of its Executive Committee. He was Vice President of the College of Music, a member of the Salmagundi Club, and an active member of the Cincinnati Arts Club.

In 1924, the College of Music bestowed an honorary M. A. degree upon him, ten years later an honorary Mus.D. In 1927, he received an honorary LL.D. from Xavier University.

An outstanding success in the business world, a composer, a painter, a patron of music and art, a respected member of his community and known far beyond its borders, Martin G. Dumler impressed those who knew him with his modesty, his gentleness, his deep religious convictions. He was an outstanding personality.

This issue of *Chord and Discord*  
is dedicated to the memory of  
DR. MARTIN G. DUMLER  
whose activities in and devotion to  
The Bruckner Society of America, Inc.,  
for over a quarter of a century enhanced  
the effectiveness of its work.

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CHARLES L. EBLE, Editor

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## THE CYCLIC PRINCIPLE IN MUSICAL DESIGN, AND THE USE OF IT BY BRUCKNER AND MAHLER

by WARREN STOREY SMITH

In his almost embarrassingly adulatory study of César Franck that master's pupil, disciple, and relentless propagandist, Vincent d'Indy, had this to say of the Violin Sonata of 1886: "From this moment cyclical form, the basis of modern symphonic art was created and consecrated."<sup>1</sup> That a musician of d'Indy's stature and scholarship could have made a pronouncement so palpably false is hardly less astonishing than the fact that so many have been willing to accept it. It only goes to show, as Adolf Hitler said, only he put it somewhat differently, that if a misstatement is sufficiently erroneous it will receive general credence. There is, of course, cyclic treatment in the Sonata, but it is the sort of thing that has to be ferreted out: it does not, so to speak, strike you in the face, as does the literal transference of thematic and melodic material in the D minor Symphony, begun in the same year and completed two years later. Thanks to this bald and obvious instance of movement interrelation — and also to d'Indy — "the cyclic form of Franck" is a catchphrase that has since been on the lips of far too many writers, teachers, and today radio commentators, who no doubt get the idea from the notes on the record envelope. To be sure, a new school of musicology has been showing us that the method in question antedated Franck, and his followers, not by years but by centuries, yet the attribution of it to him still persists.

It was in 1886 that d'Indy himself produced, in what bids fair to be the most enduring of his works, the *Symphony on a French Mountain Air*, for orchestra and piano, in which the chief theme of each movement is a most ingenious variant of the haunting folk tune stated in the Introduction; and there is another cyclic quirk, reference to which will be made later. Now it was the variation, not merely of a theme but of a whole piece or movement, that, to make a poor pun of it, started the cyclic ball rolling. As far back as the fourteenth century we find, in the so-called *Lamento di Tristano* and *La Manfredina*, two "dances" for solo viola, the second of which is a variation of the first, although both are in triple meter.<sup>2</sup> However, in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, there appeared, under various titles, paired dances, the first in slow double meter and the second a faster variant of it in triple. Along with the familiar pavane and galliard<sup>3</sup> came other designations.

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<sup>1</sup> *César Franck*, John Lane, London and New York, 1910, p. 171.

<sup>2</sup> These dances (and other pieces to be discussed presently) are shown in Arnold Schering's *Geschichte der Musik in Beispielen*, Leipzig, 1931, No. 28.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, Nos. 91 and 134.

While these duplex compositions were generally written for lute or clavier, Schering shows a Ronde and Saltarello by Tilman Susato for four instruments.<sup>4</sup> Since, in connection with the Bruckner Fifth, I shall be referring to the German *Tanz* and *Nachtanz*, I am calling the reader's attention to a delightful specimen presented by Carl Parrish and John F. Ohl in their *Masterpieces of Music Before 1750*, with the dual names *Der Prinzen-Tanz*; *Proportz*.<sup>5</sup> Incidentally, it takes two measures of the second to make one of the first, as it does in the case of the Bruckner movements.

From the paired dances, which could also be thematically independent, there evolved, quite naturally, the suite of dances; and here too we find the variation idea, whether applying to some or to all of the movements.<sup>6</sup> To look ahead momentarily, Karl Geiringer, in his *Haydn, a Creative Life In Music*,<sup>7</sup> while in the process of discussing the six *Feldpartiten*, composed in the 1780s, quite rightly gives special consideration to the one in B-flat, the second movement of which is based on the old Austrian pilgrims' song, "Chorale St. Antonii," destined to be appropriated by Brahms for his "Haydn" Variations. Dr. Geiringer, who edited the piece in 1932, observes that the four movements are melodically related and that three of them are, in effect, variations on the aforesaid Chorale. He points out that this procedure looks both backward to the old German variation suite, of the seventeenth century, and forward to the "cyclical form," of the nineteenth.

The temptation to linger unduly over these origins is one that I shall sternly resist, contenting myself with the general statement that the principle of unification, integration, or whatever you wish to call it, was also applied by the seventeenth century composers in their canzonas, sonatas, etc. Those who wish to pursue the matter further are herewith referred to *The Harvard Dictionary of Music* by Willi Apel<sup>8</sup> where they are discussed under the respective headings of Cyclic form and Variation; to *The Harvard Anthology of Music*, by Davison and Apel,<sup>9</sup> where they will find an instructive example of the variation canzona; and to *The Sonata in the Baroque Era*, by William S. Newman.<sup>10</sup> The last-named treatise pays considerable attention to the matter of similar beginnings, or incipits, extending for from two to six measures, and this practice was continued to a certain extent by both Bach and Handel.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 119.

<sup>5</sup> W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., New York, 1951, No. 22.

<sup>6</sup> See Schering Nos. 157 and 207. See also in Vol. 1 of Schirmer's *Early Keyboard Music*, Louis Oesterle, ed., the Third Suite of Kuhnau, in which the *Courante* is a variation of the *Allemande*.

<sup>7</sup> W. W. Norton, 1946, p. 257.

<sup>8</sup> Harvard University Press, 1947.

<sup>9</sup> Harvard University Press, 1950.

<sup>10</sup> University of North Carolina Press, 1957, esp. pp. 77-79.

<sup>11</sup> Compare the *Allemande* and *Anglaise* in Bach's French Suite in B minor, No. 3, and the *Polonaise* and *Minuet* (imitation by inversion) in the E major suite, No. 6. As for Handel, note the pointed resemblance between the *Allemande* and *Courante* in the D minor Suite (No. 4 of the second set) and the more fleeting resemblance between the *Minuet* and *Gavott* in No. 8.

The abundance of cyclical treatment in the Baroque era was countered by a comparative dearth of it in the succeeding Classical period — that is, until we come to Beethoven — though prying eyes will always unearth thematic resemblances, some of them, undoubtedly, fortuitous. There can, however, be no uncertainty regarding Haydn's intent, when in the string quartets Opp. 20, No. 4 and 76, No. 5 he begins two successive movements with the same four notes. And observe in the quartet Op. 50, No. 6, nicknamed "The Frog," the striking similarity between the Trio of the Minuet and the first theme of the Finale.

It was unquestionably the example of Beethoven that prompted his successors to continue in the same direction, and I shall note cases where his cyclic methods were deliberately copied. Many have called attention, in the *Pathétique* Sonata to the identity of the four notes that begin, respectively, the second theme of the first movement and the chief theme of the Rondo; but to trace this motive back to the Introduction, as some have done, seems farfetched. Let us rather pass to the *Sonata Quasi una Fantasia*, Op. 27, No. 1, where the expected final statement of the Rondo theme<sup>12</sup> is replaced by a six-bar reminiscence of the theme of the preceding Adagio. We have here, by the way, an interesting anticipation of Franck's trick, in the Finale of his Symphony, of replacing the second theme, in the recapitulation, with the chief theme of the Allegretto. And in this he was anticipated by d'Indy (see above) in the aforementioned *Symphonie Cevenole*, only the latter uses, not the chief theme of the middle movement, but the second subject.

To return to Beethoven, he tried this interpolation scheme twice more, but not with the idea of replacing a theme with one from an earlier movement. In the Fifth Symphony we are returned, in the course of the Finale, to the second part of the Scherzo (which is generally considered to be derived from the "Fate" theme of the first movement); and in the Sonata, Op. 110, the progress of the final fugue is interrupted by an extensive flashback to the Adagio. These are not just fleeting reminiscences, like the return of a few measures of the chief theme of the first movement of Op. 101, *en route* from the broken-off Adagio to the Finale. Presumably Schumann had this one in mind when he did the same thing in his Piano Concerto.

The threefold reminiscence in the Finale of the Ninth deserves a paragraph to itself, since it was deliberately copied by Berlioz, in his *Harold in Italy*, by Bruckner, in his Fifth Symphony, and also by our friend Franck in his String Quartet. In order to appreciate fully how his imitators handled the situation — and my later concern will be with Berlioz and Bruckner only — it may be well to review Beethoven's procedure, familiar as it is to concert goers and record fans. The dissonant chord with which the movement opens is disgustingly rejected by the cellos and basses, in recitative. To placate them, if that is the word, the composer then proffers fragments of the preceding three movements, which are also turned down, but with diminishing degrees

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<sup>12</sup> While not labelled Rondo, this Finale is clearly in the sonata-rondo form, with a development section replacing the second subordinate theme.

of disapprobation. Then comes a hint of the "Ode to Joy" tune, upon which the objectors-to-everything else gleefully pounce. It will be seen that of his imitators Bruckner came closer than did Berlioz to copying Beethoven's particular method.

Before parting with Beethoven I must mention the suggestion made by Paul Henry Lang, in his monumental *Music in Western Civilization*,<sup>13</sup> that in the second, third and fourth of the last five quartets we find the cyclic unity applying not merely to movements but to successive works. He finds something of the sort in the three quartets of Opus 59 but not, as in Opp. 130-132, carried to the point of "thematic and rhythmic concordance."

Since I am trying to observe a strict chronology, my next man is Schubert, who in the "Wanderer" Fantasy wrote the first piece of 19th century music to have the chief theme of every movement derived from the same motive. Moreover, the Trio of the Scherzo is plainly taken from the second episode in the first movement. Schubert was not as a rule a theme quoter, but he also did it, and with brilliant success, in the Finale of the E-flat Trio, Op. 100. Writes Robert Haven Schauffler, in his *Franz Schubert; the Ariel of Music*:<sup>14</sup> "The organic incorporation into it of the first theme of the slow movement . . . was a more important pioneer innovation than were the inorganic quotations from previous movements in Beethoven's Fifth and Choral Symphonies." While generally content to let whole themes remain where they originated, Schubert was quite decidedly a motive manipulator. Some have found in the three ascending tones that begin each of his last two symphonies the seeds, not only of their first movements, but of all that follows. The statement has been made that the last quartets are similarly unified, which is a little harder to prove, but it is not difficult to find strong family resemblances: as between the chief themes of the first, third, and fourth movements of the G minor, No. 9, and those of all the movements in its immediate successor. Beyond question there are many who have failed to take Schubert as seriously as he deserves. This "improviser" had a strong sense of organization, observable in all of his major works, if not in quite everything that he wrote.

Reference has already been made to the *Harold* of Berlioz, but in returning to it I am going to treat of it and the *Symphonie Fantastique* simultaneously, since Berlioz himself has done so. In writing about *Harold* he has this to say: "As in the *Symphonie Fantastique*, one principal theme (the first strain of the viola) is reproduced throughout the work, but with this difference, that in the *Symphonie Fantastique* the theme — the *idée fixe* — obtrudes itself obstinately, in scenes wholly foreign to it, whilst *Harold's* strain is superadded to the other orchestral strains, with which it contrasts both in movement and in character, without hindering their development." (We have here the articulate

<sup>13</sup> W. W. Norton, 1941, p. 770.

<sup>14</sup> G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1949, p. 211. The issue is put even more strongly by J. A. Westrup, who says of this Finale: "The one redeeming feature is the quotation of the theme from the slow movement, a reminiscence so beautifully contrived that it makes the rest of the movement seem all the more tawdry." *The Music of Schubert*, Gerald Abraham, ed., Norton, 1947, p. 104.

composer, who saves us the trouble of figuring out such matters for ourselves!) As for the reminiscences in the Finale, not only are they referred to in the double title of that movement, *Orgy of the Brigands: Memories of past scenes*, they are identified in the score and are somewhat more extensive than the corresponding *souvenirs*, as Berlioz terms them, in the Beethoven Ninth and the Bruckner Fifth. Not content with these flashbacks, Berlioz has an extra one just before the close, when two violins and a cello, "in the wings," play very softly a fragment of the "Pilgrims' March." This is immediately overcome by the music of the Orgy, as were all of the reminiscences at the beginning of the movement — that was not the method of Beethoven, nor of Bruckner. The cyclic plan of the *Fantastique* has already been mentioned, namely, the appearance of the *idée fixe*, or theme of the Beloved, in each of the five movements. Having served as the principal subject of the opening one, it forms an integral part of the second and fifth and is significantly quoted in the other two. Sometimes referred to as a *Leitmotiv*, it would be more properly described as a "leading melody"; and in changing its character the way he does, Berlioz steals a march on Liszt, whose own specialty was the ingenious metamorphosis of themes. He may even have put an idea in Wagner's head, but would not permit the latter to repay him. A revolutionist in some respects, he was a timid conservative in others. But without him, music would not have been the same.

Of the three remaining Romantic symphonists — Wagner's immature attempt hardly counts him as one — Mendelssohn is chronologically the first and, cyclically speaking, the least. There are, however, interesting and even prophetic features of the sort in the "Scotch" Symphony. The genuinely expressive Introduction begins, as does the theme above referred to in the *Pathétique* of Beethoven, with the "How dry I am" figure in minor. From it comes the chief theme of the first movement, which, since it is combined with the second subject, is much in evidence throughout the movement, at the end of which the first part of the Introduction returns. This four-note motive, a fact overlooked by most commentators, also begins the chief theme of the scherzo-like second movement. It is given a rest in the Adagio and the Finale-proper; but it is played up in what is sometimes called the independent coda, commonly held to be a reminder of the Introduction. We can add to all this the marked similarity between the second themes of the first and final movements, both of which begin (as does the Introduction) with an ascending fourth. To the last-named we might easily apply the term "basic interval," given by Fritz Stiedry to its omnipresent counterpart in the First Symphony of Mahler.

If our musical mentors would change their slogan and talk about the cyclic form of Schumann it would make more sense; while to say the cyclic form of Schumann and Liszt would be even more accurate — but I am getting ahead of my story. The D minor Symphony, composed in 1841, and actually the second of Schumann's four published works in the form, was put aside for ten years, given an overhauling, chiefly in the matter of orchestration, and presented to the world as No. 4. We must therefore disregard the so-called Second and describe it as Schumann's first, and altogether remarkable, attempt at the

yclic design. In that respect it went far ahead of anything that had been done before and of most that has appeared since. It is, in fact, one of the most closely and cleverly integrated scores ever written. That it has seldom received its due may be attributed to a general lack of regard for its composer in academic circles, where, by the way, Liszt is held in even lower esteem. Apparently intimidated by the unconventional nature of the work, Schumann decided to call it a "Symphonic Fantasy," and on its eventual appearance dubbed it an "Introduction, Allegro, Romanza, Scherzo and Finale in One Movement." As for the cyclic details, the Introduction reappears as the "B" theme in the Romanza and, attractively embellished, as the "C" theme as well. In the latter form, with a subtle rhythmic change, it makes the Trio of the Scherzo, while from its inversion was derived the chief theme of the Scherzo itself. Furthermore, the principal subject of the Allegro, which dominates most of that movement, serves as a bridge between the Scherzo and Finale, the chief theme of which, having the Allegro's main motive in the bass, was first presented in that movement's working-out section! In its successor, which we call No. 2, here is again an introduction that provides material for subsequent use. An initial "motto" is heard in every movement but the Adagio third; and its chief theme, inverted, is prominent in the finale. Another one of the several episodes of which this freely-constructed movement is comprised comes from a motive in the Introduction that also figures in the bridge-passage in the ensuing Allegro.

These are all prophetic touches, especially this matter of thematic inversion, a favorite device of Bruckner, and one by no means ignored by Mahler. And there is one more that must still be noted: at the end of the Piano Quintet the chief theme of the first movement is combined with that of the Finale, a case, says Robert Haven Schauffler,<sup>15</sup> of the serpent biting its own tail. It will bite its tail again in the Bruckner Fifth and Eighth, and as for bringing back the chief theme of the first movement at the end of the work, that then-novel procedure looks forward collectively to the Bruckner Symphonies Nos. 3-8, the Brahms Third, the Tchaikovsky Fifth, the Mahler Seventh and Eighth, and the "New World" Symphony of Dvorak, not to mention the Franck D minor.

If Franck was committed to the cyclic design as a matter of principle, so too was Liszt. Whatever may be thought of the latter's music *qua* music, and widely divergent estimates of it have always existed, it cannot be gainsaid that he was one of the great innovators in the domains of harmony and form, especially the latter. He was the inventor of the symphonic poem, the basic idea of which was that the program should determine the design. But bear in mind that such pieces are necessarily "formless" only in the eyes of those who, to quote Ernest Newman,<sup>16</sup> confuse form with formalism. Liszt's sense of form was, in fact, highly developed, and his reliance on the cyclic principle followed quite naturally. We find this thematically-integrated structure in the Piano So-

<sup>15</sup> *Florestan: The Life and Work of Robert Schumann*, Henry Holt & Co., New York, 1945, p. 474.

<sup>16</sup> *Strauss*, John Lane, 1908, p. 54.

nata and the two Concertos; in the *Dante Symphony*, so far as its two movement scheme permits, and above all, in his masterpiece, *A Faust Symphony in three character pieces (after Goethe): 1. Faust; 2. Gretchen; 3. Mephistopheles.*

Those who deny that this astonishing work is a symphony at all should be reminded that the first movement is in sonata form, a structural routine with which Liszt ordinarily dispenses, probably one reason for the horror with which he is regarded by the pedants. This initial movement presents five themes, four of which reappear tellingly in the second, which presents two themes of its own. Seeing Mephistopheles as "the spirit that denies," Liszt cunningly portrayed him with what might be called "brimstone" versions of the Faust themes (all but one). The first Gretchen theme comes back, but unaltered, since Mephistopheles had no power over her; and it is made the basis of the tenor solo that adorns the final male chorus on Goethe's "Alles Vergänglichliche," an optional ending added three years later (1857) which, unfortunately, is sometimes omitted, both in performance and in records. The real point is that the Finale has, for all practical purposes, no themes of its own,<sup>17</sup> a bold stroke indeed, but anticipated in the First Piano Concerto, the Finale of which flows into new song at the very end. I have seen the statement made, in a supposedly authoritative book of reference, that Saint-Saëns got the idea of his cyclical Third Symphony from Franck. Actually, this work for organ and orchestra preceded the Symphony of Franck, and it is a perfectly safe assumption that both composers were indebted to Liszt in the matter, as they were in their own decidedly Lisztian tone poems. Before parting with Liszt, I should like to suggest that he was essentially a composer's composer, receiving far more respect from the musical creators than from the professors, or the critics.<sup>18</sup>

If Brahms is to be brought into this discussion, now is the time, but there is not much to say. The return of the chief theme of the first movement at the end of the Third Symphony, already noted, is a solitary example of thematic transference. Nevertheless, the Second Symphony is still a well-integrated work by virtue of the continued recurrence, in one form or another, of the three-note "basic motive" with which the piece begins. This is still cyclic construction, but of a more subtle, less obvious type.

With Bruckner, to come at last to him, we find a triple approach to the cyclic design, comprising (a) the literal transference of thematic material, (b) themes derived from the same source motive, and (c) free thematic resemblances that recall the variation canzonas, sonatas, and suites of the Baroque period, an era with which Bruckner is allied in other respects. All of the above procedures may be seen in the Second Symphony, his initial, but extremely interesting, essay in cyclic

<sup>17</sup> The Liszt authority Humphrey Searle has noted the interpolation in the Finale of a brief motive from Liszt's little known "Malediction Concerto" for piano and strings. Only those whose attention had been drawn to it would notice it.

<sup>18</sup> Among his warmest admirers were Debussy and Bartók, the latter maintaining that he had learned more about the actual principles of musical composition from Liszt than from anyone else.

form. It was here that he inaugurated a practice that he never abandoned, namely, the return in the Finale, in one way or another, of the chief theme of the first movement. (Whether he would have continued to do this in the never-composed Finale of No. 9 remains a matter for idle speculation.) The theme in question has a characteristically Brucknerian length of twenty-four measures, only the first four of which concern us here.



At the very outset of the final movement we find this theme, or first two measures of it, in uneven diminution,



a curious foreshadowing of which may be observed in measures 426, *et seq.*, of the first movement.



At measure 280 in the Finale's development section we hear twice the first two bars of the theme above their own diminution,



while 58 measures from the end of the movement we find an identified reminiscence, marked "Tempo des ersten Satzes." Heard are the first four measures of the theme, the last two transposed a minor third upward. And what shall we say of this seeming reference to it in the Finale's tenth through fourteenth measures?



Certain commentators have noticed strong family resemblances between the respective second subjects of the "corner" movements,



and between the theme of the Scherzo and the second part of the Finale's principal section.



Conversely, the only cyclic treatment in No. 3 is the return in the Coda of the Finale — the last 42 measures — of the trumpet theme that begins the first movement, but now transformed to major.



However, in No. 4 the corresponding theme assumes the dual function of "motto" and source motive, and in one form or another is found in all of the movements. It begins with the drop and rise of a fifth, immediately repeated as a sixth, and again as a fifth, and so on, until for forty measures nothing is heard but this "motto" and its various permutations. A further and important feature of the motive is the triple-dotted rhythm, later insisted upon in its own right. Incidentally, this theme and the manner of its accompaniment constitute one of Bruckner's most haunting and more renowned inventions. More than anything else in the work these initial measures justify the title "Romantic," given to the Symphony by the composer himself.



Comes the Andante and we find in its chief theme the same drop and rise of a fifth, repeated once, not many times, as before.



While in the principal subject of the so-called "Hunting" Scherzo, the "characteristic dip," as Sir Donald Tovey calls it,<sup>19</sup> is contracted to a fourth, but the fifth is also heard, and it takes over in the second theme.

<sup>19</sup> *Essays in Musical Analysis*, Oxford University Press, 1939, Vol. II, p. 77.



Both the original "motto" and its offshoot, the hunting fanfares, are conspicuous in the Finale, the latter making their first appearance here in measures 28-40. Shortly afterwards (measures 63-70) the rhythm of the "motto" is forcefully proclaimed by repeated chords in the heavy brass, accompanied by the fanfares; and this combination recurs (measures 79-85). This last is in the transition to the second subject, which melody, curiously reminiscent of the opening of the Andante, is supported by a pizzicato bass that could also be said to derive from the "motto."



At measure 155, following four measures of *ppp*, in true Bruckner fashion, a tremendous passage, that begins the working-out section, combines a variant of the "motto," and later the "motto" unaltered, with the fanfares. This continues until measure 170, when the second subject is developed against the persisting hunting calls. Not until measure 180 do the latter subside. The development continues briefly, the recapitulation follows, and there are no more cyclic features until the second theme reappears (see above). In the Coda (measure 295) and again with *fff* following *ppp*, the fanfares accompany the chief theme of the movement; the former continue for some time, and are then in and out until the end.

The last nine measures give us a final, and most impressive, combination of motto and fanfares. And here is an interesting detail: at my elbow, as I write, are two scores that in the main agree but that differ more or less significantly here and there. One is the Eulenberg pocket score (E.E. 3636), that offers the version used on January 22, 1888, when Richter conducted the Symphony at the Musikvereinsaal, Vienna. The other, dated 1953, is the *Kritische Gesamtausgabe* that pre-

sents the version of 1878-80. In both of these the final measures are all on the tonic chord of E-flat, but in the Eulenberg the "motto" is sounded by trumpets and trombones with no change of pitch in the upper voice, while in the Critical Edition, and, it would seem, more in line with Bruckner's subsequent practice, the melody of the "motto" is heard and repeated in overlap.



Far as Bruckner went in No. 4, he went a great deal further in its successor, one of the most thoroughly integrated of symphonies, whether of its own or any other period. As with the *Romantic*, the cyclic principle is exemplified both in the literal transference of thematic matter and in the free, at times very free, development of germinal motives. Here, for the first and last time, Bruckner availed himself of that once-obligatory structural device, the slow introduction, and he used it, as did Schumann before him, as a source of material, not only for the first movement, but for subsequent ones. "The slow introduction," wrote Gabriel Engel,<sup>20</sup> "occupies only a few measures, yet it presents all the source material out of which the gigantic symphony is to be reared. The rest is a record of amazing economy of means, involving melodic resourcefulness and structural mastery." This, in the argot of the street, is a "tall order," but careful investigation bears it out; there is really nothing of importance in this mighty work, Bruckner's most involved, that cannot be traced back to these fifty pregnant measures.

First to be noted here will be the literal transplantings, and they will be listed in the order in which themes to be transferred first appear. In prefacing his Finale with the same introduction, or part of it, that preceded the first Allegro, Bruckner may be thought to have anticipated in a modest way the Tchaikovsky of the Fifth Symphony, and the Sibelius of the First. But the function of these eight-and-a-half measures (approximately one third of the original Introduction) is not at all what it appears to be. Rather is it the first of a series of reminiscences, the model for which, as with Berlioz, was the Beethoven Ninth. But whereas both Beethoven and Berlioz, in their very different ways, began with a few measures of the Finale proper, Bruckner starts right away with his initial *souvenir* — to use the term favored by Berlioz. Of the two composers, Bruckner most nearly duplicated Beethoven's musico-poetic procedure. However, instead of an expressive recitative, a staccato clarinet,<sup>21</sup> sounding the first motive of the Finale's chief theme (see below), impatiently disposes of each reminiscence. These last include the aforesaid Introduction, the chief theme of the

<sup>20</sup> *The Symphonies of Anton Bruckner*, The Bruckner Society of America, Inc., 1955, p. 37.

<sup>21</sup> It is a trumpet in the revised edition.



that statement made regarding the one now under discussion.<sup>23</sup> Granted that in the 18th century slow introductions were, properly, independent, unconnected with the rest of the work, there were exceptions even then, such as that to Mozart's Symphony No. 39, with scale passages heard again in the bridge-passage, or that to Haydn's Symphony of the Drum Roll (No. 103), the broad theme of which turns up, in diminution, in the development and reappears before the coda, thus setting in two ways a pattern for the "Pathetique" of Beethoven. Throughout his career the last-named composer wrote, at will, introductions of both types. But since his time the preference has always been for introductions that tie in with what follows. For example, that to Schumann's Second Symphony contains motives variously present in every movement but the third, and the part played by the respective introductions to Schumann's own Fourth, and the "Scotch" of Mendelssohn, has already been noted.

To return to the piece in hand, the first of these two germ motives makes its appearance immediately. Cellos and basses, in a pizzicato so characteristic that this has been called a "symphony of pizzicatos," present it alone. It is twice repeated as the other strings gradually steal in above it with what proves to be material for the second theme of the movement.

The image contains two musical staves. The first staff is a bass clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a rhythmic motif of eighth notes: G2, F2, E2, D2, C2, B1, A1, G1. Below the staff is the marking "Con 8". The second staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The bass clef part continues the eighth-note motif. The treble clef part has a long note on G4, followed by a rest, and then a half note on G4.

This motive gets its big opportunity in the Trio of the Scherzo, where, inverted, it serves as said Trio's chief theme. Accompanying it is a suggestion of the motive in its original form, which is reproduced more faithfully later on. Virtually all of what follows grows out of this bit of free mirroring.

<sup>23</sup> Werner Wolff, *Anton Bruckner*, E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc., New York, 1942, p. 209.



Things seem to be getting really involved when we discover that germ motive "B" is first heard as a bass to a modified version of "A," which it partly resembles.



Four measures later this significant proclamation is heard again in a slightly different form. After this double birth, motive "B" is on its own, and it furnishes much, or, if we are willing to stretch a point, most of the thematic material for the rest of the symphony. Its first important assignment is to provide the chief theme of the first movement, about which so much has already been said.



In its next incarnation it is the chief theme of the Adagio, or rather the counterpoint to the pizzicato theme that had gone on for four measures unaccompanied, to be repeated exactly with the counter-theme. It is the bass theme that, as described above, also begins the Scherzo. Incidentally, when the two parts of the Adagio's double theme, if we can call it that, are seen in combination they seem to be much the same.



Surely it is "B" again that gives us the broad second subject of the Adagio; while there is also a strong suggestion of "A" in the bass.

The upper theme of the Scherzo is a variant (and development) of "B," with its initial leap reversed. It joins the ground-theme earlier than does that of the Adagio — in terms of the former's time signature, three measures earlier.

*Molto vivace*

And the second subject seems to be new light shed on certain things that have gone before.

Much has already been said here about the Finale, and the first theme was quoted, though its genesis remains to be considered. There are two other themes, a lyrical second subject and the chorale theme to which reference has already been made. They are presented here as "a" and "b." In the case of the former, while there is a superficial resemblance throughout, the closest approximation to the second of our source motives seems to come in the lower voice in measure four, actually the first violin part, since the seconds, whom Bruckner likes to favor, carry the melody. In the chorale theme the bass more nearly resembles the source motive than does the melody, though both certainly suggest it.



Regarding the place of these themes in the structural scheme, the first one serves as an episode in the fugue and as the subsidiary theme in the sonata form. The manuscript score favors the sonata design but the revised edition, by means of many excisions, puts the fugue to the fore.

To align the "disturbing, rebellious" chief theme, as Engel characterizes it,<sup>24</sup> with the same germ motive is less easy, though it is quite conceivable that a composer writing variations on a theme would feel entitled to handle the motive in this fashion. There is, moreover, abundant precedent in the previous movements for the octave leap with which the theme begins and which is forthwith repeated in the opposite direction. While the interval does not occur in either of the source

<sup>24</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 42.

motives, as first presented, it does begin the second one on a later appearance (measure 343 in the Critical edition, from which all of the above references are taken). And at the beginning of the development section of the first movement, and in the four measures preceding it, we find this figure used repeatedly.



It may also be suggested that measures 2-4 of the chief theme of the first movement bear a family resemblance to this motive, though lacking its impertinent character. And as for the octave leaps elsewhere in the first movement, and in the next two, there are enough of them to justify calling it a typical interval of the work as a whole. It even makes three appearances in the examples given above, namely, those of the chief theme of the Adagio and of the chief and subsidiary themes of the Scherzo. Biologically speaking, it is distinctly not a "sport."

After these heroic exertions Bruckner reverted in No. VI to the cyclic simplicity of the Third. There is no thematic transfer other than the recurrence at the work's end of the chief theme of the first movement, preceded by the statement of the rhythmic accompanying figure, which Werner Wolff, who has evidently enjoyed the unusual experience of hearing the work, says is more apparent to the eye than to the ear.<sup>25</sup>

<sup>25</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 225. Wolff, who may well have conducted the work in Germany says of the Sixth that it "remained a stepchild in public estimation. Bruckner loved it all the more." *Ibid.*, p. 218.

However, on this final appearance, which brings the symphony to a close, the theme, now given to the trombones (it was first played by cellos and basses) is accompanied, not by the above sharply-rhythmed figure but by an eighth note design taken from the finale itself.

If Bruckner had lived long enough to write a finale for his Ninth Symphony, he probably would have introduced in it (preferably at the very end) the chief theme of the first movement, which had been his practice from No. 2 on. In the Seventh a return of the opening theme does occupy the last eight measures of the work. But there is a feature here not found in any of the others: the Finale's chief theme is patently derived from that of the opening Allego. Engel calls it the "lyric initial theme of the symphony arming for battle."<sup>26</sup> After these decidedly similar, if not identical, openings the two themes go their respective ways. Once more we have the variation idea, rather than the literal quote.



No. 8 is more involved than either of its immediate predecessors, if considerably less so than the Fifth. When Engel saw the whole of the latter emanating from the slow introduction, it was possible to agree. His claim that the first phrase of the chief theme of the Eighth consists of the "four motifs" of the symphony<sup>27</sup> is harder to take. At least, he was not considering the cyclic form as I have been endeavoring to present it here.



He points to the intervals of the second and sixth as being respectively representative of the "heroic" and "expressive" features of the work. We may eliminate the 2nd as not being sufficiently striking, but there is a conspicuous emphasis on the 6th. It plays an important part in the second theme of the first movement, the trio of the Scherzo, and the subordinate themes of both the Adagio and the Finale. The stressing of this voluptuous interval, throughout, helps materially in imparting to this Eighth Symphony its highly emotional character. Not even the Seventh can challenge its position as the most expressive of the nine.

<sup>26</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 55.

<sup>27</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 63.

More deserving of our consideration, however, is the unique situation regarding this opening theme and its inevitable recurrence in the Finale. It begins unmistakably in B-flat minor, and the home key of C minor is not reached until the seventeenth measure. Even then, the tonic is avoided, and the whole thing starts once more at measure 23. And never in the whole course of the first movement does this remarkable melody actually begin in C minor. In the recapitulation it would seem to do so, to the extent that it is transposed up a second, but the supporting harmony is the dominant seventh of D-flat! If ever the cyclic construction was completely justified it is in the recurrence of this theme, in the long-deferred tonic key, in the coda of the finale. Robert Simpson's excellent analysis in the 1950 issue of *CHORD AND DISCORD*<sup>28</sup> goes into more detail than I propose to do here regarding the belated, and forceful, entry of the initial theme in the key where anyone but Bruckner would have stated it in the first place. And I shall quote him here in regard to the rest of the Coda:

"After the turmoil has subsided, the final climax is evolved with the greatest possible dignity and grandeur (the *coda* begins at Letter Uu in both editions). As with all Bruckner's final passages it opens in darkness, breathing upon dim fragments of the main theme, passing from key to key as it climbs in a long *crescendo*. The strings persist in smoky quavers that burst into flame as the sun touches them. At the last the triumphant affirmation of C major is the complete reply; it contains derivatives of the main subjects of all four movements. The actual end is sudden but tremendous in its finality."

It is true that the chief themes of all four movements are unprecedentedly combined in this stunning close. But I cannot agree with those who pronounce it a contrapuntal *tour de force*, since all the themes, or thematic fragments, have been carefully retailored to fit the tonic chord of C major. Thus it all adds up to little more than a tremendous fanfare.

Unlike Bruckner, Mahler "went cyclic" at the earliest opportunity, and in a relatively big way. By the late '80s (the First Symphony, begun in 1885, was finished three years later) the thing was definitely "in the air," although composers like Tchaikovsky could adopt a take-it-or-leave-it attitude,<sup>29</sup> and we will find that this was true of Mahler also. As noted above, there is a systematic use throughout the First Symphony of the basic interval of the fourth, anticipated by Mendelssohn in his "Scotch." I have dwelt on this matter at some detail in a previous article, "Mahler Quotes Mahler," dealing with his use of his songs in his symphonies.<sup>30</sup> This recurrent fourth aside, the tie-ups in No. 1 are all between the corner movements, and they commence early in the Finale. The beginning of the chief theme, which materializes gradually, was hinted at in the development section of the first move-

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<sup>28</sup> Vol. 2, No. 6.

<sup>29</sup> Compare the un-cyclic *Pathétique*, No. 6, with Nos. 4 and 5.

<sup>30</sup> In the 1954 *CHORD AND DISCORD*, Vol. 2, No. 7.

ment, more and more pointedly, until its initial notes assumed their final form.<sup>81</sup>

(a) *D major*

(b) *F minor*

A later section of the long theme is closely allied to the second subject of the first movement, more especially the form it assumes in the development section, where it appears in F minor, the key in which the Finale begins, only to end triumphantly in the Symphony's home key of D major.<sup>82</sup>

(a) *F minor*

(b) *D major*

The development begins by reverting to the Introduction to the first movement, combining the important opening motive, of the descending fourths, with a contraction of the transition motive (whose relevance to the Finale's chief theme has been noted) over a pedal D-flat in four octaves.

Con 8

<sup>81</sup> See pp. 29-32 in the Universal-Boosey and Hawkes pocket score, which contains an elaborate analysis by Fritz Stiedry, already referred to.

<sup>82</sup> Incidentally, the four ascending tones are heard earlier in the first movement, in a passage that connects the Introduction with the chief theme, and in the latter also.



At its culminating point the development unites the chief theme of the finale, in a new form, with the basic interval, which, by the addition of a few notes becomes what Stiedry quite properly terms the principal motive of the whole symphony, fittingly entrusted to seven horns, *ff.*



Having initiated the development, the introduction to the first movement brings it to a close, p. 141. And after recapitulating the Finale's exposition, Mahler performs a like service for that of the first movement — *c.f.* pp. 29-36 and pp. 150-158. Once more the chief theme is united with the principal theme of the work; and yet once more in the Coda, marked *Triumphal*, giving us still another example of a symphony ending very much as it began.

Most, possibly all, of Mahler's symphonies have an underlying poetic idea; but that in the Second can be most clearly and simply stated, namely, death and resurrection. There are five movements, of which only the second, serving a musical rather than a programmatic purpose, plays no part in the "story." It is well known that Mahler had reached an impasse in the Finale, surmounted when he chanced to hear Klopstock's so-called "Resurrection Ode" at the funeral of Hans von Bülow, and decided to use those words, to which he later added some of his own, as a choral conclusion. Since the "Death" movement has its own measures of consolation, it was perfectly logical for Mahler to incorporate some of these in his Finale, and he does, albeit somewhat freely. Since these reminiscences are plentiful, I shall content myself with three quotations: the opening of the second subject and two instrumental fragments from the Finale (and there are vocal ones that would have answered). The last-named are found, respectively, three measures after rehearsal figure 2 and six measures after 37.



Another theme that figures in both of the outside movements, and this becomes a literal transference, is an instrumental chorale, interpolated in the first movement's development section, p. 33. Quoted here is the first half, the second coming after a brief interruption.



Before continuing with its extensive and resourceful use in the Finale, I would like to bring up an interesting point. This has been referred to as a chorale on the *Dies irae*, and it will be seen that the four initial notes are those of the ecclesiastical melody, first employed symphonically by Berlioz (in the *Fantastique*) and used "instrumentally" by many subsequent composers, generally as symbolic of death. What immediately follows in Mahler's fine tune might be sung, but not too effectively, to Thomas of Celano's words, after which the break with the poem is complete. We may only guess at the composer's intention in the matter. Anyway, the chorale makes its reappearance early in the Finale (p. 142), but after eight measures its second section is replaced by an instrumental adumbration of the choral setting of the opening

lines of Klopstock's poem, "Auferstehn" (Rise again).<sup>33</sup> Moreover, this joining of the two melodies is not confined to this particular passage.

On page 58 the chorale comes back in diminution (*c.f.* Berlioz), as the beginning of a long passage, commonly referred to as the march of souls to the Judgment Seat.



This last is an elaborate symphonic development of the chorale, in which the quickened form is sometimes ingeniously combined with the original. The "Auferstehn" theme is also in the picture. In the emotional excitement of all this the interesting musical details are easily overlooked.

To continue, it may be observed that the practice of Liszt is recalled in the way that the Finale serves as a summary of themes from the previous movements. Only the programmatically out-of-step Andante fails of representation here. Intrinsically, the third division, the Scherzo, an orchestral paraphrase of Mahler's ironic song about St. Anthony's unsuccessful attempt to convert the erring fishes, has nothing specifically to do with the Symphony's underlying idea, until, when nearing the end, we are suddenly confronted with a tremendous passage that prefigures the opening of the Finale, in which connection it is accepted as a portrayal of the Crack of Doom. After it has so surprisingly burst in upon the Scherzo, the latter resumes its normal course and ends peacefully. In the Finale itself the initial cataclysm is recalled at the end of all the dreadful business that ultimately yields to a depiction of the Resurrection Morn, with its horn calls and bird songs. Harmonically describable as a chord of the 11th with minor 9th, the Crack of Doom, as anticipated in the Scherzo, was quoted in the article by Parks Grant, to which reference has just been made (in a footnote).

And finally, the end of the alto solo, "Urlicht," that makes the fourth movement and spiritually paves the way for the fifth, is freely reproduced in the latter. Those who are in a position to do so may profitably compare the eight measures following cue figure 6 with their free recurrence on page 199 of the Finale, now a matter of twelve measures, and no longer a solo but a duet for soprano and alto.

A work of manifold delights, the Third Symphony is less closely knit than its two predecessors and lacks their impact. Mahler gave expression in the several movements to what he was "told" by the flowers, the animals of the forest, Man, the Angels, and Love, while the first movement portrayed the advent of summer. A final movement,

<sup>33</sup> Parks Grant reminds us in an article on the Symphony in the 1958 issue of this magazine (Vol. 2, No. 8) that the poem in question is not one of the odes but one of the *Geistliche Lieder*.







Wir ge-nie-ssen die himm - - - li-schen Freu-den, drum

An unusual, if not entirely unprecedented, situation is found in Mahler's Fifth Symphony, that we might hold to be an extension of the cyclic plan, or another arrangement entirely. Schumann, as already noted, would have us believe that the Introduction and four movements of his D minor Symphony were "one movement." And Saint-Saëns in the Third Symphony, also mentioned above, wished us to consider the four movements as two. (For the premiere, of January 9, 1887, he supplied an analysis that stated his desire "to shun in a certain measure the interminable repetitions which are more and more disappearing from instrumental music.") Anyway, Mahler lined up the five movements of No. 5 as three. There is a double system of numbering, in which Roman and Arabic numerals are employed as follows: I comprises 1 and 2, II is 3, and III is 4 and 5. The paired movements are connected thematically, and the Scherzo (No. II-3) enjoys a lonely isolation. The first of each of Saint-Saëns's paired movements was broken off. Mahler did not do that — and no more did Schumann — but he has a different scheme, in respect to the first two divisions, than either of his predecessors. At intervals, the tempo of the second movement reverts to the slower pace of the first, and the themes of the *Trauermarsch* come back, either in development or literally. Furthermore, if the second movement occasionally slows down to the pace of the first, the latter, at one point, assumes the wild character of its successor. The first movement has been called a preface to the whole symphony, and it has also been described as an introduction to the second. Their respective keys, by the way, are C-sharp minor and A minor, and considering the fact that the first movement is approximately the same length as its companion, and that, aside from the themes they share, each movement is complete of itself, this would seem to be using the term "introduction" in a most unorthodox fashion.

It would be more sensible to call the Adagietto, for strings and harp, an introduction to the Rondo-Finale. The indication *attacca* is found here, as it was not found at the end of the March, but again the keys — F major and D major — are not closely related. The short, simple and directly appealing Adagietto, that has been both performed and recorded out of context, is practically an unbroken song, that starts quietly, becomes increasingly impassioned, especially when it gets into the warm key of G-flat, and ends much as it began. Both aspects of the long tune are displayed in the Finale, but the second is overwhelmingly the favored one, both in the exactness and the extent of the quotation. By accident or design, Mahler endowed this expressive melody

with a capacity for momentum. It does not lose character as completely as do most slow themes when speeded-up to fit into fast movements. Be all this as it may, I am refraining here from the use of musical examples. With Mahler's backing I am considering this a different situation entirely.

The Sixth is another "Fate" symphony, after the manner of Beethoven's Fifth and the Fourth and Fifth of Tchaikovsky, in its details now following one or the other precedent and now breaking with them all, the chief difference being that this symphony ends tragically. Fate here has the last word. The indispensable Fate motive is basically the simplest of them all: no more than an A major triad changing to an A minor one in the next measure. An instrumental twist gives it a significance that intrinsically it lacks. The motive, on its first appearance, is attacked simultaneously by trumpets and oboes, the former in diminuendo, the latter in crescendo, thus imparting to the major chord a brighter tint and to the minor chord a darker one. Later on we find other instrumental combinations; nor is this dynamic scheme always preserved. The motive comes in the first movement in the bridge passages connecting the first and second subjects (exposition and recapitulation). As is not the case in the Tchaikovsky Fifth, the ensuing Andante, originally the third movement, goes its placid way undisturbed by it, but it comes twice in the Scherzo, just before the Trio and at the end of the movement. There are several repercussions of it in the Finale, where it comes in G and C, as well as in A. Confined, in the first movement, to the triads in question, it later receives sundry melodic embellishings. Other cyclic features are of less importance. There is, for one thing, a certain kinship between the respective chief themes of the first and last movements.



In the first movement an impressionistic passage, entailing the use of celesta and cowbells,<sup>37</sup> arrives rather startlingly in the development section. Freely transformed, it returns twice in the first half of the Finale.



<sup>37</sup> Along with the hammer found in the Finale, the cowbells are a special feature of No. 6. See Engel's article, "With Hammer and Cowbells," in the 1948 CHORD AND DISCORD, Vol. 2, No. 5.

And the eleventh measure of the Scherzo introduces a figure that is heard repeatedly throughout the movement, in various guises, and comes several times in the Finale.



A more cheerful symphony succeeded this bleak and forbidding tonal document. The Seventh was mentioned above as one of the works in which the chief theme of the first movement returns at, or very near, the end of the Finale. What Mahler did here, however, was to follow the example of Bruckner in certain symphonies and return it earlier in the movement as well. As it happens, this theme and the principal subject of the Rondo-Finale are a good deal alike, and Mahler found it easy to include "a" in a development of "b."

(a)



(b)



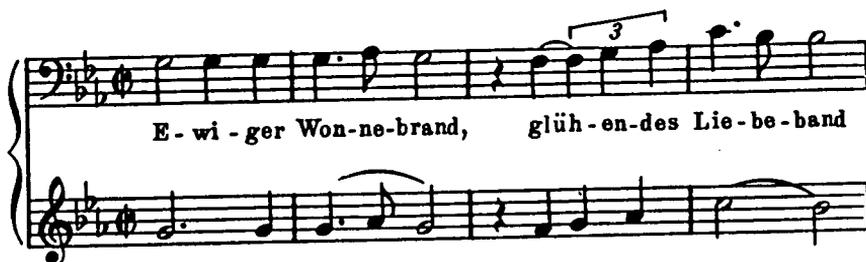
Three measures before cue figure 279, in a passage of great contrapuntal complexity, the Rondo theme, freely treated in D major, holds sway for eight measures, when the first movement theme enters the web, for a few measures, in D minor, accompanied by a variant of one of the Rondo's side themes. At (281) it briefly and freely returns in C-sharp minor, and twelve measures later in C minor. We hear from it again in B-flat minor and then in D-flat, always accompanied by other melodic matter. The key reverts to the movement's main tonality of C, and ten measures before the end of the theme in question comes back, *mit höchster Kraft*, for five measures, and alone in its glory.

It is worthy of note that of the ten completed symphonies of Mahler (one of them being *Das Lied von der Erde*, which by any ordinary standards is not a symphony at all, even though the composer so designated it), only Nos. 1, 4, 6, and 9 have the conventional four movements. The all-choral Eighth has two, although some have despaired in the second an approximation of Adagio, Scherzo and Finale. This properly, is not a "symphony" either, (but what else could Mahler have called it?) and its cyclic features by no means correspond to those discussed thus far, with the possible exception of the beginning once more bringing the end. I am appending two themes from the first

movement, the so-called "Light" theme and the "Gloria," much alike, as may be seen, that return in the second one.



Once introduced, the three ascending tones followed by an upward leap of varying distance, are much in evidence throughout the remainder of the work. We hear them repeatedly in the instrumental introduction to the second movement and shortly afterwards in Mahler's most ardent page, the soaring song of "Pater Ecstaticus," with its richly-textured, harmonically intense instrumental support.



From this evolved the choral setting of Goethe's *Chorus Mysticus* that concludes his *Faust* and the symphonies, wholly or partly, based upon it by Liszt and Mahler, a comparison of whose settings, by the way, is extremely instructive.



As in the "Resurrection" Symphony, when the chorus is done the orchestra has a final word, in this case a return, as noted above, to the mighty Eighth's opening phrase. This, together with a development of it in the manner of the initial chorus, fills the last 45 measures.



The descending fourth, present in three of the five excerpts from the Eighth shown here, is prominent in other Mahler symphonies, notably the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Seventh, in the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* and *The Song of the Earth* — "in all the pivotal works of Mahler's career as symphonist," wrote David Rivier in his excellent article, "A Note on Form in Mahler's Symphonies," in the 1954 CHORD AND DISCORD.<sup>38</sup> Could we perhaps dub it the "Mahler motive"?

The notes a-g-e, descending, are prominent in the first song of *Das Lied von der Erde*, and the sixth and last ends with their inversion. However, the four movements of No. 9 are inter-related, not by themes and motives, but by the prevalence of the descending second, instances of which were given in notation by Mr. Rivier.<sup>39</sup> And since the Tenth was left unfinished, I shall forbear discussion of it.

Like the composers, I shall now end as I began. The cyclic form is plainly not a development of the last 70-odd years, but they have at least brought it into public notice, and have seen it become a talking point, even a controversial issue. Not so long ago it didn't even have a name, and to discuss it one would have had to describe it. The crux of the matter seems to be that what Franck's predecessors lacked — and what he himself was fortunate enough to have — was a good advertising man.

<sup>38</sup> Vol. 2, No. 7.

<sup>39</sup> *Ibid.*

## MUSIC MOURNS VAN BEINUM AND ADLER

by JACK DIETHER

Two eminent musicians who were also outstanding exponents of the music of Bruckner and Mahler died in 1959: the Netherlands conductor Eduard Van Beinum, and the British-American conductor F. Charles Adler.

Heer Van Beinum was born in Arnhem, Holland, in 1901. He came of a musical family, played both violin and piano, and was a concert artist from the age of 16. He became conductor of the Haarlem Orchestral Society in 1926, and just five years later was appointed second conductor of the esteemed Concertgebouw of Amsterdam, with which he was associated until his death. During the German occupation, however, he was also connected with the underground movement, and was on one occasion saved from arrest at the hands of the Nazis only

through the timely warning of a local police officer, at which time he went into impromptu and temporary hiding. After the war his zeal was enthusiastically rewarded with the first conductorship of the Concertgebouw in succession to Willem Mengelberg.

Throughout his years of leadership he was particularly noted for his musical and democratic reforms, for he was a strong advocate of orchestral teamwork as opposed to autocracy on the podium. (He was affectionately known by his colleagues as "the baton-player.") In 1948-49 he was the conductor of the cooperatively owned London Philharmonic as well, and from 1956 to his death, of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. His double duties in Amsterdam and Los Angeles necessitated frequent polar flights back and forth. He died of a heart ailment on April 13, 1959, in the midst of his colleagues during a rehearsal of Brahms' *First*.

Mr. Adler was born in London in 1889. As a student in Vienna, he was one of a group of young musicians who attended and was permitted to discuss Mahler's rehearsals with him. He graduated from the Munich Royal Academy, and was assistant to Felix Mottl in the Royal Opera there, 1908-11. In 1913 he was appointed first conductor of the Municipal Opera in Duesseldorf, and subsequent conducting posts were held in Berlin, Hamburg, and Vienna. In 1928 he founded the Berlin publishing house, Edition Adler, but lost it when the Nazi regime began and he emigrated to the U.S.A. During his New York years of the thirties and forties he led first the W.P.A. group called the New York Festival Orchestra, and later the New York Chamber Orchestra, whose members were from the Philharmonic. As an example of his lifelong dedication to living composers, he conducted the latter orchestra, in the course of one festival alone (the Saratoga Festival of 1946), in more than forty new compositions. He also received the Kilenyi Bruckner Medal from the Bruckner Society of America in 1958, and the Schoenberg Medal from the International Society for Contemporary Music. Although he kept a home in upstate New York, his later years were spent mainly in Vienna, where he made all of the pioneering recordings by which he is probably best known, and where he died on February 16, 1959.

Lovers of Bruckner and Mahler have special reason to be grateful for the unflagging artistic devotion and integrity of these two musicians, who were both honorary members of the Bruckner Society of America. Few Brucknerites or Mahlerites in this country have had an opportunity to see either of them conduct in person, yet they are known everywhere by their matchless and irreplaceable recordings. Especially treasured by this writer are Van Beinum's recordings of Bruckner's *Seventh* and Mahler's *Fourth*, to say nothing of the superb *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* which he made during his London season, with the Polish contralto Eugenia Zareska as soloist. (It might perhaps be mentioned here in passing that it was Van Beinum and the Concertgebouw who gave the English an example of how to interpret the interludes from Britten's *Peter Grimes*, getting closer to the work than Sir Malcolm Sargent!) He was the first to conduct, shortly before his death (and even prior to its publication), the Mahler *Seventh*

in the new critical edition prepared by the *Internationale Gustav Mahler Gesellschaft*. For us, perhaps no other fact could stress so poignantly his tragic loss at this or indeed any time.

This writer owes to F. Charles Adler his first acquaintance with Mahler's *Sixth*, a fact which would alone hold him in very special memory. Yet this was only typical of Adler's approach — to do without hesitation what needed to be done and was within his means, regardless of popular appeal or acclaim. And so we have, in addition, recordings by him of two of the works which have never been duplicated in the record catalogues to this day, and very likely would not be represented at all without him: Bruckner's *Mass in D Minor* and Mahler's *Third Symphony*. Adler's beautiful *Adagio* from the Mahler *Third* is, like all his best work, truly *de profundis*. And the writer would like to add here a mention of his extremely fine and much underrated rendition of Charles Ives' *Second Symphony*.

#### THE BRUCKNER AND MAHLER RECORDINGS

EDUARD VAN BEINUM

##### Bruckner

- Symphony No. 7 in E Major (Revised Version)  
COA (London LL-852/3, English Decca LXT-2829/30)
- Symphony No. 8 in C Minor (Critical Edition, ed. Haas)  
COA (Epic SC-6011, English Philips ABL-3086/7)
- Symphony No. 9 in D Minor (Critical Edition, ed. Haas)  
COA (Epic SC-3401)

##### Mahler

- Symphony No. 4 in G Major  
COA, M. Ritchie (London LL-618, English Decca LXT-2718)
- Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen  
LPO, E. Zareska (English Decca EDA-71, 78 r.p.m. discs)  
COA, N. Merriman (Epic SC-6023)
- Das Lied von der Erde  
COA, N. Merriman, E. Haefliger (Epic SC-6023)

F. CHARLES ADLER

##### Bruckner

- Symphony No. 1 in C Minor (Revised Version)  
VO (Unicorn LA-1015)
- Symphony No. 3 in D Minor (Revised Version)  
VO (SPA 30/1)
- Symphony No. 9 in D Minor (Revised Version, ed. Loewe)  
VO (SPA 24/5)
- Overture in G Minor  
VO (SPA 24/5)
- Mass No. 1 in D Minor  
VO, Soloists and Chorus (SPA 72)

##### Mahler

- Symphony No. 3 in D Minor  
VO, VSOC, VBC, H. Roessel-Majdan (SPA 20/2, 70/1)
- Symphony No. 6 in A Minor  
VO (SPA 59/60)
- Adagio and Purgatorio from Symphony No. 10  
VO (SPA 30/1)

##### Abbreviations:

- COA — Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam
- LPO — London Philharmonic Orchestra
- VBC — Vienna Boys' Choir
- VO — Vienna Orchestra (Vienna Philharmonia)
- VSOC — Vienna State Opera Chorus

## BRUCKNER THE TEACHER

by DIKA NEWLIN

Today, with education more and more in the public eye, it is heartening to realize how many of our great creative figures in contemporary music have chosen to instruct the younger generation in the fundamentals of their art. Schoenberg with his *Harmonielehre* (*Theory of Harmony*), Hindemith with his *Elementary Training for Musicians*, Roger Sessions with his *Harmonic Practice* — and, in the field of piano technique, Bartok with his *Mikrokosmos* — they have not hesitated to stoop and reach out a helping hand to the beginner in these mysteries. In so stooping, they did not lower themselves — rather, they enriched their own knowledge and deepened their own insights. How true are the beautiful words of Schoenberg in the preface to his *Harmonielehre*: "This book I have learned from my pupils." In turn, young people may be grateful for the opportunity to use textbooks by distinguished creators, rather than by dull pedants.

Unfortunately, Anton Bruckner, dedicated teacher though he was, did not choose to document the principles of his teaching in book form. And perhaps it is just as well that he did not do so, for, as his letters attest, when it came to expressing himself with pen in hand he was — to say the least — distinctly more successful with tones than with words. (In this respect, he stands at the opposite pole from Mahler, whose verbal virtuosity is nearly on a par with his mastery of musical materials.) But, thanks to the devotion and interest of a one-time Bruckner pupil, and the coöperation of the *Österreichischer Bundesverlag* (Austria's principal publishing outlet for material of an educational nature), there has been available, since 1950, the next best thing to a genuine textbook by Bruckner.

In 1891, young Ernst Schwanzara, the son of a musical family, entered Bruckner's harmony class at the University of Vienna. He did so with high hopes, for he felt that the work at the University would prove to be more advanced than that which Bruckner offered at the Conservatory. In this, he was disappointed, for Bruckner's lectures were geared to a general audience of modest technical knowledge. However, Schwanzara became so fascinated by Bruckner's personality and method of presenting his materials, and was so appreciative of the opportunity to come into contact with the great man, that — unlike many of the students who freely "cut classes" and took only sketchy notes when they bothered to be present — he attended class regularly and took complete shorthand notes, also copying Bruckner's musical examples in their entirety. Since he had already formed the plan of publishing this material some day, he further checked on the accuracy and completeness of his notes by attending the same classes during the two subsequent academic years 1892-93 and 1893-94. In this manner,

he was able to compile what he claims to be the only complete transcription of Bruckner's University lectures. It is this material which is offered to us in the present book. (Anton Bruckner: *Vorlesungen über Harmonielehre und Kontrapunkt an der Universität Wien*, herausgegeben von Ernst Schwanzara. Vienna, *Österreichischer Bundesverlag*, 1950.)

Schwanzara provides an illuminating, if sometimes polemic, preface dealing with Bruckner's musical studies and the way in which the results of these were utilized in his teaching (with special emphasis on the all-important influence of Simon Sechter), and, most interestingly, with Bruckner's persistent, finally successful efforts to gain an appointment at the University. Here we see Bruckner for the first time in conflict with Eduard Hanslick, who, since 1861, had been Professor of Music History and Aesthetics there. The long struggle to have instruction in harmony and counterpoint legitimized in the University bespeaks a conflict which, alas, has still not altogether disappeared from university life, even in America. Already in 1862, Hanslick had turned down a request for instruction in harmony, counterpoint and composition to be given by Rudolf Weinwurm, a firm friend of Bruckner's and director of the University's *Akademischer Gesangverein*, on the grounds that enough information on these subjects was given in his own lectures on music history and aesthetics; therefore, special courses were not necessary. In 1867, Bruckner, then cathedral organist at Linz, made his first application to the University for a position as teacher of musical composition. Hanslick promptly rejected this application, for he believed that "practical instruction in composition does not properly belong to the University, but rather in a professional school or conservatory." If composition is to be taught at the University, he went on, why not then add teachers of drawing, painting, etching and sculpture? (An American reader accustomed to the broad course offerings of our universities might well think at this point, "Why not, indeed?") A renewed, more detailed application made by Bruckner in 1874 was likewise refused by Hanslick, with the further comment that the composer's personality and complete lack of any scholarly background made him about the least suitable person imaginable for a University position. However, Bruckner was not without friends at court, and it seems that some political pressures must have been brought to bear on Hanslick, for in October, 1875, he wrote tersely, "There is no objection to the appointment of Bruckner as an unpaid teacher of harmony and counterpoint at the Vienna University." Such an appointment was finally made in November, 1875. While this was a considerable moral victory for Bruckner, there was also, of course, an element of disappointment. He had hoped to secure a better-paid position which would free more of his time for his own creative work (an ambition which Hanslick, not surprisingly, resented). Instead, he got an unpaid position which robbed him of even more precious time. But, on the other hand, he gained a new audience of friends and supporters ("many thousands," Schwanzara somewhat hyperbolically exclaims) whose interest in him and in his work helped to brighten his later years.

Bruckner's relationships with his University students were, in gen-

eral, happy ones. He respected their intelligence and idealism, and often confided in them about his intimate plans, not only before or after class, but even in the middle of a lecture. In turn, the students as a whole rewarded him with their respect and affection. A present-day teacher may read with somewhat rueful amusement, though, about certain disciplinary incidents which have a familiar ring. For instance, there was the flirtatious pair who happily whispered together during one of Bruckner's lectures until the understandably annoyed composer ordered the offending young man to get up and change his seat. (The outcome of this was that Bruckner sternly banned young ladies from his class during the following term; however, they were back in the fall.) Then there was the young Conservatory student who insisted on finding a joke in everything Bruckner said, even when the teacher had anything but humor on his mind. This boy was finally publicly reprimanded for his failure to take notes in class, and forced to "rootle" in his pockets until he found some sort of cheap notebook in which to write. Students there and then, it seems, were not so different from students here and now!

Turning now to the actual material which Bruckner covered in his class, we find a systematic method of presentation which still has validity today. Beginning with fundamentals, he explains to his students (the majority of whom, we recall, did not have any professional musical background or ambitions) the structure of the tone, of the interval, of the common chord, and of the scale. Next logically come diatonic progressions in major. Here we find two especially "Brucknerish" features: the extreme emphasis on the importance of fundamental root-progression (learned from Sechter, and later carried on by Schoenberg in his *Harmonielehre*) and the view that the fifth of II in major is "impure" and hence should be treated as a dissonance (a fine distinction which very few theorists make). In succession, triads in root position with their inversions, seventh chords with their inversions, and ninth chords are introduced. Only after this material has been completed do we tackle the progressions of triads with no common tone. Bruckner, like Sechter, feels that this type of progression postulates an imaginary "intermediate root"; in other words, the root-progression, in such a series of chords, is not really, say, D-E, but D-(B)-E. (Something of this feeling carries over into the harmonic theory of Schoenberg; he, too, treats these stepwise or "super-strong" progressions separately from the others.) Preparation and resolution of chords which demand such treatment (e.g., the six-four chord and the seventh chord) is always illustrated with great care by Bruckner, in all chord-positions.

Like many other theorists before and since, Bruckner did not throw his students into the problems of minor keys until he felt that the major had been thoroughly understood. The various fundamental progressions are explored by him in minor with the same thoroughness as in major. Now we are ready for modulations, which Bruckner carefully divides into three species: diatonic (to nearly-related keys by means of a common chord), chromatic (to more distant keys by means of altered chords), and enharmonic (by means of ambiguous, "wandering" chords whose function changes as their spelling is enharmonically changed.) Bruckner was well aware of the useful (and often, in the

nineteenth century, overused) potentialities of one such harmony, the diminished seventh chord. He wittily called it the "Musical Orient Express," because it travelled so rapidly to such far regions. (A bit later, Schoenberg called it the "aspirin harmony, because you take it for everything." Today we might update this to "Miltown harmony," I suppose!) Both Bruckner and Schoenberg were conscious of the potentially destructive nature of such chords and therefore insisted that their use within a tonal setting be controlled with great care.

In successive years of University teaching, Bruckner reduced ever more drastically the amount of time which he devoted to counterpoint in his class. Perhaps he felt that a grasp of more than the essential principles of this art was not essential for students who were not specifically preparing for professional musical careers (unlike the Conservatory students). In any case, we have a compact four printed pages devoted to this subject in Schwanzara's notes. Reference is made to the principles of *cantus firmus* counterpoint (though the traditional "species" are not discussed), to the construction of canons, and to the fugue and its principal sections. In the summer term of 1892, it seems that very few students had followed Bruckner even this far, for Schwanzara recounts that at the last lecture, on July 11, only four were present. But the smallness of their numbers did not diminish their enthusiasm, for they applauded and stamped their feet vigorously (an old European university custom) as Bruckner closed the session by saying, "I wish you all very happy holidays, and beg you to remain as loyal to me as I am to you — and always will be." Let us leave Bruckner the teacher in this mellow mood, as he sits afterwards with Schwanzara in front of the *Blue Cannonball*, in the little sidewalk "garden" surrounded by potted oleanders and ivies, enjoying a few beers and a pleasant chat. It is good to remember him this way and to realize that his moments of heaven-storming inspiration did not deprive him of that human touch without which no teacher is truly great. Thus we are all the more appreciative of Schwanzara's reminiscences, which illumine for us one more facet of an immortal musician and an unforgettable personality.

## CONTAGIOUS INTENSITY: BRUCKNER'S FOURTH IN NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 16, 1959

by KONRAD WOLFF

Two years and four days after their memorable Haydn-Webern-Bruckner concert, William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra returned to Carnegie Hall for an equally memorable, similar, and yet dissimilar program. Similar, because again the concert culminated in the performance of a Bruckner symphony, and also because the two short pieces ("Expressions") by Luigi Nono — which opened the program — recall Webern's spirit. Dissimilar, however, because the Bruckner work this time was not preceded by two other Viennese compositions (cf. Dika Newlin, *CHORD AND DISCORD*, 1958, p. 112). Instead of Haydn's Surprise Symphony, a new work in three movements, "Pittsburgh Symphony," by Paul Hindemith was played — decidedly a no-surprise symphony. The exceptional quality of the performance made listening to this music quite enjoyable, at least during the second movement which contains genuine music-making of the kind associated with his best works. It is hard to understand why, at the very end of the symphony, the tune of "Pittsburgh is a Great Old Town" is introduced in a noisy orchestration.

Despite Webern's influence on Nono, the pieces we heard are also definitely non-Viennese. Their delicate color-scheme, including the specially organized percussion section (described in Frederick Dorian's excellent program notes), suggests Blue Grotto light and remains typically Italian. We received a wholly positive first impression of the pieces, their organic shape, and their evolution from concentration to expansion in the course of the music. To a few sarcastic professionals who were trying to dismiss the compositions with a pun on the composer's name, I can only say that the answer is "yes, yes."

Again, it was the quality of the performance by Steinberg and his orchestra which made it possible to enjoy the music immediately. His way of lifting the baton at the beginning of a piece is typical and almost symbolic of his compelling intensity: he raises it in a tremendous arc, extremely slowly and steadily, so that by the time it arrives overhead the discipline and concentration expressed in the motion have caught orchestra and audience alike.

The impression made by the Bruckner Fourth Symphony on everyone was overwhelming. An exceptional spontaneous ovation acclaimed the performers at the end. It must be assumed that the work itself, 78 years after its first performance, was familiar to many listeners. But the concert drew students and many other young music-lovers and thus certainly became the starting point for a great number of new Bruckner devotees. One music student has overcome a self-conscious crisis through her unprecedented emotional response to Bruckner's music at this concert.

The performance was utterly careful and at the same time flowing. A perfect equilibrium was achieved between the sensuous beauty of the melodic detail (the Schubert heritage in Bruckner) and the solemn architecture of each movement. Steinberg's enjoyment of subtle sonorities never detracted him from the line of the music.

He made two cuts: in the 2nd movement between the letters G and L of the Eulenburg miniature score, and in the Finale between the 4/4 preceding letter P and the pianissimo passage occurring 12 measures before letter S. They did not destroy the effect of the work in performance; possibly they helped it. Yet it is always wrong not to present a score in its entirety. No matter what the effect of the cut, it is not permissible. Arthur Miller has stated the core of the matter in an important recent letter (published in the *New York Times*, Nov. 29, 1959, in which he says: "A fine work is wedded to the time it takes to perform . . . it." He goes on to explain that it is impossible to make a digest "of a real work of art because it is digested in the first place; it is the ultimate distillation of the author's vision by definition." If we permit one mutilation we forfeit our right to protest. By justifying Steinberg's excisions in the Fourth we make it impossible to stop anybody else from doing worse.

However, it was only afterwards that I began to think about this problem. On that Monday night — thanks to the performers — I was simply under the spell of music and of Bruckner.

## BRUCKNER AND MAHLER

by BRUNO WALTER

The following article is reprinted from the November 1940 issue  
of CHORD AND DISCORD.

Throughout its ten years of existence the Bruckner Society of America has striven manfully and efficiently in behalf of Bruckner and Mahler. Therefore, in connection with its decennial retrospect, I gladly respond to its plea for an expression concerning these masters. To combine propaganda for Bruckner and Mahler into a single plan is to express the conviction that the success of the one helps the other's cause, that they belong side by side because of their artistic kinship.

I should not have agreed to write about Bruckner and Mahler did I not regard that little word "and" highly pertinent. Its appropriateness is borne out by Mahler's own words. I often heard him call Bruckner his forerunner, asserting that his own creations followed the trail blazed by his senior master. Of course that was over forty years ago, in the days of Mahler's *Second*, the symphony which, more vividly than all his other works, reveals his affinity with Bruckner. Yet from the *Third Symphony* on, his development was marked by an ever increasing deviation from Bruckner's course. I cannot recall Mahler's making the same remark during later years. Nevertheless, down to his latest works, we meet with occasional features which might be called Brucknerian. Thus it is worth while attaining a clear idea of the nature and degree of their relationship.

Much has been written concerning Bruckner. To the literature on Mahler I myself have contributed a book. Yet (as far as I know) a comparative study of Bruckner and Mahler is still to be made. Therefore I shall attempt in these comments to measure their relationship, to thrash out the features which unite and separate them. We shall find them alike in many important respects, but different, even opposite, in others of not less consequence. We shall find them so related, that understanding the one includes a certain degree of access to the other; yet so different, that affection for the one may seem consistent with total inaccessibility to the other. Certainly, to understand and love both requires a very complex musical disposition and an unusually broad spiritual span.

My comparison cannot limit itself to details of actual musical creation. The spiritual sources of their works, the personalities of both masters, are vital to the theme of our survey, not merely because they are more amenable to words than music itself, but because the light they shed upon the music is indispensable in an essay striving for knowledge. To demonstrate really and clearly the relationships between these composers' works, there is only one way; through per-

formances. Renouncing for once this (to me) most agreeable method, resorting to words, though aware that no bridge leads straight from them to music, I must also seek to approach my subject indirectly. The mystic connection between the inner life of a composer and his music makes it possible to discover his soul in his work. Understanding his heart lays bare an inner path to his music. Hence I hope a discussion of the individualities of both masters will enable me to fill in some of the gaps inevitable to an essay on their works alone.

#### *What Joins Them*

Nine symphonies composed by Bruckner, as well as Mahler, in the course of about thirty years, constitute the chief product of their creative power. The nature of the themes, developments, combinations, is (in keeping with their creator's nature) truly symphonic. Remarkable coincidences in the periodic progress of their work are the decisive step from the *Third* to the *Fourth* and the change of style between the *Fourth* and *Fifth* symphonies. The *Fourth* of each opens a new field of expression scarcely glimpsed in his previous works. A warm, romantic light rises over Bruckner's hitherto heroic tone-world; a tender fairy-tale-like idyll soothes Mahler's tempestuous heart. For both the *Fifth*, with its intensification of the polyphonic style, inaugurates the period of mature mastery. The laconic idiom of restraint, the art of mere suggestion, involving economy of means and form, is not theirs. Only in a number of his songs do we find Mahler's contradictory nature master of this style too. Otherwise both share in common the urge to yield their entire beings symphonically through unrestrained expression in huge dimensions. Their symphonies resemble each other also in the special significance of the finale in the total-architecture.

Broadly spun, essentially diatonic themes and a counterpoint directly joined to the classical tradition characterize both. To be sure, Mahler's later polyphony trod more complex, daring, and highly individual paths. To both (and to them alone) the church chorale comes as naturally as the Austrian *Laendler*. The utmost solemnity and folk-like joviality constitute the opposite poles in both their natures. They are linked with the classicists, the way leads through Schubert. Their association is strengthened, among other things, by the fundamentals of their harmony, their style of cadence and (all their deviations notwithstanding) their fondness for symmetry and regular periodic structure. Even the later Mahler, no matter to what regions his formal and harmonic boldness led him, maintained clear periodic structure and a firm tonal foundation. Both revel in broadly built climaxes, in long sustained tensions, whose release requires overwhelming sonorous dynamics.

In their gay or lyric moments we often meet with a typically Austrian charm recalling Schubert, though in Mahler's case it is frequently mixed with a Bohemian-Moravian flavor. Above all, however, Mahler and Bruckner are (though in different ways) religious beings. An essential part of their musical inspiration wells from this devotional depth. It is a main source of their thematic wealth, swaying an all-important field of expression in their works; it produces the high-water mark of their musical surf. The total idiom of both is devoid of eroticism. Often inclined to pathos, powerful tragedy, and emotional extremes of utterance, they attain climaxes of high ecstasy. Clear sunshine and

blue sky seldom appear in the wholly un-Mediterranean atmosphere of their music. "Romantic" was the name Bruckner gave his *Fourth*. In a related sense we find Mahler's earlier work romantic, aside from his un-Brucknerian diabolism. Yet in the later works of both the romantic note is rarely sounded.

Highly characteristic seems to me one negative manifestation of their relationship. Moved by their tremendous experience of Richard Wagner to an undying faith in his art, they show (aside from a slight influence over Bruckner's instrumentation) no Wagnerian traces in their work, or at most, so few, that the impression of their complete independence is in no wise affected thereby. Their individuality was of so sturdy a nature (astonishing in that epoch of musical history) that despite the open ear, open heart, and unreserved sympathy they lent the Wagnerian siren-song, they did not succumb to it. Of course, being essentially symphonists, they were equal to the threat of the dramatist against their self-determination, for the inspirational sources of their creation, as well as their native urge toward formal construction, differed fundamentally from his. Neither of them felt drawn to the stage, a phenomenon particularly remarkable in the case of Mahler, whose reproductive genius for the opera, expressed through incomparable interpretations, opened new paths in that field, actually instituting a tradition. Two abortive attempts of his early youth are his sole original contributions to the theater. Otherwise he never wrote for the stage, unless we include his arrangement of Weber's "Three Pintos."

Like Bruckner he took root in absolute music, save when he drew his inspiration from poetry, as in his songs. Yet was his work really rooted in absolute music? Is his *First Symphony* (originally named "Titan" after Jean Paul's novel) with its "Funeral March in the manner of Calot," are the *Second* and *Fourth* with their vocal movements, the *Third* with its (later) suppressed sub-titles, genuine symphonic music in the Bruckner sense? Indubitably Mahler's music differs from Bruckner's in the degree of absoluteness intended. It was induced and influenced by more specific imagery, fantasy, and thought than Bruckner's music, which rose from less tangible, darker spiritual depths. But does this really involve an essential difference? Is not Beethoven's *Pastorale*, despite the "Scene at the Brook," "Rustic Festival," and "Storm," absolute symphonic music, its lesser absolute intention notwithstanding.

Let us conjure up the basic process of musical creation. The composer suddenly has a musical idea. Where there existed apparently nothing before, save perhaps a mood, an image, there is, all at once, music. A theme is present, a motive. Now the shaping hand of the composer grasps it, unfolding and guiding its trend. Fresh ideas come streaming in. Whether or not more definite imagery plays a role in the creative process, the decisive factors governing the result remain the "grace" of basic musical creation and the power of symphonic construction. That "grace" and that power were granted Mahler, as well as Bruckner. Therefore, despite the thoughts and visions that influenced his creation, he also took root in absolute music.

After all, do we know whether Bruckner, or for that matter even Mozart, was not visited by imagery and thoughts during the creative process, or, whether many of their ideas, looming up out of the sub-

conscious, did not take turnings over some conscious path, thereby acquiring more vivid coloring and more subjective character? In Goethe's *Elective Affinities* the image of Otilie fills Eduard's eyes during a conjugal meeting with his wife Charlotte, while the latter beholds the captain's image. Though the offspring of this union bore external traces of these wandering visions, it was nevertheless the child of Eduard and Charlotte, sprung from their natural union. Deep mystery surrounds the genesis and pure music may result, despite the influence of extra-musical ideas upon the act of generation. Yet if the composer's intention is really descriptive, i.e., if he makes the music the means of portraying an idea or image, then, of course, he has himself blocked the path to pure music.

To Mahler as well as Bruckner music never was the means of expressing something, but rather the end itself. He never disregarded its inherent principles for the sake of expression. It was the element in which both masters lived, impelled by their nature toward symphonic construction. Mahler's enchanted creative night was filled with violently changing dream-forms; Bruckner's was dominated by a single lofty vision. Since Bruckner (so far as I know) had, until his death in 1896, acquired no acquaintance with Mahler's work, whereas the latter was well versed in Bruckner's art, it remains to be considered whether it was not this influence, acting only upon the younger composer, that aroused the impression of the kinship felt by Mahler himself. Without a certain relationship, however, no influence can be exerted. Moreover, Mahler's individual tonal language reveals no sign of dependence, whether similarity or reminiscence. Yet we find in one of his main works, the *Second*, indications of a deeper, essential kinship and meet with occasional "Bruckner" characteristics down to Mahler's very last creations. Nevertheless he was as little dependent upon Bruckner as Brahms upon Schumann, many of whose "characteristics" haunt the work of Brahms. To both Bruckner-Mahler may be applied the Faust-verdict concerning Byron-Euphorion: to each of them was granted "a song his very own," i.e., originality.

#### *What Divides Them*

Bruckner's nine symphonies are purely instrumental works. Mahler, on the other hand, enlists words and the human voice for his *Second*, *Third*, *Fourth*, and *Eighth*. Besides the symphonies Bruckner composed three *Masses*, the *Te Deum*, the *150th Psalm*, smaller devotional vocal works, and (to my knowledge) two male choruses. Of an entirely different stamp was Mahler's non-symphonic creation. He wrote *Das klagende Lied*, set to his own narrative poem; the four-part song cycle *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, the words also by himself; songs with piano accompaniment and with verses from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*; during a later period, orchestral songs set to poems by Rueckert, among them the *Kindertotenlieder* cycle; and finally his most personal confession, *Das Lied von der Erde*, with verses by the Chinese poet Li-Tai-Po. We see Bruckner, therefore, aside from his symphonies, concentrated almost entirely upon sacred texts, while Mahler is inspired by highly varied fields of poetic expression. In his symphonies, *Das Urlicht* from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and Klopstock's "Resurrection Ode" furnished him with the solemn affirmative close of his *Second*,

Nietzsche's *Midnight* yielded the questing, foreboding fourth movement and verses from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* the answering fifth movement of the *Third*. From the same collection Mahler chose a poem of childlike faith to give symbolical expression to his own hope of celestial life. In the *Eighth* the hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus" and the closing scenes of *Faust* constitute his confessions of faith.

Thus the record of his vocal creations is at the same time a clue to the story of his heart. It tells of his struggles toward God, through discovery and renewed quest, through ever higher intuitions and loftier yearnings. Yet over this dominant note, the "Ostinato" of his life, resound many other tones, defined by accompanying verses: Love and death, lansquenet life and a spectral world, the joy of life and its woe, humor and despair, savage defiance and final resignation, all these find individual and convincing expression in his musical eloquence. If I wished to present the difference between the two masters in the shortest imaginable formula, I would say (conscious of the exaggeration of such a summary): at bottom Bruckner's spirit was repose, Mahler's unrest. With Bruckner the most impassioned movement has a foundation of certainty; not even Mahler's inmost depths remain undisturbed. Bruckner's scope of expression is unlimited, though it has but few main subdivisions; with Mahler these are prodigal in number, embracing all lights and shades of a weird diabolism, a humorous buffoonery, even resorting to the eccentric and banal, besides countless expressive nuances ranging from childlike tenderness to chaotic eruption. His heartfelt, folk-like themes are as Mahlerian as his sardonic cacophonies, whose lightning apparitions render all the darker the night of his musical landscape. Mahler's noble peace and solemnity, his lofty transfiguration are the fruits of conquest; with Bruckner they are innate gifts. Bruckner's musical message stems from the sphere of the saints; in Mahler speaks the impassioned prophet. He is ever renewing the battle, ending in mild resignation, while Bruckner's tone-world radiates unshakable, consoling affirmation.

We find, as already stated, the inexhaustible wealth of the Bruckner music spread over a correspondingly boundless, though in itself not highly varied realm of expression, for which the two verbal directions, "feierlich" (solemnly) and "innig" (heartfelt), most often employed by him, almost sufficed, were it not for the richly differentiated *scherzi* that remind us of the wealth of the humoristic external ornaments of impressive Gothic cathedrals. Even Bruckner's orchestra undergoes scarcely any change. With the *Seventh* he adds the Wagnerian tubas, in the *Eighth* the harp, but he does not alter his instrumental methods as such. Beginning with the *Fifth* the character of his harmony and polyphony no longer varies, though (to be sure) it is sufficiently rich and inspired to require no change.

Mahler renewed himself "from head to toe" with each symphony: the *First*, his "Werther," as I once named it; the *Second*, a kind of "Requiem"; the *Third*, which one might be tempted to call a pantheistic hymn; the *Fourth*, a fairy-tale *idyll*. From the *Fifth* to the *Seventh* imagery and ideas yield to absolute-musical intentions. Even though each of these three symphonies has its own individual atmosphere, they stand considerably closer to each other in style and general content

than the widely separated first four. They share in common a musically more complex, polyphonically more profound idiom, richer in combinations, imparting a new, stronger impression of Mahler's varied emotional life. The human voice is the main instrument in the *Eighth*. A magnificent, specifically choral polyphony determines the style of the hymn-like first movement, while in the Faust-scenes the composer adapts his musical idiom to the Goethe-word and the demands of lyric singableness through a sort of simplification. In *Das Lied von der Erde* we meet with still another Mahler, inaugurating a third creative period, with a new manner of composition and orchestration. On this highest plane is born the *Ninth*, the mighty symphonic presentation of the spiritual sphere of *Das Lied von der Erde*. The sketches toward a *Tenth* bring to a sudden end this sharply defined course of creative evolution, the outstanding feature of which was its rich differentiation. This applies also (as already stated) to his instrumentation. An inborn, extremely delicate sense of sound, an ear open to orchestral possibilities lead, at the beck of expression and clarity, to unique mastery over the orchestra. From wealth of color and charm of sound to an objective exposition of his increasingly complex polyphony, this is the path Mahler's orchestral technique, changed and intensified by the increasing demands of each work, had to travel.

Each orchestral song, from the very earliest, reveals an individual instrumental combination, mainly of an amazing economy. The symphonies, with the exception of the *Fourth*, are inhabited by orchestral masses over which an unbounded tonal fantasy holds sway. In contrast to Bruckner he was compelled to struggle ceaselessly for the solution of orchestral problems, increasing with each new work. In this respect he always felt himself, as he complained to me, "a beginner."

The great stress in Bruckner's music rests upon the idea, in Mahler's upon the symphonic elaboration of the idea involving processes of forming and transforming which in the course of years scaled the highest peaks of constructive power. It is characteristic of the difference between the two composers that their opponents attack the form in Bruckner's, the substance in Mahler's work. I can understand these objections to some extent without, however, acquiescing in them. From Schenker comes this charming thought: that "even a little bouquet of flowers requires some order (guiding lines) to make it possible for the eye to encompass it at a glance," i.e., to see it as a bouquet. "Form" is such order, premeditated, organic association, complete, strict unity. Our classic literature contains matchless examples of organic unity. Yet we have art works of undoubtedly highest value (I mention Goethe's *Faust* as the most significant instance) the genesis of which resisted this strict organic unity of form, gaining more in richness thereby than they lost in lucidity. I confess that for many years, despite my love for Bruckner's tonal language and his wonderful melodies, despite my happiness in his inspirations, I felt somewhat confused by his apparent formlessness, his unrestrained, luxurious prodigality. This confusion disappeared as soon as I began performing him. Without difficulty I achieved that identification with his work which is the foundation of every authentic and apparently authentic interpretation. Now, since I have long felt deeply at home in his realm, since his form

no longer seems strange to me, I believe that access to him is open to everyone who approaches him with the awe due a true creator. His super-dimensions, his surrender to every fresh inspiration and new, interesting turning, sometimes not drawn with compelling musical logic from what has gone before, nor united to what follows, his abrupt pauses and resummptions: all this may just as well indicate a defect in constructive power as well as an individual concept of symphony. Even though he may not follow a strictly planned path to his goal, he takes us over ways strewn with abundant riches, affording us views of constantly varying delight.

Mahler's striving for form succeeded in bringing transparent unity to the huge dimensions of his symphonies. His was a conscious effort towards order. All his singularities of mood, his excesses of passions, his outpourings of the heart are seized and united according to a plan dictated by his sovereign sense of form. He once told me that, because of the pressure of time (his duties as director left him only the summer months for composing) he may perhaps not have been, at times, sufficiently critical of the quality of an idea, but that he had never permitted himself the slightest leniency in the matter of form. Yet the objection to his thematic art finds no corroboration in this confession, for that objection refers, as far as I know, only to so-called "banalities," i.e., intentional ironic turns, meant to be humorous and dependent for acceptance or rejection upon the listener's capacity for humor. It is not in these that Mahler perceived a deficient quality. He referred to a few transitional lyrics in later works, which struck him as perhaps not select enough, though they would scarcely disturb anyone's enjoyment of the gigantic whole.

The relative beauty of themes and the value of musical ideas cannot be a subject for discussion. I limit myself to the declaration that, after life-long occupation with his works, Mahler's musical substance seems to me essentially music, powerful and individual throughout, beautiful when he strives for beauty, graceful when he strives for charm, melancholy when for sorrow, etc. In short it was truly the material suited to the rearing of such mighty structures, and worthy of the sublime feelings it served to express: Mahler was, like Bruckner, the bearer of a transcendental mission, a spiritual sage and guide, master of an inspired tonal language enriched and enhanced by himself. The tongues of both had, like that of Isaiah, been touched and consecrated by the fiery coal of the altar of the Lord and the threefold "Sanctus" of the seraphim was the inmost meaning of their message.

#### *The Personalities*

The favor of personal acquaintance with Bruckner was not granted me, but that Vienna, into the musical life of which I entered as a young conductor, was still full of the most lively memories of him. I came in touch with "Bruckner circles," which abundantly supplemented Mahler's narratives of his own Bruckner-experiences. I gathered from reports of pupils and friends of the master, from numerous anecdotes, so vivid a picture of his personality, his atmosphere, his mode of life, his conversation, his habits and eccentricities, that I feel as if I had known him thoroughly. One drastic difference between Bruckner and Mahler struck me even then: no feature in Bruckner's personal make-up re-

flected the greatness and sublimity of his music, while Mahler's person was in full harmony with his work. What a contrast in the very appearance of the two masters! Gustav Mahler's lean figure, his narrow, longish face, the unusually high, sloping forehead beneath jet-black hair, eyes which betrayed the inner flame, the ascetic mouth, his strange, irregular gait — these impressed one as the incarnation of the diabolical conductor Johann Kreisler, the famed musical self-reflecting creation of the poet E. T. A. Hoffmann. Anton Bruckner's short, corpulent, comfortable figure, his quiet, easy manner contrast as strongly as possible with such romantic appearance. But upon the drab body is set the head of a Roman Caesar, which might be described as majestic, were it not for the touch of meekness and shyness about the eyes and mouth, giving the lie to the commanding brow and nose.

As might be expected from their contrasting exteriors the two men themselves differed. Bruckner was a retiring, awkward, childishly naive being, whose almost primitive ingenuousness and simplicity was mixed with a generous portion of rustic cunning. He spoke the unrefined Upper-Austrian dialect of the provincial and remained the countryman in appearance, clothing, speech, and carriage till the end, even though he lived in Vienna, a world-metropolis, for decades. His conversation never betrayed reading, whether literature or poetry, nor any interest in scientific matters. The broad domains of the intellectual did not attract him. Unless music was the topic he turned his conversation to the narrow vicissitudes and happenings of every-day existence. Nevertheless his personality must have been attractive, for almost all reports agree upon the peculiar fascination exerted by his naivete, piety, homely simplicity, and modesty bordering at times on servility, as borne out by many of his letters. I explain this attractive power of his strange personality to myself as due to the radiance of his lofty, godly soul, the splendor of his musical genius glimmering through his unpretending homeliness. If his presence could hardly be felt as "interesting," it was heartwarming, yes, uplifting.

It was entirely otherwise with Mahler, who was as impressive in life as in his works. Wherever he appeared his exciting personality swayed everything. In his presence the most secure became insecure. His fascinating conversation was alive with an amazingly wide culture reflecting a world of intellectual interests and an uncommon capacity for swift, keen thinking and expression. Nothing of importance ever thought, accomplished, or created by man was foreign to him. His philosophically trained mind, his fiery soul grasped and assimilated the rich, nourishing intellectual diet without which so Faustian a being could not exist, yet which could as little satiate or appease him as it had Faust. A firm consciousness of God that knew no wavering filled Bruckner's heart. His deep piety, his faithful Catholicism dominated his life, even though it is rather his work that reveals the true greatness of his faith and his relationship to God. Not only his *Masses*, his *Te Deum*, his devotional choral works, but his symphonies also (and these before all) sprang from this fundamental religious feeling that swayed Bruckner's entire spirit. He did not have to struggle toward God; he believed. Mahler sought God. He searched in himself, in Nature, in the messages of poets and thinkers. He strove for steadfastness while

he swung between assurance and doubt. Midst the thousand-fold, often chaotic impressions of world and life he tried to find the ruling prime thought, the transcendental meaning. From his Faustian urge for knowledge, from his commotion by the misery of life, from his presentiment of ultimate harmony stemmed the spiritual agitation which poured from him in the shape of music. Change characterized Mahler's life; constancy Bruckner's. In a certain sense this is also true of their work. Bruckner sang of his God and for his God, Who ever and unalterably occupied his soul. Mahler struggled toward Him. Not constancy, but change ruled his inner life, hence also his music.

Thus their work and their nature were in many respects akin, in many at variance. Yet both belong to that wide, august circle of friends who never abandon us to languish in grief or solitude, but offer us solace in all pain. Theirs is a precious legacy that for all time belongs to us. Those friends are always present. Their spirits dwell in our book-chests, music-cabinets, in our memory, at our beck and call day and night. Our two masters have long since been received into this circle because they continue the work which the great musicians of the past have left. Great was the difference between the two, as I have shown; but conjure up one and the other is not very distant. Along with Bruckner's music (aside from the described more concrete connections) there vibrates a secret Mahlerian undertone, just as in Mahler's work some intangible element is reminiscent of Bruckner. From this intuition of their transcendental kinship it is clearly permissible to speak of "Bruckner and Mahler"; therefore it is possible that, despite the differences in their natures, despite the very incompatibility of important features of their work, my unqualified and unlimited love can belong to them both.

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## MAHLER PLAIN

by WINTHROP SARGEANT

The following review which appeared in *The New Yorker* on February 13, 1960, is reprinted by permission; copyright The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., issue of Feb. 13, 1960.

Since we seem to be hearing more of Gustav Mahler's music this season than we have heard in the past ten seasons put together, the lucky admirer of this music can now begin to pick and choose his favorite Mahler interpretations, instead of merely being thankful for the opportunity to hear any Mahler at all. For me, the choice depends not only on emotional factors, which may give a particular conductor a special sympathy with Mahler's moody, nostalgic, and rather pessimistic romanticism, but also on technical ones, which relate to Mahler's very curious methods of scoring and the means that are used to realize them in practical performance. For Mahler's music is not quite like anybody else's, and the art of conducting it makes peculiar demands on the man who holds the baton. It does not "play itself" to the extent that Rachmaninoff's, Wagner's, or even Mozart's does. A conductor cannot wallow in it, sketching in the main outlines and feeling confident that it will come out all right, provided his orchestra is a good one.

There is, as a matter of fact, a singular absence of main outlines, as these exist in more standard types of music. Everything in Mahler's orchestration is in a continuously shifting state. There are melodies in it, but they are not solos for a given instrument; they are melodic sequences that are apt to change color several times during their passage. One of them may start out as, say, an oboe part, continue, with imperceptible joinery, as a part for a lone violin, and wind up as a part for a muted trombone, all without any break in the melodic continuity. There is also, as anybody who has examined a Mahler score knows, an incredible proliferation in his work of what musicians call "dynamic" signs—fortes, pianos, accents, crescendos, diminuendos—all of them indicating precise degrees of loudness and softness, and they do not occur with any unanimity but are played against each other contrapuntally. Loud instruments like trombones and tubas are asked to play very softly while soft instruments like the flute play as loudly as possible; crescendos by one group of instruments are set against diminuendos by another, with the result that the first group shifts almost unnoticeably to a position of prominence, changing the whole color of the passage. This sort of fragmentation, which is unique with Mahler, compares with the conventional techniques of orchestration somewhat as the brush-work of an Impressionist painter compares with that of a Renaissance master, and it is extremely difficult to project in performance, for it demands not only the most microscopic accuracy but a calculated objectivity that would seem to be, and perhaps really is, in conflict with Mahler's always deeply emotional musical content. At any rate, it is quite a trick for a conductor to bring off, and there are many good conductors who are not good Mahler conductors.

George Szell arrived in Carnegie Hall with the Cleveland Orchestra one night last week, and brought off the trick magnificently in Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde." Every shading of the score was superbly controlled, and yet there was no loss of emotional power and no feeling of self-consciousness about the reading. All the iridescent and chameleonesque writhings of the orchestral fabric were set forth with the utmost exactness and subtlety. Maureen Forrester sang the contralto solos nobly; a new Swiss singer named Ernst Haefliger coped at least adequately with the highly taxing sequences for tenor; and the orchestra itself played brilliantly. Perhaps this is the place to note that in recent years the Cleveland Orchestra has become a serious rival of the "big three" of the Eastern seaboard. It has its own character, which seems obviously dictated by the painstaking and slightly astringent personality of its conductor, and this character is by no means an unwelcome contrast to the lush qualities of the others. The orchestra is, in any case, a superb ensemble and a sensitive and responsive instrument.

## MUSIC: GLOWING MAHLER

by HOWARD TAUBMAN

The following review which appeared in the *New York Times* on February 2, 1960, is reprinted by permission; copyright 1960.

George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra gave a Carnegie Hall

concert last night that qualifies as one of the season's memorable events. They were abetted by Ernst Haefliger, Swiss tenor, who was making his New York debut, and by Maureen Forrester, Canadian contralto, whose singing was something to treasure in its own right.

The evening began with a buoyant and transparent reading of the Mozart E flat major Symphony, and the rest of it was devoted to a radiant performance of Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" (The Song of the Earth). The Clevelanders, like every other orchestra in recent weeks, was paying its respects to Mahler on the centennial of his birth.

This was the first of the visitors' three Carnegie Hall concerts this season, and the fine impression the ensemble has made in the last few years was not only confirmed but also improved. Mr. Szell had his musicians playing with lightness and brilliance, refinement and opulence. The quality and varieties of tone were remarkable, even in these days of splendidly seasoned instruments.

With an orchestra built and trained to his own ideas of discipline and musicianship, Mr. Szell could shape interpretations of perception and depth. The Mozart symphony moved as if airborne. The phrasing had classic proportions but the warm heart that beats under the work's formal garb was never forgotten.

The tribute to Mahler was carried out on an equally high level. "Das Lied von der Erde" is the most satisfying of the composer's major works. His muse was always most thoroughly at home in the song forms, and this is a symphony of songs.

It came after the Eighth Symphony and could have been designated the Ninth. Mahler declined to do so, fearing that the Ninth, so crucial in the careers of predecessors like Beethoven and Bruckner, would signify the end. A Ninth followed several years later. Like "Das Lied von der Erde," it dealt with death and the hope of redemption. But in "Das Lied von der Erde" Mahler achieved his loftiest fusion of matter and manner.

Mr. Szell had every element of the score under control, and his players responded so as to make him proud. There is an abundance of testing moments in this music for all the choirs. The winds played securely and glowingly. The strings were a joy. Rarely do first violins achieve a pianissimo of such shimmering and delicate hues as this group did in the second section.

Mr. Haefliger sang with intelligence and a grasp of style. His voice is a sturdy tenor with its most effective range in the middle. He can shade it smoothly, and he can produce a warm tone in legato passages. His extensive recordings abroad have earned a considerable reputation for him, but a chance at other assignments will be needed to form a fuller judgment.

Miss Forrester, who has made her mark as a soloist, was a majestic interpreter of Mahler. Her singing had the breadth and somber ecstasies of a high priestess communing with unseen spirits. She produced tones of the most delicate subtlety. In the final section, "Der Abschied" (Farewell), she managed high, soft notes that were like floating velvet. There was no suggestion of a performance; only the communication of Mahler's thought and emotion.

A SYMPHONIC TEMPLE  
RANDOM REFLECTIONS ON BRUCKNER'S  
"ONE SYMPHONY"

by HERBERT ANTCLIFFE

It has been said of Anton Bruckner that he was the composer of one symphony, which was divided into eight parts, with a setting of the *Te Deum Laudamus* as a coda. . Literally, of course, this is not true, but there is some element of truth in it. No other composer has ever continued his work as a symphonist with the same regular emotional development.

Not that they are in general structurally or thematically connected. The connection is chiefly, if not entirely, emotional. From the first to the eighth they build up a gradually developed climax — one of the finest climaxes in all music.

Few people will ever have the chance of getting the full effect of that climax; for to get it one must hear the whole series in their regular order and with not too long waits between each of the successive numbers.

He did not start with the naive simplicity of Mozart or even of Beethoven, but the comparative simplicity of his first is equally in contrast with the last as is Beethoven's first with his ninth, or even that between the first of Mozart and the Jupiter.

Perhaps they are an equal example of the condition of *per ardua ad astra* as the works of these two great composers, but they are more single-minded than those of either.

Mozart's symphonies, in spite of their gradual strengthening in expression and technic, and apart from the very debatable suggestion that the three last were an unconscious and unintended autobiography, are in the main *pièces d'occasion*. In other words, they were written as occasion demanded, and not as spontaneous outbursts of emotion. Those of Beethoven were spontaneous and unordered, being explosions of emotion or expressive of his delight in the country, or of admiration or of sheer jollity in the desire to exercise his technic. There is no chain of spiritual emotion linking them together.

A well-known British musician once objected to the music of Bruckner, because it owed so much to that of his predecessors; but which composer has ever been entirely original? And the great composer whom he almost worshipped, J. S. Bach, owed almost more than any one before or after him.

The mere fact of his borrowing phrases or chords from the earlier symphonies to help in building up the later ones had little to do with that continuity. Little, or even nothing, to do with such building up. Such borrowing may sometimes have helped to express the continuity of feeling, but it is in the feeling itself that such continuity exists.

This borrowing, whether from the earlier symphonies and even from some of his earlier purely religious works, is in any case largely a matter of technic and is indulged in to no greater extent than was the case with almost every composer of large works.

To my thinking, Bruckner's symphonies are, as a whole and individually, the most perfect embodiment of religious feeling outside actual religious works such as those of the great masters of the post-Palestrina period — and perhaps some of the Tudor Church music — that exists, and, of course, excepting his own Church compositions. Whether Bruckner was a man who could be described as saintly, in the conventional use of the term, or not, I do not know. That his whole being was impregnated with his consciousness of the immanence of God is obvious.

From these symphonies he built up what has been described as a symphonic temple.

The foundations of that temple were laid, in the first place, in his religious works which were composed for orchestra and not merely for organ. Some preparation, some slight layer of musical and emotional ground was to be found in earlier attempts at purely orchestral writing, but this was scarcely an essential feature of the foundations of his symphonic temple. This temple started with his first symphony and finished with what he did towards his ninth and with the great *Te Deum Laudamus*, itself a truly symphonic work.

Various students of the life and works of Bruckner have remarked on the patience (in spite of occasional outbursts of temper) of the man. This patience is reflected in much, one may almost say, the whole of his work — and particularly in his symphonies — and it may be the mere fact that, although he felt within himself his power as a symphonist, he did not write his first symphony until he was forty years old is one indication of this patience, which was one of the unifying forces in their construction.

Incidentally, moreover, these borrowings are further evidence of his patience. There is no lazy taking over of old material, because it was too much trouble to create new. Each borrowing, for instance from his earlier religious works in the second symphony or from the early symphonies in the later ones, has its definite aim and expression, and, of course, the supreme instance I have already mentioned of this — the placing of the *Te Deum* as a climax to all — is indispensable to the work of erecting the greatest music temple of the Nineteenth Century, a work that has recently been compared by a religious writer in Holland (the musical critic of a Jesuit paper, so probably a Jesuit himself) with Handel's *Messiah* and Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* for its religious force, though that force has as yet to bear its full fruit both in his own country and in others.

I have referred to the comparison between Bruckner's symphonic work and a great temple. With what kind of temple, it may be asked, can it best be compared? Certainly, a Christian temple, but so far as their building is concerned these are many and various alike in their periods and their individual styles. To this question, a colleague has recently provided at least a partial answer. He pointed out that in the great Gothic cathedrals of the past, those which have withstood

age and storm and maltreatment during the centuries, such, for instance, as Notre Dame in Paris or the minsters at Cologne and Durham and York, their very beauty and majesty lies not in the fact that they were designed and built under the supervision of a great single architect, for they were not. Many changes in intention, at least in the matter of detail, took place in the 600 years that it took to build Cologne Cathedral. No, even their unity of conception was intensified by the fact that every layer, even every stone, was carefully chiselled and shaped and decorated before it found its place in the whole work.

This comparison with the work of Bruckner cannot, of course, be applied entirely, for Bruckner himself was both architect and builder, and the whole of his work, as a symphonist, was completed within a space of four decades. The comparison is that just as these great edifices of stone were shaped and decorated in small details carefully shaped and adapted, Bruckner's symphonies were built up diligently out of phrases and passages carefully thought out and actually composed before they were placed in the complete composition. The instances I have mentioned of his borrowings from his earlier works are the most striking instances of this, but not the only ones. The question raised in Austria fifty years ago as to whether Bruckner lacked form can be answered by this. It was all built up patiently of small individual pieces which merely by their relation one to the other make a complete and well-formed entity.

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#### KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO DR. HEINZ UNGER

In appreciation of his efforts to create greater interest in the works of Gustav Mahler in Canada, the Board of Directors of The Bruckner Society of America awarded the Kilenyi-Mahler Medal to Dr. Heinz Unger.

Under Dr. Unger's direction, the York Concert Society, Toronto, has performed the following works of Mahler:

- May 26, 1953 3 Songs (Lois Marshall, soloist)
- May 27, 1954 *Kindertotenlieder* (James Milligan, soloist)
- May 15, 1956 *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*  
(Maureen Forrester, soloist)
- April 30, 1957 *Fourth Symphony* (Lois Marshall, soloist)

On Dec. 11, 1954, and Oct. 8, 1956, Mahler's *Fourth* under Dr. Unger's direction was broadcast over CBC.

On Jan. 22, 1958, the Toronto Symphony, Dr. Unger conducting, gave the first performance in Canada of Mahler's *Second*; participants were: Lois Marshall and Claramae Turner, soloists; The Bach-Elgar Choir of Hamilton, John Sidgwick, Director.

Dr. Unger conducted the first performance in Canada of Mahler's *Fifth* on Feb. 25, 1959. After the performance, Dr. Geoffrey Waddington, Chairman of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, acting on behalf of The Bruckner Society of America, made the presentation of the Kilenyi-Mahler Medal to Dr. Unger. The performance and the presentation ceremony were broadcast from coast to coast on the CBC trans-Canada network.

## AUF FRÖHLICHES WIEDERSEHEN

The Vienna Philharmonic Returns to New York, 1959

by DIKA NEWLIN

Reviewing the Vienna Philharmonic's New York debut of 1956 for this journal, I wrote: "we . . . hope that they will once more come bringing Bruckner — and perhaps Mahler?" (CHORD AND DISCORD, 1958, p. 59.) My wish for Mahler was not to be gratified by the splendid orchestra's return to New York in November, 1959, as part of its triumphal world tour extending from New Delhi, India, to Montreal, Canada. But we friends of Bruckner can scarcely complain; for, instead, on November 17, it offered a spectacular performance of Bruckner's Eighth under the direction of Herbert von Karajan. Wisely, Mr. von Karajan and the orchestra devoted almost the entire evening to this monumental work, preceding it only with a refined and tasteful performance of Mozart's *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*. Nor was it, this time, followed by any light Viennese encores which might negate its heaven-storming climax; the beloved waltzes and marches without which no Vienna Philharmonic tour would be complete were reserved for the second half of the more "popular" matinee concert on November 19, which also included Mozart's G minor Symphony and Schubert's *Unfinished*.

I have used the word "spectacular" to describe the Bruckner performance. This term is meant to express both its shining merits and its (slight) limitations. To me, the extrovert von Karajan never quite succeeds in bringing to Bruckner that ultimate degree of spiritual absorption in the work which this music demands. Instead, he concentrates on *sound* — and in this respect the performance was supreme. Only when listening to this orchestra can one feel that one is really hearing the sonority (especially in brasses and strings!) which Bruckner himself must have had in mind when composing. The unfolding of the successive climaxes of the *Adagio* displayed an especially fine gradation of dynamic levels and tone-colors. With only the very slight reservation which I have made above, this movement was an ecstatic listening experience; I can only feel sorry for the critic who found it "agonizing" and who praised his seat-neighbor for putting her head on her husband's shoulder and going to sleep! Needless to say, the Finale "brought down the house" and the orchestra could once more have the pleasure of realizing that it is not, after all, so dangerous to play Bruckner in America,<sup>1</sup> as it responded to the enthusiasm of the audience.

After this concert, Howard Taubman wrote in the *New York Times*, "No one will complain if the intervals between calls [of the Vienna Philharmonic] become even shorter." I can only echo this sentiment and close my account of their all-too-short Eastern Seaboard visit with the words of my title: *Auf fröhliches Wiedersehen!*

<sup>1</sup> In fact, sometimes it is dangerous *not* to. Day Thorpe, *Washington Star* critic, quite rightly (in my opinion) scolded the orchestra for playing a miserable piece by the contemporary Austrian composer Theodor Berger in its Washington concert of November 22, instead of doing something by Bruckner, Mahler, or Berg! Indeed, it is most unfortunate that the Bruckner was played in New York and Boston *only*, during the United States portion of the tour.

## IN MEMORIAM

### JULIO KILENYI

Julio Kilenyi (1886-1959) was born in Hungary. Before his departure for Argentina at the age of twenty-one, he had studied in Budapest, Paris, and Berlin. When he was thirty years old, he came to the United States and became a citizen eight years later.

A sculptor of wide renown, he created among others the designs for the William Penn Anniversary Medal, for medals officially awarded to Col. Lindbergh, Thomas A. Edison, President Coolidge, General Pershing, Admiral Byrd, and for medals commemorating the opening of the George Washington Bridge and the Lincoln Tunnel.

Plaques and medals by Kilenyi are exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Cleveland Museum of Art, Boston Fine Arts Museum, Smithsonian Institute, British Museum, Oxford University, The Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, and the Vatican Museum.

Prizes were awarded to him by the Allied Artists of America and the Tenth Olympiad Committee of Los Angeles, among others.

Julio Kilenyi had been active in The Bruckner Society of America for a quarter of a century. At the time of his death, he was an Executive Member, Director, and Vice-President. In 1933 he designed the Bruckner Medal of Honor for the exclusive use of the Society. Two years later, he designed the Mahler Medal of Honor to commemorate the seventy-fifth anniversary of Mahler's birth. This Medal was also made for the Society's exclusive use.

The medals are awarded for outstanding effort to further interest in and appreciation of the music of the two masters. By creating these designs, Julio Kilenyi has made a contribution of lasting value to the Bruckner-Mahler movement.

THE MASS AS CONCERT-PIECE: BRÜCKNER'S E MINOR  
MASS IN NEW YORK, APRIL 12, 1958

by DIKA NEWLIN

In my article on "Bruckner's Three Great Masses" (CHORD AND DISCORD, 1958) I deplored the fact that these magnificent works have not yet found their proper niche in this country, either in the church or in the concert-hall. Therefore, the appearance of the E minor Mass as the final work on an unhackneyed program given by the New Haven Chorale and Instrumental Ensemble (Donald Loach, director) in the beautiful Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum of New York was indeed a welcome addition to the concert life of this season. The concert, which also included Bach's Cantata No. 118, Mozart's rarely heard *Notturmi* (K. 436 and 437) and *Canzonetta* (K. 549), and *A Nuptial Triptych* of psalms by the contemporary American composer David Kraehenbuehl, was one of a series made possible by the Eda K. Loeb Fund.

I was not previously familiar with Mr. Loach's enterprising group, but most of them appeared to be young people—indeed, still in the student stage. Thus, the performances had vitality, but often lacked professional polish. Perhaps in an effort to counteract the all-too-prevalent fault of singing all religious music in a dragged-out, lugubrious fashion, Mr. Loach chose tempi for the Mass which often seemed too rapid, so that Bruckner's noble ideas were slurred over, and important text words swallowed. However, the conductor had a good feeling for the typical Bruckner sonority, which managed to sound fully symphonic even with this small group of winds, brasses and voices.

The musical text followed was closer to the old Wöss edition (as found in Universal-Edition 7534) than to the *Urtext* of the *Bruckner-Gesellschaft* edition. The textual question was not referred to in the program notes. These were, on the whole, carefully prepared by Emanuel Winternitz, curator of musical instruments at the Museum, but his essay on Bruckner certainly contained some debatable statements, such as the following: "For some reason the names of Mahler and Bruckner are always heard together in America. Nothing could be less justified . . . both were Austrians and both wrote nine symphonies . . . but these are the only things they have in common." Readers of CHORD AND DISCORD will doubtless hold a different view!

A pleasing feature of the performance was the use of the Gregorian intonations "Gloria in excelsis Deo" and "Credo in unum Deum," which were not polyphonically set by Bruckner in this Mass, but which must, of course, be present for liturgical completeness and propriety. (They are notably absent from the one LP of the Mass available in 1958.)

We welcome performances such as this, and hope that major choral organizations of professional stature might be inspired thereby to include Bruckner Masses on their programs more frequently.

## MAHLER ON TELEVISION

### BERNSTEIN CONDUCTS YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT

by ROBERT G. GREY

In 1960 New York Philharmonic audiences in Carnegie Hall and radio listeners experienced an event which would have been inconceivable but a few years ago—a Mahler Festival which, according to the Philharmonic's Program Notes, was given to commemorate "the 100th Anniversary of Mahler's birth and the 50th Anniversary of his first season as Music Director of the New York Philharmonic." To Leonard Bernstein, Music Director of the Philharmonic and a devoted admirer of the hitherto controversial composer, Gustav Mahler, the increasing number of Mahlerites owe a debt of gratitude for his share in making the Festival possible and for conducting sixteen of the Festival's thirty six performances. Judging by the size of each audience and the ovation that greeted each of the concerts attended by the writer—ovations such as are not heard too frequently at Carnegie Hall—as well as by the reviews of the majority of the critics, Mahler's prophecy, *My time will yet come*, was finally fulfilled; his time had come.\*

The imaginative Mr. Bernstein took advantage of the Mahler Centennial not merely to educate adult listeners, many of whom had formed their opinions from unfavorable reviews and articles about Mahler published in the distant and recent past, but also to introduce Mahler to the growing generation that had probably not even heard of him. At a Young People's Concert on Jan. 23, 1960 which was taped and televised on WCBS-TV under the dignified sponsorship of the Shell Oil Company, Mr. Bernstein outlined the causes of the conflicts which raged within Mahler's soul and made him compose as he did. To illustrate the conflicts which he found expressed in Mahler's music, Bernstein used the following selections: *Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt*, excerpts from *Das Lied*, the *Second*, and the *Fourth*. The soloists were Reri Grist, Helen Raab, and William Lewis. The children listened very attentively; they applauded heartily after each number. The extremely difficult song, *Der Abschied*, which ended the concert in an almost inaudible whisper of sound, brought forth a rousing ovation for all participants, thus proving that difficult, unfamiliar music can be a moving experience for children if presented by an inspired conductor and dedicated educator. No doubt this concert proved to be a revelation and memorable experience for the children in the Hall and for many adults and children who saw the telecast. Reviewing the concert in the *New York Times*, Mr. Eric Salzman called it "one of the best programs of its type that Mr. Bernstein has yet put together," a comment that was richly deserved.

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\* The writer attended fifteen of the thirty-six Mahler concerts led by Mitropoulos, Bernstein and Walter.

## IN MEMORIAM

ERNST J. M. LERT

Born in Vienna on May 12, 1883, Ernst J. M. Lert absorbed the musical and artistic atmosphere which pervaded that unique center of European culture in the late years of the nineteenth and early years of the twentieth century. At the University of Vienna he studied the history of music under Guido Adler and at an early age came under the influence of Gustav Mahler. When he was but twenty-four years old, Ernst Lert became regisseur and dramaturgist in Breslau; two years later, he was operatic and dramatic director at the new municipal theatre in Freiburg, and at the age of twenty-nine, he was appointed to a similar post in Leipzig, where he worked in the opera with Otto Lohse.

During World War I, which interrupted his career, he served as an officer in the Austrian Army. After the War, he became Director of the Stadttheater in Basle, and in 1920 he was appointed Intendant of the Opera in Frankfurt where he remained for three years. His acceptance of the post of stage director at La Scala marked the next milestone in his brilliant career. There he remained for a number of years, during the golden era of the Toscanini regime. When the legendary maestro came to the United States, Dr. Lert's loyalty to Toscanini, who had become Lert's friend, impelled him to leave La Scala and accept an appointment as one of the stage directors at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.\* At the time of his death, January 29, 1955, Dr. Lert was a member of the faculties of Peabody Institute and Goucher College (in Baltimore).

A great admirer of Mozart, Dr. Lert wrote a book on the staging of Mozart's operas (*Mozart auf dem Theater*, 1918). As a tribute to Otto Lohse, he wrote a biography of the famous German conductor.

Dr. Lert attended the first meeting of the Bruckner Society held on January 4, 1931, and was active in the Society as an Executive Member and Director until shortly before his death. Furthermore, he contributed articles to CHORD AND DISCORD, articles which revealed him not only as a scholar with a wealth of knowledge in various fields but as a deep thinker as well. His writings and his lectures had something of the grand manner.

Despite his many successful productions and much public acclaim which would have imbued a lesser man with a feeling of self-importance, Ernst Lert remained a modest, shy, and kindly person. His training and his temperament precluded any compromise on his part with artistic principles. As a teacher, his influence certainly extended beyond the grave, and those who knew him intimately are unlikely to forget this brilliant, gentle human being.

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\*Lert's views concerning the duties and responsibilities of an opera and dramatic director are set forth in his article, *Met-Empsychosis*, published in Vol. I, No. 7 of CHORD AND DISCORD.

## KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO STATION KWFM (MINNEAPOLIS)

Over a period of years, Station KWFM had been broadcasting Bruckner recordings on its monthly programs. During the month of March, 1958, all available Bruckner recordings were included on the programs of this station. At that time, their program book had on its cover the Kilenyi Bruckner Medal of Honor.

In recognition of the efforts of the Station's authorities to familiarize audiences within the radius of the Minneapolis station with the music of the Austrian master, the Directors of The Bruckner Society of America awarded the Kilenyi Bruckner Medal of Honor to Station KWFM. The presentation of the Medal was made on November 15, 1958, to Gerald Hill, President of the Fidelity Broadcasting Company, by Antal Dorati, an Honorary Member of the Society, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andre Speyer.

## KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO JOSEF BLATT

PRESENTATION SPEECH BY EARL V. MOORE, DEAN OF THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, APRIL 4, 1958, FOLLOWING A PERFORMANCE OF MAHLER'S SECOND SYMPHONY

Ladies and Gentlemen: Before I undertake the pleasant task of presenting the medal, I would like to express to Mr. Blatt, the members of the Orchestra, the Chorus, and the soloists my personal, and I believe, your personal appreciation for the deep impression that this work has made this afternoon. All of you have done the University of Michigan great honor by this performance and I want to congratulate each and every one of you most heartily and to express for myself, the faculty, and for the administration of the University our sincere appreciation for your staying on an afternoon which otherwise might have been part holiday for you. This has been a memorable occasion and I am sure you realize from the response of the audience what an impression your work has made. Thank you, and God bless you.

On behalf of the Bruckner Society of America, I have been invited to present their Medal to our conductor this afternoon. The Bruckner Society of America was established in 1931 for the purpose of promoting interest in, and appreciation of, the compositions of two great and distinguished Austrian composers, Anton Bruckner and Gustav Mahler. In the intervening years many performances of these works have been given by conductors of American orchestras. These conductors have in many cases been honored as our conductor is this afternoon, as recipients of the Bruckner, or the Mahler Medal, depending upon which work was performed. Among this list of conductors are to be found the names of the late Frederick Stock, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Eugene Ormandy, Jan Kubelik, just to name a few. It is a distinguished list. Mr. Blatt, on behalf of the Bruckner Society of America, it is my pleasure to present to you this Medal. On the obverse side (here is where Television would help) you could see, if you were close enough, a very lovely bas-relief of Mr. Mahler, done by an American sculptor especially for the exclusive use of the Bruckner Society. On the reverse side is engraved the name of the recipient; in this case, Josef Blatt, and the date, 1958.

It is with great pleasure and honor to you, Sir, that on behalf of the Bruckner Society, I present you with this Mahler Medal. (Prolonged applause.)

# MAHLER'S KINDERTOTENLIEDER

by PARKS GRANT

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866) enjoys an envied place among German poets of the Romantic school. He was a contemporary of Eichendorff and Uhland, a junior contemporary of E. T. A. Hoffmann, a senior contemporary of Heine, Mörike, Lenau, Keller, and Storm. He was a youth at the same time that Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul Richter, and Wieland were at their height.

Rückert, who sometimes used the pen-name Freimund Raimar, is noted not only for his original poems, but also for his translations, having made German versions of important Chinese, Arabian, Persian, and Indian literature. This phase of his activity grows out of his position as a professor of Oriental languages, first at the University of Erlangen, later at the University of Berlin.

The *Kindertotenlieder* (*Songs on the Death of Children*) rank high among his sensitively-written original works. Posthumously published in 1872, these poems are intended as a memorial to two of the poet's children.

Gustav Mahler drew on ten of Rückert's works for the texts of compositions: five independent songs (often called the *Rückert Songs*) and the five-movement song-cycle *Kindertotenlieder* which here claims our attention.

Composed in 1900-1902 and first performed and published in 1905, *Kindertotenlieder* stands in the forefront among Mahler's works, second only to *Das Lied von der Erde*, in the opinion of some musicians. Always tortured with thoughts of death, throughout its composition Mahler was haunted by the fear that his own as-yet-unborn child might not survive infancy. His foreboding was all too accurate, for his little daughter Maria, born shortly after the completion of the *Kindertotenlieder*, died in 1907.

Mahler indicated on the first page of the score that *Kindertotenlieder* should be performed as a unit, without pauses or applause between the individual songs.

No. 1: *NUN WILL DIE SONN' SO HELL AUFGEH'N*  
(NOW THE SUN WOULD RISE SO BRIGHT)

The opening, for oboe and horn, is characteristically Mahleresque. (See Example 1.) The entrance of the voice at the end of measure 4 is like the addition of another instrument rather than the coming-on-stage of a featured "star"—also very typical of the composer.

## Ex. 1

Ex. 1 shows two staves of music. The top staff is for the Oboe, and the bottom staff is for the Horn. Both are in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The Oboe part begins with a melodic line of eighth notes, while the Horn part provides a harmonic accompaniment of eighth notes.

The second vocal phrase is memorably eloquent, being the type of passage that is truly thought for the voice. To exemplify this, one need only play it over on the piano, on which it sounds thoroughly undistinguished, and then sing it; even the poorest voice will give it character and will feel its vocal suitability. This phrase is five measures in length, rather than the more conventional four, the slightly amplified size contributing much to its distinction. One should also mention that the harp enters with this same phrase, in a steady eighth-note figure doubled by muted violas. There is no composer whose harp parts sound quite like Mahler's—simple though they are—and this phrase is completely characteristic. (See Example 2.)

## Ex. 2

Ex. 2 shows a vocal line and instrumental accompaniment. The vocal line is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "als sei kein Un - glück, kein". The instrumental accompaniment includes Cellos (muted), Horn, Bassoon, and Bass-Clarinet and Harp. The Cello part features a steady eighth-note figure, while the Horn and Bassoon parts provide harmonic support.

Un - glück die Nacht ge - schöhn!

Horn

Bass-Clarinet

Harp

Detailed description: This musical score shows a vocal line at the top with the lyrics 'Un - glück die Nacht ge - schöhn!'. Below it are three staves for instruments: Horn, Bass-Clarinet, and Harp. The Horn part has a melodic line with some grace notes. The Bass-Clarinet and Harp parts are more rhythmic and accompanimental. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

An unexpected and quite delightful touch in orchestration turns up in measure 20 in the form of some repeated tones for the glockenspiel. This instrument, usually associated with light-hearted, dainty, or brilliant passages, contributes an arresting effect in this song of profound anguish. It would occur only to a man who knew the orchestra as exhaustively as did Mahler—who of course was a conductor as well as a composer—to use this instrument in such an unlooked-for fashion. Incidentally the glockenspiel part throughout the song is confined to a single pitch: D.

The music of Example 2 (minus the two grace-notes) recurs with a new text, and leads through an unsettled-sounding passage to the material shown in Example 3. It will be observed that the first violins

Ex. 3

musst sie ins ew' - - ge

First Violins

Harp

Cellos, pizzicato

Detailed description: This musical score is labeled 'Ex. 3'. It features a vocal line with the lyrics 'musst sie ins ew' - - ge'. Below the vocal line are three staves for instruments: First Violins, Harp, and Cellos, pizzicato. The First Violins part has a melodic line. The Harp part has a rhythmic accompaniment. The Cellos, pizzicato part has a rhythmic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

Licht, ins ew' - - -

- - - ge Licht ver-sen - - - ken!

Horn, Bassoon  
Clarinet

Clarinet, Horn,  
Bassoon

Harp

Bassoons

Cellos, plizzicato  
Double-Basses, plizzicato

have one melody, the voice a different one, and that the harp has a typical passage in eighth-notes. The sparsity of the texture well illustrates Mahler's ability to get a maximum of effect from a minimum of means—this from a composer who is so often thoughtlessly accused of "megalomania" and extravagance of means!

The orchestra becomes momentarily agitated, but calm is restored through a cannily-written diminuendo and gradual return to the original tempo; the music seems to "dissolve." The material of Example 2, considerably modified and with new words, appears again. The glockenspiel plays the last note in the unusual ending.

No. 2: *NUN SEH' ICH WOHL, WARUM SO DUNKLE FLAMMEN*  
(NOW I SEE WELL WHY SUCH DARK FLAMES)

The second song has an anguished opening, which a change from C

minor to C major at measure 15 does little to relieve. At measure 22 comes another phrase which only Mahler could have written; it is destined to return at measure 54 in a different key and in altered form. (See Example 4.)

Ex. 4

The musical score for Example 4 consists of two systems. The first system features a vocal line on a single staff with the lyrics "Dort ahnt' ich nicht, weil" and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The piano part includes parts for Violas (first), Cellos, and Violas (half), with a Harp and Double-Basses playing pizzicato. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "Ne - bel mich um schwam - men ge -" and the piano accompaniment. The score is written in a key with two flats and a common time signature.

There is a brief and restrained outburst at measure 29. At its end, as it is calming down, there is a typically Mahleresque touch when the voice part seems to drop out of sight and the emerging cellos claim our attention. The gradual swallowing-up of one part and overlapping emergence of another, all within the course of a phrase, is typical of the composer and was something of a novel stroke in his day, often bringing about a veritable "counterpoint of tone-colors." A similar effect,

also preceded by a short restrained outburst, occurs just before the quite unconventional end.

It is interesting to note that the passage quoted in Example 4 and its already-mentioned repetition are the only phrases in this song which do not begin with a rising melodic line.

No. 3: WENN DEIN MUETTERLEIN  
(WHEN YOUR DEAR MOTHER)

The third song has about as cheerless an opening as can be imagined; it is given to English horn, bassoon, and pizzicato cellos. Again the entrance of the voice and the whole manner of its participation suggest the role of one of the orchestral instruments rather than a "star" or "soloist." A chamber-music-like mode of thought may be observed in nearly all of Mahler's songs with orchestra.

At the end of measure 24, running to the beginning of measure 33, is the amazing passage found in Example 5. It returns, with different

Ex. 5

dort, dort, wo wür-de dein lieb' Ge-sicht-chen..

Cellos and Flute

Divided Violas

Double-Basses

sein, wenn du freu-den hel-le

add 2 Flutes 2 Flutes

Bassoons

Bass Clarinet

trā - test mit her - ein, trā - test mit her -

Violas  
Bassoon, half of Cellos  
Bassoon  
Bass-Clarinet

ein, Wie sonst mein Töch - ter - lein!

*rit.*

Divided Cellos  
add Bass-Clarinet

orchestration and text, just before the end of the song. Its effect is that of a single phrase of astounding length, which pushes everything before it. Of course it really subdivides, and it certainly need not be attempted with a single breath, yet so ingenious is its structure that the listener almost holds his breath as it is delivered. Not many passages that are its peer will be found anywhere in musical literature. It is a true masterstroke.

The second half of the song is fairly similar to the first half—about as near to the “strophic” type of song-structure as one will find in Mahler, who always preferred the “through-composed” manner of composition. The end is noteworthy as marking one of the few times Mahler did not conclude a composition on the tonic chord, for the final chord is the dominant.

No. 4: *OFT DENK' ICH, SIE SIND NUR AUSGEGANGEN*  
(OFTEN I THINK THEY'VE ONLY GONE AWAY)

After three songs in slow tempo with little rhythmic drive, the fourth, with its gentle and restful flow, is a welcome change. It is also the only song which opens in the major mode.

Measures 15 through 23 are remarkable for their beginning on the

Ex. 6

*pp*

Der Tag ist schön! O, sei nicht

Muted Violins and Flutes

Violas and Bassoon

bang! Sie ma - chen nur ei - nen wei - ten

Horns, Second Violins, Violas

Half of Cellos

Other half of Cellos, pizzicato

Add Double-Basses, pizz.

Gang.

Second Violins Add Oboe

Add 2nd Oboe

Cellos

Violas and Bassoon

Double-Basses and Bassoon

dominant-eleventh chord and for the typical manner in which the orchestra takes over as the voice drops out, a Mahler characteristic which has already received comment. (See Example 6.) This passage recurs twice later on, both times in modified form. The first of these again uses the orchestra to continue the interrupted voice line and features a delightful bit for a solo violin; the second, which virtually concludes the song, finishes out the phrase after having passed through one of the most exquisite climaxes imaginable.

No. 5: *IN DIESEM WETTER*  
(IN THIS WEATHER)

The last song is about twice the length of any of the others, and easily requires the largest number of instruments in the orchestra.

The agitated opening features growling trills, restless figures, tremolos, stopped horns, and other turbulent effects, including Mahler's typically "wrenched" string passages approached from one or two grace-notes. The stormy mood is well established long before the voice enters, and for the first half the singer is content to let the orchestra carry forward the thought, vocal participation partaking more of declaiming against the orchestra than of a melodic line. Meanwhile Mahler's policy of using varied rather than exact repetition reflects the constantly varied repetition in Rückert's text.

The climax is a true turning-point as well as the loudest passage. It begins at measure 67 with the voice silent, and is quite devoid of the conventional orchestral claptrap typical of such passages. The stormy atmosphere continues as the gong adds its lowering effect to the sustained tones of the deep-pitched instruments; high above there are other sustained sounds for cello harmonics and piccolo; in the middle there are moving parts.

The music gradually calms down, the transition featuring some repeated glockenspiel tones, somewhat as in the first song, except that the tone is now always A rather than D.

A shift from D minor to D major brings a lullaby-like passage of celestial peacefulness. The effect of the second part of this song for all the world suggests the cool clearing of the air after a heavy storm. For a long time only the high-pitched instruments are used. (When the cycle is sung by a man, as it preferably should be, his voice is the lowest-pitched of the musical resources for most of eighteen measures.) There is a continuous eighth-note figure in the second violins, later transferred to the violas. Most of this is doubled by the celesta. There is, however, some difficulty about the part for this instrument, for Mahler apparently had in mind a celesta able to descend an octave lower than the usual instrument, and freely-used tones in this lowest octave (always appearing as a single line of notes) are hence unplayable; so the celesta part of the *Kindertotenlieder* is often simply omitted, though about half of it still lies within the normal range.

Low tones re-enter with the lovely passage shown in Example 7—music which in its very sound suggests the poet's words *sie ruh'n* ("they rest").

The predominantly orchestral thought of the song-cycle receives its final affirmation in the circumstance that the voice is silent during the

Musical score for the first system. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are "sie ruh'n, sie ruh'n wie". The piano accompaniment consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are distributed across the staves: "Violins, muted" above the treble staff, "Flutes and Clarinets" and "Muted Violas and Celesta" between the staves, "Harp" and "Cellos, pizz." below the bass staff, and "Divided Double-Basses, Horns" and "pizz. Cellos and Harp" below the grand staff.

sie ruh'n, sie ruh'n wie  
 Violins, muted  
 Flutes and Clarinets Muted Violas and Celesta  
 Harp  
 Cellos, pizz.  
 Divided Double-Basses, Horns pizz. Cellos and Harp

Musical score for the second system. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "in der Mut - ter Haus, wie". The piano accompaniment continues with the same instrumentation as the first system.

in der Mut - ter Haus, wie  
 pizz. Cellos and Harp

Musical score for the third system. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "in der Mut - ter Haus!". The piano accompaniment concludes with the same instrumentation as the previous systems.

in der Mut - ter Haus!

concluding fifteen measures, which bring the *Kindertotenlieder* to a close of the utmost calm.

In addition to the voice and the usual first violins, second violins, violas, cellos, and double-basses, Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder* is scored for piccolo, 2 flutes, 2 oboes, English horn, 2 clarinets, bass clarinet, 2 bassoons, contrabassoon, 4 horns, timpani, glockenspiel, celesta, gong, and harp. (It will be observed that trumpets, trombones, and tuba are not used.)

## PAUL HINDEMITH AT TOWN HALL

by LOUIS BIANCOLLI

The following article appeared in the *New York World-Telegram and Sun* on February 15, 1959. Reprinted by courtesy *N. Y. World-Telegram and Sun*. Copyright 1959.

One of the great music masters of our time — Paul Hindemith — made a memorable double appearance as composer and conductor at Town Hall yesterday afternoon.

As composer, the German-born modernist, rated among the three most influential innovators of our time, was represented by two striking scores—octet and six madrigals, both billed as first performances in the United States.

On the podium Mr. Hindemith not only proved his own best conductor but perhaps the best conductor Anton Bruckner could have at the moment for his profoundly moving and seldom heard Mass in E Minor.

As performance and program, it was a stirring event from beginning to end. Both the National Artists Chamber Orchestra and the Collegiate Chorale rose nobly to the occasion.

Indeed, it is hard to recall, from the season's abundance, a more firmly knit chamber ensemble than was heard in Mr. Hindemith's brilliant new Octet. The contrasts and balances were just about perfect.

Nor has the season's group singing offered many moments to equal or surpass those achieved by the Collegiate Chorale at the inspiring behest of Mr. Hindemith in his own and Bruckner's music.

The Octet is real music-making — fresh and clean and new. Grounded in assured strength, it roams freely over new and old terrain, attaining a compact and living entity of its own.

One would have thought the madrigal an exhausted and antiquated form. But Mr. Hindemith, ever the explorer, found ways of making the six glowing poems of Josef Weinheber chant new life in their fresh and vital settings. What exuberant power they express!

It was inevitable that the most gripping of the six, "Magic Recipe" — a unique masterpiece of bounding humor and sly thrust — had to be repeated. Mr. Hindemith certainly had a good time doing so, and so did the crowd.

And how this compact, bald little man in his 60s made the Bruckner Mass soar in the solemn majesty of its theme! While the music lasted, it gave Town Hall the spacious illusion of a cathedral.

Anton Bruckner was in his glory yesterday — and so, too, was Paul Hindemith.

## THE ULTIMATE

by WINTHROP SARGEANT

The following article, which appeared in *The New Yorker*, is reprinted by permission. Copyright The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., issue of Nov. 28, 1959.

The performance of Anton Bruckner's Eighth Symphony by the Vienna Philharmonic, under Herbert von Karajan, in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening of last week stirred up the sort of excitement I have not encountered at a symphony concert since the days of Toscanini. There was something ultimate about it, which occurs only when a brilliant conductor and a superb orchestra devote themselves to the performance of a towering masterpiece, presenting it in a manner at once flawless, inspired, and authoritative in the highest degree. The audience — a very fashionable one, which might have been expected to show some impatience with the long, leisurely spans of Bruckner's musical thought — was held spellbound throughout the work. The work itself, as Bruckner enthusiasts well know, is perhaps the finest and certainly the most closely knit and most consistently eloquent of all the Austrian master's symphonies. Its sombre, turbulent first movement, its magnificent scherzo, and its resplendent, proclamatory finale could each stand alone as an example of nineteenth-century symphonic writing at the peak of its communicative power. But placed between the scherzo and the finale is a slow movement of such serenity and grandeur that one is tempted to call it the greatest adagio ever penned by a symphonic composer. The superlative is, of course, slightly fatuous; there are other great adagios in the literature of symphonic music, some of them by Bruckner himself, and in any case the word "great" is worn, and hazy in meaning. Still, there should be some way of conveying in words the unique character of this movement, which is not really like any other adagio in existence. It is not an easy movement to grasp at first hearing. To some, it may initially seem a bit repetitious, and I know of quite a number of musicians, as well as critics and laymen, who have not heard it often enough to fit all its relationships together and thus grasp the grand plan of its musical logic. But the plan is there, needing only a few hearings to become manifest, and once it is clearly understood, the movement shows itself to be one of the loftiest statements ever made by the musical mind. In it, Bruckner — as happens frequently in his other works — is carrying on a personal conversation with God, and, even to an unbeliever, what he has to say cannot seem other than noble and basic. Mr. von Karajan conducted the whole symphony with a devotion that was truly hypnotic, and chose his tempos — notably that of the adagio, which is sometimes dragged — with exquisite care for the coherence of Bruckner's musical ideas. The performance was so impressive that Mozart's familiar and beautiful "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," which opened the program and was done by the orchestra with exemplary finish, seemed trivial by comparison. To me, von Karajan's Eighth will remain one of the most memorable musical experiences of the decade.

## A MAHLER PREMIERE FOR A MAHLER YEAR

by DIKA NEWLIN

It seems strange that Mahler's youthful work *Das klagende Lied* (1880-1898) has only now received its premiere in New York. Yet such was apparently the case when the forces of New York City College's choir, orchestra and band joined to present this composition on May 14, 1960, in the auditorium of the college. This performance was followed by two additional ones on May 15 and 21.

Wisely, the conductor of this event, Fritz Jahoda, showed his awareness of Viennese tradition by preceding the Mahler work with three shorter pieces by Schubert: the delightful *Serenade*, Op. 135, the visionary *Song of the Spirits over the Waters*, and the more conventional, simpler *Psalm 92* (sung in Hebrew). These were pleasant, but the focus of interest (and of the most intensive preparation on the part of the participants) was obviously Mahler. Let it be said at once that the students achieved a remarkable performance. While it would obviously be unfair to single out and criticize individual participants as in professional performances, it can be stated without fear of condescension or of making "undue allowances" that the total impression was an exciting, deeply moving one. The work had clearly been studied with utmost thoroughness—more, its interpretation had that incalculable quality of heartwarming enthusiasm so often found in collegiate performances and sometimes missing from more technically perfect professional ones.

In speaking of a work of a composer's youth, it is fashionable to seek out the "influences" of his forebears. However, in the case of *Das klagende Lied*, the remarkable thing is not that Mahler was influenced by Wagner, but that in so many passages he prophesied his own future works so clearly. One hears page after page foreshadowing the *Second Symphony*, the *Third*—yes, even the *Ninth* and *Das Lied von der Erde*. Thus one might almost say facetiously that *Das klagende Lied* is a kind of anthology of Mahler's later works. Or, better, it is like the seed from which the flowering tree is later to grow—every element necessary is already contained within it. An amazing microcosm!

A large audience at the first performance received the work with every evidence of real enthusiasm, cheering and applauding the young singers and players and their accomplished conductor. As I listened to this reaction, I thought how fine it would be if this work could now move "downtown" there to be heard by even larger and more representative musical circles. In any event, we are grateful to Mr. Jahoda and to all concerned with making this significant premiere a success.

## PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY AT CARNEGIE

by LOUIS BIANCOLLI

The following review, which appeared in the *New York World-Telegram & Sun* on Nov. 17, 1959, is reprinted by courtesy of the *New York World-Telegram & Sun*. Copyright 1959.

A majestic reading of Bruckner's Fourth Symphony crowned the visit of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall last night.

With William Steinberg conducting, the performance was a red-letter event in the campaign to entrench Bruckner in the American repertory. Performance and music surmounted the rest of the program like an Alp.

Coming after two new compositions of something less than heroic stature, the Fourth Symphony seemed the nobler and more eloquent. But let's consider Mr. Steinberg's novelties first.

A New York premiere of Luigi Nono's "Due Espressioni Per Orchestra" opened the program, though from the first few scattered sounds it was hard to say just when the program opened. This was indeed strange music, disconnected, fitful, bare.

Mr. Nono, at 35, is the white hope of Italy's musical left. A "serialist" composer, he is even married to the daughter of Arnold Schoenberg, the founding father of "serial" music. This was a sample of it last night.

Whatever its message, it completely eluded me. Mr. Nono is no fool; neither is Mr. Steinberg, so I assume something of moment went into these "two expressions." What it was I leave to keener minds to grasp and divulge.

If the "Due Espressioni" left me cold, so, for the most part, did Paul Hindemith's well-meant "Pittsburgh Symphony," written in honor of the Bicentennial of the Steel City. But this at least was solid and recognizable music-making.

The attractive side to the symphony is its ingenious interweaving of "Pennsylvania Dutch" folk themes and the final flag-waving finale boomed out by the brasses, "Pittsburgh Is a Great Old Town!"

As compared to Mr. Hindemith's other large scores, the symphony seemed boisterous and overwritten, with little of that groundswell of suspense that so often overtakes a Hindemith movement. But it was obviously a heartfelt gesture to a great city.

For me the concert was the Bruckner Fourth — that and the superlative playing of a great orchestra conducted by a man of prodigious power who deserves even greater recognition than he has so far received.

## KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO SIR JOHN BARBIROLI

In appreciation of his efforts to create greater interest in the works of Anton Bruckner in England and in the United States, the Directors of The Bruckner Society of America have awarded the Kilenyi-Bruckner Medal to Sir John Barbirolli. In 1957, the Hallé Orchestra of Manchester, under the direction of Sir John Barbirolli, performed Bruckner's *Fourth* in Manchester, Bradford and Swansea; the following year the Orchestra performed Bruckner's *Seventh* in Manchester, Sheffield, Bradford, London, and Leeds, as well as in Prague, Warsaw and Linz. While he was guest conductor of the Detroit Symphony, Sir John included Bruckner's *Fourth* on the programs of December 11 and 12, 1958.

The presentation of the medal was made to Sir John by Mr. Harry Neyer, Vice-President of the Society, at the closing concert of the Swansea Festival in Swansea, Wales, on October 17, 1959, at which the Hallé Orchestra performed Bruckner's *Fourth* Symphony under the direction of Sir John.

KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO  
WARREN STOREY SMITH

CITATION READ ON THE OCCASION OF THE PRESENTATION OF THE  
BRUCKNER MEDAL OF HONOR TO WARREN STOREY SMITH ON FRIDAY,  
JANUARY 17, 1958 AT THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY BY PRESIDENT  
HARRISON KELLER OF THE CONSERVATORY:

There appears now and then in our midst an individual who by some bond of sympathetic understanding recognizes and courageously champions the achievements of his fellow artist to the end that he sheds new and enlivening light on his subject. Such is the case of the service our own Warren Storey Smith has contributed to the appreciation and better understanding of the music of the celebrated composer, Anton Bruckner.

For his penetrating reviews of this music in performance and by his written evaluation of Bruckner's place in the world of music, he has richly earned the Bruckner Medal of Honor which it is now my pleasure to award on behalf of the Bruckner Society of America.

## A PERFORMER'S RIGHTS

by STANLEY POPE

*An apology.*

Since the music of the West broke away from the sheltered existence of the churches and ducal palaces and took its place in the great opera houses and concert halls of the 19th century, the music critics and musicologists, a new company in a new world, have made it their business to judge contemporary tendencies and to educate the man in the street. Their conclusions have been influenced by the aesthetic demands of the times in which they have lived. Often enough their observations make curious reading today. This influence was shared by the performers whose interpretations were also dictated by the same demands. The main characteristics of the great artistic movements have been dependent upon, and the direct outcome of, the total contemporary human experience. The late 19th century approach to the classics would no doubt surprise us today. We have only to read the Reger, Busoni and Mottl editions of Bach to see why many consider them a tortured version of the original. Performers and composers have frequently attempted to rescue great works from obscurity by presenting them in a form more acceptable to their contemporaries, but sooner or later they have had to face the critics of another age. Even the divine Mozart has not been spared for his rescoring of Handel's *Messiah*.

So it was with Bruckner's first interpreters, whose "ameliorations" have since been condemned. The critics of today are justified in disapproving of the extensive changes made by the composer's friends, those who were anxious to make his works known and who were convinced of the lasting value of his creations. But their devotion to the cause did not prevent them from butchering the form and from changing his tone-colours to fall in line with the conventions of the time. If, with or without the consent of the composer, Bruckner's admirers found it necessary so to handle his creations, it is not to be wondered at that Hanslick was quite incapable of appreciating his greatness. He stood too close to him and was blinded by what he knew from his own experience to be great music in the compact symphonic writing of Brahms. But Hanslick was not quite as bitter as he is made out to be, although it must be admitted that whenever he refers to "spiritual, clever and original ideas" or "the bright moments of extraordinary beauty," this is followed by complaints about length, obscurity or exhibitionism. Even the great Brucknerite, Bruno Walter, tells us how he, in spite of knowing and having performed several of Bruckner's symphonies, reached his fiftieth year before the inner life behind the music revealed itself to him.

In our attempts to recapture that all-important atmosphere upon which depends the magic of a perfect performance, it is for us to decide whether, and in how far, we have to attempt an exact reproduction of

what we believe were the fundamental characteristics of the original inception behind the creating mind. The degree to which this can be accomplished will depend upon our ability to recreate, in our imagination, those conditions of which the inspiration was the inevitable outcome.

It is with this in view, in the interests of the music, respecting the composer's apparent intentions and attempting to offer them in a form which may be acceptable to musicians, musicologists and music-lovers alike, that I present an *exposé* which may incite further interest in that which has been the Cinderella of the major symphonies. The A major symphony has, until the most recent times, been unjustifiably neglected. It is a work to the reconstruction of which considerable thought must be given.

I may be accused of advocating artificial means for the attainment of an artistic end. This is not my intention. But it is only after musical situations have been considered from many angles that an interpreter is in a position to "improvise" in performance. I am aware of the shortcomings of such an approach, but if it provokes a new interest in this magnificent work, that end in itself will justify the means.

All references are to the original score as published by the Bruckner-verlag and edited by Robert Haas.

I have considered it superfluous to draw attention to the need for moderation in that which concerns nuances so as to meet the requirements of the particular orchestra and hall for which a performance is being prepared. This refers in the main to *ff* and *fff* in brass and timpani, which must always be made to fit into the organic growth. Symphony No. 6 in A major.

#### I. *Majestoso*.

It must have been one of Bruckner's greatest disappointments that this truly splendid first movement was not played during his lifetime. It is one of his most successful movements. It is concise, well made, and has in it music as romantic as any he wrote. That it was so long neglected is due, perhaps, to the difficulties it presents. This *Majestoso* must not be hurried, for it is typical of Brucknerian growth. It will be found that unless the movement is given "space" one episode will follow the other too rapidly. Of course, a sustained tempo makes greater demands on the orchestral players. It calls for better quality and no shortcomings can be hidden away behind a facade of bristling superficialities.

The notation of this movement is inclined to lead conductors astray in that it reads more quickly than the natural pace of the music. One is reminded of the problem arising from the two versions of Schumann's d minor symphony. In the first version of the year 1841 the theme is written

#### Ex. 1

##### Lebhaft



in the revised version of ten years later

Ex. 2

Lebhaft



Both give their own picture of the correct *Tempo*, where, in fact, the correct *Tempo* lies between the two. As far as the conductor is concerned with Bruckner's work, it is both difficult and undesirable for him to beat two in the bar. Clearly this is the basic rhythm and the composer could scarcely have written 4/4 without disturbing the calm from which the music evolves. However, the conductor would have a hard time getting the accompanying figure together in the orchestra if he were to beat two minims to the bar at  $\text{♩} = 50$ .

The keynote to the tempo of the opening must be found in the first subject itself, and the bows must have enough time to be *breit gezogen* even in the crochet bar. So often this opening is played more quickly with the result that the important rhythm which accompanies the theme never really gets away properly, and we are faced with this sort of thing

Ex. 3



in place of

Ex. 4



There is no need of this with a disciplined orchestra, although one must always be prepared to insist on absolute observance of the rhythm each time it makes its appearance. It is a help if one can make the semi-quaver even shorter than its proper value in order to put a greater edge on this important figure.

Another problem arises with the second subject. This is a melody which, like so many of the composer's tunes, is accompanied by a wealth of melodic passages intertwining and each playing an essential role in the surge of sound upon which the music is borne. Seldom does Bruckner indulge in such complexity. Insufficient "space," once again, leads to confused listening. *Bedeutend langsamer* means circa 40 minims to the minute. The character of the music renders it necessary to conduct four beats in the bar and there will be 80 crochets or 120

triplet-crotchets to the minute. It is always dangerous to insist on matters of technique for in doing so one might well risk destroying the very atmosphere one is so ardently endeavouring to create. The basic rhythm of two in the bar should not be disturbed by over accentuated subdivisions. In spite of this, but bearing it in mind, it may prove useful to the musicians for the conductor to beat six with his right hand and four with his left. This must only be used as a guide, and the beat must be sufficiently varied and flexible so as not to become monotonous.

Although there is no change of tempo indicated between *Bedeutend langsamer* at B and "acceler." at bar 191, it is unlikely that Bruckner thought of letter F in the *Bedeutend langsamer* tempo. For this reason I re-establish the initial tempo of the movement gradually between 95 and F. It is essential not to rush into G but to clear the air by beginning afresh and in a relaxed tempo, slowly building up to the *ff* and from H to I settling down again.

This development grows naturally out of what has gone before and is in itself so short that it might almost read as an appendix to the exposition.

Bars 147-150 1st horn *quasi solo*. Between I and L one must constantly think of the preparation taking place for the wonderful re-appearance of the principal theme now transformed, inverted and adapted, being carried along on the backs of the little quaver triplets. On the rising harmonic progression the strings have an opportunity of showing the extent of their expressive capacity from a seductive *piano* to a broad singing *fortissimo*. It is essential to take plenty of time before the *accelerando*, and also important not to overdo it, so that the initial rhythm makes its appearance evolving naturally out of what has gone before.

At the beginning of the movement it was found necessary to take time in order to create the desired atmosphere. Between M and O the tempo must be so calculated as to enable one to recapture that atmosphere quickly. The flute and oboe must stand out clearly and it may be necessary to have them play a *Deux* at 239 for two bars. It is essential for the upper strings not to cover this figure.

At letter W begins one of Bruckner's most inspired pages, for the Coda to this movement is great music by any standard. Once again it is important to give the music time to speak. In 313 the *piu piano* (from *p* to *pp*) is most important. From X the theme, passing from the horns to the trumpets, should be clearly audible without emerging too greatly from the orchestral background. There is a danger of extending too quickly. This should be borne in mind after Y when the trombones should, at first, give sufficient support without dominating the situation.

## II. *Sehr feierlich*.

The slow broad steps of the opening bars of the second movement, the plaintive counter-melody in the oboe, the quintessent second subject, one short episode reminiscent of a funeral march, another entrancing page recalling *Siegfried*: all these things together with the enormous wealth of tonal variety combine to hold an attentive audience spell-bound.

The movement is hard to reconstruct by reason of the need to give time to such elements as

## Ex. 5



and for the music not to drag in the bars preceding D. This calls for considerable flexibility of tempo. The opening oboe quavers should not be faster than 72 to the minute if they are to preserve their plaintive, restful character. This means that the opening theme in the strings should be at approximately  $\text{♩} = 36$ . The effect must not be of a stodgy march which won't get going. The *Lang gezogen* crochets in the lower strings must lead the way, and the whole phrase must grow continuously from *piano* to *forte* in the fourth bar. The need for economy, in view of the length of the crescendo, makes it advisable to begin *mp* in bar 7 and increase to *mf* in the ninth bar. By the time the *ff* is reached the tempo may have moved to  $\text{♩} = 44$ , but the crochets must nevertheless be broad with a strong expressive accent on each in the *ff* bar. In spite of the increased tempo care must be taken that the figure

## Ex. 6



is not hurried and still contains the characteristics of the opening oboe solo. After A the music must move forward imperceptibly to the second subject, with the slightest suggestion of a *rallentando* in the second half of the bar before B.

The striking contrast between the first and second themes is enhanced by the distant key of E major. This passage, from B, may be played at  $\text{♩} = 60$ , but time must be given to the string players so that they can change their bows comfortably in the second half of the third bar. The *cresc.* continues to the end of that bar and a little moment of repose may be felt necessary by some conductors at the end of the following bar. The exact nuances indicated by the composer should be adhered to, for these are clearly intended to allow certain elements to stand out from the rest of the ensemble. The following *ff* must be played *molto espressivo* and unhurried. *Molto rallentando* from the end of bar 39 bringing the quavers before C to  $\text{♩} = 48$ , will permit full value to be given to the accents and the grouping of the quavers. At C  $\text{♩}$  (crochet) = 48. A slight *ritenuto* may be introduced before *Largo* where the crochet equals 36 to the minute. Imperceptibly this may advance to  $\text{♩} = 50$  at bar 51.

In the martial music at D the rhythmic figure in the timpani *poco marcato*, the crescendo to *forte* at the end of the third bar, the strict

observance of the *pp* in bar 62 and of the semiquaver in the 1st violins at the end of bar 64, together with a sufficiently strong entry (*mf*) where the violas take over from the violins, and the *pp espr.* in the 1st violins at the end of the same bar are all points which help to give relief to this moving little episode. At letter E horn *en solo*, where the violas may be marked in the following manner

## Ex. 7

$\text{♩} = 42$  may be increased to  $\text{♩} = 48$  by bar 81. With the prescribed *ritard sempre* the initial tempo of  $\text{♩} = 36$  is re-established and may be increased from two before H to  $\text{♩} = 48$  by the third bar after H. Inevitably an eye must be kept on balance and Bruckner's *ff* in the trombones must be adapted to suit the situation.

A little time may be taken before I so that we feel an easy transition back to the second subject. Exactly the same procedure should be adopted at 127/129 as at the analogous passage earlier in the movement. Horn I. *quasi solo* at 139 and 140.

In the magical music which follows L time should be taken over the *lang gezogen* quavers and crochets, and again from 153 to M where we arrive at the initial tempo of the movement. Very seldom is sufficient care given, even in its rare performances, to this truly magnificent close. The crescendo in bars 161 and 162 should be permitted to develop to *forte*, and the music should then be allowed to dissolve little by little into nothingness.

### III. Scherzo—*Nicht schnell*.

In this movement there are no problems regarding approach, for the composer's intentions are quite clear and the movement is bounding with features typical of his writing. It is compact and straightforward. The unexpected changes of tonality which are accompanied by characteristic changes of nuance should be sufficiently underlined in performance. The distant chatterings of the various orchestral voices are interrupted from time to time by fanfares of approval from the heavy brass.

$\text{♩} = 92/100$ . The crochet at the end of the figure in the 2nd violins and violas must be long. Wherever this rhythm occurs the quavers must be short and the final crochets long: cf. horns III. IV., tuba and lower strings after bar 11. The trombone quavers after bar 11 should be long but distinctly separated the one from the other. At bar 55 horn II *espr.* At E all quavers in woodwind, horns and trumpets short, as

also in the bass strings. There is a very important crescendo between bars 69 and 73.

The second part of the scherzo (C) begins in the key of the flattened subdominant. This upward harmonic drive to the major key of the mediant—when written in sharps—is a Brucknerian turn at which the composer occasionally steals a glance as if to remind us that it is always round the corner, as at bar 36 in the Trio of this movement, and which has, at other times, an important structural function as in the *Finale* of the 3rd symphony.

The quavers in the Trio should equal approximately the crochets of the Scherzo. In bars 4, 14 and 40 it is important that the quaver is held for its full value. The same thing applies to the dotted crochets in bars 8 and 18. It may be necessary to let cellos and basses play up to *f* (at least *mf*) in bars 4/5 and 14/15 to balance with the horns. Time must be taken for the *piano subito* in the second bar before E, and the magical close at E must be given "space." The crescendo must only be slight and the following *ppp* ethereal. This Trio is full of charm and given due consideration must cast a spell over musicians and audiences alike as we return to the distant opening of the Scherzo.

#### IV. *Finale—Bewegt, doch nicht zu schnell.*

This *Finale* contains music of great beauty. The silvery simplicity of the opening phrases, the second subject, in which we encounter Bruckner in one of his most charming moods, trim and slightly *Ländlerisch*, the fine intermittent passages for brass, the episodes with the dotted quaver element recalling the oboe melody in the slow movement, and the final bar where the opening theme of the first movement is recalled in a blazing fanfare of sound: all these things are in themselves worthy witnesses of their composer's work.

Nevertheless, however fond we may be of Bruckner's music, we should be rendering him a disservice by ignoring the problems brought about, conceivably, by a miscalculation of practical considerations when putting pen to paper. It is our duty to the composer to try and solder into one great movement the elements which, by reason of the great contrast in the rhythmic units, are inclined to follow one another like a selection of incidental ideas. This may be yet another reason for the neglect of the symphony. The greatness of the movement lies in the greatness of its parts and we must weld those parts and bring them together to the best of our ability.

In the first place we have to take into account the vast difference in values between the shortest recurring element in the movement

Ex. 8



and the longest

Ex. 9



It seems an acceptable argument that had the difference between the demisemiquaver and the semiquaver in the former had no significance for the composer he would hardly have been likely to carry out the writing of this figure with such persistence. It would seem desirable, therefore, to choose a tempo at B in which the difference can still be detected.  $J = 88$ . In spite of this slow tempo the movement should not be permitted to plod along. If the tempo has advanced before C, after C the first six bars may be slightly sustained. In those which follow I would suggest an *accel. poco a poco* to  $J = 104$  at D with a *poco rit.* in the bar before D. The persistent quaver movement in the strings is admittedly tiresome. To relieve the monotony of uncovered quavers of this kind I make two slight changes in the text. I change the minim of bar 55 into a semibreve and the crochet of bar 57 into a minim. If the composer had realized the effect of these quavers in many of the modern concert halls, with their scientific perfections and an almost total lack of reverberation, he might well have done the same thing. Often Bruckner may have been led astray by the rolling echoes from the great churches in which he played. A very different thing.

This beautiful section after D develops into a meaningless string of notes if inadequate thought is given to its shape. This may be partly due to the regularly recurring harmonic blocks of four bars. It is this harmonic structure and periodic consistency together with the unvaried crochet movement in the 2nd violins which give this theme some affinity to the chorale. With the crochet at 104 to the minute one still has time to mould the phrases properly and the light counter-melody in the 1st violins can still preserve its freshness. The *staccato* crochets at D should be very short and not precipitated. A little time should be taken over the barline 68/69 so that one phrase can finish (possibly a little *diminuendo* in bar 68) and the next begin without "crushing." This procedure must not become a dodge at every fourth bar, but it might act as a guide when preparing this passage in the study. From F to H the tempo may advance very gradually to  $J = 135$ . Most important are *pp subito* at 105 and G.

In view of the close proximity of Examples 8 and 9 between H and K it would seem permissible so to change the basic tempo as to suit the exigencies of these two elements. It is not necessary, however, to make violent changes, and insofar as they exist they can be made to slide almost imperceptibly one into the other. In itself the indication *breit* over the 1st violin part in bar 133 makes it clear beyond a doubt that the composer did not intend the crochets to be played quickly. But after I once more the element in the woodwind must be carried forward with sufficient *élan*, and the quaver movement in the strings must not be permitted to plod too heavily. At letter K it depends largely on the acoustic of the hall whether a slight pause is to be introduced. In a very

resonant hall the first crochets in the basses may be lost if no break is made.

Between M and Q *Bedeutend langsamer* I suggest that the tempo should be flexible enough for the music not to drag at M ( $J = 72$ ), but that plenty of time be given to expand after N ( $J = 60$ ). We return to  $J = 88$  at Q, but from the second half of 268, where we are no longer bound by the demands of the demisemiquavers, we may relax the tempo little by little and arrive at T  $J = 104$  as before. With this very gradual increase in tempo we are still able to dispose of slight flexibility wherever musical considerations make this expedient. *Langsamer* at 328 should not be exaggerated: circa  $J = 64$ . At V Tempo I and on the second crochet of bar 358 a short pause, beginning with the strings at circa  $J = 72$  and with the *accelerando* increasing the tempo to  $J = 100$ , so that the rhythm in 367 exactly matches that at the beginning of the symphony. After a pause at X strings *al tasto* and *misterioso*. At bar 381 the music must subside and after Y some reserve of forces must still be left in hand so that the horns are clearly audible, and so that the final apotheosis after Z should remain fresh and new and not give the impression of just another fortissimo. When this reference to the first subject of the symphony returns in the trombones, now newly adapted to, and superimposed upon this triumphant blaze of sound, they should come forward *en solo* to bring to a most brilliant conclusion the musical wonders of this lovely A major symphony.

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## KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO DR. HERMAN NEUMANN

Station WNYC has consistently offered its listeners programs of high cultural standards in the realms of music, drama, and literature. The Station is essentially an educational institution in the liberal arts.

Dr. Herman Neumann, its Music Director, has demonstrated outstanding ability in his choice of programs which appeal to audiences of widely differing tastes and help to familiarize listeners with masterpieces too infrequently heard in concert halls. In this way, the broadcast has widened the musical horizon of many a music-lover.

Over a period of years, Dr. Neumann has included one or more works of Mahler on the regular programs of the Municipal Station. In appreciation of his efforts to create greater interest in Mahler's music, the Directors of The Bruckner Society of America have awarded to Dr. Neumann the Kilenyi-Mahler Medal of Honor. The presentation was made by Mr. Harry Neyer, Vice-President of the Society, on May 18, 1959, the forty-eighth anniversary of Mahler's death. For this occasion, Dr. Neumann had chosen to broadcast the *Adagietto* from Mahler's *Fifth* and two Songs from *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*.

## BOSTONIANS AT CARNEGIE. STEINBERG IS CONDUCTOR

by FRANCIS D. PERKINS

The following review which appeared in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* on Jan. 21, 1960, is reprinted by permission; copyright 1960.

William Steinberg, who had conducted his own Pittsburgh Symphony two months ago at Carnegie Hall, reappeared there yesterday as guest leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the third concert of its New York evening series. He devoted the first half of his program to Haydn's Symphony in E flat, Op. 99, and Richard Strauss' "Tod und Verklaerung," and then contributed to the current observance of Gustav Mahler's centenary with a memorable performance of that composer's Symphony No. 1.

. . . . .

Vividness of color and richness of tone were well suited to the Strauss and Mahler works, while the Bostonians' performance was also marked by lucidity of detail and, when required, ample delicacy; the dynamic shading, as well as the orchestral hues, were finely distinguished as well as generous in range. Hearing these works, both performed seventy years ago, in the same program, gave an interesting opportunity for comparison; "Tod and Verklaerung" seemed to be the more extrovert of the two, although this Mahler symphony is far from emotionally baffling.

Strauss' musical depiction of a dying man's last throes and thoughts was realized with exceptional dramatic conviction; Mr. Steinberg combined notable underlying momentum with the musical impact. The waxing volume of the transfiguration music was maintained with laudable constancy, but this part of the tone poem seemed to need a slightly broader pace. This apotheosis, however, has lost some of its persuasion in the course of time; the Mahler symphony seemed fresher.

Mr. Steinberg and the orchestra presented it with unfailing eloquence in addition to a constantly high external standard of performance, both in the brighter moods of the first two movements and the darker vein of the third. Their interpretation differed in some respects from that given by the Philharmonic under Dimitri Mitropoulos last week, but both testified to their conductors' intent devotion to Mahler's music.

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## STEINBERG REVERES MAHLER

by LOUIS BIANCOLLI

The following review which appeared in the *New York World Telegram and Sun* on January 21, 1960, is reprinted by courtesy of the *New York World Telegram and Sun*; copyright 1960.

A powerful and deeply moving performance of Mahler's First Sym-

phony marked the guest appearance of William Steinberg with the Boston Symphony in Carnegie Hall last night.

In majestic breadth and emotional force, the reading was in a class with that of Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic two weeks ago. Mr. Steinberg obviously venerates Mahler and seems to have fathomed his depths.

The performance was again the perfect observance of the Viennese master's centennial. It couldn't have happened to a better composer. Nothing was spared to give the symphony a breathing reality.

These are great days for the long-maligned Mahler, and they seem to bring out the best in conductor and orchestra alike. Because of another assignment, I missed the Haydn and Strauss numbers on Mr. Steinberg's program.

To judge by the symphony alone, the orchestra was in exceptionally good form.

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### BERNSTEIN LEADS STERN IN BERG WORK

by HARRIETT JOHNSON

The following article which appeared in the *N. Y. Post* on Dec. 6, 1959, is reprinted by permission of the *N. Y. Post*; copyright 1959 N. Y. Post Corporation.

Alban Berg's Violin Concerto was written in memory of a beautiful young girl, Manon Gropius, who died at 18. The poignant work also proved to be his own requiem. Berg completed it in July, 1935, and December 23 he died of a blood infection.

Isaac Stern was the soloist Friday afternoon in the Concerto with Leonard Bernstein conducting the N.Y. Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall.

Its performance induced an added lament: the recurring thought of the tragedy of Berg's early death at 50. His genius was that of the lyrical poet whose thoughts were ever emblazoned by intensity.

Berg's humanity, so apparent in his opera, "Wozzeck," is also alive throughout this concerto. Stern performed it superbly, with luminosity of tone and with sorrowful introspection. Even the snatches of youthful gaiety in it reflect a sadness that Stern caught too.

Manon, the daughter of Gustav Mahler's widow, Alma Mahler Werfel, was loved, according to her mother, by Berg as if she were his own daughter.

The composer was working on his opera, "Lulu," when the news came of her death from infantile paralysis. He stopped working on "Lulu" and turned with unremitting energy to writing Manon's requiem. Usually he mulled over his compositions for years, but he finished the concerto in approximately two months.

In two movements, it is essentially a song-like threnody, built from simple themes into a complicated structure. He weds guilelessness of idea to sophistication of idiom, weaving in a couple of waltzes and a quotation from a Bach Chorale. These, in different ways, relate the subject matter to the source of its inspiration.

The intricate development has the quality of fantasy in its structure, but contains as well an unyielding logic in its form, reminding us of Bartok's style.

Bernstein provided a sensitive collaboration which contributed to the introspection inherent in the Concerto's character.

## BRUCKNER AND SYMPHONIC FORM

by JAMES H. WILCOX

The formal elements of Bruckner's symphonies have been a source of nearly constant controversy since their composition during the last half of the nineteenth century. Perhaps no other composer in the history of music has precipitated such confusion. Attempts to assess the symphonies have been further complicated by the frequent revisions of the music by Bruckner himself as well as by well-meaning friends. However, since the publication of the *Originalfassungen*, based on the autographed scores bequeathed by Bruckner to the National Library in Vienna, this aspect of the controversy has been in large part resolved. Irresponsible editing of the symphonies, which led to the distortion of many movements beyond all formal logic, was corrected, and the movements were restored as far as possible to their original intent. With this edition a re-evaluation of Bruckner's forms may be undertaken.<sup>1</sup>

Friedrich Blume writes that:

Bruckner's contemporaries branded the composer whose harmony and forms had proceeded from the clearest of organizing principles as "chaotic." There was an attempt to ward off the "music of the future" in their inability to understand the large breadth of his symphonies, which were by their measurements, certainly beyond what they were accustomed to assimilate.<sup>2</sup>

The controversy over Bruckner's forms can be further exemplified by the opposing opinions of two Bruckner enthusiasts, the conductor Hermann Levi who laments the state of Bruckner's logic, form and unheard-of recapitulations while the conductor and Bruckner scholar Walter Abendroth considers these same aspects as virtues, calling them "the projection of the symphonic idea into the monumental."<sup>2</sup>

This article purports to show that Bruckner's forms must necessarily be considered on their own terms if they are to be accepted as formal structures worthy of universal recognition. Following a discussion of form in general and Bruckner's approach to form a suggested procedure is given for the analysis of the first movement of the Seventh Symphony, exemplifying a method for the understanding of the inter-related facets of Bruckner's symphonic structures.

"Form is," as Jacques Barzun says, "necessarily, inevitably, the crea-

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<sup>1</sup> In spite of the fact that there is still much to say in favor of certain revisions it seems logical that the invaluable *Internationale Bruckner-Gesellschaft* edition of each of the symphonies issued by Haas and Orel and continued by Nowak should be accepted as the official version. Only by this somewhat rigorous compromise can there be a united front in presenting Bruckner to the public; in this way the embarrassing confusion, which is unique in music history, can be rectified.

<sup>2</sup> *Die Musik in Geschichte und Gegenwart*, ed. Friedrich Blume, Vol. II, p. 372.

tor's chief concern in any art."<sup>3</sup> "Music exhibits pure form not as an embellishment, but as its very essence."<sup>4</sup> The meaning of the term "form" in music is often indeterminate and will need some definition.<sup>5</sup> Apel points out the distinction between "form in music" and "forms of music."<sup>6</sup> "Form in music" is the order of sound organized according to some intelligent plan, often defying formulation. In this respect form is completely determined by content. Paul Henry Lang calls "forms of music" the schemes which govern the "structure-at-large" of a composition—"recognizable architectonic articulation."<sup>7</sup>

The interdependence of style (form in music) and form (forms of music)<sup>8</sup> is dealt with by Manfred Bukofzer as an interrelationship between internal and external structures:

. . . Structure and texture are functions of the melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic elements, and these in turn assume and exercise different functions in different styles even if their external manifestations be the same. Form, taken in this sense, covers the manifold interrelations of all these aspects, not only the external scheme, but also the principle that governs the inner organization of a particular composition.<sup>9</sup>

The concept of interrelationship refutes the idea of a dichotomy of form and "forms,"<sup>10</sup> in which "form cannot be the object of systematic study."<sup>11</sup> "Unity between internal and external elements of form is an achievement of real artistry . . . one which exacts new types of formal principles."<sup>12</sup>

In an evaluation of Bruckner's symphonic style this correspondence of style and form will necessarily be involved in obtaining an unbiased viewpoint. Dissection of the whole into the various elements of style, structural devices, and their positions in traditional formal schemes, and

<sup>3</sup> Jacques Barzun, *Berlioz and the Romantic Century* (Boston: Brown and Co., 1950), II, 362.

<sup>4</sup> Suzanne K. Langer, *Philosophy in a New Key* (New York: Mentor, 1942), p. 169.

<sup>5</sup> Arnold Schoenberg (*Style and Idea*, New York: Philosophical Library, 1950, p. 53) describes the purpose of form in the following quotation: "Form in Music serves to bring about comprehensibility through memorability. Evenness, regularity, symmetry, subdivision, repetition, unity, relationship in rhythm and harmony and even logic—none of these elements produces or even contributes to beauty. But all of them contribute to the organization which makes the presentation of the musical idea intelligible."

<sup>6</sup> *Harvard Dictionary of Music*, ed. Willi Apel (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1951), p. 278.

<sup>7</sup> Paul Henry Lang, *Music in Western Civilization* (New York: Norton, 1941), p. 991.

<sup>8</sup> The terms "style" and "form" will be used in subsequent references to these two concepts.

<sup>9</sup> Manfred Bukofzer, *Music in the Baroque Era* (New York: Norton, 1947), p. 350.

<sup>10</sup> "Form is something abstract, comparable to the Platonic Idea, whereas forms are concrete examples of the idea." Hugo Leichtentritt, *Musical Form* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1951), p. 3.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>12</sup> Ernst Kurth, *Bruckner* (Berlin: Max Hesses Verlag, 1925), I, 234.

the formal schemes themselves, must be interpreted in relation to their functions in the total structure.

There have been and presumably will be proponents and opponents of Bruckner's first-and-last movement sonata forms as long as musical form remains in the province of absolute and inviolate tradition. If text book patterns are the criteria for judgment, or even if the forms of a few composers are isolated and idealized, a static concept prohibits deviation from these set forms, and results in formal sterility. Barzun says,

One . . . judges the creator's formal power not by reference to some classified plan suitable to another subject, but by measuring the degree to which massive materials have been grasped and held in place by the organizing mind. When the centripetal force of the substance has been overcome, we have Form.<sup>13</sup>

Compromises and compensations are inevitable. In any artistic work the emphasis of one aspect over another presupposes sacrifice of one quality for another. Barzun cites this principle of *Preferable Error*, borrowed from mathematics, in opposition to the "grievous injustice in a critic pounc[ing] upon the sacrificed parts, and exhibit[ing] their purposeful slightness or dullness as an imperfection which a better workman could have avoided."<sup>14</sup>

In the external design of music, repetition and contrast are the twin ingredients of cohesion and movement.<sup>15</sup> Pure repetition is formless; constant change and lack of coherence are equally so. A composition having both continuity and contrast has the intrinsic ingredients of form.

One can no longer say that a form evolves to a state of absolute perfection, from which perfect state deviation or change results in the dissolution of an artistic ideal. This idea of musical evolution has been deplored by W. D. Allen:

. . . The nineteenth-century notions of musical forms as "organism" is a modern pseudo-mystical concept which has done more than anything else to postpone the modern scientific approach to musicology as a study of *style*.<sup>16</sup>

Allen proposes to replace the concept of persistence of "traditional modes of thought" resulting from a "cosmic law of progress" with a less restricting one "explaining change as due to man's creative activities."<sup>17</sup> Thus, for Allen, historical precedent for a formal structure does not necessarily reflect worthiness. As external conditions change, the *Gestalt* no longer conforms to previous configurations. Change in external and internal conditions brings about need for modification of

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<sup>13</sup> Barzun, *op. cit.*, p. 362.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 362. Quotation from P. G. Hamerton, *Portfolio Papers*.

<sup>15</sup> *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, ed. Eric Blom (5th ed.; New York: St. Martins Press, 1954), p. 429.

<sup>16</sup> Warren Dwight Allen, *Philosophies of Music History* (New York: American Book Company, 1939), p. 341.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*

structures. At the same time there is no need to discard completely the worthy structural aspects of the past if they can serve a purpose in modified or even as completely new architectural functions.

Forms have grown out of compositional procedures throughout the history of music. Hans David has broadly summarized the historical concepts of form and style into the varying emphases of style periods. "Up to Bach's time . . . musical form was largely determined by the return of material introduced before. . . . The intricacies of symmetrical and asymmetrical form, based on concrete relations between sections, reached a climax in Bach's work."<sup>18</sup> The classic structures of Haydn and Mozart were built on the relationship of different sections to the whole, the sonata scheme being exemplary. The dynamic concept, analogous to the drama, with "development toward a climax, catastrophe, relaxation, build-up of a victorious coda, etc.," are found in Beethoven, and continued in the music of the Romantics. Modern music has become eclectic in selecting various methods, with "the principle of differentiation regain[ing] the upper hand over forms based on dramatic association."

Bruckner's first and last movements are composed according to a plan quite clearly related to the classical sonata form. How closely the movements conform to the classic scheme, and how the music proceeds within the confines of the plan will determine the validity of the criticisms of his use of this structural plan.

Tovey has said:

Sonata forms themselves arose from those of music-drama, and a sonata style that is not essentially dramatic is nothing. On the other hand, the sonata has its own rate of movement which is not that of the drama. Its forms are based on two principles: first, its rate of movement, and secondly its exposition of key-relations in sharp contrasts on a large scale. Why Bruckner and Reger should have encumbered themselves with these forms is a mystery which must remain unsolved, seeing that they were really suited to neither composer.<sup>19</sup>

It is clear that Tovey's criteria for judgment are well founded in tradition; if adherence to tradition is a prime requisite for a great work then it might be said that Bruckner brought about the dissolution of the sonata and the destruction of an ideal. However, this is true only if Tovey's criteria are also applicable to Bruckner. Hadley Cantril, in discussing the nature of scientific inquiry, has said that the history of

<sup>18</sup> Hans David, "Principles of Form in Use from the Middle Ages to the Present Day," *Bulletin of the American Musicological Society*, June, 1947, p. 9.

<sup>19</sup> Donald Francis Tovey, *The Main Stream of Music and Other Essays*, collected by Hubert Foss (New York: Oxford University Press, 1949), p. 306. Tovey was not, as may be implied from this selection, an anti-Brucknerian. In his essay on the fourth symphony, he says that "it is Bruckner's misfortune that his work is put forward by himself so as to present to us the angle of its relation to sonata form. That very relation is a mistake; but if we are to condemn all art that contains a mistaken principle, I am not sure that *Paradise Lost* is less mistaken than these symphonies of the old Austrian organist. . . . Signs of wear . . . Bruckner will never show; his defects are obvious on first hearing. . . ." (Tovey, *Essays in Musical Analysis* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1935), II, 71-72.

science shows that any science becomes stagnant when those who work within it become complacent about the particular way they have compartmentalized the subject matter of their discipline.<sup>20</sup>

This is equally true in the arts. Thus it is quite impossible to assess Bruckner's sonata plan according to values established in the work of Beethoven. The functions of each are different. Bruckner's use of the sonata did fulfill the purpose of unifying his works, yet this means did not serve as the primary architectural force as it does in the sonata idea to which Tovey refers.

Other critics concur in Tovey's opinions. Each one compares extracts from Bruckner with similar elements in the works of other composers, pointing out Bruckner's lack of success in achieving like results. Extractions and comparisons are important in the observation of a style to show contrasting functions within similar formal outlines, but alone they cannot with certainty establish superiority of one style over another.

Lang describes certain of the symptoms of late nineteenth century music which are applicable to the music of Bruckner and points up the fallacy of trying to fit differing contents into the same mold and arriving at the same results.

The indistinctness of mood and contour of the music of the *fin de siècle*, its groping gestures, caused an asymmetry of musical phraseology which was vaguely akin to free verse. The developing lines are broken, the harmonies like to tarry on the no-man's land between tonalities, and although some central key is never really abandoned, constant chromatic and enharmonic modulations prevent an unequivocal tonal skeleton, a condition again leading to abrupt and broken form.<sup>21</sup>

Herbert Weinstock says that if Bruckner has made any real misjudgment on using forms of the past, it is in "dangerously constru[ing] the sonata forms as epic [and in using them] for ceremonial and prolonged meditative and expository effects rather than for the aspects of drama native to them both through ancestry and by innate structure."<sup>22</sup> Lang also sees in their "epic utterances [an] offense against the essence of symphonic thought, logic and economy."<sup>23</sup> Elements of Bruckner's personal idiom (pauses, tremolos, pedal points, fanfares, etc.) appear, to Lang, as "blood clots in the symphonic vein."<sup>24</sup>

Paul Rosenfeld falls back on the evolutionary theory of musical forms. He sees Bruckner's "achievement as really vaguer than Beethoven's; for the reason that his sense of form remains unevolved."<sup>25</sup>

<sup>20</sup> Hadley Cantril, *The "Why" of Man's Experience* (New York: Macmillan, 1950), p. 5.

<sup>21</sup> Lang, *op. cit.*, p. 992.

<sup>22</sup> Herbert Weinstock, *Music as an Art* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1953), pp. 248-9.

<sup>23</sup> Lang, *op. cit.*, p. 919.

<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>25</sup> Paul Rosenfeld, *Musical Chronicle* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1923), p. 195.

Hanslick's review of Bruckner's eighth symphony expresses a vituperative reaction against both his form and style.

Interminable, disorganized, and violent, Bruckner's Eighth Symphony stretches out into a hideous length. . . . It is not impossible that the future belongs to this nightmarish *Katzenjammer* style, a future which we therefore do not envy.<sup>26</sup>

In each case criticism of the form is based upon a past standard, which under examination is found not to exist as an entity in its own right but only as an idealized standard. Terms such as: "ancestry, inateness, evolution, etc." are used to express relationships rather than terms which reflect change in changing conditions. The problem of criticizing formal structures demands a careful evaluation of all of the significant aspects of the structure and their manifold interrelationships. Cantril says that a problem must be posed in such a way that "it holds out a chance of explaining away the hindrance in understanding that created the problem, . . . requiring a careful selection of the most relevant variables to use in investigation."<sup>27</sup>

For a real understanding of Bruckner's music it is necessary to re-evaluate the close relationship between the style of his music and the forms of his music. Only on its own merits can it then be fairly judged.

Ernst Krenek has said that "Bruckner's work is expressive of his conviction that the late romantic idiom was susceptible of unlimited evolution on its own terms. . . ." <sup>28</sup> This opinion is furthered by such an eminent musician as Bruno Walter who sees no discrepancy between the content and the form. Rather he has made a re-evaluation of their relationship and placed the emphasis on different aspects:

Strange, that I had to grow almost fifty years before recognizing a genius, who, at about the same age, had begun to create his great works. . . . I had known Bruckner's works for many years without really coming close to them. . . . His form had been unintelligible to me; I had considered it out of proportion, exaggerated, and primitive. To move without restraint within the monumental edifice of Bruckner's work had seemed to be denied me. All at once, a change came over me. I recognized in the melodic substance, in the towering climaxes, and in the emotional world of his symphonies the great soul of their creator, pious and childlike. This stirring recognition, in turn, made me comprehend effortlessly the substance and form of his music. I can hardly express in words the importance Bruckner's work has since gained in my life, to what degree my admiration for the beauty and symphonic power of his music has increased, what ever more richly flowing source of exaltation it has grown to be.<sup>29</sup>

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<sup>26</sup> Eduard Hanslick, *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna, December 23, 1892. Quoted in Nicolas Slonimsky, *Lexicon of Musical Invective* (New York: Coleman-Ross Co., 1953), pp. 81-82.

<sup>27</sup> Cantril, *op. cit.*, p. 21.

<sup>28</sup> Bruno Walter, *Gustav Mahler*, from biographical essay by Ernst Krenek (New York: Greystone Press, 1941), p. 163.

<sup>29</sup> Bruno Walter, *Theme and Variations*, tr. by James A. Galston (New York: Knopf, 1946), p. 285.

Willi Apel's high regard for Bruckner's symphonies is expressed in the following quotation:<sup>30</sup>

Bruckner's symphonies are musical architecture in the truest sense of the word, not only with regard to their dimensions, but also, and chiefly, to the details of their content. A movement from a Bruckner symphony may well be likened to the towering vault of a Gothic cathedral, with its stained windows each having its own subject, character and colors, but all forming the parts of one great whole. It is with such an idea in his mind that one should approach a symphony by Bruckner. The listener who expects to be carried over in one tremendous and irresistible flow from the beginning to the end will necessarily be disappointed. The one who is prepared for a phenomenon similar to the great waves of the sea, to the chapters of an epic, to the stained windows of a cathedral will be rewarded with visions of beauty and greatness such as are not found anywhere else in music.<sup>31</sup>

It is quite apparent, after considering the preceding opinions for and against Bruckner's music, that it is the particular emphasis toward the composition that will determine the sympathy with which the formal aspects of his symphonies are accepted. Those who base their criticism of Bruckner upon his lack of faithfulness to tradition are then probably justified in their negative view. However, they have failed to evaluate Bruckner's music in the light of the process of its creation and have chosen to emphasize external characteristics, formulating their comparisons from this basis.

No two composers plan a work exactly in the same manner; there are many differences in compositional procedures. A composer's own personal attitude toward the technique of composition will determine the final form of a work, and it is with this particular approach in mind that the work of any composer should be considered. Compositional techniques can be reduced, however, to two basic categories. As discussed by Egon Wellesz:

There are composers who visualize the architecture, conceived in a moment of creative power, and who then become aware gradually of the component parts and turn their attention to details; and then there are composers who first of all conceive a theme, from which they proceed to a second theme, and who then exhaust all the possibilities which the development of the themes suggest.<sup>32</sup>

Composers of the second half of the nineteenth century are inclined

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<sup>30</sup> While in his early twenties Apel studied at the Freie Schulgemeinde Wickersdorf in Thuringia under August Halm, the director of music at the school and author of a book on Bruckner. The musical life of the school revolved around the music of Bach, Beethoven and Bruckner. Apel acknowledges his indebtedness to Halm whose thoughts he paraphrases in the quotation above.

<sup>31</sup> Willi Apel, "Anton Bruckner," *The American-German Review*, April, 1944, p. 11.

<sup>32</sup> Egon Wellesz, "Anton Bruckner and the Process of Musical Creation," *Musical Quarterly*, XXIV (July, 1938), 270.

to favor the second type. Bruckner's own structures reflect this attitude in their emphasis upon sectionalization. His themes are not of the type adaptable for development in the sense that Beethoven's are; but rather they have a finality which often demands entirely new material for their continuing expansion. When the material of the themes themselves is utilized for expansion by Bruckner, such devices as sequence, motivic and harmonic extension are necessary. To quote Wellesz further: "Such an attitude toward the symphonic material carries with it an entirely new conception of musical architecture."<sup>33</sup> This concept of musical architecture is the one with which the music of Bruckner should be considered. Each movement has a composite unity arising out of the overlapping and superimposition of numerous structural elements. Underlying all of this is the progression of climaxes, described by Apel as the "phenomenon similar to the great waves of the sea." "This is the heart of his style," says Simpson, "and his peculiar symmetries arise from it."<sup>34</sup> The climaxes of the music are not attained as a result of the gradual development of the themes, as in the classical symphony where the climaxes are the result of the thematic process, but rather, as peaks are reached by other means, the themes are revealed for the first time in their full power. If the classical symphony can be compared to a Greek temple in its unity of design and ideal of classic perfection, then it might not seem far-fetched to emphasize Apel's analogy of a Bruckner symphony to a Gothic cathedral.

Bruckner's plan of construction can be visualized in such an analogy: i.e., the superimposition of the many elements, each contributing to the massiveness of the total structure. Paul Henry Lang's phraseology illuminates the close parallel<sup>35</sup> between architecture and music constructed upon this principle.

Gothic architecture is not static in nature, a mere mass at rest; it is the expression of the animated interplay of forces, an active process which takes hold of the entire building.<sup>36</sup>

As in the case of the isorhythmic motet which achieves expansiveness through the manipulation of material over large time areas, Bruckner's similar attitude toward time relationships results in symphonies of "epic" proportions and lengths, symphonies which are truly "monumental," in contrast to the conciseness of a Beethoven symphony.

The return of Gothic elements in baroque music was emphasized in the vogue for internal asymmetry, culminating in the intricate architecture of Bach's polyphony. A comparison of Gothic techniques in Bach and Bruckner could be made to bring out the similarity in architec-

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<sup>33</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 270.

<sup>34</sup> Robert Simpson, "Bruckner and the Symphony," *Music Review*, VII (1946), 35.

<sup>35</sup> It is interesting to note an additional parallelism between Gothic architecture and the music of Bruckner, that of the intense preoccupation with mysticism and spiritual matters, in violent contrast to the humanistic attitude following the Gothic period, and the trend toward realism surrounding Bruckner.

<sup>36</sup> Lang, *op. cit.*, p. 136.

tural planning<sup>37</sup> in spite of the fact that comparison may seem to be musical sacrilege.<sup>38</sup> It is certainly true that there is a fundamental difference between the manner and rates of movement in the two composers, as well as in the many obvious differences of stylistic principles, the comparison being one of formal attitude only.

The movement of Bach's music is governed by the principle of the "continuous expansion"<sup>39</sup> of material in alternating stable and fluctuating tonal areas, whereas Bruckner's music is based upon a high degree of sectionalization. Bruckner, likewise, alternates stable and unstable tonal areas, but in such a manner that the great span of tonal continuity, which is evident over large areas, is often lost in the diffuseness of the intermediary stages of non-functionalism through which it passes. However, it is in the attitudes toward structural architecture that the comparison is made.

The first movement of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony in E major may be used to exemplify Bruckner's concept of symphonic form in which the multiple superimpositions of the main elements occur: (1) the basic formal plan (in this case the sonata-allegro form with three theme groups), (2) the overall tonal growth, (3) the alternation of stable and fluctuating tonal areas, and (4) the progression of climaxes, as follows:

I. The movement is cast into a sonata-allegro form. The exposition contains three theme groups returning in the same order in the recapitulation. These three groups are arranged in the following order of tonalities:

Theme group:	I	II	III
Exposition:	E	B(bx) <sup>40</sup>	b B
Recapitulation:	E	e(x)	G E

In each case the unstable tonal area of the second group provides contrast for the gradual development of tonal stability.

II. The complete movement can be divided into two main parts, each of which emphasizes the emergence of a single key from a group of different tonal areas. In the first part, after fifty measures poised on E major, the key of B (major and minor) evolves into its final form. The

<sup>37</sup> A massive structure such as the finale of the Bruckner fifth symphony, with a double fugue and chorale, superimposed on the sonata form, is analogous to the baroque superimposition of the ritornello upon the fugue and other compositional types.

<sup>38</sup> Willi Apel in his article on Bruckner in the *American-German Review*, April, 1944, pp. 8-11, speaks with enthusiasm in his comparison of Bach and Bruckner: "In the entire history of music there is only one analogous case" of a great master—one of the very greatest, being unknown to, or misunderstood by the musical public fifty years after his death—"that of Bach and I hasten to add that the analogy holds good not only with regard to the long period of oblivion . . . but also with regard to their artistic significance. . . . It may well be that the world recognition of Bruckner will be just as slow in arriving. But arrive it will, with the inevitability of a natural law."

<sup>39</sup> Bukofzer, *op. cit.*, p. 359.

<sup>40</sup> The lower case "x" denotes expansion of the tonality through areas of non-functionalism. In this case the keys of B and e are tonal poles—points of departure and return.

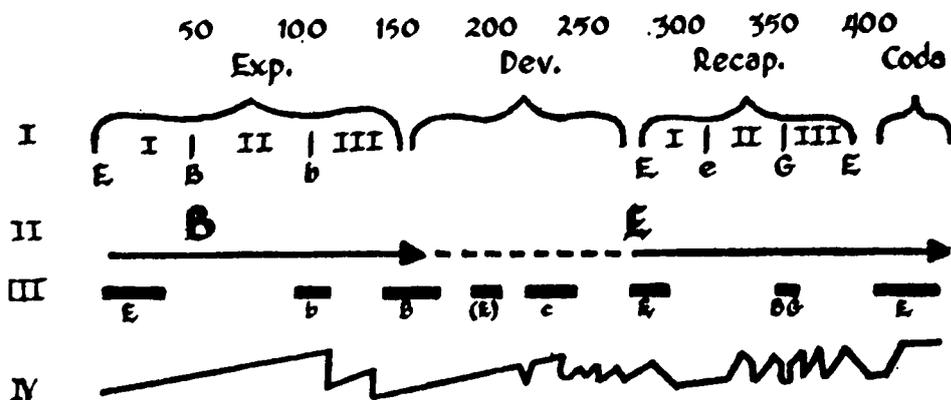
second part, which includes part of the development and all of the recapitulation, gradually reestablishes E major as the home tonality of the movement.<sup>41</sup>

III. The alternation of varying lengths of relatively stable and fluctuating tonalities provides another level of contrast.

IV. Superimposed upon the whole structure is a new and vital function, the rising and falling of an intricate series of climaxes which is not confined to the restrictions imposed by the sectionalizations of the sonata-allegro form and elements of internal structure. In contrast to these latter types of terraced sectionalization is a new type in which each of the waves in the series exhibits dynamic growth to a climax followed by relaxation, throwing the other elements of structure into completely new perspective.

Where one might normally expect a dominant preparation at the end of the development, leading into a strong recapitulation of the first group, there is a series of climactic waves which subside into a pianissimo return of the first subject. By using E major (measure 203) and e minor (measure 219) in the development section, the usual heightened effect of the return to E major is lost. However, by combining the peak of a series of climaxes with the firm establishment of E major as the key of the movement, the conflict of tonalities is finally resolved.

The following chart shows the superimpositions of the four larger structural elements: I. sonata-allegro form, II. emergence of dual tonalities, III. stable vs. unstable key areas, IV. plan of climaxes. Within



this general frame there are, of course, gradations and subtleties of these elements which are in themselves an important aspect of the complete structure. Each element has its own plan, symmetrical in some cases, and in others conscious avoidance of regularity. All of the sonata movements of Bruckner's symphonies adhere to this basic scheme; thus

<sup>41</sup> Robert Simpson has pointed out this concept of tonal emergence in "The Seventh Symphony of Bruckner," *The Music Review*, VIII, 3 (August, 1947), 179.

their similarity in other respects is not surprising. Each movement, however, will have its own character dependent upon the degree of emphasis placed upon each specific element of the formal plan. Other structural features often take on added significance (e.g., the thematic process. In the first movement of the Eighth Symphony, the rhythmic unity of the three theme groups becomes an element of overall unity).

V. In addition to these four main structural aspects there are other elements governing the internal structure, each of which has its own importance in the total interplay of forces.

1. Well-defined sectionalization of thematic units within the theme groups.
2. Phrasing in 4 + 4, 2 + 2, 4 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 1 + 1, etc., alternating with asymmetrical groups (first subject).
3. Terraced orchestration which heavily emphasizes the thematic sectionalization.
4. Sequences of varying types emphasizing the regular periodization.
5. Dovetailing of contrapuntal lines.
6. Areas of tension and relaxation through various traditional methods, the contrast of harmonic rhythms, rhythmic patterns, harmonic formulas, consonance-dissonance treatment, orchestral timbre, etc.
7. The thematic process.

Each structural element has its own function which is not dependent upon historical precedent, but is the result of its own unique role as determined by its position in the interplay of architectural forces. The composite unity of each movement then arises from the overlapping and superimposition of these numerous elements, all coordinated in structures of monumental proportions, truly the "projection of the symphonic idea into the monumental."

## BRUCKNER AND MAHLER IN THE FIRST YEARS OF THE STEREO DISC—JUNE, 1960

by JACK DIETHER

The first issue of this journal, appearing in February, 1932, carried the following item concerning Bruckner and Mahler recordings: "Thus far only a single symphony of Bruckner has made a complete phonograph appearance. This is the Polydor recording of the *Seventh* made by the Berlin Philharmonic under Jascha Horenstein before the days of improved electrical devices for good musical photography. There is, however, a rather fine Parlophone recording of the great *Te Deum* sung by the Bruckner Choir. The Scherzos of the *Third* and *Fourth* are available on H.M.V. records, and that of the *Fourth* played by the Vienna Philharmonic under Clemens Krauss. Mahler's symphonies are completely unrecorded. The best of his music to be had for the phonograph is Polydor's version of the *Kindertotenlieder*, beautifully sung by Heinrich Rehkemper [and likewise conducted by Horenstein]. There exist, also, recordings of some Mahler songs."

To be historically correct, there should be added to this list another Bruckner *Seventh*, and the *Adagio* of the *Eighth*, as well as the good, complete Mahler *Second* of the early 1920s under Oskar Fried. Also, the *Te Deum* mentioned was far from complete. I quote this paragraph nevertheless to remind those who may have forgotten, or never known, that no composers have made more astonishing strides in the world of recordings in a single generation than Bruckner and Mahler. In 1932, only one complete symphony by each had been made. By 1952, *all* the symphonies of both composers (in the case of Mahler, in fact, all his published works) had been recorded once or more. This was the fantastic dream, as I wrote here two years ago,<sup>1</sup> that was realized by the introduction of LP records into the world market. And now we have already a new revolutionary factor in the record scene: the introduction of the stereophonic disc. What does this mean in terms of Bruckner's and Mahler's music specifically? Something a little less initially startling, perhaps, for naturally *anything* would have to be anticlimactic, compared to their first availability to millions. If the LP enabled us, for the first time, to hear and rehear the greater bulk of their music, stereo will simply enable us to hear it better.

I say "will," because this is not invariably so at the present time, due to the wide variance in the current stereophonic techniques, and the equally wide variance in the results achieved. And since everything—good, bad, and indifferent—is dumped almost indiscriminately onto the market, and since a relatively small percentage of buyers consult reliable reviews (still fewer of them, more than one source regularly), there is at present a good deal of public confusion and misgiving con-

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<sup>1</sup> See bibliography below.

cerning the merits of this innovation. Those who have only sampled it at random, in shops, audio shows, and the homes of friends, will bring forth widely differing reactions, depending on what was sampled and how. There are many people, for instance, who are congenitally unable to appreciate *anything* heard in the context of the noise, bustle, confusion, carnival hawking, and even sonic distortion sometimes encountered in the big audio fairs. Apart from the varying success of the stereo factor *per se*, my chief complaint to this point, in regard to stereo discs, has been the frequency with which the bass response of an original tape has had to be unduly compressed in making the stereo master, owing to the additional vibrational problems involved. When this occurs, it can often be easily detected by comparing the respective monophonic and stereo pressings.<sup>2</sup>

This confusion in respect to stereo I confidently regard as transitional, for I believe that the next few years will inevitably produce a refining and improving of the techniques, just as they did in the case of the LP itself. And let us not forget the initial, conservative opposition of the leading British record journals such as *The Gramophone* to the advent of LP. It was also a dogmatic opposition, for it too was based on very random samplings, or on second-hand reports from America (and for proof of this I need only refer the reader to editorials of that time in *The Gramophone* itself), but largely as a result of it, the British manufacturers were shy to embrace the LP cause for a couple of years after its acceptance in the U.S.A. The stereo revolution, on the contrary, has made its mark with them simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic, and many who remember the earliest LPs all too vividly will admit that, for all its shortcomings, the stereo disc is being perfected more quickly, though perhaps not, in all cases, less painfully.

Thus, since anything I say about specific works will date much faster than usual, I propose to consider in greater detail the general issues at stake in this stereo revolution. I am thoroughly persuaded that all the principal works of Bruckner and Mahler will soon be available in stereo—in far less time, that is, than the six years it took for them to be done initially on LP. Only two years ago I wrote that a stereo Mahler *Eighth* (the work that stands to benefit most) seemed as remote as the galaxies, yet the change has occurred so swiftly that now the possibility seems far less remote than do the circumstances of 1958! I was writing then in regard to stereo tape sales, a field which in several years had not produced a single Bruckner or Mahler item, and was economically unlikely to do so. The sudden emergence of the stereo disc, on the other hand, has not only liberated the commercial tape market, but has made a stereo *Eighth* in the very near future almost inevitable.

At any rate, the policy of simply adding stereo to the agenda *from this point on*, wherever that may be in a record company's schedule, is

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<sup>2</sup> In the case of Jochum's Bruckner *Fifth*, it can be seen even more spectacularly by comparing the bass response of the fine German-made stereo pressing (Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft SLP-138,005) with that of the shoddy American-made stereo pressing (Decca-D.G.G. SA-7300) made from *the very same tape*, showing that the problem is not inherent, but strictly a matter of local means and individual competence.

already producing some fascinating anomalies in regard to the growth of the stereo catalog. Take the case of Mahler's early cantata, *Das klagende Lied*, for the past several years his only remaining published work never performed in America, a work seldom done even in Europe, and therefore known to the larger public only by a poorish recording made many years ago in Vienna. In the spring of 1959, the work finally received its American première by the Hartford Symphony under Fritz Mahler; and because of this fortunate date, plus the lively interest of the Solomon brothers of Vanguard, the concert première was immediately followed by the recording première in more than passable mono and stereo sound. And so, while we may still lack a stereo *Third*, *Sixth*, *Seventh* and *Eighth* as I pen these words, we do have a stereo *Klagende Lied*! Or in the case of Bruckner, whereas the *Fourth* and *Seventh* have long been the most popular, we happen to have at this moment no stereo *Fourth*, but a stereo *Eighth* and two stereo *Fifths*! It is difficult to make specific predictions, but the inevitable pressures are to go forward, audiowise; and we who have fought so long and hard to bring the wider public to these composers should consider ourselves fortunate that the subjects of our zeal are now indisputably in the vanguard of those forward pressures, immune now to the hostile ghosts of any Krehbiels or Hanslicks.

And why? Why are they among the leading protagonists in this new audio world? Those who regard stereophonic recording as a new fad will not really understand this, but it is part and parcel of a coming-of-age in one aspect of our musical feeling and understanding. It refers to a new and enhanced sense of the physical presence of the musician and the physical reality of his instrument. In the concert hall we tend to take these for granted, and it is a further paradox of our time that perhaps the media which have always seemed to reduce that reality, namely the radio and the phonograph, may now be the means of giving us a keener awareness of it, reviving our interest not only in the special province of electrical acoustics, but in natural concert acoustics as well. Here we obviously draw very close to the musical worlds of Bruckner and Mahler, whose music is concerned with and dependent on the physical and acoustic aspects of music-making to a degree that aligns them, in that sense as in others, more closely with the modern age than with the classical and early romantic eras that spawned them. It anticipates the world of Stravinsky, who in *L'histoire du soldat* insisted, even in a dramatic presentation, on the physical presence of the musicians on the stage, along with the narrator and dancers. It anticipates also the world of jazz, with its brass perorations pointed proudly high in the air instead of demurely toward the ground. Perhaps it anticipates even more recent tendencies, which, *à propos* of New Yorker Henry Brant's multi-directional *Antiphony One*, were well characterized by Louis Biancolli when he remarked: "If 'space music' is to be the music of the future, maybe the logical place for the Philharmonic to move, when move it must, is the Hayden Planetarium."<sup>3</sup>

Let me emphasize that as far as stereo placement is concerned, it is the same for one instrument as for a few or many. This was admirably

<sup>3</sup> The New York World-Telegram, April 2, 1960.

expressed in a recent column by Christie Barter, who wrote; "How, it is argued, can a lone piano sound any better in a two-channel recording played on stereo equipment than it does in a monophonic recording played through two speakers, or even a single speaker? Fact is, it does—not by spreading the piano over the breadth of your living-room wall, but by 'locating' it, giving it a place on that wall, and, as it were, surrounding it with aural working space. The same holds true for small ensembles or three, four, or five players. Indeed one has the added advantage—and pleasure—of being able to follow individual voices more closely, to pick out inner details and thus to assess their relation to a musical whole."<sup>4</sup>

And just as a piano can be "located" in a certain spot on your wall, so an entire orchestra can be "located" within some ideal hall or cathedral seemingly *beyond* your wall<sup>5</sup> as the final chord of a Bruckner symphony reverberates into silence. It is the acoustical effect of an organ chord dying away within that same cathedral that inspired that symphonic ending, and stereo *must* reproduce that effect, or it is indeed only a passing "gimmick." It must do that and a good deal more. It must suggest that the apocalyptic horns and trumpets of Mahler's *Second* are indeed coming from the distant heavens, the cowbells of his *Sixth* and *Seventh* from slopes far below. It must suggest that the great antiphonal blocs into which Bruckner often divides his instrumental choirs, or the great antiphonal vocal choirs of Mahler's *Eighth*, are actually not only occupying, but claiming and conquering, certain defined portions of space, calling upon and responding to each other from those spaces. It must "locate" the antiphonal violin choirs in the later symphonies of both composers, the singer weaving the thread of his discourse through those of the woodwinds in the *Kindertotenlieder*, the many fluted echoes in Bruckner, the agitated colloquies, the humorous asides, and the "cries in the wilderness." All this it must do, and is equipped to do,<sup>6</sup> even if the recording equipment is, at present, far too often mishandled through lack of training and experience.

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<sup>4</sup> "Disc Data," *Cue*, October 3, 1959.

<sup>5</sup> The property of stereo sound of seeming to come from beyond the actual sources can be most spectacularly tested by means of stereophonic earphones, in which case the *apparent* separation is often hundreds of times the actual separation of the two sources (*i.e.*, the pair of earphones themselves). By alternately putting them on and removing them, the listener gets the illusion of being alternately in the room in which he is actually standing *and in one many times larger*. Monophonic earphones, on the other hand, give no sense of space whatever: merely a sound coming from an undefined "somewhere," as in a telephone call (or, if we were naive savages, from the receiver or earphone itself).

<sup>6</sup> How stereo creates from two sound-sources a graphic illusion of many sources is rather generally known, and too technically involved to go into here. The reader who still doesn't understand it is referred to the numerous articles on the subject in current audio publications. The fact that some record critics still do not, however, understand stereophonic principles any better than the public they are supposed to enlighten is indicated by the recent remark of one who found "too much separation" in a certain stereo record, but added that this could be "easily adjusted" by moving the speakers closer together! Especially recommended for a non-technical presentation from the conductor's viewpoint is "Music and Stereophony" by Ernest Ansermet (*High Fidelity*, March, 1959).

We need only recall the literal reproduction on records of the completely dead acoustics of NBC's notorious Studio 8-H, to realize how far we have now come from the ideals of those days. *There* was the apotheosis of musical sound in the "abstract": disembodied, two-dimensional, mausoleum-like. At the other end, I had better not speak of "concrete" music, or I may get mixed up with something that in France has an entirely different meaning, so let us speak rather of "music in the round"; fleshed-out, three-dimensional, cathedral-like. Perhaps we have arrived at a modernization of the baroque spirit, especially that which is represented by the antiphonal music written to be played at St. Mark's in Venice. Such a spiral trend is suggested by the unprecedented interest shown in music of the baroque today, an interest which I dare predict will be even further increased and enhanced by the stereo revolution in turn. So it is no idle speculation to say that this revolution *must* soon come to grips with possibly the greatest, and certainly the most sonically hazardous, of antiphonal masterpieces—Mahler's *Eighth Symphony*.

Let us now examine what has already been done. As we go to press, the following works of Bruckner are available on stereo discs:

- Symphony No. 5, Critical Edition (Jochum)
- same, Revised Edition (Knappertsbusch)
- Symphony No. 7, Critical Edition (Rosbaud)
- Symphony No. 8, Critical Edition ed. Haas (Von Karajan)
- Apollo March (Goldman)

And the following works of Mahler:

- Das klagende Lied (Fritz Mahler)
- Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen (Flagstad, West, Ludwig, Forrester)
- Kindertotenlieder (Flagstad, West, Ludwig, Forrester)
- Symphony No. 1 (Boult)
- Symphony No. 2 (Walter, Scherchen)
- Symphony No. 4 (Kletzki, Reiner)
- Symphony No. 5 (Schwarz)
- Das Lied von der Erde (Rosbaud, Reiner)
- Symphony No. 9 (Leopold Ludwig)
- Adagio and Purgatorio of No. 10 (Szell)

Only five Bruckner recordings, nineteen of Mahler! And more than half of Mahler's symphonies already, partly due to the Mahler centenary, but partly too because of the basic upswing in that direction. In Britain, Deryck Cooke was moved to put it even more strongly when he wrote: "It looks very much as if, overnight, Mahler will become a second Tchaikovsky, as far as the public is concerned."<sup>7</sup> This has nothing to do with classifications, of course, in regard to which Mahler can never be a "second" anyone; it refers solely to degrees of acceptance. This is an extraordinary phenomenon by any criteria; and the position of Bruckner is so merely to a lesser degree, though solidly within the picture I have outlined.

Meantime, and especially as this is "the" Mahler year, I shall have to

<sup>7</sup> See bibliography below.

confine my specific comments below to his compositions, and leave the Brucknerite aspect of the stereo picture, in detail, over to a succeeding issue, when I hope there will be much more to discuss; as of now, there is relatively little to add to my previous discography of him, and in fact no outstanding new interpretation, aside from Rosbaud's *Seventh*. But I would like to point out that if, to the implicitly dimensional emphasis in Bruckner, Mahler often adds the explicitly directional and extensional, this is simply a more dramatic application of the spatial pre-occupation to which I referred. Though I am not as fond as some of making endless analogies between the esthetics of Bruckner and Mahler, and believe indeed that the dimensions of the orchestra itself are handled quite differently by them, it seems to me rather manifest that it is, for both, a dimensional thing, as surely as the staging of a drama to a master director. Stereophony is concerned with converting all these acoustic factors into their electronic equivalents.

DAS KLAGENDE LIED, 1880, revised 1898. (Two LP recordings made; both currently available in America, neither in Britain.) Already at the age of nineteen, Mahler was experimenting with offstage instruments. Here their usage has not the symbolic overtones they later conveyed for him; they are employed quite naturalistically in setting the libretto-poem of his cantata (his own libretto, to be sure). Not again until the *Eighth Symphony* did he isolate such a large instrumental ensemble as this—piccolo, flutes, oboes, clarinets, horns, trumpets, and percussion—though most of the intervening works have solo or "special" effects (such as the aforementioned cowbells) in isolation.

I have already mentioned the fortuitous circumstances by which the stereo première of *Das klagende Lied* was also the occasion of its first performance in America. As a matter of fact, the offstaging is about the least convincing aspect of this recording, both in its stereo and monophonic pressings,<sup>8</sup> since the instruments are simply too close-mixed to give any illusion of depth. What stereo can do in seeming to spread a choral body out in a large imaginary space before you is much more dramatically demonstrated. The solo singing is highly preferable to that of the earlier recording—a blessed relief—and Fritz Mahler doesn't miss very much, in this score to which he is evidently sincerely devoted. If the impressive result does not tempt other conductors to try their hands at it, they will be missing a glorious opportunity.

LIEDER AUS DER JUGENDZEIT, 1880-92. (Two complete recordings; one available in America, neither in Britain.) No stereo yet. Out of all the songs that Mahler penned up to his 32nd year, these fourteen alone were chosen by him for publication, and represent his entire published output for voice and piano. The Felbermayer-Poell integral recording extolled in the previous issue<sup>9</sup> is still the standard, and British listeners are urged to import it in preference to the locally

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<sup>8</sup> Hartford Symphony Orchestra and Chorale conducted by Fritz Mahler, with Margaret Hoswell, Lill Chookasian and Rudolf Petrak. Vanguard disc, 1048 (mono) or 2044 (stereo).

<sup>9</sup> Anny Felbermayer (soprano) and Alfred Poell (baritone), with Viktor Graef (piano). Vanguard disc, 424 (mono).

available pressings of (a) the Halban recording of eight of them, or (b) the Felbermayer rendering of four of them in orchestral transcriptions.

LIEDER AUS "DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN," 1892-9. (One complete recording; available in America only.) One looks forward to hearing these compelling songs and ballads in stereophonic guise, especially the macabre evocations of the great *Revelge*, surpassed by none of Mahler's symphonic marches and Scherzos in its uncanny power and momentum. They have the feel of open spaces about them, whether sparkling with sunlight or imbued with the mystery and longing of night. The Sydney-Poell recording<sup>10</sup> is still a marvel of clarity and strength. The ironic tone of many of the male songs is underplayed in Poell's dry, nasal delivery, and I have recently heard them given in concert with more open satire by singers of both sexes, and most successfully. I especially recommend comparing Miss Sydney's smooth *Antonius von Padua* with that of Christa Ludwig and Gerald Moore ("A Song Recital," Angel 35592). This latter, and the *Rheinlegendchen* on the same record, are the first of these songs to be heard in stereo—but not with orchestra.

LIEDER EINES FAHRENDEN GESELLEN, 1884; KINDER-TOTENLIEDER, 1901-4. (Twelve recordings of *LEFG*; seven available in America, five in Britain. Ten recordings of *K*; nine available in America, four in Britain.) The unflagging popularity of the two cycles in the U.S. is attested by the above statistics. I have placed them together here, not because they really belong that way, but because they are now almost invariably coupled on LPs, and the no less than four stereo versions released in the U.S. are all couplings of them, presented by women singers. The most successful stereo sound of all is on Flagstad's London recording, but unhappily hers is by no means the best interpretation, being rather scoopy and shrill. (*K* is transposed up a minor third.) The past standard is distinguished, including on records, for one or both works, Rehkemper, Schlusnus, Zareska, Ferrier, and Fischer-Dieskau, and some of these are still available here or abroad. As the finest of the present mono-stereo versions, I recommend Christa Ludwig's<sup>11</sup> somewhat over Maureen Forrester's;<sup>12</sup> their *K* cycles are both lovely, but in the *LEFG*, where both have some difficulties, Ludwig is better able to surmount them. The sound, not as exceptional as London's, is still very good.

FUENF LIEDER NACH RUECKERT, 1903. (Two complete recordings; one available in America and Britain.) This is one Mahler opus that has fared rather better piecemeal than otherwise. The Ferrier-Walter recording of three of the five songs is technically as well as artistically the best. In Britain it is still available by itself on a ten-inch

<sup>10</sup> Lorna Sydney (mezzo-soprano) and Alfred Poell (baritone), with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Felix Prohaska. Vanguard disc, 478 (mono).

<sup>11</sup> Christa Ludwig (mezzo-soprano), with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult (*LEFG*) and André Vandernoot (*K*). Angel disc, 35776 (mono or stereo); in Britain, Columbia disc 1671.

<sup>12</sup> Maureen Forrester (contralto), with the Boston Symphony conducted by Charles Münch. RCA Victor disc, 2371 (mono or stereo).

disc, but in America it can be acquired only as part of the *Walter Lied von der Erde* album, which has by now been superseded in a number of respects (see below). Another record available only in Britain contains four of the songs beautifully sung by Norman Foster (Pye 30135), but with piano accompaniment by Heinrich Schmidt. Even the one complete recording with orchestra still available, that of Poell (Vanguard 421), is interspersed with the *Jugendzeit* transcriptions mentioned above, in an extremely disconcerting manner. I await the announced D.G.G. recording by Maureen Forrester.

**SYMPHONY NO. 1, 1888.** (Eleven recordings; six available in America, five in Britain.) The very opening page of this *First Symphony* proclaims the depth and breadth of the composer's tonal outlook: the inscription "*Wie ein Naturlaut*" ("Like a natural sound"), the celebrated eight-octave unison for flageoletted strings, the characteristic footnote "for the conductor—the deepest A must be sounded *very distinctly*." And on the succeeding page, three solo trumpets "placed at a very great distance."

For purposes of structural balance and effect, the brief exposition (cues 4 to 12) is to be repeated. Three out of eleven conductors do so: Horenstein, "Rubahn" and Boult. The second of these versions is deleted, and was never a serious contender. The Boult performance is on the sole stereo recording to date, and from a technical point of view there is much to commend it (Everest 3005). Sir Adrian himself shows little affinity for the work, however, apart from the matter of the repeat. (Compare his tempos for the inner movements with those of Horenstein and Walter.) From an over-all point of view, Horenstein's is still the recommended disc.<sup>13</sup>

**SYMPHONY NO. 2, 1894.** (Three recordings; all available in America and in Britain.) The "*Resurrection*" *Symphony* extends the dimensionality of the *First* into cosmic realms. It introduces the last post and reveille (offstage), the military "Fall in!", the "cry in the wilderness," the medieval *Dies Irae*, trumpet sounds approaching from opposite directions, solo voices emerging imperceptibly out of the choral mass, and so on. All of this antedates the antiphonal orchestral experiments of Charles Ives, and similar 20th-century innovations.

There are two stereo versions at present, but a good deal remains to be done. It requires not only the sort of practical experience that comes from years of activity in stereo recording, but also time and thought for experimenting with the immediate surroundings. There is obviously more of the latter in the Scherchen recording<sup>14</sup> than the Walter,<sup>15</sup> and thus a far greater sense of depth and perspective, even though the bal-

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<sup>13</sup> Pro Musica *Symphony of Vienna* conducted by Jascha Horenstein. Vox Box Set 116, three mono discs, with *Symphony No. 9* (Horenstein, Vienna Symphony) and *Kindertotenlieder* (Norman Foster, Horenstein, Bamberg Symphony).

<sup>14</sup> Vienna State Opera Orchestra and Academy Chorus conducted by Hermann Scherchen, with Mimi Coertse and Lucretia West. Two Westminster discs, 2229 (mono) or 206 (stereo).

<sup>15</sup> New York Philharmonic and Westminster Choir conducted by Bruno Walter, with Emilia Cundari and Maureen Forrester. Two Columbia discs, 256 (mono) or 601 (stereo); in Britain, Philips 3245-6.

ancing of the various forces is sometimes erratic and artificial. Columbia "plays it safe" with microphones everywhere in the old manner, and perspective is thus weakened, even though there is still plenty of channel separation. Walter's performance is even and solid, Scherchen's more incisive and rhythmic, with a rather plodding *Scherzo*, but an inspired finale that leaves Walter's forces at the gate.

SYMPHONY NO. 3, 1896. (One recording; available in America only.) This is one of the most neglected of the great symphonies; the recording picture accurately reflects that of our concert halls. But the Adler recording<sup>16</sup> has endeared the work to many who otherwise might never have heard it, and its admirers have reason to look forward to its blossoming anew in stereo. The all-embracing pantheism of the *Third* has ample room to breathe in Adler's nearly 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ -hour performance; a similar handling in present-day sound could have an overwhelming impact.

SYMPHONY NO. 4, 1900. (Seven recordings; five available in America, four in Britain.) Here we have one stereo version of a Mahler symphony that can be unreservedly recommended for both technical and interpretive qualities. The conductor is Reiner, the soprano is Della Casa, and the engineer is Lewis Layton of RCA Victor.<sup>17</sup> The sprightliness and warm humor of the opening have not been heard to this effect since the memorable (and recently withdrawn in the U.S.) Van Beinum recording first appeared. The sudden though temporary overcloudings which Van Beinum caught so beautifully are quite well approximated too. Kletzki's recent version was superbly played and recorded, but I would have been loath to settle for his second-best interpretation; and now, most opportunely, the new Reiner makes it unnecessary. Despite the *Fourth's* very special "Mahlerisms," I think there may be no better entry into his musical cosmos today than through its "*himmlischen Freuden*." (P.S.: The Kletzki has now been issued in stereo as well, on Angel S-35570, but the enhancement of sound is quite unexciting compared to RCA's.)

SYMPHONY NO. 5, 1902. (Three recordings; all available in America, one in Britain.) The three orchestral "middle" symphonies and the choral *Eighth* are Mahler's most contrapuntal works, and it is essential that the interwoven strands of the texture be kept audible and clear. With his unerring faculty for heterogeneous polyphony, Mahler knows just how to keep its components easily distinguishable. But the balance must be maintained in performance, and since microphonic sensitivity is vastly different from human aural sensitivity, miscalculations may easily run rampant. Stereo can further facilitate the identification of the individual strands, by giving them each their own position in space, if the particular voices are sufficiently audible in the first place.

And so it is with the *Fifth*. Those elements in the distortionless

<sup>16</sup> See the F. Charles Adler discography in this issue.

<sup>17</sup> Chicago Symphony conducted by Fritz Reiner, with Lisa Della Casa. RCA Victor disc, 2364 (mono or stereo).

Everest recording under Schwarz<sup>18</sup> which make a powerful impact in the mono pressing are even more impressive in stereo. This includes everything played by the trombones, for instance, which one soon realizes have never before received their due in this work. In stereo they are alive and "present" to a degree not possible with one speaker and one signal. But there are other sounds, such as the string bass and a good deal of the percussion, whose assertion one accustomed to the Scherchen recording (Westminster 2220) finds lacking. I would still recommend Everest's stereo as giving by far the truest sonic picture of this great work, and its mono pressing as the most agreeable. Taste will differ as to the performances. Most of the contrasts between Scherchen and Walter which I described in 1958 apply alike to Scherchen and Schwarz; I think they are both valid, even though very different views.

**SYMPHONY NO. 6, 1904.** (Two recordings; both available in America, one in Britain.) This is the most sonically demanding of all his works "*für grosses Orchester*" alone. With its distinctive "hammer and cowbells," with its heroic and tragic emphasis, it has not yet been fully conquered on records. How will it fare in stereo? The two mono versions were considered in detail in 1958, and I refer the reader to that discussion.

**SYMPHONY NO. 7, 1905.** (Two recordings; one available in America, neither in Britain.) There is no competitor now to the Scherchen recording (Westminster 2221), so it would be especially pointless to add anything to my 1958 comparison. From its first glowing, mysterious evocation of night, through the *Andante amoroso* for guitar, mandolin, harp, and chamber orchestra, to its final peal of bells proclaiming "joy to the world," this sensuous and beauty-drenched composition so manifestly belongs to the tangible, dimensional approach we are discussing that one can only await the next recording with eager expectations.

**SYMPHONY NO. 8, 1906.** (Two recordings; one available, in America and Britain.) I have already referred to this as the most challenging of all, for the contrapuntal complexities of orchestration are simply compounded by the superimposed complexities of vocal and choral antiphony. Already the chamber-music textures of the last three works are heard within a total ensemble requiring between 750 and 1,000 participants. For recording purposes, this simply means that an ultra-sensitive yet flexible pickup arrangement must be worked out, to catch everything and still maintain perspective and sense of space.

Obviously that cannot be done at public performances like those in which our two recordings so far have been made, especially in "Crystal Palace" barns like the converted exhibition hall at Rotterdam. A properly controlled studio recording would be a tremendously costly affair but it will have to be done before the *Eighth* can be heard properly on records. It is worth noting, however, that a BBC transcription, made in 1959 at Albert Hall under Jascha Horenstein, reveals a good deal more of the orchestration and other details than can be heard in the two LF

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<sup>18</sup> London Symphony conducted by Rudolf Schwarz. Two Everest discs, 6014 (mono) or 3014 (stereo).

recordings, or in the RCA test-pressing of Stokowski's 1950 performance (never released). Horenstein also gives a better interpretation than either Flipse (Epic 6004) or Scherchen. This happens to be a BBC stereo transcription (the first to be sent to the U.S.), though few people can have heard it in that medium as yet. Even in monophonic guise, it must awaken many to the further hidden beauties of this incomparable score.

DAS LIED VON DER ERDE, 1908. (Five recordings; all available in America, three in Britain.) Unlike the "middle" works, the entire final trilogy of works has already been very agreeably handled in stereo, and in the case of *The Song of the Earth*, in two versions, with a third to follow shortly. The recording under Reiner<sup>19</sup> has the advantage of Forrester and Lewis, and of recording as splendid as that of the *Fourth Symphony*. Reiner is a master of subtle inflection and perfectly judged retards, with a broad, luxuriant sway in passages like the elegiac interlude for the orchestra alone. I have not yet heard the mono version as I write this, but the stereo is magnificent. How pleasant to hear the contralto voice coming from well in the midst of the orchestra, blending with its delicate hues instead of dominating or crushing them as so often in the past! In this work, Forrester is even finer on records than in concert, for here she has no inhibitions about modulating her effortless gradations of tone down to the merest wisp of sound. Nor is Richard Lewis hampered by any necessity to shout beyond his musical means. The orchestra is equally to be congratulated, down to the second horn player who articulates such an eloquent trill at the end of *Von der Schönheit*. A thrilling moment of action is the graphic separation of the orchestral choirs into clearest blocs of tone, at the depiction of the wild stamping and snorting of the horse upon the river bank. Nothing like this is to be heard in the Vox recording,<sup>20</sup> though Rosbaud is a masterful interpreter in his own right, with a deep insight into Mahler's spirit. One factor alone would, I think, rule out the Vox stereo pressing at this juncture: its splitting of the 29-minute *Abschied* onto two discs, while RCA succeeds in recording it brilliantly without interruption, and gets in a Haydn symphony.

SYMPHONY NO. 9, 1909. (Four recordings; three available in America, two in Britain.) Everest has made a first stereo version of the *Ninth*<sup>21</sup> that is easily the equal of its superlative work on the *Fifth*. Ludwig's *Rondo Burleske*, with Everest's help, is about the finest I have heard on records, and his final *Adagio* is excellent. But the first movement lacks the incisiveness and the accentuated tension it ought to have, and the second does not do justice to the tricky contrasts in tempo between waltz and *Ländler* elements. Apart from the matter of stereo,

<sup>19</sup> Chicago Symphony conducted by Fritz Reiner, with Maureen Forrester and Richard Lewis. Two RCA Victor discs, including Haydn's *Symphony No. 88*; 6087 (mono or stereo).

<sup>20</sup> SWDR Orchestra of Baden-Baden conducted by Hans Rosbaud, with Grace Hoffman and Helmut Melchert. Vox disc, 10,910 (mono), or two discs, 10,912 (stereo).

<sup>21</sup> London Symphony conducted by Leopold Ludwig. Two Everest discs, 6050 (mono) or 3050 (stereo).

therefore, the far stronger identification with the work in the Horenstein version<sup>22</sup> is still preferred.

SYMPHONY NO. 10, sketched 1910. (*Adagio* and *Purgatorio*: three recordings; two available, in America only. *Adagio* alone: one recording; available only in America.) The facsimile reproduction of the incomplete manuscript of the *Tenth* has been receiving much attention lately; and since every bar of a perfectly clear five-movement sequence is sketched in, a number of attempts to complete the sketch have been or are being made, including at least four orchestral scores and two piano transcriptions. The first and third movements, initially performed in 1924, and published in 1951 in an anonymously edited score, are becoming increasingly popular, and this has inevitably created wide-spread interest in the remaining movements. In the nature of things, no conceivable presentation of the five movements ever can or should be uncontroversial. But the concurrently popular notion of some who have not studied the original manuscript that the *Adagio* and *Purgatorio*, in the form in which we know them, are strictly "Mahler's," and the others simply aren't, bears little relation to the true facts of the case. If the *Tenth Symphony* is worth bothering about at all, as I strongly believe it is, then it is worth serious consideration as a whole.

The five movements are deeply interconnected, and this has an inescapable bearing on our understanding of the truncated single or two-movement presentation. The second and fifth movements shed light on the *Adagio*, the fourth and fifth movements on the *Purgatorio*, just as Mahler's complete works frequently shed light on each other. Individually they make such a strong impression that one feels that nothing could fortify it more—until further acquaintance produces a further revelation. At any rate, the two movements now recorded are a treasured possession that few who have acquired would willingly consign to oblivion. They are especially beautiful in the stereo reproduction made under Szell,<sup>23</sup> who guides them unerringly through their apocalyptic visions. Scherchen gives the *Adagio* alone (Westminster 2220) a more introspective reading that takes nearly a half hour by itself. What an incredible mind was Mahler's! No spinner of tales, verbal or musical, is more missed than he who simply departs while weaving one as fascinating as this.

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<sup>22</sup> See footnote 13.

<sup>23</sup> Cleveland Orchestra conducted by George Szell. Epic disc, including Walton's *Partita for Orchestra*, 3568 (mono) or 1024 (stereo).

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## HINDEMITH LEADS HIS CELLO CONCERTO

by HARRIETT JOHNSON

The following review which appeared in the *N. Y. Post* on Feb. 28, 1960, is reprinted by permission of the *N. Y. Post*; copyright New York Post Corp. 1960.

Paul Hindemith's energy is proverbial and at 64 he shows no sign of its diminishing. His vitality as conductor and composer were demonstrated at the N. Y. Philharmonic's concert Friday afternoon in Carnegie Hall where he conducted his own Violoncello Concerto with Aldo Parisot as soloist, Anton Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, and the Overture to Cherubini's "Medea."

Given a chance, he could have illustrated his mastery in many other facets of his craft, being one of the most versatile musicians alive.

Hindemith stands among the few composers who are able to conduct their own works as well as anybody else can. This ability, which he has demonstrated on many occasions, probably stems from the fact that he is skilled as a performer on many instruments.

At 20, he became concertmaster of the opera orchestra in Frankfort and later attained eminence as a violist with the Amar-Hindemith Quartet and as soloist with symphonic ensembles. He knows his orchestra from the inside.

"Playing, playing, always the practical," he remarked in a *N. Y. Times* interview a year ago.

The Cello Concerto dates from 1940, his only work in the form scored for full orchestra. Previously he had composed a piece for cello and a chamber orchestra of ten solo instruments which he called Kammermusic No. 3.

Of its three movements, the first is the most difficult to grasp upon initial hearing. Its content is less readily accessible, less personal, though it offers no listening problems through its dissonance or formal structure.

The ingratiating second movement opens with a pensive melody accompanied by plucked strings. This moves fluidly into a speedier barcarolle section that literally enchants the ear with its lilt. Eventually the reflection of the first movement returns, but this time it is supported by the triplets of the second section as accompaniment. The smooth subtlety with which Hindemith fuses his materials in this movement pays tribute to his consummate craftsmanship.

The March *Finale* is as sturdy as its short, stocky maker. The contrasting middle section, the *Trio*, built on a tune adapted from a melody

composed by Amalia, sister of Frederick the Great, offered a jaunty charm.

Hindemith's orchestration for this part proved most ingenious. The woodwinds played very softly and were accompanied by a subdued percussion battery including the tinkle of the glockenspiel.

Bruckner's Symphony, which reflects his profound religious faith, brought the concert to a conclusion. Its spiritual strength and glowing affirmation are made articulate at several points through the composer's use of the brass, and Hindemith blended this choir magnificently with the rest of the ensemble. The sound was splendid without ever becoming too bold.

His interpretation, throughout, showed a perceptive understanding of the work's essential nobility.

As a conductor he is more thorough and business-like than dynamic. But his extraordinary musicianship and comprehension of all aspects of the score made this listener strongly conscious of Bruckner's forthright power.

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## GUEST CONDUCTOR

Paul Hindemith Leads the Philharmonic

by HOWARD TAUBMAN

The following review which appeared in the *N. Y. Times* on Feb. 27, 1960, is reprinted by permission; copyright 1960.

As one of the distinguished composers of our time, Paul Hindemith might have chosen only his own music in his first appearance as guest conductor with the New York Philharmonic. But the measure of his stature as an artist was that he elected to make Bruckner's Seventh Symphony the big work of his program at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon.

It is regrettable that Mr. Hindemith modestly selected only one of his pieces. The 'Cello Concerto, which he wrote in 1940, does not represent him at the summit of his powers. It has agreeable moments and was played tastefully by Aldo Parisot, the soloist, but a major Hindemith score should have occupied a place of honor.

But how can one argue with a guest conductor if he wishes to lead Bruckner? By selecting the Austrian's Seventh, Mr. Hindemith was expressing his high regard for the composer. And he brought a sense of commitment to his task.

Mr. Hindemith makes no pretense of being a heaven-storming wielder of the baton. However, as a man of wide-ranging musical interests, he has spent a good deal of time performing and in recent years has turned increasingly to conducting. His ideas of the works he undertakes are personal, and he conveys them with energy but without fuss.

Mr. Hindemith conducted like a man whose concern was with style rather than refinements of tone. His assumption, one suspects, was that the Philharmonic is a mature, experienced ensemble and that it can be relied upon to do its duty. Furthermore, a conductor in a week's guest

appearance can rarely place his imprint on the sound and texture of an orchestra.

The result was interpretations that reflected Mr. Hindemith's views of the music even if they lacked the final fillip of polish. Cherubini's "Medea" Overture was taken at a broad pace and emerged with sturdy, dramatic force, but there is more warmth and intensity in it.

The Bruckner also unfolded deliberately and affectionately, but here too one wanted more fervor. There were places where Mr. Hindemith let his augmented brass section overbalance the other choirs, but this possibly was intentional to stress the grandeur in the composer's design.

The concerto, written largely in the summer Mr. Hindemith spent on the staff at Tanglewood, reveals him in a relaxed, congenial mood. The most fetching movement, the second, not only is put together ingeniously but also has unexpected sweetness. It is framed by the busy first and the lively march-like third.

Mr. Hindemith reduced the string contingent for the concerto. He was eager for felicitous balances and as the conductor he could indulge the composer. He also made every effort to give the soloist full scope. In the second and third movements, where there is opportunity for sustained song and virtuosity, Mr. Parisot played expertly.

Mr. Hindemith's rank as a musician entitles him to another visit with the Philharmonic, but the next time it should be a Hindemith program. His best works are not played so often that he can afford to pass them by.

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### GUSTAV MAHLER SOCIETY IN JAPAN

On September 14, 1959, a Gustav Mahler Society was formed as a branch of the *Internationale Mahler Gesellschaft of Vienna*.

Its aims are to create greater appreciation and understanding of Mahler's music as well as of his personality. To accomplish this end, the Society will encourage performances of Mahler's works as well as publication of articles in newspapers and musical magazines. Hidemaro Konoye is President of the Japanese Mahler Society and Klaus Pringsheim its Vice-President. Professor Pringsheim was awarded the Mahler Medal of Honor by The Bruckner Society of America (see CHORD AND DISCORD, Vol. 2, No. 8).

## GUSTAV MAHLER: THE EARLY YEARS

by DONALD MITCHELL

London: Rockliff; New York: Macmillan Co., [1958].

The following book review by DIKA NEWLIN is reprinted from *Notes* for March 1959 by permission of Music Library Association.

Styles in Mahler biographies change, it seems. From the rhapsodic appreciations written during, or shortly after, Mahler's life (Stefan, Specht, Bekker) through the later studies of his work as part of the Viennese musical tradition (my *Bruckner—Mahler—Schoenberg*, Redlich's *Bruckner and Mahler*) we have now arrived at the semi-documentary biography which seeks to resolve problems arising from conflicting factual statements in previous works, and to establish as accurately as possible the conditions of the composer's existence. Be it said at once that Donald Mitchell has made an extremely valuable contribution by giving us so detailed a study of this kind devoted to Mahler's early years — that is, to the very period which, because so few of his compositions from that time survive, has understandably received the least attention in previous biographies. Thus, the limitation to 1860-1880 is, in one sense, the book's great strength. Of course, in dealing with this period the author's opportunities to discuss musical problems are necessarily limited; let us hope that he will indeed be able to write the continuation of this work which his preface conditionally promises, and thus to give us a more satisfying sense of his approach to Mahler's music itself.

The first three chapters describe the periods 1860-1875 (birth to entrance into the Vienna Conservatory), 1875-1878 (completion of the Conservatory course), and 1878-1880 (completion of *Das klagende Lied*, Mahler's first surviving large-scale work). A final chapter briefly analyzes the early works, including not only *Das klagende Lied* and the first volume of *Lieder und Gesänge*, but also several unpublished items. This is a peculiarly frustrating period for the biographer, since many of Mahler's juvenilia were either deliberately destroyed by their author or accidentally lost. However, Mitchell does the best he can under the circumstances — in fact, he sometimes overdoes things a bit in his zeal to extend the list of works. Thus, for 1875 we find the listing, "Compositions for piano?" (The question mark — single, double, triple, or quadruple — is a disconcertingly frequent feature of this list.) The puzzling entry is then explained: "Stefan tells us that at Mahler's first interview with Epstein, the latter 'invited the young unknown to play something either of his own or otherwise' (my italics). This remark reminds us of Mahler's statement that he composed industriously from his very early years onwards; it was an obvious step to take along some of his own 'works' upon the momentous occasion of his visit to Vienna in 1875." But the second-hand evidence of Stefan (at

best an imprecise mind) is surely insufficient to admit these supposed piano pieces to the canon of Mahler's works.

Mitchell has taken great pains to establish many small biographical points which were previously obscure. His conscientiousness in this regard is generally praiseworthy. However, it is surprising to read a reference to Jacques Callot's "famous painting, *Des Jägers Leichenbegängnis*." Callot never painted such a picture, for he was an engraver, not a painter. Mahler refers to the picture in question (the partial inspiration for the funeral march in his First Symphony) as "after Callot," not as an original Callot creation. (May not the designation *Die Fantasiestücke in Callot's Manier*, applied by E. T. A. Hoffmann to some of his fantastic tales, also have influenced Mahler at this point?)

In spite of such minor flaws, this book ought to remain a standard reference work in its field for some time to come. The upcoming Mahler centennial (1960) should inspire many individuals and libraries to acquire so important an addition to the still scantily furnished shelf of worthwhile literature about Mahler in English.

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#### KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO STATION WEFM CHICAGO

Station WEFM has included recordings of Bruckner and Mahler works in its programs over a number of years. In appreciation of its contribution toward creating greater interest in and understanding of the music of these masters, the Directors of The Bruckner Society of America awarded the Bruckner Medal to Station WEFM. The Medal was designed by the well-known sculptor, the late Julio Kilenyi, for the exclusive use of the Society. The presentation was made on March 11, 1960, by Charles L. Eble, Vice-President of the Bruckner Society.

## CONVERSATION PIECE: MAHLER AND BEYOND

by DIKA NEWLIN

The following article written for *Notes on the Programs* for the Jan. 14, 15, 16 and 17, 1960, concerts of the New York Philharmonic at which Mahler's *Tenth* was performed under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, is reprinted by permission.

After Mahler's death, but before the nature of his partially completed *Tenth* Symphony had been revealed to the world, Arnold Schoenberg wrote: "We shall know as little about what his *Tenth* (for which, as also in the case of Beethoven, sketches exist) would have said as we know about Beethoven's or Bruckner's. It seems that the *Ninth* is a limit. He who wants to go beyond it must pass away. It seems as if something might be imparted to us in the *Tenth* which we ought not yet to know, for which we are not yet ready. Those who have written a *Ninth* stood too near to the hereafter. Perhaps the riddles of this world would be solved, if one of those who knew them were to write a *Tenth*. And that probably is not to take place."

Reading this passage today, we are struck by the way in which Schoenberg, without knowing the *Tenth* or even realizing that Mahler had been able to complete as much of it as he did, accurately forecast the visionary, prophetic quality which it possesses. For in the *Tenth*, Mahler does indeed seem to impart a message for which his immediate contemporaries were certainly "not yet ready." It remained for a younger generation to catch the meaning of his work and life, and, inspired by it, to undertake a venture which would change the face of music in the 20th century.

The vision begins with the mysterious recitative of the unaccompanied violas which opens the work, and which keeps returning in ever-varying forms. What is this strangely haunting melody trying to tell us? I shall not have the audacity to put a possible "spiritual message" of this music into words. If Mahler had wanted that, he—almost as great an artist in words as in tones—would have been quite capable of writing these words himself. But, as he wrote at another point of the score in which a little incident meaningful only to him and to his wife is described, "*Nur du weisst, was es bedeutet.*" "Only you know what it means"—many such "messages" of Mahler's music should be left wordless, for us to read between the lines. However, if we look at the melody in question with a more coldly analytical eye, we notice certain technical features which help us to account for its effect. While the nominal key of the movement is F-sharp major, here tonality seems to be floating, suspended. The F sharp, while it does appear several times in the course of the long melodic line, is not treated more importantly than any other note. And, as the melody unfolds, we hear every one of the 12 notes of the chromatic scale with the exception of C and E flat (which then, as one might expect, take on special importance in the viola recitative's next appearance). This kind of concern for the inclu-

sion of the "chromatic total" within a theme was to lead, eventually, to the systematic treatment of the 12 tones in what we know today as "12-tone technique," "dodecaphony," or, more broadly, "serial technique." It is no accident that Schoenberg, spending important years of his life in a Viennese ambiance dominated by the spiritual influence of Mahler, was the first to see the logical consequences of this kind of thematic building, and to elevate the consistent and consequent use of the 12 tones to a principle. It is no accident, either, that Schoenberg's disciples, Alban Berg and Anton Webern, younger during the time of Mahler's domination of the Viennese musical scene and hence perhaps even more deeply influenced by him in their varying ways, in turn took this principle and utilized it in most personal fashion. Today, each of us may experience at every turn in our listening to contemporary music how its working-out has, in one way or another, affected the consciousness of all kinds of composers, from Stravinsky who now says, ". . . a masterpiece is more likely to happen to the composer with the most highly developed language. This language is serial at present . . ." (Craft, *Conversations with Igor Stravinsky*) to the most advanced "electronic" composers whose motto would seem to be, "Life Begins With Webern."

When the restless viola recitative resolves into the movement's principal F-sharp major theme—wide-flung in the first violins, richly harmonized by the other strings and the trombones—we again seem to hear "prophecies" of much later music. The great melodic leaps of a ninth, a tenth, or more, which almost unbearably intensify the expressiveness of this theme—much as the distortions of certain contemporary art-works labelled "expressionistic" force our attention to concentrate itself upon those features the artist considers really important—suggest the "jagged" lines to be found in the music of Schoenberg and Berg. To name but one example, the tortured yet beautiful melodies so often to be found in the solo part of Berg's Violin Concerto could scarcely have existed without this kind of forerunner.

I cannot resist citing one more example of musical "prophecy," especially because it so completely contradicts a popular idea about Mahler. Many listeners are accustomed to think of him chiefly in terms of his magnificent mass-effects, where every available orchestral and vocal resource is employed in order to overwhelm the hearer with sheer splendor of sound (the closes of his Second and Eighth Symphonies are the finest examples). Most are probably less aware of those passages in which, on the contrary, he uses the *minimum* of means in order to produce a shattering effect. I call to your attention the remarkable measures of this *Adagio* in which only first violins and second violins are playing, in a dynamic range of *p* to *ppp*—no crescendo! Beginning far apart, the two voices come closer and closer together until they clash against each other (for a moment only) at the highly dissonant interval of a minor second. Then, they pull apart once more—the first violins descending rapidly while the second violins rise slowly—until they are separated by a span of over two octaves. The breathless tension has to give—and does, in one of Mahler's most glorious "explosions" of sound, with harp and strings rushing up and down, a pulsating background to the sonorous chords of winds and brass. The

whole amazing episode lasts but a few moments, yet—or perhaps for that very reason—its impact is unforgettable. And in those measures where the violins alone are playing the minimum of notes with the maximum of effect, we already seem to hear the attenuated, subtle music of Webern, who could, according to Schoenberg, express “a novel in a sigh”—not to mention that of his many latter-day imitators who often succeed quite well in capturing his manner, if not always (unfortunately) his matter!

Thus the influence of Mahler, both directly and indirectly, on some of our most important contemporaries is plainly to be seen. What it may mean in the future, we may speculate, but are not yet privileged to know. Again, Schoenberg has said it best, in his Mahler essay:

“The genius lights the way, and we strive to follow. Do we really strive enough? Are we not bound too much to the present?”

We shall follow, for we must. Whether we want to or not. It draws us upward.

We must follow.”

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## PORTRAIT PLAQUE OF DR. MARTIN G. DUMLER PRESENTED TO NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

The Bruckner Society of America presented a plaque honoring its late president, Dr. Martin G. Dumler, to New York University on December 16, 1958. The memorial ceremony took place at 11 a. m. in New York University's Music Library in the University's Main Building at Washington Square.

Robert G. Grey, Executive Secretary-Treasurer of the Society, presented the plaque to Dr. Ernest Hettich, Director of the University's libraries. The University also received a complete file of the Society's periodical publication, *CHORD AND DISCORD*, and Gabriel Engel's two monographs, *The Symphonies of Anton Bruckner* and *Gustav Mahler, Song-Symphonist*.

The bronze plaque, which bears Dr. Dumler's likeness, was designed by painter-sculptor Wilma Prezzi. It will hang in the Music Library.

## CONVERSATION PIECE: WHY A MAHLER FESTIVAL?

by HOWARD SHANET

The following article which appeared in the *Notes on the Programs* for performances of Mahler's *Fourth* by the New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein on Jan. 28, 29, 30 and 31, 1960, is reprinted by permission of the N. Y. Philharmonic and the author.

The official reason for the Philharmonic's nine-program Mahler Festival is to commemorate "the 100th Anniversary of Mahler's birth and the 50th Anniversary of his first season as Music Director" of this Orchestra. Now this might be adequate justification for a single commemorative concert, but it is obvious that a major symphony orchestra does not devote the principal part of nine different programs to one composer without more deep-rooted reasons than an anniversary celebration for one of its former directors. In other words, his music would have to be interesting enough in itself to warrant so much attention. We can therefore rephrase the rhetorical question in the title of this Conversation Piece, "Why a Mahler Festival?", to ask (less economically perhaps, but more accurately):

"What is so special about Mahler? Why is it that half a century after his death his public continues to grow and even the most sophisticated listeners find his music more and more intriguing, while the compositions of many of his turn-of-the-century colleagues seem embarrassingly dated?"

In answering this composite question, we will do well to avoid subjective opinions. Although Mahler is accepted much more generally today than ever before, he still remains to some extent a controversial figure. There are passionate supporters and cold detractors. When a conductor a number of years ago chose to cut something from the impressive or excessive length (depending on the point of view) of one of the symphonies, he touched off a heated exchange of letters to the *Times*.

Perhaps this can be explained partially by the fact that Mahler was, in a sense, an extremist, carrying the characteristic tendencies of the late 19th century to their utmost logical extensions, and, like all extremists, appearing either a saint or a devil according to the spectator's attitude. Where one sees grandeur, another sees only grandiloquence. Where one finds that thematic simplicity which is "the last thing learned," another finds naiveté or even banality.

It may help us to escape such controversies if, in analyzing why Mahler's music survives so well in an age when its style is not even considered to be in good taste, we itemize a few of the contributing factors with objectivity and formality:

1. *Mahler's symphonies contain a surprising number of modern elements, imbedded in the old-fashioned romantic ones—and precisely those modern elements that have been adopted by the composers of the*

"New Viennese" school (Schoenberg, Berg, Webern, and their successors). Here is a short table which isolates some of the Mahlerian traits and suggests their derivatives in the newer music:

MAHLER	NEW VIENNESE SCHOOL
Wide melodic leaps	The straining lines of Schoenberg and Berg
Themes made up of short motifs	The abbreviated style of Webern (in which attention is focused on single notes or tiny phrases)
"Chamber-music" subtleties demanded of each player in the huge orchestra	The hypersensitive performance requirements of the pointillists, with their dots and wisps of sounds
Kaleidoscopic orchestration, which may move through half a dozen different parts of the orchestra in the course of a single melody	The <i>Klangfarbenmelodie</i> (tone-color-melody) of Schoenberg and Webern, in which a musical phrase is pieced together like a mosaic from tiny fragments, each contributed by an instrument of a different tone-color
Emotionality, expressive of inner experiences	Emotionality, "expressionistic" (i.e., expressive of inner experiences without concern for conventional standards of propriety or beauty)
Morbid and sometimes superstitious preoccupation with death and other tragic matters	Morbid and sometimes superstitious preoccupation with death and other tragic matters

These relationships have encouraged certain of the new composers and their sympathizers to champion Mahler's music. The modern characteristics are much more evident in Mahler's late works, from the Fifth Symphony on, and especially in the Ninth and Tenth Symphonies, but traces of them can already be detected even in the Fourth Symphony. Mahler never set foot in the promised land; but it is clear that, from the heights of his last compositions, he already was granted a glimpse of it.

2. *Mahler's technical perfection in all branches of musical composition* impresses all sensitive listeners, even those not sympathetic to his style. For a full appreciation of his mastery, however, one must constantly remember that the huge scale on which he chooses to work affects the significance of each detail; a chord, a rhythm, a bit of orchestration cannot be judged by the standards of the classic masters (except perhaps those of the late Beethoven, who had performed very similar experiments) but must be understood in the context of its own musical world. In the field of musical form, for example, it is futile to look for the conciseness of a Haydn sonata form in the first movement of Mahler's Fourth Symphony; it does have a kind of sonata form but it has been so skillfully loosened at the joints that its lovely pastoral relaxation would be completely spoiled by any attempt to tighten it up. Similarly, in the Fifth Symphony it is a misunderstanding to criticize the last digression before the end as an error in form; it is a last luxurious drawing of breath, carefully planned, and taken in full confidence

that the inevitable ending will wait for it—in short it is the structural equivalent of one of Beethoven's grand codas. Mahler shows remarkable originality not only in form, but in harmony, phrasing, development of material, and especially in counterpoint and orchestration. Conductors know that Mahler is one of the few composers whose orchestra parts need not be adjusted for proper balance; the adjustments are already written into the parts, with such painstaking solicitude for every detail of performance as only a labor of devotion to an artistic aim could accomplish.

3. *Mahler's artistic integrity and his total dedication to his art* make it impossible to suspect his sincerity, even when he seems to be sentimental or bombastic. He communicates a selfless, spiritual impression to his public. When he presents the huge orchestral apparatus of one of his symphonies (the Fourth is the most modest of them, and its orchestra is by no means small), we know that he is not trying to be sensational or to make an effect; he is employing all the experience of a great conductor and a sensitive musician, and all the musical resources of which he can conceive, in a kind of musico-religious service. Mahler never sought popularity. Indeed, he was so strict as a conductor that he was said sometimes to have been in bodily danger from those toward whom he had been too severe.

4. *Mahler's symphonies have a unique poignancy, which derives from what might be called a musical "montage" technique:* starting with musical fragments that are familiar and even old-fashioned (children's songs and marches, folk tunes and dances, bird songs and bugle calls), he puts them all together, *but without adding any story or program to connect them with each other.* That is precisely why they are so touching—no longer allowed their old meanings, they seem to be trying to say something to us, "something which trembles precariously on the brink of conscious understanding." This method was already in evidence in the First Symphony and it is still present in the Tenth.

Of course there may be additional explanations for the fact that Mahler's music continues to grow in popularity, but the four listed here must take an important place in any accounting.

## N. Y. CRITICS REVIEW THE MAHLER FESTIVAL BY THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

Commemorating the 100th Anniversary of Mahler's birth and the 50th  
Anniversary of his first season as Music Director of  
the New York Philharmonic.

<i>Dates</i>	<i>Work</i>	<i>Conductor</i>
Dec. 31, Jan. 1, 2, 3	Symphony No. 5	Mitropoulos
Jan. 7, 8, 9, 10	Symphony No. 1	"
Jan. 14, 15, 16, 17	Symphony No. 10	"
Jan. 21, 22, 23, 24	Symphony No. 9	"
Jan. 28, 29, 30, 31	Symphony No. 4	Bernstein
Feb. 4, 5, 6, 7	Songs with Orchestra	"
Feb. 11, 12, 13, 14	Kindertotenlieder	"
Feb. 18, 19, 20, 21	Symphony No. 2	"
Apr. 15, 16, 21, 24	Das Lied von der Erde	Walter

### MAGNIFICENT MAHLER CYCLE

by MILES KASTENDIECK

The following review which appeared in *The Christian Science Monitor*, Boston on April 23, 1960, is reprinted by permission; copyright 1960.

One of the highlights of the Philharmonic season has been its tribute to Gustav Mahler in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of his birth. It has spanned nine weeks of programs and has marked considerable increase in public interest. Succeeding audiences have been attracted not only by Mahler's orchestration but also by the spiritual content of his music.

No finer termination of the cycle could have occurred than Bruno Walter's current performances of "Das Lied von der Erde." He has given the premiere in Munich on Nov. 20, 1911; and his close association with Mahler brought an understanding no other conductor has been able to impart quite so warmly. Just as "Das Lied von der Erde" could be considered the consummation of Mahler's work, so these performances have had a similar character. Other conductors have given memorable performances of Mahler this season (George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra with this work in particular), but only Mr. Walter has conveyed the personal quality inherent in its composition.

The dark quality of Maureen Forrester's contralto and her interpretative insight proved just right for this work. Richard Lewis sang the gayer songs attractively. The musicians played with full awareness of the symphonic character of the work so that it became a special privilege to hear it.

Thus a great conductor ended the festival which another great conductor had begun, none other than Dimitri Mitropoulos. The latter showed strong affinity for the Fifth Symphony, with which the festival

was launched. He followed a personal inspiration of introducing an intermission between movements to temper whatever impatience people might have with the length of the symphonies. He felt no injustice was done; indeed, he looked upon the movements as similar to acts of a play. Thus the intermission between the third and fourth movements made possible a fuller appreciation of the latter part after 45 minutes of listening to the first.

That Mahler's music is graphic became clearer in this first program. Unlike other composers he conveys a stream of musical consciousness that personifies immediate experience. This may be on the level of common man, or akin to nature, or a craving for spiritual experience. Whatever the category, it may well be that through his symphonies Mahler freed music for the 20th century much more strategically than has been generally recognized.

A magnificent performance of the First Symphony one week later confirmed the stream-of-consciousness impression. Only one movement of Mahler's Tenth Symphony constituted the third program, but its beauty dominated the concert unmistakably.

Mr. Mitropoulos ended his part of the Mahler festival with a performance of the highly individual Ninth Symphony, which can still baffle a listener a half century after its creation. That Mahler reached out into the 20th century almost as he reached out toward death makes this music an extraordinary experience. Its significance lies perhaps in the poetic understanding with which he achieved serenity.

The performance of the Ninth remains a landmark in the cycle. It was Mr. Mitropoulos's crowning achievement in interpretation, one to be equaled only when Mr. Walter conducted "Das Lied von der Erde."

Leonard Bernstein took up the cause of Mahler thereafter with the Fourth Symphony. The simplicity and serenity of this work can readily draw more people to appreciate Mahler's music. Mr. Bernstein proved a worthy interpreter. The fresh, pure voice of Reri Grist and her child-like artistry brought the final movement completely into focus.

In the sixth program Jennie Tourel sang a group of songs which immediately revealed them as the key to Mahler's symphonic thought. Next came the "Kindertotenlieder" and finally the Second Symphony.

While Mr. Bernstein may not have conducted memorable performances of all these works, he showed a sure grasp of the Mahler idiom and succeeded well in promoting the cause. He deserves special credit for setting up the festival, participating in it himself, and calling upon two great interpreters to carry out the most formidable assignments in the cycle.

The over-all result should be a reevaluation of Mahler's music apart from what people generally read about it in books on music. Listening 50 years after Mahler's passing, people may find his music coming into its own as he once predicted it might after a half century had passed.

Concurrent with the anniversary of his birth came the further recognition of the 50th anniversary of Mahler's first appearances as conductor of the Philharmonic. His first season as musical director was important not only for his accomplishments as an interpreter and orchestra builder, but also in terms of increased activity and of programs arranged in chronological sequence. Mahler also took the Philharmonic

on its first tour. Thus his contribution in New York adds further luster to this commemorative year.

## MITROPOULOS BRINGS OUT MAHLER'S BEST

by MILES KASTENDIECK

The following review which appeared in the *N. Y. Journal American* on January 2, 1960, is reprinted by permission; copyright 1960.

If Mahler's music is played as understandingly throughout the Philharmonic's current cycle as the Fifth Symphony was in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, these concerts will be memorable moments for Mahler and for the Philharmonic. The New Year began auspiciously.

It fell to Dimitri Mitropoulos to open this cycle commemorating the 100th anniversary of Mahler's birth and the 50th anniversary of the composer-conductor's first season as the Philharmonic's musical director.

Mitropoulos was most welcome not only as guest conductor but also as an outstanding interpreter of Mahler, for whose music he obviously has strong affinity.

The Fifth Symphony proved an excellent choice to begin the cycle. It challenges the music lover as it challenged Mahler himself. In this centennial observation it calls for a reevaluation of Mahler's music on its own terms, not on those already set forth in print especially by Mahler's detractors. There is little wonder that he once wished that he could "give the first performances of my symphonies 50 years after my death."

With Mitropoulos to present the Fifth, however, he had no reason to worry. A magnificent performance, revealing the content of the music as well as its ingenious orchestration, disclosed Mahler in the fullness of his powers.

From the trumpet call in the first measures to the brilliant outburst of its final coda, the symphony offers much in an hour and a quarter for ready acceptance in this "age of the common man."

Fortunately, Mitropoulos called an intermission between the third and fourth movements to make the work more easily assimilated. This made possible a fuller appreciation of the adagio and the finale after 45 minutes of listening to the other three movements.

Incidentally the theme of the adagio reminded the listener that it bore the stamp of individuality characteristic of Mahler's melodic harmonizing. Detected in the funeral march of the First, it is simply confirmed here.

Some might note that the slow movement has reminiscent stretches of Wagner's "Tristan" and that the lively pages of the finale recall the last scene of his "Die Meistersinger," but these matters do not cloud the Mahler idiom which gives his music its own hallmark. Of that more could be said if space permitted.

Suffice to say that the composer's ingenuity in writing codas shone forth at the end of each movement yesterday, so painstakingly did Mitropoulos fashion them. This is graphic music. With Mitropoulos and the musicians responding to his feeling for it, the stream of musical

consciousness that personifies Mahler had its moments of glorification. The concert began with an enlightening performance of Beethoven's Grand Fugue, Opus 138. It is an extraordinarily anticipatory work and proved an excellent foil for Mahler. And if Beethoven was "the man who freed music in the 19th century," then perhaps Mahler freed music in the 20th.

At a critical turning point, the Fifth of Mahler may hold a strategic position just as it did for the composer.

## MAHLER MEMORIAL

by WINTHROP SARGEANT

The following review which appeared in *The New Yorker* on Jan. 9, 1960, is reprinted by permission; copyright The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., issue of Jan 9, 1960.

Last week, the New York Philharmonic embarked on what seems to me the most interesting venture of its current season—a Mahler Festival, during which at least five of that great and comparatively neglected composer's symphonies are to be presented on consecutive programs. The reason for undertaking this project at this particular time is, according to the program announcements, that Gustav Mahler was born just a hundred years ago, and that just fifty years ago he made his first appearance as music director of the Philharmonic. We are getting pretty close, however, to the fiftieth anniversary of an event that is of greater historic importance than either of these: the death of Mahler, in 1911, which was also the death of the grand style of symphonic writing, since Mahler was the last of that long string of Central European composers who made the symphony into one of the supreme monuments of musical literature, and the last to write in an idiom that was at once original and expressive. His most noted contemporaries, Richard Strauss and Claude Debussy, had abandoned the symphony for the illustrative symphonic poem, and the former attained his greatest triumphs in the field of opera rather than in the field of abstract music. The Finn Jean Sibelius continued for a few years writing symphonies of a rather specialized character, which partook of the nature of heroic landscape, and which seem lately to have fallen somewhat out of fashion. In Central Europe, however, decadence set in almost immediately.

The year of Mahlers' death, as it happens, was a fateful one for symphonic music. It was in 1911 that Schoenberg wrote his first essays in atonality, starting a trend toward sterile formalism that in half a century has eventuated in nothing of much interest to the concertgoing public. Thus, where the symphony as a monumental form is concerned, Mahler seems to have been the last of the giants. None of the subsequent symphonists have spoken with comparable authority, majesty, tenderness, and eloquence, and many of the best—notably Shostakovich—have paid him the tribute of imitating him. Whether the art of symphonic composition will ever rise again to the level of communicative vigor where Mahler left it is an open question, bedevilled by considerations of tradition, style, and the habits and demands not only of composers but of audiences as well. If it ever does, though, I think the

process will consist of cutting back through the tricks and mathematical formulas of most later music and starting again where Mahler left off with that combination of inspired melodic ideas and large-scale dramatic structure which constitutes the true symphony.

The work chosen to inaugurate the Philharmonic's Mahler Festival was the Fifth Symphony, an immense affair, which one can study a great length without exhausting its manifold subtleties. I shall not attempt to analyze these here. The symphony's total effect is one of deep nobility, and it was obviously deeply felt by the audience. All the characteristics of Mahler's style—the uncanny originality of his orchestration, the almost religious sincerity of his musical thought, the love of nostalgic pseudo-folk melodies, which are woven into the most sophisticated of musical contexts, and the mysterious world of fantasy reflecting the era of Sigmund Freud—are to be found in it. Its loveliest movement in the conventional sense—and certainly its most easily accessible one—is the scherzo, one of those magical Mahler waltz episodes in which gaiety appears strangely mixed with the profoundest sense of human tragedy. Dimitri Mitropoulos, who, I think, is one of the finest of contemporary Mahler conductors, performed the work magnificently, carefully balancing all the devious and iridescent components of the score and choosing tempos with particular adroitness. The Mahler symphony was preceded on the program by Beethoven's Grand Fugue in B Flat Major, which I still found a singularly ugly work, though Mr. Mitropoulos presented it with the utmost clarity

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## MITROPOULOS TRIUMPHS AT CARNEGIE HALL

by LOUIS BIANCOLLI

The following article which appeared in the *New York World Telegram and Sun* on Jan. 9, 1960, is reprinted by courtesy *New York World Telegram and Sun*; copyright 1960.

The privilege of hearing Dimitri Mitropoulos conduct was again profoundly appreciated by the Philharmonic patrons at the second program of the Mahler Festival in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon and Thursday night.

If possible, Mr. Mitropoulos gave an even more overpowering reading of the First Symphony than he had of the Fifth last week. But this may be only because this week's performance had the impact of immediacy. It is closer to me as I write, therefore more vivid and shattering.

Again, the behavior of the crowd was a treat in itself for Mahlerites who for years bemoaned the neglect and apathy that threatened his survival. This was a completely absorbed audience, spiritually and artistically involved in the experience.

And what an experience these geniuses—Mitropoulos and Mahler—made of it! There was, of course, the ever-fascinating music, oscillating between the repose of nature and a savage tumult of spirit. But there was the performance, too!

Mr. Mitropoulos seemed to stake everything he believed in and cher

ished on it. Not only was he utterly identified with the music, but for the moment with every member of the orchestra, too. The result was a perfect union of ideals that had the quality of creation compounded.

The symphony never seemed so alive and timely. The transition from the mock-funereal calm of the third movement to the explosive crash of the finale was staggering. Those who didn't know it was coming looked at one another in awe.

Technically, the performance was as perfect as anything heard so far this season. Whatever it takes to reach the ultimate in bringing the cold print of music to living reality, Mr. Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic mobilized together for the First Symphony.

The reaction of the crowd was again proof that Mahler, at long last, is being taken on his own terms, not those of Brahms, Strauss, Wagner, or Tchaikowsky. Mahler thought, felt, lived passionately, and his music is the image of the man.

He made no bones about his obsessions of death and disease, about shattered illusions, and the endless search for solace of spirit. He found refuge in nature and the bright laughter of children. The brevity of life haunted him—and the Unknown.

The First Symphony begins in the bosom of nature, as if spring were slowly stirring to life; it ends on a triumphant note. In between are the acid mockery of a Death March and a wild tumult of soul that are "all we need of hell."

There are few places in music that match the frenzied turbulence of the first part of the Finale. What Mr. Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic contrived between them at that point is as much as may be humanly expected of a conductor and an orchestra.

Also on the bill was a brilliant performance by Gina Bachauer of the robust and rousing Piano Concerto of Arthur Bliss. But the program really belonged to Mahler, Mr. Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic. Together they made symphonic history.

## MITROPOULOS LEADS MAHLER'S "FIRST"

by HARRIETT JOHNSON

The following article which appeared in the *New York Post* on January 10, 1960, is reprinted by permission of the *New York Post*; copyright 1960 New York Post Corporation.

Gustav Mahler originally subtitled his First Symphony, "Titan." The description can as well describe his status as a composer for this turbulent man was a symphonic giant.

His Symphony No. 1, performed Friday afternoon by the N. Y. Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall, is extraordinary in many ways, but especially because it stamps the breadth and individuality of his style far more than the "firsts" of many other composers.

There is a violence in Mahler which is reflected by the adverse reactions to his music on the part of a minority of listeners. The following has happened at many concerts:

Audiences like the one Friday, sit enthralled through works which take far longer to complete than most symphonies. The "First," comparatively short, takes 50 minutes.

They applaud wildly and long. But a few diffidents, including some critics, feel differently. These latter fume at this enthusiastic response, and rush quickly to inform their readers that they are "misled."

I remember observing one set of Carnegie Hall listeners overpowered by a magnificent performance of the Mahler "Second" with Ormandy and the Philadelphians. They cheered for over ten minutes at the concert's conclusion, but meanwhile some writers were busy maligning the proceedings and diatribes appeared in some of the next day's papers.

Mahler, though, not only survives but gains followers the more his music becomes known through recordings and performances. Sheer musical vitality such as his will override temporary fences just as powerful rivers break weak dams.

Mahler has also benefited in the immediate past by being performed by many conductors of major status. Mitropoulos, Walter, Ormandy, Steinberg and Bernstein—all ardent protagonists of his genius—are a few.

The Philharmonic's present "Mahler Festival" honors not only the 100th anniversary of his birth, July 7, 1860, but also the 50th anniversary of his debut as the Philharmonic's musical director.

Mahler was a firebrand, both as composer and conductor, and for two seasons, from 1909 to 1911, was at the helm of the Philharmonic.

Though he later withdrew the word "Titan" from his "First," he wrote a sympathetic Berlin critic, Max Marschalk, in 1896, that there was "some justification for the title."

The Symphony uses for a portion of its themes, ideas taken from his Song Cycle, "Songs of a Wandering Journeyman," and at the head of the introduction to the first movement are the words, "Like the Voices of Nature."

The ironic third movement, a ghostly parody which takes as its point of departure an engraving by Jacques Callot, "The Huntsman's Funeral," is an eerie incantation, highly imaginative and evocative.

Basically a pessimist, Mahler's affirmative genius triumphs over his skepticism and disillusion in almost all of his works. There is exaltation and total glory at the end of the First's "Stormily Agitated" Finale.

Mitropoulos conducted the work from memory with the impassioned inspiration of a master who comprehends the whole and who can richly communicate it.

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## MAHLER'S "TENTH"

by HARRIET JOHNSON

The following review which appeared in the *New York Post* on January 17, 1960, is reprinted by permission of the *New York Post*; copyright 1960 New York Post Corporation.

He (Mitropoulos) conducted the 25-minute "Andante" from memory in a manner which contributed intensely to an overwhelming ex-

perience.

In this Tenth Symphony, as Dika Newlin points out in the program notes, Mahler was an inspired prophet. With the spectre of his own death dogging him, he wrote a movement replete with tragic grandeur, foreshadowing in its idiom much that was to come.

He reaches his climaxes through a series of excruciating dissonances which are awesome in their inevitability. As he builds toward them, he succeeds in achieving a transfigured magnificence in the manner of a Greek tragedy inexorably moving to its terrible doom.

Mahler was expressing the ultimate dark fate of everyone in this score and yet his genius miraculously tolled the bell with glory.

### MAHLER'S TENTH

New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor

by FRANCIS D. PERKINS

The following review which appeared in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* on January 16, 1960, is reprinted by permission; copyright 1960.

The New York Philharmonic continued its serial observance of Gustav Mahler's centenary yesterday afternoon, when it played the first movement of his unfinished Tenth Symphony under Dimitri Mitropoulos' direction.

The first movement of Mahler's incompleted last symphony was played here by the Philharmonic under Mr. Mitropoulos two seasons ago, and by the Boston Symphony earlier this season. In itself it does not give an impression of incompleteness; its prevailing mood is one of lyric meditation, sometimes serene with an undertone of resignation and sometimes suggesting an implication of past tragedy. While it again seemed slightly too extensive, it has a sincerity and eloquence which were fully reflected in this laudably wrought and emotionally revealing performance under Mr. Mitropoulos, who used Ernst Krenek's edition of the score.

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### MITROPOULOS CONDUCTS MAHLER'S NINTH

by LOUIS BIANCOLLI

The following review which appeared in the *N. Y. World Telegram and Sun* on January 23, 1960, is reprinted by courtesy of the *New York World Telegram and Sun*; copyright 1960.

Any season that features a performance of Mahler's last complete symphony like that of Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic yesterday may be pardonably known—at least among Mahlerites—as the Season of the Ninth.

To judge by the rapt behavior and capacity size of the crowd, the Mahlerites are definitely on the increase; indeed, there would seem, as of these commemorative weeks, to be very little line of demarcation between them and Philharmonic patrons in general.

Thursday night and yesterday afternoon were special occasions in a special centennial observance of the Viennese master. If the Ninth

Symphony, being both great music and relatively unfamiliar music, big news, Mr. Mitropoulos made it still bigger news.

Frankly, it was so long since I had last heard this gigantic score, had forgotten what extraordinary power and diversity were contained in it. The first movement is still a stickler in contrast and conflict of attitude, but what a gripping experience the whole symphony is!

As Mr. Mitropoulos himself explained, the symphony is a unified spiritual experience, ideally heard without interruption. But he recognized its great length and the necessity of breaking it up into two halves divided by an intermission.

Accordingly, the audience was given the first two movements, preceded by Anton Webern's strangely fascinating "Passacaglia." After the intermission came the Rondo Burlesque and the Adagio Finale.

One could feel the need of a break. Webern's early "Passacaglia," with its mysterious feelers toward the future, and the two Mahler movements almost made a concert in themselves. Both the spirit and the flesh needed a recess.

Still in his early 20s when he wrote the "Passacaglia," Webern was already a marked man for the atonal millennium ahead. There are no to Brahms, Wagner and Mahler and the standard jingle of keys, but the rebel's profile, to quote Howard Shanet, is already perceptible.

The performance was a revelation—of the eager young mind and heart of Webern and of the extraordinary power of Mr. Mitropoulos to identify himself with another man's music like a second creator.

Mr. Mitropoulos gave it all the urgency of a drama from life. No one has so profoundly fathomed the meaning of Mahler. The symphony bulked as an intensely personal document, compelling in every shading of its message. But it was magnificent music-making, too.

At Mr. Mitropoulos' behest, the orchestra outdid itself in rhythmic vitality, diversified color, and a truly enchanted euphony of tones. Something of the conductor's missionary fervor gripped the whole orchestra, and, in turn, the whole Carnegie audience.

## MITROPOULOS EXCELS

by MILES KASTENDIECK

The following review which appeared in the *N. Y. Journal American* on January 23, 1960, is reprinted by permission; copyright 1960.

Dimitri Mitropoulos played Mahler's highly individual Ninth Symphony with the Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The occasion became memorable for his noble interpretation as well as for the rare opportunity to hear a living performance of this work.

Fifty years have not dimmed the modernity of this music. The listener still has to work into it along with the composer. A half century has made it more accessible, but the first movement still can baffle the listener. Mahler has reached out into the Twentieth Century almost as he reached out toward death which preoccupied his mind.

Even someone who did not know how this subject dominated his thought could sense the nature of his contemplative mood.

The extraordinary aspect of the symphony is Mahler's way of sharing his experience with the listener. Perhaps this stream of conscious-

ness explains the apparent discursive nature of the music: He has purposely worked it out this way.

In this sense, Mahler proclaims the emotional power of music as more significant than the intellectual discipline of musical thought.

Those who accept this premise, enjoy their Mahler; those who do not, complain of the length of such a work and of its lack of focus. Yet the Ninth emerges at the end into an expression of serenity quite beneficent. The finale adagio dissolves Mahler's problem because he has worked beyond it into poetic understanding.

As to how this work must have influenced composers like Shostakovich and Samuel Barber, much might be disclosed. Written in 1910, the Ninth Symphony forecasts the trend of contemporary music quite graphically. Its spiritual influence, however, remained in suspended animation for about 30 years.

Only just before World War II did contemporary composers return to conveying meaning in the sense that Mahler meant to do.

That Mr. Mitropoulos understands all this became evident in his grasp of all four movements, but particularly in the andante and the adagio. The "Miracle" of the finale illumined the whole performance, especially after the mockery written into the middle movements.

As Mr. Mitropoulos' "Farewell" at the end of his guest conducting, this performance will stand as a landmark in the Mahler cycle as well as in the 100th anniversary of Mahler's birth.

Webern's Passacaglia, Opus 1, written just before Mahler undertook his symphony, also prophesied the course of things to come as the century advanced. It proved to be a timely forecast of why audiences would grow skeptical of music in the next few decades.

## MITROPOULOS CONDUCTS MAHLER'S NINTH

by WINTHROP SARGEANT

The following article which appeared in *The New Yorker* is reprinted by permission; copyright The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., issue of Jan. 30, 1960.

In Carnegie Hall last week, the New York Philharmonic continued its Gustav Mahler festival by presenting his Ninth Symphony, under the particularly sympathetic baton of Dimitri Mitropoulos. To those who, like me, have been agitating for many years (often against the most determined critical opposition) for the recognition of this great Expressionist master, the festival is turning out to be an event of major historical consequence, and the public response to it has, on the whole, been astonishingly enthusiastic—astonishingly because Mahler, like his forerunner and teacher Anton Bruckner, is among the very few composers who require repeated hearing to reveal all the depth and subtlety of their music. Though these two composers have a similarity of approach to the art of symphonic writing, evident in their love of monumentality and in their profound seriousness and sincerity, there is a world of difference between their temperaments. Bruckner—the greater of the two, to my mind—was a serene classicist, whose work is notable for its lofty affirmations; Mahler was a child of the late-nineteenth century, a questioner, a neurotic, a conveyor of personal emotions

ranging from the most delicate to the most extravagant. He was also the exponent of a peculiarly tragic outlook, and there is about all his work a feeling for humanity combined with passionate protest that recalls the outlook of such comparably unhappy geniuses as Goya, van Gogh, and Dostoevski. The Ninth Symphony is certainly one of Mahler's finest. It is possible to point out certain of its technical features, like his unique way of handling the orchestra as a single instrument—what he writes for it is completely untranslatable into other terms; a piano transcription of this symphony would be altogether meaningless—that seem to open up a whole new concept of orchestral composition. But the concept has been adopted by no subsequent composer of major stature, and though Mahler has been widely imitated, by everybody from Berg and Webern to Shostakovich, none of the imitations have had the insistent eloquence of the original idiom. Such matters of technique, however, constitute only one facet of Mahler's musical thought. The other facets—the intensity of his dramatic feeling, the nobility of his sense of grand design, the typically Austrian bittersweet emotionalism, which reminds one somewhat of Richard Strauss, though in Mahler it is subtler and more genuinely tragic—all add up to something found only in the supreme examples of the late romantic style. Once the Philharmonic has finished paying its respects to Mahler, I strongly urge that it think about a festival devoted to Bruckner. Both of these neglected composers are, it seems to me, among the six or seven giants of symphonic music, and neither of them is as yet well known to American audiences.

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## MAHLER'S FOURTH ACCLAIMED

by LOUIS BIANCOLLI

The following review which appeared in the *N. Y. World Telegram and Sun* on Jan. 30, 1960, is reprinted by courtesy of the *N. Y. World Telegram and Sun*; copyright 1960.

Returning to the Philharmonic podium, Leonard Bernstein continued the centennial observance of Gustav Mahler's birth with a memorable reading of the Fourth Symphony in Carnegie Hall, yesterday.

The Fourth gives us Mahler in a mood of childlike whimsy and delicacy. The spiritual storms are behind and ahead. Here all is pastoral charm and relaxation, and in the Andante a profound mystic beauty—as of a vision.

The Philharmonic's Mahler Festival has been a kind of symphonic autobiography heard in installments. Each symphony depicts some phase or crisis of Mahler's life. Mostly, it has been dark, tormented drama. In the Fourth the sun shines.

Few things in music have the irresistible simplicity of the finale—a simplicity touched by the sublime. The orchestra is an enchanted web as the soprano pictures the child's idea of heaven. There is no parody or condescension, only a cloudless joy.

Mr. Bernstein applied infinite care and tenderness to a performance

worthy to follow in the wake of Dimitri Mitropoulos's Mahler interpretations of the past few weeks. The accompaniment in the Finale was exquisitely right.

Moreover, he was blessed with an ideal soloist in the young and beautiful Reri Grist. In angelic voice and spirit she was the answer to Mahler's prayer for a soprano whose heart and soul were open to grace.

The Scherzo movement of Mahler's Fourth features a first violin tuned a whole tone higher. This explains why concert-master John Corigliano kept rising and switching violins. It sounded like macabre spoofing. Mr. Corigliano was quite the amiable wizard.

## BERNSTEIN ABETS MAHLER

by MILES KASTENDIECK

The following review which appeared in the *N. Y. Journal American* on Jan. 30, 1960, is reprinted by permission; copyright 1960.

Leonard Bernstein took over the Philharmonic's Mahler Cycle in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. In offering the Fourth Symphony, he was presenting one of the most beautiful and accessible of Mahler's creations.

Though it crystallizes in the final movement with the songs of innocence for the soprano solo, the simplicity and serenity of the other three movements convey a state of mind not found elsewhere in his music.

It is this state of mind with which more and more people are finding some affinity these days, otherwise Mahler's music would not be gaining more adherents. The Fourth Symphony exerts persuasive powers, none more compelling than the subjective evolution a listener experiences as the performance unfolds.

Mr. Bernstein experienced it too as he worked into the third movement and drew from this and the finale warmth of feeling waiting to be tapped. He had emoted a bit during the first two movements and exaggerated those sections that Mahler's detractors call banal. The music certainly strikes a sympathetic vibration in him.

This performance qualified him as a worthy interpreter of Mahler's music. His attention to detail now needs only the mellowing influence of years to place him among the noted performers of this highly individual composer.

Singing the songs of the last movement, Reri Grist brought just the right quality of freshness and purity of voice to convey their mood. Her interpretation tended to be too naturally childlike and her voice too lightweight to do them full justice, but the blend of soloist and orchestra created its own brand of magic at this performance.

## MAHLER'S FOURTH

Bernstein Back After 4-Week Absence

by HOWARD TAUBMAN

The following review which appeared in the *N. Y. Times* on January 30, 1960, is reprinted by permission; copyright 1960.

Leonard Bernstein was back on the podium with the New York Phil-

harmonic at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. In his four-week absence the music of Mahler had been the main business of the orchestra. Upon his return Mahler remained a principal item on the program.

This week it was the Fourth Symphony, which is Mahler in a relaxed and accessible mood. It is difficult to believe that this work could precipitate such strong feelings that people would come to blows. Yet that is what happened in Vienna in 1902. Evidently the battle lines on the worth of Mahler's music formed early. His symphonies still generate powerful partisan emotions.

The Fourth is designed for "small orchestra." In Mahler's terms it is "small," but in fact it is the full-sized modern apparatus. There is also a solo in the final movement, which was sung by Reri Grist, young American soprano.

The essential material of the symphony is folk-like. As usual, the composer needs plenty of time—an hour—to deal with it. There are pleasant tunes along the way—the bouncy, earthy ones reminiscent of Haydn in the first movement; the reference to the Austrian reveille—known as the "kleiner Appell"; the violin solo in the Scherzo, which was once called "demoniac" and which now seems tame.

All of this material, which has its roots in the Austrian soil, is scored with enormous gusto and resource, but it cannot support so large an edifice. Only in the third movement does one encounter music worthy of the orchestral machinery. Here Mahler writes with depth and individuality, but even here he goes on too long.

Nevertheless this is the hand of a master. One is touched by Bruno Walter's recollection that Mahler said of this movement that he saw a "vision of a tombstone on which was carved an image of the departed with folded arms, in eternal sleep." The agony to be found in some of the other symphonies is absent. Mr. Walter's suggestion of "a dream of heaven" is not irrelevant.

Mr. Bernstein and the Philharmonic gave a rich, lyrical performance of the symphony. The balances were neat, the tempos were well judged, the tone glowed and sang. The innocent dramatic effects were brought out without excess. In the rhapsodic slow movement the strings were especially eloquent.

Mrs. Grist sang the naive music of the last movement with accuracy and grace. Her light lyric soprano, with its transparent texture and natural sweetness, is particularly suited to the nature of the music. Her refinement and taste as a singer are unmistakable. She should go far

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## MAHLER SINGS

by MILES KASTENDIECK

The following review which appeared in the *N. Y. Journal American* on February 6, 1960, is reprinted by permission; copyright 1960.

Since "Mahler's songs are the key to his symphonic thought," their appearance on the sixth program of the Philharmonic's Mahler cycle

had significance in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. With Jennie Tourel to sing them, they not only became the highlight of the concert but also saved it. . . . Miss Tourel's artistry and Leonard Bernstein's teamwork with the orchestra were most happily combined.

The Philharmonic performed "Um Mitternacht" for the first time and included "Das irdische Leben" for the second time in its history. Even "Ich atmet' einen linden Duft" and "Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen" had been heard only twice before. Their beauty caught instant attention, especially the last mentioned. Added insight into Mahler's orchestral skill could be detected in the accompaniments.

## JENNIE TOUREL SINGS FOUR MAHLER SONGS

by FRANCIS D. PERKINS

The following review which appeared in the N. Y. *Herald Tribune* on February 6, 1960, is reprinted by permission; copyright 1960.

Mahler's songs, especially when heard with orchestra, reflect the strong points of his music and none of its liabilities; the four performed in this program are particularly memorable for their realization of the essential atmosphere of their texts, in musical contour and in the use and blending of vocal and instrumental hues. Miss Tourel was an ideal soloist; the color and timbre of her voice were the partners of her sensitive musicianship in conveying fine emotional details as well as the prevailing senses of withdrawn meditation or poignance, and the orchestral playing was also sensitive and evocative.

## MISS TOUREL HAILED AS FILL-IN

by LOUIS BIANCOLLI

The following review which appeared in the N. Y. *World Telegram and Sun* on February 13, 1960, is reprinted by courtesy of the N. Y. *World Telegram and Sun*; copyright 1960.

If nominations were in order for the Woman of the Year in Music, mine would go to Jennie Tourel for her heroic act of musical and artistic stamina at yesterday's Philharmonic concert at Carnegie Hall.

With no rehearsal other than a brief keyboard session with Leonard Bernstein at her apartment an hour before concert time, the accomplished French mezzo-soprano appeared as soloist in Mahler's difficult song-sequence, "Kindertotenlieder."

The emergency was caused by the sudden illness of the French baritone, Gerard Souzay. Word reached Mr. Bernstein at noon during rehearsal in Carnegie Hall. Immediately he thought of the plucky little lady. Miss Tourel agreed to fill in.

This wasn't an easy decision. The songs, concerned with the death of children, are among Mahler's most demanding in poetic mood and dynamics, and Miss Tourel, as it turned out, hadn't sung them in ten years; only a first-class musician and artist would even consider the challenge.

That, of course, is what Miss Tourel has proved herself to be again and again in the past—but never so much as yesterday afternoon.

Here was a truly remarkable instance of courage—but a highly artistic experience too.

Mr. Bernstein, in announcing the substitution, referred to Miss Tourel as "our staunch friend." At his words, "I think she's a hero!" the crowd expressed clamorous agreement. Miss Tourel proceeded to show why he thought so.

The one indulgence sought by Miss Tourel, other than a certain subdued caution in places, was the use of the score. Even so, it was a prodigious feat of memory and assurance—after ten years! She has again brought distinction to the Mahler Festival.

It so happened I caught a little of Mr. Souzay's singing at the preview concert the night before. I must confess he sounded pretty good to me.

## TOUREL REPLACES SOUZAY IN MAHLER

by HARRIETT JOHNSON

The following review which appeared in the *N. Y. Post* on Feb. 14, 1960, is reprinted by permission of the *N. Y. Post*; copyright New York Post Corp. 1960.

Jennie Tourel may well go down in history as the only distaff singer ever to be called a hero by her conductor.

This was the way Leonard Bernstein described Miss Tourel when he announced her unscheduled appearance Friday afternoon with the N. Y. Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall, as soloist in Gustav Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder."

On two hours notice, she had agreed to replace the indisposed French baritone, Gerard Souzay, as soloist in Mahler's song cycle "Kindertotenlieder." Souzay had sung the preview concert Thursday night and, despite a cold, had intended to perform the remaining three week-end concerts. Friday morning, however, his sore throat took a rapid turn for the worse. At noon the doctor announced that he would not be well enough to appear.

Though Miss Tourel hadn't sung the "Kindertotenlieder" for ten years, she went on, having had only a short piano rehearsal with Bernstein an hour before the program began. She will continue as soloist for the Saturday and Sunday performances.

This is the second time this season that the mezzo-soprano has substituted for an ailing colleague. Before Christmas she pinch hit for Betty Allen in Bach's "Magnificat."

The tender sorrow of the "Kindertotenlieder," five songs which lament death of children, is better delineated by a baritone or contralto but Miss Tourel's rare artistry rose above the limitations of her voice.

Her interpretations were sensitive, and subtly colored. While her voice lacked substance in the low register, she replaced richness of sound by richness of feeling.

Mahler understandably dramatized the lower range in the songs, because of their subject matter. The five poignant poems by Friedrich of Rueckert were inspired by the poet's personal loss of his own child. Mahler himself conducted the only previous performance of the songs.

by the Philharmonic in January, 1910. The baritone, Ludwig Wuellner, was the soloist, indicating the composer's own preference for a male voice to recreate the cycle.

## BERNSTEIN BRILLIANT CONDUCTING MAHLER

by LOUIS BIANCOLLI

The following review which appeared in the *New York World Telegram and Sun* on February 20, 1960, is reprinted by courtesy of the *N. Y. World Telegram and Sun*; copyright 1960.

Gustav Mahler continued to be the main topic of interest at yesterday's Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall. The specific subject this time was the Second Symphony.

Known as the "Resurrection" symphony because of its choral vision of the after-life, the Second has long been an eloquent testimonial of Leonard Bernstein's powers as conductor and Mahlerite.

Yesterday he outdid himself in re-creating the moods and intensities of this giant score. This is a gruelling and treacherous assignment, bristling with potential hazards of omission and commission.

There was only conviction and eloquence—a painstaking attention to detail and a grasp of over-all contour and implication. Plus, of course, that involvement of the spirit without which Mahler is just another composer.

What poignant and personal music this is—with its frenzied explosions of terror and despair, its momentary whimsies of fantasy, its groping out of darkness to the effulgent light beyond.

Both Regina Resnik and Phyllis Curtin were excellent in the contralto and soprano solos, each an artist of supreme sensitivity, and the Rutgers University choir rose nobly to the exultant assurance of the finale.

## THE PHILHARMONIC PLAYS MAHLER'S SECOND

Bernstein Conducts at Carnegie Hall

by HOWARD TAUBMAN

The following review which appeared in the *N. Y. Times* on Feb. 20, 1960, is reprinted by permission; copyright 1960.

The principal part of the New York Philharmonic's Mahler Festival is being completed this week with the performance of the Second Symphony. There remains only "Das Lied von der Erde" to be conducted by Bruno Walter in mid-April, which should be a generous dividend.

Leonard Bernstein brought intense concentration and dramatic power to his interpretation of the Second Symphony at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The Philharmonic was in excellent form; its tone ranged from shimmering transparency to proclamatory grandeur. The soloists, Regina Resnik and Phyllis Curtin, sang affectingly, and the Rutgers University Choir was a credit to its director, F. Austin Walter.

Mahler's subject, as in most of his other big works, is immense. It is nothing less than the tragedy of human life, which he finds bearable only because he sees a hope of immortality. The work ends with a vision of resurrection.

To cover this tremendous theme, Mahler found he needed almost an hour and one-half. He filled his symphonic framework with consuming passion and tremendous devotion. This was, like so many of his musical documents, a baring of the soul. "You are battered to the ground with clubs," he once said of this symphony, according to Mr. Walter "and then lifted to the heights on angels' wings."

For a dedicated Mahlerite the symphony is a journey from hell to heaven. Even to one who listens to it without a long immersion in the Viennese ambiance the work is moving in its gravity and innocence. There are places, however, particularly at the conclusion, with its celestial choring, by orchestra and singers, when the effect is ornate rather than pure. This is not to impugn Mahler's sincerity; there was never any doubt of it. Can it be that the fault lies in the use of similar musical ideas and grand apparatuses by too many calculating note-spinners to trivial purposes?

Like most conductors, Mr. Bernstein is fond of leading Mahler's music, and he sympathizes with its size and dramatic gestures. His reading emphasized the violent contrasts and built up the climaxes with shattering impact. One has heard performances that do not drive the big moments so hard, but Mr. Bernstein's approach had its validity.

It held the audience spellbound. There was spontaneous applause at the end of the movements. Only a scattering of women left before the final movement and its dream of resurrection. Such attention during an eighty-seven-minute symphony was an impressive tribute to Mahler and the performers.

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## WALTER, PHILHARMONIC END MAHLER CENTENNIAL

by LOUIS BIANCOLLI

The following review which appeared in the *New York World Telegram and Sun* on April 16, 1960, is reprinted by courtesy of the *N. Y. World Telegram and Sun*:

As fitting culmination to the Philharmonic's Mahler Festival, Bruno Walter conducted a moving performance of "The Song of the Earth" in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon.

The society could not have completed its brilliant observance of the 100th anniversary of Mahler's birth in more memorable fashion. As dean of Mahlerites, Mr. Walter conducted the work with the authority of a prophet.

It was Mr. Walter who first performed Mahler's masterpiece four short months after the untimely death of 51 of the man he revered as mentor and master, no less than as friend.

Thus, close to a half century of crusading fervor and devotion went into yesterday's reading. Philharmonic patrons were indeed privileged to share the mellow bounty of this unique dedication.

At 83 Bruno Walter was still pleading the cause of a genius who was maligned and misunderstood in his own day, pleading it yesterday with unutterable tenderness.

Even in a season of exceptionally fine performances of Mahler's symphonies, Mr. Walter's interpretation had a quality of its own—a personal kinship that allowed him to see a little more deeply into his friend's bruised spirit.

As one listened, one could not help thinking of the man behind the music, the Mahler who not so long before had lost a beloved child and was himself doomed by the chance diagnosis of a heart specialist.

Mr. Walter did not minimize the passages of frenzied escape and desolation that make "The Song of the Earth" an awesome experience. But he emphasized the stoic valor of the music and its final compelling calm.

There was no mistaking the image of Mahler as man and musician that hovered in the background of Mr. Walter's reading. It was an image of profound sensitivity to the rapture and horror of life, but of a brave serenity too.

The final impression was far more intimate and subjective than usual. To Mr. Walter "The Song of the Earth" is perhaps the most personal utterance in the whole range of music.

That was how it sounded yesterday in the performance of the orchestra—every note and phrase carefully spun in nerve-like web of living tone. And it was in that image and conception that Maureen Forrester and Richard Lewis sang their solos.

These soliloquies are among the greatest songs ever written, achieving at times a sublime impact of truth and beauty. Once more Miss Forrester proved herself a singer who also is an artist and a visionary.

This has been Gustav Mahler's first real season in New York. It was about time. Let's not wait for another centennial.

### OFFER FINE MAHLER OPUS

The following review which appeared in the *New York Journal American* on April 16, 1960, is reprinted by permission; copyright 1960.

by MILES KASTENDIECK

Bruno Walter has come to end the Philharmonic's Mahler Festival with performances of "Das Lied von der Erde." It is quite fitting that he should do so since he conducted its premiere in Munich on Nov. 20, 1911. Hearing it again under his direction in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon in the autumn of his association with it became a special privilege as well as a memorable experience.

Just as Mahler poured his heart into its creation, so Mr. Walter let the mellowness of his wisdom and understanding work through the performance.

A sense of consummation pervaded it, so much so that the ovation that came at the end broke a spell woven from the emotional impact of the music.

The vitality which Mr. Walter injected into the performance belied his years. The insight and depth of feeling did not. These are the contributions of maturity to musical performance that age can bring.

It was the warmth of humanity that colored this interpretation.

Since the music represents Mahler in his most personal utterance, perhaps the finest artistry in interpretation must yield to the magic of communicative power. This is what made the performance of Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony the essence of romanticism at the beginning of the concert and what gave the Mahler its unique beauty.

The fact that the Philharmonic musicians and Mr. Walter were in perfect rapport calls attention to how beautifully they played. It is weeks since the strings have had such mellow tone, while the woodwinds, especially the melancholic oboe, and the brass were obviously alive to the significance of the occasion.

Mr. Walter conducted with full awareness of the symphonic nature of the work and the orchestra collaborated accordingly.

Both soloists caught the spirit of the music and Mr. Walter's interpretation. Maureen Forrester has the warm contralto to give her songs the right inflection. That she sang them beautifully almost goes without saying. Her singing of the farewell lingers plaintively in the memory.

Richard Lewis sang the gayer songs infectiously. His voice sounded a bit light against the full orchestra sound, but he matched its bounce.

With "Das Lied von der Erde" the Mahler Festival reached its natural end. The gap between the last program conducted by Leonard Bernstein and Mr. Walter's appearance was considerable, but it has not dimmed the vividness of the whole series of programs, begun so felicitously by Dimitri Mitropoulos.

The festival has become the highlight of the Philharmonic season, and Mahler has gained stature because of it. Mr. Walter's "Benediction" comes as the crowning touch of distinction.

## LANDMARK FOR PHILHARMONIC

### Bruno Walter Leads Mahler's "Das Lied"

by HOWARD TAUBMAN

The following review which appeared in the *New York Times* on April 16, 1960, is reprinted by permission; copyright 1960.

Because he will be 83 in September, Bruno Walter is reluctant to undertake exhausting assignments. He agreed to appear with the New York Philharmonic this season only when a special arrangement was made for him to conduct two concerts of this week's series of four and two next week.

The Philharmonic may congratulate itself that it took the trouble to juggle its schedule for Mr. Walter. He directed a performance of Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" ("The Song of the Earth") at Carnegie Hall yesterday that will long remain a landmark in the orchestra's history. If you are near a radio tonight, be sure to listen to this interpretation on the Philharmonic broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

There was no sign in Mr. Walter's step, bearing or concentration on the podium that he was burdened by his years. In his conducting of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony as well as the Mahler work he was in full command of his forces. Unlike some elderly conductors, he did not rush tempos to prove how energetic he was.

His conceptions had a fine, balanced mellowness. The Schubert symphony unfolded with a sense of glowing inevitability—spacious in song and generous in feeling. The Mahler work had nobility of design and shattering simplicity and probity of emotion.

Mr. Walter, who was a close associate of Mahler, conducted the première of "Das Lied von der Erde" in Munich in 1911. He has never lost faith in Mahler or his music, and his approach to this work reinforces one's own conviction that it is the composer's masterpiece.

Here form and content are perfectly joined. The song is at the heart of the work, and the subject—the beauty, sorrow and fragility of life and the longing for some sort of immortality—was Mahler's deepest and abiding concern.

Although the poems are from the Chinese, the piece is apt for Good Friday. In the final lines of the concluding poem, "Farewell," there is a tender invocation to the lovely earth and to the new spring. As the contralto's voice dies away on the words "ewig," (ever), there is the ineffable yearning for resurrection.

Mr. Walter's interpretation was full of wonderful, sensitive details, all of which fell into place in a masterly reading. Here were grace, strength, intensity and at the end a touching humility of spirit.

Maureen Forrester, who was the soloist in this work with the Cleveland Orchestra earlier this season, again gave an unforgettable performance. Her contralto was pure, full and molded with an artist's appreciation of nuance. Richard Lewis, the tenor, shuttled between mezza voce and outbursts of tone in a disaffecting way, though he had a grasp of Mahler's style.

After tonight's repetition Mr. Walter will conduct this program again next Thursday evening and on Sunday afternoon, April 24. It is good to have him back even on these limited terms. He gives the Philharmonic's Mahler's centennial observance a glorious climax.

## THE MAHLER FESTIVAL IN NEW YORK, 1960

by DIKA NEWLIN

As recently as ten years ago, it would have been unthinkable for the New York Philharmonic to devote thirty-six concerts of a single season to the glorification of Mahler's music. Then, one was grateful for *one* Mahler symphony during the course of a season! (From that particular year—1949-50—Stokowski's incandescent interpretation of Mahler's Eighth will remain long in memory.) In the event, the commemoration of the Mahler Centennial offered by the Philharmonic turned out to be a festival which need fear no comparison with the "Mahler Year" celebrations of the Old World—including that held in the place of so many of Mahler's sufferings and triumphs, his "hated and loved" Vienna. For this, we are thankful to all those of the Philharmonic directorship and management who were farsighted enough to make this unique series of concerts possible, as well as to the many devoted participants. That all of these Mahler programs were carried nationwide by CBS Radio was an incalculable contribution to the appreciation and understanding of Mahler's music throughout our land.

Other visiting orchestras, too, paid due tribute to the centennial occasion, and the Philharmonic did not neglect to offer a Bruckner symphony as an interesting pendant to eight weeks of concentration on Mahler. Of these events, we shall speak in their proper place, but first consideration must be given to the Philharmonic cycle. Three different conductors shared the responsibilities in this festival; thus, it fell logically into three sections, each dominated by a particular conductor's approach to the kaleidoscopic personality of the composer. Therefore, I shall subdivide this review in the same fashion.

### I. Mitropoulos

To him fell the honor of opening the Mahler cycle; indeed, New York must have been the first city to offer a Mahler commemorative program in 1960, as both New Year's Eve and New Year's Day were marked by performances of the Fifth Symphony. Here, the typical dramatic intensity of Mitropoulos' approach found congenial material (except in the tender *Adagietto*). While the orchestra did not seem completely adjusted to the Mahler style as yet, there was magnificent achievements in the performances—the splendid horn solo of James Chambers, in the Scherzo, must be especially singled out for praise. In this symphony (as, later, in the Ninth) Mitropoulos introduced an intermission—in this case, after the Scherzo. This is, of course, a controversial procedure. The conductor himself feels that the refreshment of a brief break enhances the receptivity of the listener (especially of one who may be less accustomed to Mahler's length) and also rests the orchestra. It should be noted that Mahler himself sometimes called for intermissions in his music (notably after the first movement of his Second Symphony—a request which is usually *not* complied with and was

also not observed in this season's performances). On the other hand, many listeners felt that the emotional continuity of the performance was seriously disrupted by such an intermission. Perhaps the best solution would be to avoid an overlong and taxing program by performing the longer Mahler symphonies alone, without other works during the course of the evening. Then, an intermission would not seem necessary.

The week following this auspicious debut of the Mahler season, Mitropoulos brought us his well-known interpretation of the First Symphony, in a performance which strongly conveyed its youthful energy as well as its moments of bitter irony and black despair. Praiseworthy was the conductor's fidelity to the composer's text (this in contrast to Steinberg's badly cut performance of the same symphony with the Boston orchestra; see below). However, the greatest proofs of his understanding of Mahler were still to come. On January 14-17, we experienced his performance of the slow movement of the unfinished Tenth Symphony. This time, the Scherzo "Purgatorio," which Mitropoulos had included in previous performances of this work, was omitted. Well that it was so, for this Adagio is so complete within itself that the *Purgatorio*, effective though it is, always seems to produce a sense of anticlimax afterwards. Schoenberg often used to say to his pupils: "You have not suffered enough. You must suffer." Here, the conductor who knows what suffering is put his knowledge at the service of this music which speaks of the "last things" in an unprecedented way—the result attained (if it did not transcend) the limits of the bearable. This experience was not easy to take, but, by those who underwent and understood it, it will never be forgotten.

On the final program of this first section of the Mahler Cycle, a change was undertaken in the originally announced list of compositions. Instead of the *Nachtmusiken* from Mahler's Seventh Symphony, we had the *Passacaglia*, Op. 1, of Anton Webern. This change proved wise, for it helped to make clear the intimate relationship between the music of Mahler and the productions of his spiritual disciples, the "Neo-Viennese School." While Webern's *Passacaglia* is nominally in D minor, its tonality is highly expanded, its theme almost a "tone-row." In like manner, Mahler's Ninth Symphony, with which this concert closed, shows a most extended and "progressive" concept of tonality. Each of its four movements is in a different key (D major, C major, A minor, D flat major). Here again Mitropoulos was dealing with moods for which he has a special affinity. His *Ländler* tempo in the second movement seemed demonically driven—the differentiations among the three distinct tempos which Mahler requests in this movement were, thus, not as clear as in the interpretation by Bruno Walter. But the Finale, that transfigured song of farewell, was utterly convincing and moving—a fit farewell of Mitropoulos to the Philharmonic for this season.

## II. Bernstein

One notes with pleasure the increasing affinity of this multi-faceted artist for the music of Mahler. Without his urging, the festival as we had it might well not have taken place. As is well known, his special flair is for the dramatic, the spectacular. Thus it is not surprising that a number of dramatic incidents occurred during his portion of the cycle.

One such incident could not have been foreseen—the sudden illness of Gerard Souzay, which forced Jennie Tourel (who had joined the orchestra the previous week in three of Mahler's finely wrought Rückert songs, "Ich atmet' einen Lindenduft," "Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen," and "Um Mitternacht," as well as in the poignant *Wunderhorn* song "Das irdische Leben") to substitute at the last moment in three out of the four performances of the *Kindertotenlieder*. As a result, the presentation of this exquisite song-cycle was not as perfectly blended or well-balanced as it might have been. But it was still an indispensable part of this concert series, for the symphonies of Mahler are not to be understood without his songs. Unfortunately, the concert in which it appeared was not one of the better-organized examples of program-making. The first half of the concert consisted of two piano concertos, while the *Kindertotenlieder* were followed by Tchaikowsky's *Capriccio Italien*, of all things! This problem of the *program setting* in which Mahler works should appear is a very important one—solved, I felt, in only two of the programs offered: the Webern-Mahler concert of Mitropoulos and the Schubert-Mahler combination chosen by Bruno Walter.

Bernstein's symphonic contributions to the cycle were two: the Fourth and the Second. In the Fourth, he followed Mahler's indications with considerable care (though not always) and succeeded with many of the delicate and sensitive effects this symphony calls for. Young Reri Grist, making her debut with the Philharmonic on this occasion, sang the solo in the last movement most charmingly. The performance of the Second (abetted by the Rutgers University Choir, Phyllis Curtin, and Regina Resnik) was beyond doubt the *loudest* I have ever heard and certainly showed Bernstein's flair for extracting the utmost from a climax. (Incidentally, comparing the effect of this work on the radio and in the hall reminded me anew how very important *physical presence* is to the full effectiveness of this music.) However, his concept will have even more to offer when he comes to follow the dynamic and tempo indications of Mahler himself (particularly numerous in this work) with greater exactness. Miscalculations in this respect can produce untoward results—as happened, for instance, at the performance of February 20, where an exaggerated *ritardando* before the recapitulation in the first movement caused audience misunderstanding and a disconcerting flurry of applause. It is no discredit to Bernstein to say that this performance will not efface the memory of Walter's unforgettable Second of 1957 (still to be enjoyed, incidentally, on Columbia Records). But one could rejoice at the opportunity once more to experience the sheer physical impact of the great work in the great hall.

### III. Bruno Walter

After an interruption of two months, the resumption of the Mahler Festival at the Easter season was eagerly awaited. Walter's return, after his "farewell" to the Philharmonic three years earlier, would be in itself an event—but his return with just this work, *Das Lied von der Erde*, which he had been the first to bring to sounding life and with which he had been identified for so many years—this was something

not to be missed. With pleasure I noted, alongside the customary subscription audience on Good Friday, the many students, some of whom had made special trips from distant parts of the country or had curtailed holidays at home in order to be present on this occasion. And what they heard did not disappoint them. Jay Harrison has quite rightly commented that what Walter does with *Das Lied von der Erde* is no longer a performance in the conventional sense. I could not agree more. It often seemed as if the conductor were carrying on an intimate dialogue with the composer himself—one in which listeners were almost intruders. This uniquely personal aspect of Walter's approach to the music has, it seems to me, intensified over the years. Contrary to the opinion of some, it is no impertinence (in any sense of the word) to mention Walter's advanced age in this connection. What more natural than that, as a result of it, he should feel an over-growing kinship with Mahler's bittersweet celebration of the beauties of life and his grief—yet resignation—at the approaching parting? All of this came to our ears in the Walter performances and we were grateful for "such sweet sorrow."

Over the years we remember so many great soloists who have joined with Walter in the presentation of this work. There was the young Charles Kullman, for example, who gave what I still consider his greatest performance in Walter's first recording of *Das Lied*, and the memorable Kathleen Ferrier, whose last performance of the work in Vienna in 1952—a performance already overshadowed by the wings of death—has happily been retained for posterity on a later recording. This time, the soloists were Maureen Forrester and Richard Lewis. Of the two, Miss Forrester proved the more outstanding, for her rich voice seems perfectly suited to the demands of Mahler's vocal lines, while Mr. Lewis' voice (which I have previously admired in his moving interpretation of the role of Waldemar in Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder*) this time did not seem powerful enough to ring out as it should in, for instance, "Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde." Nonetheless, each singer made a worthy and noble contribution to the whole, but it was Walter's towering achievement in coordinating every element of the great work with complete sympathy and understanding which was most appreciated by the large audiences.

A word ought also to be said about the performance of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony which preceded the *Lied* in all the programs. It proved anew that we should abandon the use of that word "Unfinished"—for what else *could* come after the transfigured E major of the slow movement? Walter's interpretation made this most clear, and thereby showed us Schubert as a forerunner of Mahler's "progressive tonality." That this romanticist *par excellence* completely projected the work's lyricism goes without saying.

Everything that has been said about the above series of Walter performances ought to be intensified tenfold in describing the final concert of the cycle, on April 24. Every soloist and orchestral player seemed especially aware of the festal nature of this culminating occasion and gave of his or her utmost, while the complete concentration and response of the audience were indeed heartwarming. As for the contribution of Walter, it was quite simply beyond words—only a

deeply respectful silence could give this unique experience the necessary resonance within us. I heard one listener say to another afterwards, "It was as if God had spoken." How better could one describe the utter inevitability of the fusion of interpreter and work in this performance—something rarely achieved with such perfection in our time or in any time.

## AN AFTERWORD

In speaking of New York's Mahler Festival, we should not forget to mention—as previously stated—the contributions of visiting orchestras. I was unfortunately unable to hear the Cleveland Orchestra's performance of *Das Lied* under Szell with soloists Forrester and Haeffliger on February 1. The Boston Symphony's performance of the First, under William Steinberg, was given not only in New York but also in the orchestra's home city (from which it was broadcast—unfortunately at the same time as the New York Philharmonic's broadcast of the same work! perhaps the first time, in this country at least, that this particular conflict has happened in the case of Mahler) and in Newark, N. J. The last-named performance, which I heard, was apparently the first hearing of the work in that city—possibly the first Mahler performance there ever. It was enthusiastically received by both press and public. The performance was vigorous and firm and the orchestra sounded fine, but I could not help being unhappy about Steinberg's continuing practice of making drastic cuts in the Bruckner and Mahler works which he performs.

Finally, the performance of Bruckner's Seventh by the Philharmonic under guest conductor Paul Hindemith was most welcome and appropriate after the two months of Mahler which had immediately preceded it. I believe that this was the first performance of the work by a major orchestra in this city since that given by the Vienna Philharmonic under Schuricht in 1956. Thus it was inevitably compared with that earlier performance. While the beautiful work was more exciting and authentic in sound as played by the Vienna ensemble, Hindemith brought much loving care to the performance and showed great fidelity to Bruckner's original intent (he did *not* make any cuts, which Schuricht had done). It is notable that this was the third Bruckner symphony to be played in New York this season, the Eighth and the Fourth having preceded it (see reviews in this issue). Perhaps this suggests a trend; in view of the interest with which those performances were received, the time might be ripe for the New York Philharmonic to consider a cycle of Bruckner's works.

Now the Mahler cycle is over, but—let us hope—not soon to be forgotten. Let us hope, too, that it does not remain merely a one-time spectacular event, but that it has served a second and even more important purpose—that of opening the established repertory, not only of the New York Philharmonic but of all of our major orchestras, to Mahler's music on a regular, not an exceptional, basis. That this seems, indeed, to be happening is perhaps the greatest joy and most lasting contribution of the Mahler Year.

## LIST OF PERFORMANCES

SEASON 1957-1958

### BRUCKNER

- IV Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Los Angeles, Calif., Apr. 3 and 4, 1958.
- VII Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Eduard van Beinum, Conductor; Los Angeles, Calif., Jan. 16 and 17, 1958.  
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch, Conductor; Boston, Mass., Feb. 7 and 8, 1958. (The latter performance was broadcast — Station WQXR, N. Y. C.) Washington, D. C., Feb. 13, 1958; New York, Feb. 15, 1958.
- VIII Pittsburgh Symphony, William Steinberg, Conductor; Pittsburgh, Penna., Nov. 8 and 10, 1957; Reading, Penna., Nov. 11, 1957; New York, Nov. 12, 1957.
- IX Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, George Szell, Conductor; Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 7 and 9, 1957; Ann Arbor, Mich., Nov. 10, 1957.
- Mass in E-Minor*  
New Haven Chorale and Instrumental Ensemble, Donald G. Loach, Conductor; Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (Eda K. Loeb Fund Concerts), New York City, April 12, 1958.
- Te Deum*  
Baylor University Symphony Orchestra and Oratorio Chorus, Daniel Sternberg, Conductor; Albert Da Costa, Valorie Goodall, Margaret Williams and David Ford, Soloists; Waco, Texas, Oct. 11, 1957.  
Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; Pittsburgh, Penna., Oct. 18 and 20, 1957.  
Fresno Philharmonic Association, Haig Yaghjian, Conductor; Lois Utterbach, Harriet Aloojian, Paul F. Anderson and Benjamin F. Lippold, Soloists; Fresno, California, Nov. 7, 1957.

### MAHLER

- II Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Heinz Unger, Conductor; with Bach-Elgar Choir of Hamilton, John Sidgwick, Dir., and Lois Marshall and Claramae Turner, Soloists; Toronto, Canada, Jan. 22, 1958 (First Performance in Canada).
- Michigan University Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Josef Blatt, Conductor; Alice Dutcher and Janet Ast, Soloists; Ann Arbor, Mich., Apr. 4, 1958 (All participants were students — First Performance in Ann Arbor).
- Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; Pittsburgh, Penna., April 18 and 20, 1958.
- University of Iowa Symphony, James Dixon, Conductor; University Chorus, Herald Stark, Conductor; Leslie Eitzen and Lillian Chookasian, Soloists; Iowa City, Iowa, May 14, 1958.
- Los Angeles Philharmonic, William Steinberg, Conductor; Hollywood Bowl, Los Angeles, Calif., July 22, 1958.
- IV Cincinnati Symphony, Thor Johnson, Conductor; Louise Nippert, Soloist; Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 29 and 30, 1957.
- V Seattle Symphony Orchestra, Milton Katims, Conductor; Seattle, Wash., March 10 and 11, 1958 (First performance by this orchestra).
- VII (2nd, 3rd and 4th movements) Los Angeles Philharmonic, Erich Leinsdorf, Conductor; Los Angeles, Calif., Mar. 6, 7, and 8, 1958.  
Rochester Philharmonic, Erich Leinsdorf, Conductor; Rochester, N. Y., Mar. 20, 1958.
- VII. (Two Nocturnes) Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 5 and 7, 1957.

## List of Performances

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- X New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor; New York City, Mar. 13, 14 and 16, 1958. (The last performance was broadcast over Station WCBS.) First Performance in New York City.
- Das Lied von der Erde*  
Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, Conductor; Christa Ludwig and Richard Lewis, Soloists; Chicago, Ill., Feb. 20, 21 and 25, 1958.  
Manhattan Orchestra, Jonel Perlea, Conductor; Herta Glaz and John Scamford, Soloists; New York City, Apr. 29, 1958.
- Kindertotenlieder*  
Drew University Concert, Evangeline Bicknell, Contralto, Dika Newell, Piano, Drew University, Madison, N. J., Mar. 23, 1958.
- Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*  
Birmingham Symphony, Arthur Bennet Lipkin, Conductor, Hugh Thompson, Soloist, Birmingham, Ala., Nov. 5, 1957.  
University of Syracuse Symphony, Louis Krasner, Conductor, Carol M. Dougall, Soloist; Syracuse, N. Y., Apr. 20, 1958.  
Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Georg Solti, Conductor; Nell Rankin, Soloist; Ravinia Park, Chicago, Ill., July 31, 1958.
- Songs  
Toronto Symphony, Heinz Unger, Conductor, Toronto, Can., Jan. 22, 1958, as follows:  
*Ich atmet' einen Linden Duft*  
Mary Simmons, Soloist  
*Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*  
Claramae Turner, Soloist  
*Um Mitternacht*  
Mary Simmons, Soloist  
City College, 1958 Spring Concert Series, Howard Fried, Soloist, New York, Apr. 17, 1958.

### SEASON 1958-1959

#### BRUCKNER

- III Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, Conductor; Chicago, Ill., Mar. 12 and 13, 1959.
- IV University of New Mexico Orchestra, Kurt Frederick, Conductor; Albuquerque, New Mexico, Nov. 16, 1958.  
Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli, Conductor; Detroit, Mich., Dec. 11 and 12, 1958.  
York Concert Society, Heinz Unger, Conductor; Toronto, Ont., Canada, April 21, 1959.
- V Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Eugen Jochum, Conductor; Los Angeles, Calif., Nov. 26 and 28, 1958.
- VI Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 12 and 14, 1958; Ann Arbor, Mich., Feb. 26, 1959.
- VII Rochester Orchestra, Josef Krips, Conductor; Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 1958.  
Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra, Paul Katz, Conductor; Dayton, Ohio, April 1, 1959.
- VIII Concerts Symphoniques, Josef Krips, Conductor; Montreal, Quebec, Canada, Feb. 25 and 26, 1959.
- IX Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 30 and 31, 1958.
- Graduale (Christus Factus Est)* The Oberlin College-Choir, Robert Fountain, Conductor; New York City, March 28, 1959.
- Te Deum* Riverside Church Ministry of Music, Richard Weagly, Director; Riverside Church, New York City, April 19, 1959.
- Ave Maria Virga Jesse* St. John's University Symphony and Chorus and College of St. Benedict Chorus, Gerhard Track, Conductor; Collegeville, Minn., May 10 and 11, 1959.
- Mass in E Minor* National Artists Chamber Orchestra and Collegiate Chorus, Paul Hindemith, Conductor; Town Hall, New York City, Feb. 1959.

Colby College Choir (of Maine), New York City, March 23, 1959.

St. John's University Symphony and Men's Chorus and the College of St. Benedict Chorus, Gerhard Track, Conductor; Colledgeville, Minn., May 10 and 11, 1959.

*Prelude and Fugue* Riverside Church Ministry of Music, Richard Weagly, Director; Frederick L. Swann, Organist; Riverside Church, New York City, April 19, 1959.

## MAHLER

- I Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Josef Krips, Conductor; Los Angeles, Calif., Feb. 5 and 6, 1959.  
 Inglewood Symphony Orchestra, Ernst Gebert, Conductor; Inglewood, Calif., March 22, 1959.  
 Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Theodore Bloomfield, Conductor, Rochester, N. Y., Apr. 16, 1959.  
 Iowa State University Symphony Orchestra, James Dixon, Conductor; Iowa City, Iowa, May 20, 1959.
- II Toledo Orchestra with Toledo Choral Society and Toledo Opera Workshop Chorus, Joseph Hawthorne, Conductor; Mildred Reiley and Marilyn Krimm, Soloists; Toledo, Ohio, March 4, 1959.  
 Hallé Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli, Conductor; Victoria Elliott and Eugenia Zaresca, Soloists; Manchester, England, March 11 and 12, 1959.
- IV Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Arthur Bennett Lipkin, Conductor; Phyllis Curtin, Soloist; Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 2, 1958; Alabama College, Montevallo, Ala., Dec. 3, 1958.  
 Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, Conductor; Lisa Della Casa, Soloist; Chicago, Ill., Dec. 4 and 5, 1958.  
 Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; Pittsburgh, Pa., April 10 and 12, 1959.
- V York Concert Society with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Heinz Unger, Conductor; Toronto, Ont., Canada, Feb. 23, 1959 (First performance in Canada — broadcast from Coast to Coast).  
 (*Adagietto*) Inglewood Symphony Orchestra, Ernst Gebert, Conductor; Inglewood, Calif., Mar. 22, 1959.  
 (*Adagietto* arranged by Dika Newlin) Riverside Church Ministry of Music, Richard Weagly, Director, Riverside Church; Mary Canberg, Violinist, Lucille Lawrence, Harpist, and Frederick L. Swann, Organist; New York City, April 19, 1959.
- Das Lied von der Erde* Portland Symphony Orchestra, Theodore Bloomfield, Conductor; Portland, Oregon, Nov. 17, 1958.

## SEASON 1959-1960

## BRUCKNER

- II Montclair State College Orchestra, Emil Kahn, Conductor; Montclair, N. J., April 20, 1960.
- IV Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; Pittsburgh Pa., Nov. 6 and Nov. 8, 1959. New York City, Nov. 16, 1959.  
 Pennsylvania State University, State College, Pa., Nov. 22, 1959.
- V Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin, Conductor; Boston, Mass., Dec. 24 and 26, 1959.
- VII Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Max Rudolf, Conductor; Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 6 and 7, 1959.  
 New York Philharmonic, Paul Hindemith, Conductor; New York City, Feb. 25, 26, 27 and 28, 1960.  
 Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Paul Paray, Conductor; Detroit, Mich., March 18 and 19, 1960.  
 Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Paul Kletzki, Conductor; Dallas, Texas, March 21, 1960.
- VIII Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, Conductor; New York City, Nov. 17, 1959; Boston, Mass., Nov. 18, 1959.
- IX Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor; Los Angeles, Calif., Nov. 12 and 13, 1959.

University of Michigan Symphony Orchestra, Joseph Blatt, Conductor; University of Michigan, School of Music, Ann Arbor, Mich., Apr. 15, 1960.

*Te Deum*

Detroit Symphony Orchestra with Worcester, Mass., Festival Chorus, Dr. Charles Lee, Conductor (Orchestra prepared by Paul Paray), at 100th Anniversary of Worcester Music Festival, Oct. 22, 1959.

Louisiana State University Symphony Orchestra, Chorus and Choir, Peter Paul Fuchs, Conductor; Baton Rouge, La., Jan. 10, 1960. Katherine L. Hansen, Cecilia Ward, Dallas Draper, Dan Scholz, Soloists; George Walter, Organist.

## Motets

*Os justi*

Student Madrigal Choir of the University of Muenster, Herma Kramm, Director; Town Hall, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1959.

*Offertorium (Afferentur)**Ecce Sacerdos Magnus*

Columbia University Chorus, Mark Siebert, Conductor; St. Paul's Chapel, New York City, Dec. 5, 1959.

Roosevelt University Chorus, Robert Reuter, Conductor (Chicago Musical College), Rudolph Ganz Concert Hall, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 11, 1959.

## MAHLER

I New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor; New York City, Jan. 7, 8, 9 and 10, 1960.

Chicago Symphony, Igor Markevitch, Conductor; Chicago, Ill., Jan. 14 and 15, 1960.

Boston Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; Boston, Mass., Jan. 8 and 9, 1960; Newark, N. J., Jan. 19, 1960; New York City, Jan. 20, 1960.

Symphony Society of San Antonio, Victor Alessandro, Conductor; San Antonio, Texas, Jan. 30, 1960.

Philadelphia Orchestra, William Smith, Conductor; Philadelphia, Penna., Feb. 19 and 20, 1960; Baltimore, Md., Feb. 24, 1960.

CBC Symphony, Heinz Unger, Conductor; Broadcast by CBC, April 15, 1960.

II New York Philharmonic with Rutgers University Chorus, under direction of F. Austin Walter, Leonard Bernstein, Conductor; New York City, Feb. 18, 19, 20 and 21, 1960, Phyllis Curtin and Regina Resnik, Soloists.

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin, Conductor; Boston, Mass., Feb. 26 and 27, 1960; Nancy Carr and Eunice Alberts, Soloists, Chorus Pro Musica, Alfred Nash Patterson, Conductor.

New England Conservatory Orchestra and Chorus, Lorna Cooke de Varon, Director; Valerie Fauteux and Jeanne Grealish, Soloists; James Dixon, Conductor; Boston, Mass., May 18, 1960.

Festival Symphony and Los Angeles Symphony Chorus (Carlton Martin, Director); Shirley Verret-Carter and Evena Chillingdrian, Soloists; Franz Waxman, Conductor; Royce Hall, UCLA, June 13, 1960; an address by Joseph Schildkraut paid tribute to Mahler.

IV New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, Conductor; New York City, Jan. 28, 29, 30 and 31, 1960; Reri Grist, Soloist.

University of New Mexico Orchestra, Kurt Frederick, Conductor; Albuquerque, New Mexico, March 13, 1960, Jane Snow, Soloist. (First performance of a complete Mahler Symphony in New Mexico.

Des Moines Symphony Orchestra, Frank Noyes, Conductor; Jane Schleicher, Soloist; Des Moines, Iowa, May 1, 1960.

V Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Paul Paray, Conductor; Detroit, Mich., Nov. 12, 1959.

New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor; New York City, Dec. 31, 1959, Jan. 1, 2 and 3, 1960.

*Adagietto only*

Inglewood Symphony Orchestra, Ernst Gebert, Conductor; Inglewood, Calif., March 27, 1960.

- IX New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor; New York City, Jan. 21, 22, 23 and 24, 1960.  
Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli, Conductor; Chicago, Ill., Mar. 3, 4 and 8, 1960.
- X New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor; New York City, Jan. 14, 15, 16 and 17, 1960.  
Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Max Rudolf, Conductor; Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 22 and 23, 1960.  
Boston Symphony, Charles Munch, Conductor; Boston, Mass., Dec. 4 and 5, 1959; New York City, Dec. 19, 1959.  
Hartford Symphony, Fritz Mahler, Conductor; Hartford, Conn., Feb. 3, 1960.

*Kindertotenlieder*

- Brooklyn Philharmonic, Siegfried Landau, Conductor; Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1959, Mary McMurray, Soloist.  
Northwestern University Chamber Orchestra, Thor Johnson, Conductor; Evanston, Ill., Dec. 2, 1959, Lillian Chookasian, Soloist.  
University of Wisconsin Chamber Orchestra, Thor Johnson, Conductor; Milwaukee, Wis., Feb. 7, 1960, Lillian Chookasian, Soloist.  
New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, Conductor; New York City, Feb. 11, 12, 13 and 14, 1960, Gerard Souzay, Soloist, Feb. 11; Jennie Tourel, Soloist, Feb. 12, 13 and 14.  
Drew University Mahler Centennial Celebration, March 13, 1960, Annajean Brown, Contralto, Dika Newlin, Pianist.  
Inglewood Symphony Orchestra, Ernst Gebert, Conductor; Inglewood, Calif., March 27, 1960, Eva Gustavson, Soloist.  
Mannes College Orchestra, Carl Bamberger, Conductor; Gladys Kriese, Soloist; New York, May 17, 1960.

*Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*

- Honolulu Symphony Orchestra, George Barati, Conductor; Honolulu, Hawaii, Oct. 11 and 13, 1959, Eva Gustavson, Soloist.  
Brooklyn Philharmonic, Siegfried Landau, Conductor; Brooklyn Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1959, Mary McMurray, Soloist.  
Drew University Mahler Centennial Celebration, March 13, 1960, Annajean Brown, Contralto, Dika Newlin, Pianist.

*Das Lied von der Erde*

- Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, Conductor; Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 16 and 18, 1959, Lucretia West and Richard Cassilly, Soloists.  
Chicago Symphony, Fritz Reiner, Conductor; Chicago, Ill., Nov. 5 and 6, 1959, Maureen Forrester and Richard Lewis, Soloists.  
Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, Conductor; Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 28 and 30, 1960, and New York City, Feb. 1, 1960, Maureen Forrester and Ernst Haefliger, Soloists.  
York Concert Society and Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Heinz Unger, Conductor; Toronto, Canada, Feb. 24, 1960, Elena Nikolaidi and David Lloyd, Soloists.  
New York Philharmonic, Bruno Walter, Conductor; New York City, Apr. 15, 16, 21 and 24, 1960, Maureen Forrester and Richard Lewis, Soloists.

*Songs*

- Honolulu Symphony Orchestra, George Barati, Conductor; Honolulu, Hawaii, Oct. 30, 1959, Ellie Mao, Soloist.  
Sigma Alpha Iota Musicale, Annajean Brown, Contralto, and Allan van Zoeren, Organist, at West Park Presbyterian Church, 86th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, New York City, Dec. 1, 1959.  
University of New Mexico, Dept. of Music, Recital at New Mexico Union Theatre, Albuquerque, New Mexico, Dec. 15, 1959, James Bratcher accompanied by George Robert.  
New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, Conductor; New York City, Feb. 4, 5, 6 and 7, 1960; Jennie Tourel, Soloist.  
Drew University Mahler Centennial Celebration, Madison, New Jersey, March 13, 1960, Annajean Brown, Contralto, Dika Newlin, Pianist.

*Das klagende Lied*

Hartford Symphony, Fritz Mahler, Conductor; Hartford Symphony Chorale, Edgar Wassilieff, Assistant Director; Margaret Howell, Lilli Chookasian, Rudolph Petrark, Soloists; Hartford, Conn., March 11, 1959.  
 City College of New York Chorus, Orchestra and Band, Fritz Jahoda, Conductor; (Jerome K. Aronow Concert Hall), New York City, May 14, 15, and 31, 1960, Rose Rosett, Joan Sheller, and Constantine Cassolas, Soloists (1st New York Performance).

## MISS NIKOLAIDI SINGS MAHLER AT TOWN HALL

by LOUIS BIANCOLLI

The following article appeared in the N. Y. *World-Telegram and Sun* on December 1, 1958. Reprinted by courtesy N. Y. *World-Telegram and Sun*. Copyright 1958.

There were no misgivings or reservations about the Greek singer who came bearing gifts to Town Hall last night. Her name is Elena Nikolaidi.

The last time I heard this gifted contralto, in 1954, I was almost dismayed at what had happened to a beautiful voice. The tones had taken on that fatal hooting sound and dropped further and further back.

Last night Miss Nikolaidi was a completely new singer. The voice had shaken off whatever it was that had inhibited it. The tones emerged with velvety beauty and there wasn't a hint of strain anywhere along the line.

What's more, in the interim Miss Nikolaidi has grown immeasurably as an artist. A new confidence marked her readings, also a new poetic breadth and humanity. Elena Nikolaidi is again one of the most exciting contraltos in the field.

Hearing her sing Mahler's profoundly moving song-cycle, "Die Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen," one knew Miss Nikolaidi was an extraordinary singer and interpreter.

Few song-sequences achieve such an intensity of mood as Mahler's four-part threnody about a lost love. The gamut ranges from pained restraint to impassioned grief, ending in the long-sought calm of the final measures.

Miss Nikolaidi seemed completely to identify herself with the mood of the music and poetry. Rarely have music and mood so beautifully fused with a singer's voice and personality.

One could single out for special praise such elements as tone production, phrasing, coloring and diction. This was an instant instead where one heard them all as a unit, harmonized, inseparably, into that heightened vision of life that is art.

Miss Nikolaidi was quite the charmer in other numbers by Vivaldi, Handel, Schubert, Mozart and Strauss, but I shall always remember last night's concert for the way she gave new glow to the music of Gustav Mahler.

She could do so because she has somehow, somewhere, acquired a new glow herself. It was in her voice, in her style, in her very appearance. Even Paul Ulanowsky, the accompanist, seemed to bask in its radiance.

## WOZZECK REVISITED

by DIKA NEWLIN

The sensational Metropolitan production of *Wozzeck* during the 1958-59 season (see below, pp. 158-162) must have caused many admirers of this work to return to its Columbia recording (SL-118), and induced many who had not heard it before to follow up a new interest by acquainting themselves with the discs. I shall not attempt to make a detailed comparison of the record album with the stage performance. This would be unfair, if not impossible; for the circumstances under which the work was done were so vastly different in the two instances that such comparisons would be, on the whole, unprofitable indeed. Dimitri Mitropoulos, with his typical artistic courage, set himself one of the most difficult challenges in the repertory when he essayed to do this work (whose phantasmagorically rapid scene-changes add so greatly to its effectiveness) at the New York Philharmonic in concert form in 1951. The degree of his success is measured by the fervor of his devotion to this music. Those who attended the Philharmonic performances were swept away by the incandescence of his interpretation, which seemed to overcome almost insuperable odds. There were very few rehearsals indeed in comparison with what was possible at the Met (even there, they were perhaps insufficient) and the listener who follows the score in detail will notice the results of this in many inaccuracies of notes. But, paradoxically, this does not disturb the overall effect, for here was — and is — one of the spiritually "truest" performances of *Wozzeck* you will ever hear.

We may point with pride to the fact that this performance was truly "made in America." The lead roles are taken by two of our most intelligent and musical American singers, Mack Harrell and Eileen Farrell. Harrell performs the difficult part of *Wozzeck* with great sensitivity, and Farrell really "packs a wallop" as Marie when she lets her big gorgeous voice roll. Effective work in the grotesque character roles is done by Joseph Mordino and Frederick Jagel. Edwina Eustis, the sole "holdover" from *Wozzeck's* first American performances under Stokowski, gives the brief role of Margret the kind of toughness, yet tenderness that it needs.

This performance, unlike that of the Met, is done in the original German. While much may be said on both sides of this ever-vexed question in the opera house, on the balance I find that the vocal lines of *Wozzeck* sound best in their original language. Berg's all-important speech-melody is so perfectly geared to the German language that it does not seem quite to "fit" in English. Also, when, as at the Met, many of the important roles are taken by foreign singers who cannot enunciate English intelligibly, the advantages of singing the work in English are dubious and the disadvantages begin to prevail. Unfortu-

nately, the record album does not include a complete translation, but only a summary of the action of each scene. For greatest enjoyment, I would suggest that the non-German-speaking listener secure a copy of the English libretto, which may be had (according to *Opera News* of March 9, 1959) from Charles B. Allen, Metropolitan Opera Association, 147 West 39th Street, New York City 18, for \$1.00 including mailing service charge.

A final pleasing note is that this album was (and as far as I know still is) sold for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund. A fine thought, and one (I feel) especially in keeping with the human compassion so intensely expressed in this work.

In brief, this recorded *Wozzeck* is one which, after eight years, still continues to give pleasure, and which is not likely to be supplanted in a hurry. Those who feel disappointed that *Wozzeck* will not be back at the Met until 1960-61 can console themselves very satisfactorily with these records in the interim. We are grateful to Columbia Records, Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic for this unique testament of a historic experience.

## MET'S BIG RISK IS OUR BIG GAIN

by PAUL HENRY LANG

The following article which appeared in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* on March 15, 1959, is reprinted by permission.

The recurring question asked by many persons at the memorable performance of "Wozzeck" at the Metropolitan Opera on March 5 was: "Isn't Mr. Bing taking an awful risk?" Now let us see what this question covers and what the risk is that Mr. Bing is taking. The first integral performance of "Wozzeck" at the Berlin Opera in 1925, Erich Kleiber conducting, scored a tremendous success that made Alban Berg's name famous overnight. In subsequent years most major opera houses eagerly produced the already famous opera, and there were some stirrings even in this country. In 1931 Stokowski brought a Philadelphia company to the Met for a one-night stand, the City Center played "Wozzeck" in 1952, and Mitropoulos conducted a concert performance. But all this was tentative; only a regular company of the Met's caliber and resources can do justice to this difficult score. Still, it took a long generation before a general manager with courage and convictions was willing to take the "awful risk."

Why is "Wozzeck" so risky? It certainly is good and absorbing theater, the music is powerful and evocative, the new production has an excellent cast, first class staging, the conductor is among the best operatic maestros in the world, and finally, the Met has the large and brilliant orchestra without which this work cannot be adequately presented. The audience at the "premiere" was unstinting in its expression of approval, and so were the critics.

It is because our operatic culture is backward, artificial, limited, and unsupported. Had it not been for the enlightened generosity of Francis Goelet (who also helped with Samuel Barber's "Vanessa") this production would have been impossible. There are other friendly donors,

and their assistance is not deprecated, for we must have all manner of operas, even "La Gioconda," but no theatre that acquiesces in a comfortable and safe repertory ever earns the epithet "great."

The lack of variety and of a progressive repertory is far more pronounced in opera than in any other kind of music, therefore the Met subscribers' tastes are rather arrested, even stereotyped. The one-generation-lag which is about the rule in instrumental music does not apply to opera. Stravinsky's "Sacre" is a near-classic in Carnegie Hall, his "Rake's Progress" a failure at the Met. As a matter of fact, even Verdi's "Falstaff," or Beethoven's "Fidelio" are risk items and a Handel opera is unthinkable. Right now two dozen opera houses are producing Handel operas in Germany!

These are the sad facts of operatic life in New York which explain why a work such as "Wozzeck," which is in a direct line of development from Wagner, and with a little experience perfectly accessible to most of us, is thought of as being an extremely hazardous undertaking for all except avant gardists and musicologists.

But aside from this deplorable situation, there are some specific reasons that contribute to the creation of the risk atmosphere. The initiated — and even more the would-be experts — speak with bated breath about the hair raising innovations and unusual musical devices employed in this opera, immediately scaring the wits out of the innocent opera-goer.

They suggest that the musical texture of "Wozzeck" is based on unheard of revolutionary devices handled with the most abstract and abstruse learning. Actually, there is nothing in "Wozzeck" that does not stem from practices well known to earlier composers.

Take the "speech-song." Those who heard Karl Doench's Beckmesser in "Die Meistersinger" will realize that Berg's speech song is but a more general application of the same principle that Wagner used with such good effect. And what about the secco recitative? The "unstable idiom" mentioned by one commentator is fully present — and greatly relished — in "Tristan"; the average music teacher will come a cropper right in the Prelude when he tries to nail down its main tonality. The "advanced harmonies" found in "Wozzeck" represent the last consequences of the "Tristan" ecstasy combined with the expressive possibilities of "atonality."

Now about those formidable "abstract forms" supposedly never before attempted in opera. Did not Purcell compose a most moving aria based on one of those "rigid passacaglias"? And did not Verdi write fugues in "Macbeth" and "Falstaff"? There is a most subtly complicated fugue with a chorale *cantus firmus* in "The Magic Flute," and innumerable other instances of "abstract construction." There is no opera without "construction," and some "easy" ones are incredibly complex in their structure.

By mysteriously referring to all these "difficulties" Berg's adherents promote the scare and the risk. "Wozzeck" is undoubtedly the outstanding operatic work of recent decades, and once experienced without preconceived prejudice no one can shake it off. It is not the learning that makes it great, but the suggestive force of the dramatic expression, the deep compassion and humanity it conveys.

It is great because it is elemental and yet refined, theatrical yet truly operatic, dependent of the word yet autonomous, psychological yet symbolic, affective yet constructive. All this is not just a set of contradictions, for the various poles are brought together in a magnificent synthesis.

This is the risk Mr. Bing is taking — and it is worth taking. Yet it may turn out not to be a bad risk at all. Mr. Boehm was engaged in 1953 to conduct two or three performances of "Wozzeck" in Buenos Aires — he had to stay for ten. I am confident that public reaction will be similarly favorable in New York, and will justify the risk capital Messrs. Bing and Goelet put into this venture.

## BERG'S POWERFUL WOZZECK FINALLY MOVES INTO THE MET

by LOUIS BIANCOLLI

The following review which appeared in the *New York World-Telegram and Sun* on March 6, 1959, is reprinted by courtesy of the *New York World-Telegram and Sun*; copyright 1959.

Toughest of the problem children of modern opera, Alban Berg's savagely dissonant "Wozzeck" finally crashed the Metropolitan Opera repertory last night.

With this costly and sedulously prepared production, manager Rudolf Bing carried out a vow he made when he first took over the Metropolitan—that some day, somehow, this Viennese bombshell would be staged by his company.

Bombshell it is, all right. The proverbial classical peace of the house was thoroughly shattered by the wild, stabbing fortissimos and cacophonies of an orchestra that seemed to have gone completely berserk.

Yet, no self-respecting opera company with worldwide prestige could indefinitely postpone facing "Wozzeck." Credit Mr. Bing with an act of combined faith and courage. The production is a personal triumph for him.

Even more was it a personal and artistic triumph for the conductor, Karl Boehm. Here was conviction of an inspiring kind, along with a technical authority of enormous range.

Quite rightly, the audience singled out Mr. Boehm for its most emphatic and prolonged applause. I have heard only one superior interpretation of "Wozzeck" — that of Dimitri Mitropoulos with the Philharmonic eight years ago.

A great deal of hard work and dedication have gone into this production. Rehearsals ran on endlessly. Orchestra and singers were worn to a frazzle. But the care and discipline have paid off. The performance, as such, is beyond reproach.

Whether it was a smart idea to do "Wozzeck" in English is something else again. I would have preferred the biting and snarling German text, especially since much of the English was incomprehensible against the raucous volcano of Berg's orchestra.

Also, for all the attractions of the staging, I would have welcomed a darker and more gruesome atmosphere. This "Wozzeck," after all,

is the psychopathic ward of modern opera. An air of malignity and madness haunts every part of it.

I found myself actually resenting the interference of everything that stood between me and the orchestra. That is where the searing and unsettling power of this opera is — in the dense jungle of raw, shrieking nerves.

They were all good last night — Eleanor Steber, Hermann Uhde (Wozzeck), Paul Franke, Karl Doench, Kurt Baum. But the combination of polyglot English and the weird ululations of Berg's speech-melody was a little hard on my system.

And what an exhausting, emotional experience the whole opera is! This poor underdog of a Wozzeck, guinea-pig, misfit and cuckold, is pushed around by everybody, till he kills his mistress and drowns trying to retrieve his knife.

If Berg wanted to get across the postwar decay and despair of the '20s, he certainly did so in the slithering scales and jagged shudders with which he portrays the malign forces that make a plaything of Wozzeck.

It is a masterpiece? Possibly. A gigantic fierceness is at work in this fabric. It tears through flesh and spirit. Possibly it is also something of a misfit, like Wozzeck himself. I was by turns bored, irritated, exalted — finally limp.

The last scene of the orphaned boy, skipping off on a hobby-horse after being told of his mother's death, was shattering, last night. "Wozzeck" is no picnic — either to watch or to hear. It is a frightening litany of disintegration and hopelessness.

It took courage for the Metropolitan to grapple with this monstrous and nerve-jangling score. It almost defies mastery because it has no parallel. Right now I could use "Rigoletto" or "Pagliacci" as a tranquilizer.

## WOZZECK CONQUERS THE MET

by DIKA NEWLIN

Poor Johann Christian Woyzeck, the visionary nineteenth-century murderer whose sad case inspired the unfinished play *Woyzeck* by the brilliant scientist-dramatist Georg Büchner (1813-1837), would have been amazed indeed could he have returned to life in 1959 to see his story reenacted in the lush Victorian surroundings of New York's old "Met," before elegantly dressed "society" audiences. The incongruity is piquant — but there is more to the story than this, for there is a deeper meaning to the simple soldier's unexpected victory over circumstances in which he might have been expected to go down to ignominious defeat. The real-life Woyzeck and the stage Wozzeck came to bitter ends; but the triumph of the opera *Wozzeck* will not be soon forgotten.

Early in his career at the Met, Rudolf Bing had expressed his great interest in Berg's masterwork, and his desire to perform it here. Many were skeptical, for, while the opera had caused great excitement when first performed in this country by Leopold Stokowski in 1931, and had subsequently enjoyed successful performances at the New York City

Center and (in concert form) by the New York Philharmonic under Mitropoulos, it was felt that the Metropolitan audience, which has notoriously never turned out in large numbers for contemporary operas, would not support such a venture. At first, these fears seemed justified, for the announcement of the work's première on March 5, 1959 — a Metropolitan Opera Guild-sponsored benefit (for the Production Fund) at raised prices — brought forth but a modest advance sale. In fact, on the first night, while the house seemed well-filled, it is said that a larger-than-usual proportion of the audience were invited guests of the management. (Nevertheless, the Guild reported final net proceeds of \$5,071.38 — a gratifying sum, though smaller than that yielded by most of their benefits.)

But then, the magic of Berg's warm, compassionate setting of the stark and sordid tale began to work. One could already see the process beginning to take effect during the first performance. The first, episodic act, in which the personalities who are to have a decisive effect on *Wozzeck's* life and death are introduced to us in a series of "character-pieces," still caused puzzlement. The buzz of conversation was heard during the symphonic interludes (not immediately grasped as being an integral part of the whole structure) as listeners were prodded into agitation by a style and subject-matter to which they were unaccustomed. Gradually, however, as the new vocabulary became more familiar and as the drama grew in intensity (rising, as Artur Schnabel once put it, "from the bourgeois to the transcendental"), the audience was first gripped, then overwhelmed. During the heart-tearing final scenes there was a silence such as is rarely experienced in so large a gathering. The following ovation was all the more thunderous as hearers made their emotional response known in no uncertain terms. Many wandered out of the opera house almost in a daze, leaving behind them all manner of personal possessions. (An amusing sidelight on the evening's adventures was furnished by Francis Robinson, assistant manager, who later reported that the Metropolitan switchboard had, on the morning following the performance, received the largest number of calls about lost articles in its history!) And this fascinating pattern of audience-reaction was not merely première excitement, but was repeated at subsequent performances as well.

The Metropolitan management must have awaited the "morning-after" criticisms with some anxiety, for, while the warm response within the opera house had been exciting and gratifying, a bad press could kill the success of future performances. It is pleasing to report that — as documented elsewhere in this issue — the critics played their part in the proceedings with the same integrity that all connected with the performance had displayed. Paul Henry Lang and other staff members of the *New York Herald Tribune* must be singled out for special praise. Lang's glowing review was featured on the front page of the *Tribune* for March 6. Subsequent issues contained editorials (both on the main editorial page and on the Sunday music page), miscellaneous news items, letters to the editor (both pro- and anti-*Wozzeck*), and rather extensive reviews of cast changes in the production. All of this sparked discussion of *Wozzeck* in many circles where its very name might otherwise have been unfamiliar. Word-of-mouth played

its part, too, with the result that the last three performances (which had been preceded by a nationwide broadcast over the CBS Network on March 14) took place before sold-out houses. Thus the way was paved for the much-to-be-desired continuance of *Wozzeck* in the Metropolitan repertory. As Lang rightly points out, "'Wozzeck' should become one of the prides and showpieces of the Met's repertory; nothing less is acceptable if we consider ourselves a mature musical nation." At the present moment, a return of *Wozzeck* in the 1959-60 season is not planned, but its hoped-for revival in the season following may be all the more eagerly anticipated.

All that has been said elsewhere of the merits of this production deserves confirmation here. The pitiful, futile hero could not have been better impersonated than by Hermann Uhde, whose musical accuracy was also impressive. (Problems of intonation, both in normal singing and in speech-song, are so great in this work that I have never heard any performance in which they were perfectly resolved.) Two different enactments of the tragic role of Marie each had special qualities to offer. Eleanor Steber presented her as a coarse, blowzy slattern, past her first youth but still trying to hang on to the illusion of it in her exaggerated hip-swinging gestures. Her singing was powerful, often rather rough in sound, as befitted such an interpretation. Brenda Lewis offered a more physically appealing picture; her voice seemed smaller, but also more refined in its production. We could imagine her as a Marie who, under happier circumstances, might have led quite a different life. Of the character actors, Paul Franke (Captain) and Karl Doench (Doctor) deserve special mention. Franke gave an unforgettable portrayal of the half-hysterical Captain, while Doench was a "natural" for the role of the "Mad Scientist." (His thick German accent, through which about one word in ten of the English translation managed to filter, merely enhanced this impression.) Karl Boehm, often identified with a restrained, academic approach to the music he conducts, here showed that he knows how to let himself go when the music demands it. However, this "letting-go" never implied any relaxation of his control over the proceedings on the stage and in the pit; we were aware throughout of the careful preparation (with an exceptionally large number of rehearsals by Metropolitan standards) which had made possible so unified and integrated a performance. The stark, bleak and realistic sets of Caspar Neher, with their predominant pale grays and faded browns, were wonderfully well suited to the occasion. Such realism would have been very much to the taste of Berg, who vigorously rejected the idea of fashionably "abstract" staging of the cruelly real work. To me, the most visually impressive scene was that shattering final episode in which the ring-around-the-rosy-playing, raggedy children hear the news of Marie's death and happily dash off to see her body sprawled by the pond — all except her little boy who does not grasp what has happened and hops aimlessly on his hobby-horse for a few moments before leaving the stage. But the curtain does not fall immediately, and we are faced with the vacant stage. A glaring, bleak light illumines the empty, barren square of the drab little German provincial town, with its dreary dun-colored houses. Simple — but almost unbearably painful, just because of its understatement.

And, by the way, the skill and speed with which the scenes were changed (under the most difficult of circumstances, for the old Met boasts no revolving stage) calls for particular recognition — and received it in the enthusiastic "bravos" of the audience when, unconventionally, the scene-shifters took their bows on opening night along with the other participants.

The taut organization of this musical drama, in which Berg made masterly use of forms usually associated with instrumental music in order to project situation and character with the greatest possible intensity, has been so often described that we need not repeat this formal analysis. In fact, it would be rather pointless, for, as Berg himself used to say, in the dramatic sweep of the work the listener is ultimately (or should be) unaware of all these passacaglias, fugues, suites, sonatas, and what-have-you; they are rather the composer's concern than the hearer's. Instead, I should like to emphasize a factor which may be of more especial interest to readers of this journal: the close stylistic relationship of Berg to Mahler, which is possibly more clearly audible to us today than it was to Berg's own contemporaries. Thus the dedication of *Wozzeck* to Alma Mahler (who, incidentally, lauded the Met's production as the greatest she had ever seen and heard) becomes not merely thanks for generously proffered help but a perceptive tribute to one who was the living link to Berg's spiritual master. Space permits mentioning but a few of the factors which surely owe something to Mahler's inspiration:

1) *Parody*. The dissonant Military March of Act I/2, the distorted dance music (heard by *Wozzeck* as if in a nightmare) of Act II/4, and the demented Polka of Act III/3 definitely belong in this category. (See the parody Gypsy music of Mahler's First Symphony, third movement, and the devastating satires in the second and third movements of his Ninth.)

2) *Pity*. In the few passages where Berg allows himself to comment subjectively upon the fate of his characters (notably the final great D minor interlude before the closing scene) we are seized by the emotion of overwhelming world-pity, as Mahler so often expressed it in dealing with the fates of his symphonic heroes. (This is *not* mere self-pity, as it has been frequently misinterpreted.)

3) *Special Orchestral Effects*. An uninitiated listener to *Wozzeck* commented, "Why does Berg need that huge orchestra when so much of the time only a relatively few of his instruments are playing at once?" Of course, this is exactly the orchestral technique of Mahler (especially the later Mahler) who, contrary to popular belief, is not always overwhelming us with masses of sound, but needs his vast orchestral resources in order to be able to select exactly the sounds which he requires for a particular moment. Like Mahler, Berg is a past master of the hair-raising orchestral effect for the special formal or dramatic purpose. I shall cite but one example — and what an example: the great orchestral crescendo on a single note, B, after the death of Marie. Beginning with a single horn *pppp* and successively introducing the solo violin, the bass clarinet, the first violin section, the four other clarinets, the solo viola with three horns, the solo cello, the four oboes,

the second violins, the four trumpets, the three bassoons with the bass tuba, the four trombones with the viola section, the cello section, and the contrabasses — all entering *pppp* and gradually unfolding their utmost dynamic capacities — this crescendo, subtly balanced on the printed page, has in the opera house a shattering physical impact unlike anything else in music. Thus Berg, like every true "follower" of the Neo-Viennese School (and unlike their pallid imitators), shows the quality of his "followership" by assimilating that which he has learned from his masters into something deeply original, personal, real and human. That is why *Wozzeck* conquered the Met — and why it will continue to be heard in every opera house of world standard where the heritage of Western music is truly respected.

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### KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

During the past quarter of a century the New York Philharmonic has included on its programs not only the better known works by the Bohemian-born master, Gustav Mahler, viz. Symphonies I, II, IV and *Das Lied von der Erde* under the direction of Walter, Klemperer, and Mitropoulos but less familiar works, Symphonies V and IX under Walter's direction, Symphonies III, VI, and VII under Mitropoulos' direction, and the *Eighth* under Stokowski's direction. These works were heard not only by audiences in the concert hall but by unseen audiences throughout the country over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The year 1960 marks the hundredth anniversary of Mahler's birth and the fiftieth anniversary of his debut as conductor of the Philharmonic. In celebration of these milestones in the history of music and in the annals of the Philharmonic Orchestra, the following Mahler works were performed by the Philharmonic during the season 1959/60:

Symphonies I, V, IX and X conducted by MITROPOULOS

Symphonies II, IV, a group of Songs (Tourel, soloist), *Kindertotenlieder* (Souzay, soloist for first performance, Tourel, soloist for subsequent performances due to Mr. Souzay's illness) conducted by BERNSTEIN

*Das Lied von der Erde* (Forrester and Lewis, soloists, conducted by WALTER

Each work was given four times. Saturday night performances were broadcast over CBS.

In appreciation of its contribution in arousing greater interest in the music of Gustav Mahler, the Directors of The Bruckner Society of America awarded to the New York Philharmonic the Mahler Medal, designed by the distinguished sculptor, the late Julio Kilenyi, for the exclusive use of the Society. In a brief ceremony held in the Green Room at Carnegie Hall after the final concert of the Mahler Festival on April 24, 1960, at which *Das Lied von der Erde* was performed (Bruno Walter conducting), Mr. David M. Keiser, President of the New York Philharmonic, accepted the Medal on behalf of the Philharmonic from Mr. Harry Neyer, Vice-President of the Bruckner Society.

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

HERBERT ANTCLIFFE is an English writer on music and art who has lived for many years in Holland. He has contributed articles on these subjects to the *London Times*, *New York Herald-Tribune*, *Musical Quarterly*, *Music and Letters* and many other newspapers and periodicals. He acted as editor of the Netherlands articles in Cobbett's *Cyclopedic Survey of Chamber Music* and is responsible for many articles on Dutch (and other) music in two editions of Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. He is the composer of a number of church motets, some of which are published in the United States. He has been honored by Queen Wilhelmina with the Order of Officer of Orange Nassau for his work on behalf of Dutch music and by King George with a pension for his work on behalf of that of his own country.

JACK DIETHER is a contributing editor of *Musical America* and a reviewer for *The American Record Guide*. His article "Mahler and Psychoanalysis" recently appeared in the quarterly journal *Psychoanalysis and the Psychoanalytic Review*.

PARKS GRANT has contributed frequently to CHORD AND DISCORD since the issue of March, 1934. At present he is Associate Professor of Music at the University of Mississippi at Oxford, Mississippi. He is a composer of note as well as a writer on music.

DIKA NEWLIN holds degrees from Michigan State University, University of California, and Columbia University. Her work in California included three years of study with Schoenberg. At present Miss Newlin is Professor of Music at Drew University. While her greatest enthusiasm is composing, and her compositions have won equal success with her writing, Miss Newlin is best known for her book, *Bruckner-Mahler-Schoenberg*. She has translated Leibowitz's *Schoenberg and his School* and Schoenberg's *Style and Idea*. She has written for many periodicals.

STANLEY POPE, born in London in 1916, was educated at the Conservatoire in Vienna and studied with Richard Stöhr. Later he studied with the Swiss composer, Frank Martin. His associations with Felix Weingartner and later with Paul Kletzki in Switzerland, as also with Carl Schuricht, with whom he worked as assistant, played an important role in his musical outlook. In his early thirties he had already established his reputation conducting in Paris, Vienna, Copenhagen and many other European cities. Since 1952 he has been artistic director of the Symphonia Concerts in London.

BRUNO WALTER, the world famous conductor, is noted for his Bruckner and Mahler interpretations. He is a disciple of Gustav Mahler. During his career he has conducted in Cologne, Hamburg, Pressburg, Berlin, London, Leipzig, Paris, New York, Vienna, Munich, Los Angeles, Salzburg, etc. He is the author of *Gustav Mahler and Theme and Variations*.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, born in Brookline, Mass., succeeded Olin Downes as Music Editor of the *Boston Post*, now discontinued. He has been a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory since 1922 where he teaches the history and theory of music.

JAMES H. WILCOX was born in Bolton, England, in 1916, and received his education at the University of Wisconsin (Milwaukee), Northwestern University, Eastman School of Music, and Florida State University, where he studied composition under Ernst Dohnanyi. His doctoral dissertation was on the symphonies of Anton Bruckner. He is at present professor of theory and horn at Southeastern Louisiana College.

KONRAD WOLFF was born in Berlin in 1907. He studied piano with Willy Bardas, Bruno Eisner, and Artur Schnabel. In 1941 he came to this country and from 1942 to 1950 he was Assistant Musical Director of the New Friends of Music. Since 1956 he has been teaching at Drew University, Madison, New Jersey.

Among American artistic developments of recent years the rebirth of interest in the music of Bruckner and Mahler is second to none in significance. When *The Bruckner Society of America* was founded on January 4, 1931, performances of these two composers by our major musical organizations were not merely rare, but also ineffectual, because American music-lovers had no adequate approach to the proper appreciation of the art of either Bruckner or Mahler. Therefore the *Society*, having adopted as its chief aim the fulfillment of this void, published the first biographies of these composers in English and issued a magazine, **CHORD AND DISCORD**, devoted almost entirely to discussions of their works.

The *Society* solicits the cooperation of all who are interested in furthering this aim. Inquiries concerning membership may be directed to Robert G. Grey, President, 697 West End Avenue, New York 25, New York.

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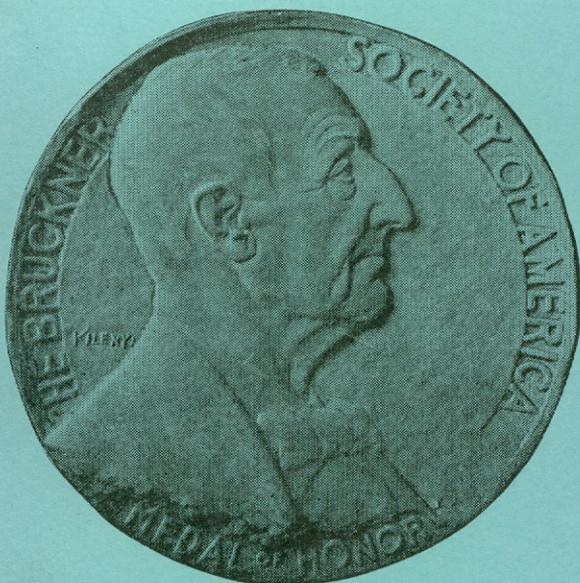
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# CHORD AND DISCORD

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THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

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1963

"MY TIME WILL YET COME"



THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL

This issue of *Chord and Discord*  
is dedicated to the memory of  
ROBERT G. GREY,  
DIMITRI MITROPOULOS,  
and  
BRUNO WALTER



ROBERT G. GREY  
1895 - 1962

## IN MEMORIAM

ROBERT G. GREY

President of the Bruckner Society of America, Inc.

Secretary and Treasurer — 1933-1962

The Bruckner Society of America, Inc., has lost in the passing of Robert G. Grey its guiding spirit for the past thirty years — the man who envisioned the need of an organization to help acquaint the American public with the music of Bruckner and Mahler. Mr. Grey's belief that the music of these two masters, if heard, would belie the dictums of the critics in the United States, impelled him to keep the Society alive and to spend much of his time to seeing that CHORD AND DISCORD got published, to encouraging conductors and orchestral societies to perform Bruckner and Mahler, and to attending to the countless details that would insure the success of the Society's aims. What the Society has accomplished Mr. Grey knew from the beginning was possible and indeed inevitable. His own great enthusiasm for music he was able to impart to friends and strangers alike through a remarkable gift as teacher which he possessed, and his influence in this respect is felt daily by a countless number of people. In addition to his profound and comprehensive knowledge of the works of Bruckner and Mahler, he was an expert in the field of opera and an accomplished pianist. He did not confine his interest in music to certain areas or composers but was a person of broad musical tastes. This willingness to let all music speak to him was reflected equally in his regard for his fellowmen, to all of whom he was ever kind and generous. Success was his in the business world, but for him what meant most was what he succeeded in doing for Bruckner and Mahler. His life was unselfish service to others.



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# THE FACTS CONCERNING MAHLER'S TENTH SYMPHONY

by DERYCK COOKE

(*Editor's note:* On May 6, 1963, the author of this essay received the following letter from Gustav Mahler's widow:

*"Dear Mr. Cooke—Mr. Harold Byrns visited me here in New York. Today [April 28] he read me your excellent articles on Mahler's Tenth Symphony and your equally authoritative score. Afterwards I expressed my desire to finally listen to the London B.B.C. tape. I was so moved by this performance that I immediately asked Mr. Byrns to play the work a second time. I then realized that the time had arrived when I must reconsider my previous decision not to permit performances of this work. I have now decided once and for all to give you full permission to go ahead with performances in any part of the world. I enclose copy of my letter of even date to B.B.C. Sincerely yours, Alma Maria Mahler.*

Thus the controversial ban which led CHORD AND DISCORD to request the succeeding pages from Messrs. Cooke and Diether, and which were submitted earlier in the year, has been resolved. In view of the coming performances of Mr. Cooke's newly completed (1963) performing version, the public première of which is even now being scheduled by the B.B.C., and the further critical exchanges which are bound to follow, we believe that Mr. Cooke's own analysis of the Mahler sketch will be of enhanced interest to our readers, along with its preliminary background material and press comments.)

## *Foreword by* JACK DIETHER:

On December 19, 1960, the British Broadcasting Corporation transmitted a 100-minute "program about Mahler's Tenth Symphony," in which all but about six or eight minutes of its five sketched movements were performed by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Berthold Goldschmidt, in a realisation of the manuscript sketch made by the young British composer and musicologist Deryck Cooke. During the actual performance, which lasted about 65 minutes, Mr. Cooke stood by and indicated how many bars were being omitted at each of five points in the two *Scherzi* (movements 2 and 4), and also announced the complete first, third and fifth movements. The performance itself was preceded by a 35-minute illustrated talk by Mr. Cooke on the problems of his realisation. The first and third movements (*Adagio* and *Purgatorio*) of the Tenth are, of course, already widely known in an anonymous realisation, both in score (Associated Music Publishers) and in public performance and recording. The B.B.C. broadcast was the only public, professional *five-movement* performance of the symphony of which the BRUCKNER SOCIETY OF AMERICA has any record at present. The broadcast was repeated by transcription on Christmas Eve. A week or two later, the B.B.C. received a letter from Mme. Alma Mahler-Werfel stating that her permission for the broadcast had been in error, and requesting that it be withdrawn. Accordingly the program, already

listed by the B.B.C. overseas transcription service as available to radio stations abroad, was immediately withdrawn from circulation, and has not been heard in the United States except by individuals with tapings of the original broadcast. Mrs. Mahler, who of course did not hear it herself, has further stated that she can no longer allow "further changes to this unfinished work."

Because of the widespread interest evoked by these events, Mr. Cooke was asked to submit an article about the Tenth Symphony to CHORD AND DISCORD. He decided to write not about his own realisation, but to write a musical analysis of the unfinished manuscript itself, as it stands in Mahler's own hand (as much of it, that is, as has been published in the facsimile edition, Paul Zsolnay Verlag, 1924, which was the only direct source-material for his task), so that readers might judge for themselves as to its artistic coherency. And since permission to quote musical examples from the manuscript might not be forthcoming in the United States, he has endeavored to make his analysis wholly *without* quotation. I for one believe that he has done a brilliant job. Further, since I have been active for about twenty years in promoting the realisation of this work, believing it to be potentially Mahler's greatest, and indispensable to a full understanding of the composer, I was asked to write this foreword to Mr. Cooke's analysis, in order to sketch in the background to the current situation *vis à vis* the Tenth Symphony.

As Mr. Cooke states, the first advocate of realising the Tenth *in toto*, after the posthumous publication of the manuscript, was the great Mahler biographer Richard Specht, who discussed the sketches with Mrs. Mahler in a spirit of lively interest. He was a fiery advocate, who later wrote and spoke of the "false piety" of those who revered the letter of Mahler's unrealised work, while allowing the spirit to lie silent and unrecognized. He reports that Mrs. Mahler was undecided, and that both of them consulted with leading musicians over how much of the symphony might be performable in a practical edition. Finally Ernst Krenek, then 24 years old and living in Vienna, agreed to prepare for performance the first and third movements only. His score of these two movements, after being checked for errors by Alban Berg and Franz Schalk, was submitted to and hand-copied by Universal Edition, then performed in Vienna under Schalk, and a few months later in Prague under Alexander Zemlinsky. The movements were never published at that time, and by the time they were finally committed to print more than 25 years later, many things had happened to the Universal copy scores for which Mr. Krenek takes no responsibility.

A few years ago, seeking to refresh his memory by re-examining his own original score, Krenek visited Universal in Vienna for that purpose. He learned that all the original material pertaining to the *Adagio* and *Purgatorio* had been turned over to A.M.P. in New York, the present copyright owners. Mr. Krenek and I subsequently visited the A.M.P. archives together and examined them at length. They consisted chiefly of three copy scores, none of them in Krenek's hand. His own score was not to be found. In each of the copy scores in turn, three different handwritings in ink could be discerned. The notes and markings in the first handwriting, obviously that of a professional copyist, Mr. Krenek believes to correspond more or less to his own original

scoring, in the *Adagio* at least. To these are added further instrumentation and markings in great number in both of the other two hand-writings. Some of the additions are written in indelible pencil and traced over in purple ink, and on one copy is found the following inscription (in German), in the same indelible pencil: "Score arranged by A. Zemlinsky." All of these additions have found their way into the published A.M.P. score, without acknowledgment. There are also various other conductors' markings in red and blue pencil, none of which have been incorporated. Nothing more is known. However, I have been in correspondence with a musician, the former violinist E. P. Stekel, now director of a conservatory in Grenoble, who played first violin in both the Vienna and Prague premieres, and was a friend and pupil of Franz Schalk. Mr. Stekel advises me that Schalk definitely made additions to the score for the Vienna performance, and that in view of my report he feels certain that the *two* sets of additional markings and instrumentation, as published, were the work of Schalk and Zemlinsky respectively.

In addition to the fact that the substantial augmentation of Mahler's manuscript is not acknowledged in the A.M.P. score, there is another circumstance adding to the confusion: a footnote in the score reading "Marks in parenthesis are not Mahler's." These parenthesized markings, relatively few and unimportant, are the contribution of A.M.P.'s own editor, Otto Jokl, who compared one of the copy scores (he declares that he never knew there were two others) with Mahler's manuscript, nevertheless retaining all the additions in ink. He did not differentiate these from Mahler's own marks and notes, but parenthesized his own slight additions and restorations. The logical implication of the unfortunate footnote is, of course, that all marks *not* in parenthesis are Mahler's, which is far from true. An equally unfortunate obscurantism is the universal custom of referring to this music (after the A.M.P. score itself) simply as "Symphony No. 10 by Mahler," rather than two touched-up movements therefrom. I stress all this because the same people who object to the idea of a realisation of the whole symphony, offered with full acknowledgment of the source and extent of the realisation, frequently raise no objection to such an inaccurate presentation of the two-movement extract as "Mahler's Tenth," simply because it is a *fait accompli*, or because it is "traditional" and accepted. Truly, as Mahler observed, "Tradition is slovenly." And I might add that Deryck Cooke further intends to publish, in the near future, a list of the many *disparities* which he finds in the A.M.P. score even with Mahler's sketch—actual errors, quite apart from the anonymous additions, which editor Jokl evidently did *not* perceive in checking his copy score against the facsimile prior to publication.

Prior readers of CHORD AND DISCORD will remember the article on the Tenth by the late Frederick Block, published in the December, 1941 issue, as well as an extensive article by Klaus George Roy in the 1958 issue, entitled *The Creative Process and Mahler's Tenth Symphony*. The former was my own introduction to an awareness of the Tenth as an entity. Mr. Block had prepared a four-hand piano edition of the three unperformed movements. I did not see Mr. Block's likewise unpublished and unperformed score until after the war. But after reading

his article I looked up the Mahler facsimile, and the following year, full of youthful war optimism, dispatched a letter from my Canadian Air Force post to Dmitri Shostakovich, urging him to realise the symphony in orchestral form. I received a warm but regretful reply, and I continued to discuss the matter with other musicians and composers. In 1948 one of these with whom I corresponded, my British colleague Joe Wheeler, gradually undertook to realise the whole work orchestrally, substantially completing it by 1954. Then living in the Los Angeles area, I showed the score to Mrs. Mahler, who expressed her gratification and offered practical suggestions for propagating it. About 1949 she had also talked to Arnold Schönberg, in my presence, about realising the work. Mr. Wheeler has had his score performed by student musicians in England, partly under his own direction. I have since seen another full realisation by the American Clinton Carpenter, part of still another by the German Hans Wollschläger, and have heard reports of other realisations in Italy and Argentina. There are probably more, since the more that is known about Mahler the more interest is aroused by the existence of this mature, rough-hewn masterpiece.

The genesis of Deryck Cooke's contribution, though unique in circumstance, seems to typify the way the symphony seizes and grips the imagination of all who come to it with an open mind. The B.B.C. had requested a centenary brochure to accompany its comprehensive Mahler cycle of 1960; and the conscientious Mr. Cooke, author of *The Language of Music* (Oxford Paperback), felt he had come up against an "enigma," a "blank wall," when he came to writing an account of Mahler's final work, and that he could not complete the brochure to his satisfaction until he had made a thorough study of the manuscript. This he did by copying out the whole score in his own hand, to clarify the structure in his mind. Out of this came the suggestion that the B.B.C. complete its Mahler cycle with an illustrated lecture on the Tenth by himself—an idea which gradually evolved from that of a lecture into a near-performance on workshop principles, as more and more of the texture demanded to be filled in once he had started on it. The interesting thing is that Cooke knew nothing of the other existing realisations at the time, or for many months thereafter, nor did I know of the B.B.C. project until after its completion. The gaps in Cooke's realisation in two of the five movements resulted, he now declares, from an unwillingness to go the whole way and admit to himself that this was no longer a musicological experiment, but an act of re-creation with demands of its own. So much so, in fact, that subsequent to the broadcast he did go ahead and fill in those final gaps, even though he knew that Mrs. Mahler's ban prevented any further performance on the air or in concert. As a real musician he had no choice but to do so—not for any conceivable audience, but simply for himself.

I am certain that the present unresolved situation regarding the Tenth will resolve itself naturally in time. Contradictions will be sifted and weighed. Though Mrs. Mahler's present change of mind over the question of realisation is inexplicable to me in view of our many past conversations, I would not wish to question anything so personal. It may well be that the wisest thing Mrs. Mahler ever did was to present the Tenth to the world through the photographic facsimile of Mahler's

own hand, thus quite eliminating, in the final analysis, any ultimate confusion over what is Mahler's and what is not when the music is placed in the public domain. And this wise act was surely done in the full knowledge that such an original source-material would soon enough be necessary. Now, with the growing acceptance of the *Adagio* and *Purgatorio*, the cat is half out of the bag; it can't very well be put back in, or left in that position forever. The situation is inherently unstable. The Internationale Mahler-Gesellschaft in Vienna has announced its intention of putting the precise manuscript into clear music type (with alternatives for conjectural notes and markings, it is to be hoped), and this will inspire an even wider circle of enthusiasts. The time may come when the pioneer B.B.C. "workshop" broadcast of 1960 will be considered only a first glimmering of the comprehensive Tenth—but let us look at what has already been said by professional critics on the scene! For in total darkness, even a glimmering may come as a blinding revelation.

In the B.B.C. broadcast, the most profound effect was made by the great final movement in which the whole musico-dramatic scheme is rounded out, despite the fact that there is not a bar of full score in Mahler's manuscript for the fourth or fifth movements. (The main sketch consists of the following: four-staved "short score"—movements 1, 3, 4 and 5; full score—movements 1, 2, and 28 bars of 3.) It was the fact that, of the three movements publicly revealed for the first time, the two *Scherzi*, with considerable gaps left in them, were largely ignored by the commentators in favor of the complete finale, which finally persuaded Cooke that a continuous performance of the symphony from first bar to last—however much a particular bar had to be harmonically, contrapuntally, or instrumentally realised—was the only legitimate way to present the Tenth to the public as a Mahler conception. The listener must "see" it as a whole, like a piece of sculpture, but with a full understanding of what in the *detail* is Mahler's and what had to be added only for the sake of comprehensibility. Of the established presentation of the *Adagio* and *Purgatorio* as "Mahler's Tenth Symphony," Cooke has said elsewhere: "Imagine trying to understand the significance of Mahler's Fifth Symphony, for example, if one only knew the opening funeral march in C sharp minor and the *Adagietto* in F. No, it was obvious that the Tenth Symphony could only communicate its true meaning if experienced as a whole." It is the purpose of the ensuing analysis to indicate precisely to what extent it is already a whole in the manuscript.

I might add that in the summer of 1962 I participated in a 50-minute panel discussion of the Tenth Symphony on radio station WBAI in New York. It was presented, in lieu of the forbidden B.B.C. transcription, as the culmination of WBAI's own complete recorded Mahler cycle. The other panelists were Fritz Mahler and Felix Greissle, and it developed more or less into a three-way debate, with Mr. Mahler roughly in the center. The WBAI producer of the whole cycle, Jerry Bruck, moderated the discussion, and asked the listeners for their opinions. Of the many letters received, only one was not wholeheartedly in favor of realisation *in toto*, and that one was undecided. Finally, before quoting from the press notices of the original B.B.C. broadcast below, I should

like to quote from a letter by John Gutman, Assistant Manager of the Metropolitan Opera, as published in the *New York Times* on September 23, 1962. While in London that summer, Mr. Gutman had heard a tape of the broadcast, which he described as "a fascinating experience." Referring to Alan Rich's column of August 26, in which Mr. Rich mentioned the Tenth controversy among other Mahler matters, Mr. Gutman said: ". . . The score as now established by Mr. Cooke is surely worth a hearing, and I, therefore, very much regret that Mrs. Mahler so far has not permitted the playing of this tape in this country. I know that the ever-increasing admirers of the symphonic works of Gustav Mahler in this country would be enormously interested if this tape could be presented on one of our more culturally inclined stations, and I think that to deprive them of this opportunity would be a grave and rather unjustifiable mistake." For my part, I think the other versions I have studied are no less worthy of a hearing.

*Extracts from the Press Comments*

*Donald Mitchell, London Daily Telegraph, Dec. 20, 1960:*

One of the most eagerly awaited events of the Mahler centenary has been the "première" of the Tenth Symphony promised by the B.B.C. Deryck Cooke's immensely skilful realisations of some of Mahler's sketches were heard on the Third Programme last night in a performance by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Berthold Goldschmidt. When Mahler died in 1911 he left his last work unfinished. Until last night only two movements, the opening *Adagio* and pivotal third movement, the brief *Purgatorio*, had existed in a practical performing edition of by no means unchallengeable authenticity.

What Mr. Cooke has done—a feat which puts us all in his debt—is to reconstruct sufficient music from the symphony's two Scherzos to give one a clear idea of their character, and to realise the finale in its entirety. He has also tidied up the texts of the two movements already published. His devoted labours, of which Mr. Goldschmidt and the orchestra were enthusiastic and convincing exponents, meant that for the first time the shape and substance of the whole work was made clear.

The great *Adagio* and first *Scherzo*, a *Laendler*-like movement of notable rhythmic irregularity, form the first part of the symphony. Part II opens with the *Purgatorio*, continues with the second *Scherzo*, which clearly recalls the *Trinklied* of *Das Lied*, and concludes with an extensive finale in which the massive dissonance from the *Adagio* returns—a master-stroke which it was quite extraordinarily thrilling to experience in its context. Mr. Cooke's brilliant detective work leaves us in little doubt that Mahler's premature death deprived us of yet another of this remarkable composer's searching explorations of a new world of sound and feeling.

One can be sure of that, while still wondering, with no little sense of loss, what Mahler's final version of the symphony would have been like. I cannot believe, for example, that much of the work would not have been richer in contrapuntal textures than Mr. Cooke's realisations suggest. This was a tantalizing, because so substantial, glimpse of the last thoughts of a great composer.

Colin Mason, *Manchester Guardian*, Dec. 21, 1960:

. . . Mr. Cooke stressed the point that Mahler's sketch was only a first draft, but the form of the work would almost certainly have remained much as it was here—expansive but strong, with one of those characteristic flashbacks in the last movement by means of which Mahler succeeds as if by magic in holding his vast forms together. There is splendid and often beautiful material in all five movements, and the end of the fourth movement and the introduction to the fifth (if Mr. Cooke's orchestral realisation can be believed) are among Mahler's finest and most amazing inventions. We can well imagine what excitement there might have been in the missing working-out sections of the two Scherzos. But if we have not gained a new symphony for the repertoire, we have cause to be grateful for this fascinating oral glimpse of a might-have-been, which all devout Mahlerians, if they are wise, will have preserved on their tape recorders.

William Mann, *London Times*, Dec. 20, 1960:

. . . Listeners heard not a complete symphony, nor a presumptuous completion of Mahler's intentions. This must be emphasized. Sometimes the conjectural, basic solution was audibly too primitive; the simple Johann Strauss accompaniment to the waltz-trio of the fourth movement, for example. Mr. Cooke played an open hand, bidding the orchestra play exactly what Mahler wrote, and the more spare the texture, the more Mahlerian the music sounded. He has piously left gaps that he is unwilling to fill in (though the manuscript may look no less communicative in these passages), but he has made it possible for us all to hear the resolution of Mahler's symphonic soul-searching.

The Tenth Symphony begins with the questing, anguished *Adagio* that is often played; but the succeeding movements work out a cure for Mahler's spiritual ailment, the condition of human existence, until in the finale he finds not the optimistic and hollow acceptance of the Fifth and Seventh symphonies, nor the vaguely passive resignation in regret of the Ninth Symphony or *The Song of the Earth*, but a strong, self-won victory over transitory pain. The movement is hardly begun before the flute exhales a melody whose appeal is tougher and more self-reliant than anything of Mahler in similar vein; this melody grows until the coda (how much more it would have grown if Mahler had tended it to its final blossoming), when the music sinks into a profound sleep only to be snapped by the soaring of what is surely the soul to heights of purest bliss. By giving this supremely moving movement, alone, to the world, Mr. Cooke and the B.B.C. have surely made as great a contribution as any to Mahler's centenary. Unfinished it must be accounted, but it deserves to be played so, again and again.

Ernest Bradbury, *Yorkshire Post*, Dec. 20, 1960:

. . . Mr. Cooke had in no sense "completed" the symphony, and had not in fact composed any of the music. Rather, using Mahler's many clues concerning the orchestration, had he brought into orchestral sound what was in the composer's mind, adding at most a few conjectural notes, chords and harmonies. The sketches were appallingly difficult to decipher—very rough notes, bearing evidence of great haste, and cov-

ered with anguished comments. In the margin of the fourth movement he had written "The devil is dancing this with me; madness take me and destroy me." Elsewhere, "O God, why hast thou forsaken me?", and again, "Thy will be done."

Last night's performance was a thrilling experience. The two great movements are the first (fully composed and almost fully scored by Mahler) and the last (almost fully composed, with the score realised conjecturally from four-stave notation). These contain some gorgeous—and some quite new—Mahlerian sounds. In between are the short movement headed *Purgatorio*, lasting only four minutes, which is flanked by two Scherzos (the second of these, movement 4, was not so named by Mahler) from which extracts were given. The largest gap was in Scherzo I, a matter of 160 bars between the second and third extracts.

Historically the realisation is of extreme importance, for, as Mr. Cooke has said, we have wronged Mahler hitherto by "regarding the heartbroken finale of the Ninth as his final comment on life." The beautiful ending of the Tenth Symphony is, rather, resigned and at peace, "a benediction, not a valediction"; and one can only agree with Mr. Cooke, while also congratulating him on a stupendous achievement, that the Tenth Symphony, far from being a pathetic, fragmentary product of failing powers, is "the near-realisation of a final, spiritually victorious masterpiece."

*Dr. Egon Wellesz, Austrian Musical News (Oesterreichische Musikzeitschrift), April, 1961 (trans. by J. D.):*

. . . We knew Cooke as the author of an unusual book, *The Language of Music*, and knew of his admiration for Mahler; but we did not know he had made so thorough a study of Mahler that he could undertake such a huge task. It was a hazardous undertaking, but it succeeded, and the performance under conductor Berthold Goldschmidt, whose advice Cooke had sought out, was a moving experience. It proved how justified was the trouble Deryck Cooke had taken to bring all five movements of the symphony to a hearing, and how right the music directors of the B.B.C. were to bring the work to a totality from the sketches. It seems idle to me to raise the question whether such a reconstruction is artistically justified. The facsimile edition has provided the means of realising the sketches of the Tenth Symphony, and now the actual performance of this last work of Gustav Mahler has, at the very least, acquainted us with a creation of unexpected greatness.

*Desmond Shawe-Taylor, London Sunday Times, December 25, 1960:*

Our public celebrations of the Gustav Mahler centenary may not have competed in brilliance with the cycle mounted by the New York Philharmonic, who could call on the services of such eminent Mahlerians as Bruno Walter, Leonard Bernstein and the late Dimitri Mitropoulos. On the other hand, the B.B.C. has risen nobly to the occasion, performing in the course of 1960 every published composition by the Austrian master, and crowning this achievement last Monday by a large-scale "realisation" of the work that he did not live to complete: the hitherto mysterious and widely misunderstood Tenth Symphony. . . .

This symphony has so far existed in two forms: a facsimile portfolio

of sketches (1924) and an anonymously edited printing (1951) of two of the five movements. Thanks to the kindness of a colleague, I was able to follow both rehearsal and performance from the facsimile manuscript, and could thus form some conception both of the inherent difficulty of the task and of the amazing fidelity and sure-footedness with which it has been carried through. The whole thing *sounded* like Mahler, and at least one movement—the extended finale, which is as long as the opening *Adagio*—proved to be Mahler of the finest quality, reaching a serenity and transfiguration of spirit such as the tortured composer had not previously attained.

I am inclined to think that this last movement, even though scored and put in order by another hand, may come to rank among the very greatest things that Mahler has left us. The long, consolatory flute melody near the beginning, the fever and fret of the central section, the startling recurrence of the climactic dissonance from the *Adagio*, and the transcendent conclusion—all these are welded into a substantial and entirely convincing whole.

How, it may be asked, could anything so shapely and so firm emerge from a composer's early draft? The answer may be that Mahler's sketches are very unlike those of Beethoven. Those who know them best tell us that, although he would tinker for ever at the orchestration, he tended to fix the formal outline of a work once and for all at quite an early stage.

Whether or not that is generally true, it is hard to believe that the composer would have made many structural changes in this deeply moving finale, even though he would doubtless have enriched its texture and added to its contrapuntal interest. We owe much to the B.B.C. and to Mr. Cooke for putting us in the way of so enthralling an experience: an experience that cannot too soon be repeated.

#### *Deryck Cooke's analysis:*

In view of various misleading statements which have been made concerning Mahler's Tenth Symphony, and the confusion that has arisen from them, it may be of value to set forth clearly the facts of the matter.

It was Mahler's custom to sketch a symphony one summer and elaborate it in full score the next; he sketched the Tenth in the summer of 1910, but since he died in May the following year, the work was never completed. Thus the Tenth Symphony—in the sense of Mahler's final definitive score, which would have no doubt been ready for publication by 1912—is forever lost to us; all we possess is the sketch.

This much is known to all lovers of Mahler's music, and there are those for whom that is all there is to be said. They maintain that, since Mahler did not live to complete the symphony, it does not exist as a work of art in any sense; they regard the sketch as a tragic might-have-been and a mere musicological curiosity, and they wish it to remain so. Some make an exception in the case of the opening *Adagio* movement,

believing that it was brought near enough to completion to be performed, with a very minimum of editing, as a genuine piece of Mahler; but any attempt to make a performing version of the whole sketch, they tell us, is at best a misguided folly, at worst a sacrilege.

This view must command respect, in so far as it is based on the crucial and indisputable fact that exactly what Mahler's final score of the work would have been like is beyond all conjecture. But unfortunately some of those who hold it have supported it by denying or obscuring other crucial and indisputable facts, which offer a sound basis for the opposite viewpoint—the viewpoint of those who advocate making a performing version of the sketch. It is these facts that I wish to establish here.

(1) Mahler did not, as is still too widely stated, express any final wish that the manuscript should be destroyed. The statement that he did so was made by Richard Specht in his official biography of the composer (1913); but in 1924, Mrs. Mahler allowed the manuscript to be published in facsimile, and the first and third of its five movements to be performed in edited form; and the following year, Specht, in the 17th edition of his book, wrote an appendix, with Mrs. Mahler's sanction, in which he categorically withdrew his statement, and firmly advocated the completion of the work by someone conversant with Mahler's method and style.

(2) Schoenberg's remarks about the "unknowable" Tenth Symphony, reprinted in his book *Style and Idea*, cannot be invoked as arguments against making a performing version of the sketch, since they were not based on an intimate knowledge of the manuscript. Indeed, Schoenberg can never at any time have made an intensive study of the manuscript or, being the man of integrity that he was, he would have retracted the remarks about it in *Style and Idea*, since they are utterly misleading in the impression they give of an inscrutable enigma.

(3) The manuscript is in no sense an inscrutable enigma. It can only be regarded as such by those who have not made themselves absolutely familiar with it in every detail by copying it out for themselves. Despite the apparently chaotic calligraphy, its supposed indecipherability has been vastly exaggerated. It is true that, in the case of occasional isolated notes, which are either illegible or manifest slips by Mahler in his notation, one is forced back on a conjectural reading; but in the case of something like 95 per cent of the manuscript, there can be no argument as to what Mahler set down, and indeed most of it can be written out by a good copyist, familiar with Mahler's calligraphy, who is prepared to make the necessary effort of concentration.

(4) All suggestions that the manuscript is fragmentary are quite false. The word "sketches," so often used to describe it, is only justifiable in that there is a separate sketch for each of the five movements (two of the opening Adagio—short score and full score), and some isolated alternative sketch-pages of odd passages and sections. But the word is utterly misleading when it is used to convey an impression of separate fragments, the assembling and ordering of which is a matter of conjecture. Each of the five main folders contains a comprehensive sketch of a movement, with the pages clearly numbered. The order of

these movements is clear from Mahler's final blue-pencil marking on each folder—I, II, III, IV, and V; and this order is in any case self-evident from the internal tonal and structural progression of the whole.

(5) Even in the case of each separate movement, any use of the word "sketch" to imply something improvisatory and inchoate is misleading. Each sketch is a full-length, bar-by-bar laying down of an entirely intelligible and significant form, in which there are no lacunae, except perhaps one tiny one near the end of the fourth movement. As Richard Specht said in the appendix to the 17th edition of his biography, Mahler himself described the manuscript as a work already fully-prepared in *the sketch*; and indeed it is a comprehensive full-length sketch (1949 bars) of a five-movement symphony in F sharp, with every main idea fully-formed in melody and entirely intelligible in harmony, and with bar-by-bar thematic continuity from beginning to end. The sketch makes perfect sense as a continuous symphonic structure; so accuracy demands that we should describe the manuscript, not as "*sketches* for the Tenth Symphony" but—with Mahler—as "*the sketch* of the Tenth Symphony."

(6) The Tenth Symphony does actually exist, then, as a musical work, in the basic sense of a significant and integrated structure. That Mahler would have modified this structure in detail is certain; but that he would have recast it wholesale cannot be imagined. Whatever may be lacking in textural detail—especially in the second movement—the sketch as it stands can be analysed as a symphony quite as meaningfully as any of Mahler's completed works; and analysis reveals a form as rich and complex and closely integrated as any Mahler conceived. The brochure which Richard Specht wrote as a companion to the publication of the facsimile in 1924 offers a broad descriptive analysis which, apart from numerous misreadings, due no doubt to insufficiently prolonged study of the manuscript, provides as comprehensive an account of the work as could be made of a complete symphony. I would also refer the reader to my own summary thematic analysis (in music-type) in *The Musical Times* of June, 1961, which indicates the main strands of the phenomenally intricate web of thematic cross-references and cyclic development from movement to movement; again the analysis gives the impression of dealing with a completed work. Neither Specht's nor my own analysis would have been possible if the Tenth were not complete in its whole essential thematic-harmonic-formal structure.

(7) This structure presents an emotional and psychological statement as intelligible as those of Mahler's other symphonies. The "message" of the symphony is clear, and is of the utmost significance in that this was Mahler's last work—complementing *Das Lied von der Erde* and the Ninth Symphony as the final panel of his great posthumous last-period trilogy, and throwing crucial light on everything that went before. The final resolution of Mahler's lifelong spiritual conflict is not to be found in the Ninth Symphony, but in the quite different Tenth. The following description may give an idea of the work's crucial importance to our full understanding of Mahler as man and artist: it should be studied in conjunction with the facsimile.

SYMPHONY NO. 10 IN F SHARP MAJOR

I. ADAGIO. Full score, 275 bars, almost all 4/4. F sharp major-

minor-major. Like the opening *Andante comodo* of the Ninth Symphony, but less desperately, this movement presents a sombre introspective conflict between two opposed ideas. These are: (1) the introductory *Andante* motto-theme for unaccompanied unison violas (bars 1-15)—a disconsolate, homeless, searching melody, of shifting tonality, moving from B minor to D minor (the latter notated enharmonically); and (2) the main *Adagio* theme in F sharp major (bars 16-19)—a passionate, large-spanned violin melody over rich harmonies for lower strings and trombones, which forges onwards yearningly, repeated in inverted and normal forms, through acute tonal disruptions. At bar 31, after a threefold statement of the *Adagio* theme, the *Andante* theme returns, transformed into a melancholy f sharp minor violin melody with sparse string texture, generating more anxious material (bar 34) and taking in a quicker, troubled version of the *Adagio* theme itself (bar 36); but at bar 38 it returns in its original unaccompanied viola motto-theme form, even more unsettled in tonality, to lead back to a resumption of the *Adagio* theme.

This is the whole main pattern of the movement: the *Adagio* keeps launching off in F sharp major, confidently, only to give way to the melancholy F sharp minor melody; and the original motto-theme keeps coming back like a dark unanswered question. In spite of the glorious F sharp major outburst of the *Adagio* theme (from bar 58), and the ascendancy of the anxious elements, first in B flat minor (from bar 91) and then in A minor and other keys (from bar 112), no resolution is reached. But eventually the latent tension of the movement suddenly erupts in a dramatic and unexpected outburst—a great organ-like sequence of chords in A flat minor for brass, with sweeping arpeggiando for strings and harp (bars 194-99), followed by a sustained fortissimo nine-note dissonance for full orchestra, with a high trumpet A piercing through it (bars 203-08). As in the opening movement of the Ninth Symphony, but in a different way, the climax brings dissolution: at bar 213, the music moves into F sharp major, not to resume the *Adagio* theme, but for an extended coda, woven of regretful reminiscences of it and its former opponent, which mingle together in bitter-sweet resignation.

This first movement, it should be noted, initiates the motto-rhythm of the symphony ♩|♩. , which is present in both of its main themes, and permeates the movement.

II. SCHERZO, Allegro. Full score, 523 bars,\* with various time-signatures, F sharp minor-major. This big Scherzo movement complements the big opening *Adagio*, being in the same key, proportionate in weight, and contradictory in mood. It consists of a main scherzo-section

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\*The numbering may vary, to a few bars, according as one interprets the sketch. Notes for guidance: (1) I count bar 44 (which is 4/2) as two bars of 2/2—bars 44 and 45. (2) Note the extra insert-bar after bar 53. (3) I take bar 163 as nullified by the single-line correction above the violins in the next bar, and divide this corrected line into three bars of 3/4—bars 163, 164, 165. (4) Bar 271 is only one bar: Mahler has deleted the line indicating an extra bar. (5) The bar after bar 307—the last on the page—is deleted; bar 308 is the first on the next page. (6) Note bar 434, crushed in between bars 433 and 435.

with two trio-sections, the material of all three sections gradually mingling together in free development.

A. Main Scherzo section, F sharp minor (bars 1-59)—fierce bustling music, mainly for strings and brass, with a nervous tautness due to constantly changing time-signatures, but full of a bold extrovert strength of spirit. Its brief C sharp minor introduction for horns and oboes (bars 1-4) presents the symphony's motto-rhythm ♩|♩ which will permeate the movement; the main theme (from bar 4) makes much use of a falling octave, which will also play a large part in the fourth movement (a second scherzo). Statement (bars 1-22) and more forcible restatement (23-42) are followed by a brief extension (from bar 43) rising to a crashing climax (bar 55) which dies down swiftly. In bars 60-75, a brief transition dispels this mood with lighter treatment of the same material, switching through B flat, E and G, to F.

B. First Trio, F major (bars 76-130). At the same tempo, still with changing time-signatures, the original fierce material is transformed into gay pastoral music in F major, featuring oboe, woodwind and horns, which is still permeated with the motto-rhythm. After the statement (76-96) and modified restatement (97-110), there is a brief string version in A (111-116), before the last woodwind statement in F (117-130).

A. Varied restatement and development of Scherzo material, F sharp minor (bars 131-165). Restatement of the fierce Scherzo material (131-141) is interrupted by more genial development in A flat and D (142-151), but resumes in F sharp minor (from bar 152), reaching a new unisono climax (bar 158), which subsides swiftly into E flat (163-165).

C. Second Trio, E flat major (bars 166-246). The mood changes completely, as the restlessly changing time-signatures and short, clear-cut motives give way to an easily flowing 3/4—a rolling waltz-rhythm in the bass, supporting a warmly affectionate *Ländler* melody for violins. This melody is first cousin to the main Adagio theme of the opening movement, and appears, like that theme, in normal and inverted forms. (Although Mahler indicated no change in tempo, he would doubtless have marked this section with some such word as "gemächlicher"; compare his "Etwas ruhiger" at figure 6 in the Scherzo of the Fifth Symphony.) The *Ländler* melody, mainly for strings (166-186), gives way to a secondary theme, a slightly melancholy "hurdy-gurdy" type of tune for oboe and other woodwind (187-202); then the *Ländler* melody is restated in E flat and developed (from bar 203), the secondary idea breaking in a more grotesque form for a brief restatement in E flat minor (235-246).

AB. Varied restatement of Scherzo material, F sharp minor, taking in development of First Trio, in other keys (bars 247-300). The fierce restatement of the Scherzo material in F sharp minor (247-54) is interrupted by cheerful development of the first Trio, in E flat and other keys (255-69), but resumes in F sharp minor (269-79), only to be interrupted again by the same material, now in D (280-94). At bar 295, the motive of the *Ländler* theme of the second Trio enters repeat-

edly, broadly augmented, with normal and inverted forms in combination, generating a climax.

C. Varied restatement of Second Trio, D major (bars 301-66). The Ländler motive swells out in sonorous augmentation on the horns, in 3/4, beginning a richly glowing restatement in D major of the Second Trio, slightly modified and developed. The secondary theme does not recur in its original melancholy form, but cuts in towards the end, as before, for a brief restatement in D minor (348-59).

BC. Continuation of development of First Trio, fused with elements of Second Trio, F major and C major (bars 367-416). With a return of the changing time-signatures, the cheerful material of the second Trio is developed by brass and strings in F (367-76), taking in a quicker version of the Ländler motive in C (377-86) and in F again (387-408). From bar 408, the tonality begins to shift, as the second Trio's material starts to change back into that of the fierce Scherzo section, and there is a growth of tension towards a climax (408-16).

AC. Slower, more lyrical episode, developing materials of Scherzo and second Trio, F sharp major (bars 416-44). For the second time, the mood changes completely: as in the Rondo-Burleske of the Ninth Symphony, the vociferous music abruptly gives way to a passage of deep yearning lyricism in the original key of the symphony. (Again, Mahler indicated no change of tempo, but he would doubtless have added some direction; compare the "Etwas gehalten" in the passage of the Ninth Symphony just mentioned—third movement, after figure 36). It is at bar 416 that the agitation of the previous section is dispelled and broken off abruptly, when the trumpet breaks in with a transfigured, radiant version of one of the spiky Scherzo motives, in F sharp major, over sustained trombone chords. This is in a calm 4/4; then (bar 424), in a smooth alternation of 4/4 with 3/4, moving more and more towards a pure 3/4, solo horn and strings muse tenderly on the Ländler theme, augmented, making its relationship to the opening movement's main *Adagio* theme more apparent than ever, especially since the key is now the same. This section reaches a passionate climax and breaks off abruptly at bar 444.

ABC. Bringing together of main elements of Scherzo and both Trios, various keys, moving back towards F sharp major (bars 445-92). Abruptly, turning to B flat, resuming the original lively tempo (Mahler would no doubt have marked "Tempo I" here) and going back to the changing time-signatures, the music continues with the gay development of the First Trio material, taking in the augmented Ländler motive (445-58). It moves back to F sharp major (459-69), away to D major (470-78), and back to F sharp once more (at bar 479)—F sharp *minor* this time. In this key the cheerful second Trio elements change back to the fierce Scherzo material and work up to a tense climax, while the augmented Ländler motive is heard at the same time in a Neapolitan G major on horns (486-90).

BC. Coda, being an apotheosis of the two trio themes, F sharp major (bars 493-523). The movement, so robustly confident in essence, culminates logically in a blaze of vital energy. Minor switches abruptly to major, and over a dominant pedal, the augmented Ländler motive rises excitedly on horns and trumpets (493-503), leading to a trium-

phant march-like statement of the first Trio material (504-11). This rises to a further climax—a brilliant outburst of the second Trio's original main oboe theme on trumpets, wind and violins (from 511), which is joined by the horns, whooping out the augmented Ländler motive (515-21); and the movement ends with a sudden bang, in the same jubilantly affirmative mood as the Scherzo of the Fifth Symphony.

The folder of this movement, incidentally, is marked "2. Scherzo-Finale"; and it seems most likely that Mahler originally intended a symphony in two movements. Indeed, in view of the close relationship between the Adagio and Ländler themes, and the fact that the yearning of the Adagio theme finds release in the Scherzo's final jubilant transformation of the augmented Ländler motive, the two movements form a unified whole, like the first and second movements of the Fifth Symphony. Wherefore it would seem that the Adagio and Scherzo combine to form Part 1 of the Tenth Symphony, and that the other three movements, abandoning F sharp and only returning to it in the closing pages of the Finale, form Part 2.

III. PURGATORIO, *Allegretto moderato*. Short score, 170 bars of 2/4,\* with full score of the first 28 bars, B flat minor. This short movement, a *moto perpetuo* mainly of great delicacy, is the motivic and emotional source of the two large-scale movements which follow: like *Von der Jugend* in *Das Lied von der Erde*, it follows a simple A-B-A pattern.

A. Main section, B. flat minor and major (bars 1-63).

1. Introduction, *Allegretto moderato*, setting up a sixteenth-note *moto perpetuo* (bars 1-6); and troubled B flat minor theme, *Nicht zu schnell*, for violins, looking back to the anxious material of the B flat minor section of the opening movement. Statement (6-14) and restatement (14-22), followed by the two opening phrases of the theme, striking in like a refrain (22-24), as they will do throughout the movement.

2. Hopeful B flat major theme, *Etwas fließend*, for oboe (24-32), rounded off with the refrain (32-34).

3. Even brighter B flat major theme, for flute (34-40), rounded off with the refrain (40-41). Themes 1, 2, and 3, and the refrain, are permeated with the motto-rhythm ♩|♩.

4. Second B flat minor theme, much darker than the first, for bassoons and basses. The statement (41-52) is joined by the refrain (48-50), and the restatement (52-63) is likewise (59-61).

B. Central section, development in D minor and major (bars 64-121), introducing a new theme. In contrast with the main section, the development is violent. After fierce treatment of theme 1 in D minor (64-69) and of 2 in D major (69-81), followed by the refrain (81-83), the new D minor theme enters—a brooding six-note motive, extended (83-89). Refrain again (89-91), then the new theme recurs, more intensely (91-95). New development of theme 1 in bars 96-106 leads to a great tragic outburst of the new theme (106-109), followed by an even

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\*Bar-numbering: (1) note the indication of three inserted bars after bar 76. (2) note the indication for expanding bar 99 into two bars—99 and 100. (3) note the Da Capo at bar 125—repeat bars 6-34 as bars 125-53, then return to page 3 (bars 154-70).

more tremendous one (112-114). Then the development of theme 1 dies away in D minor, spectrally (115-121).

A. Curtailed restatement of main section, B flat minor and major (bars 122-170). The music switches abruptly from D minor to B flat minor, and after a shortened restatement of the introduction (122-25), Mahler indicates a *da capo* of themes 1 (125-41) and 2 (143-151), with their refrains. Then theme 3 is written out in slightly modified form, *sempre diminuendo* (153-67). The movement is dying away radiantly in B flat major with the hopeful flute theme, when a momentary upheaval provides an eerie conclusion, with the refrain darkly in the bass (167-70).

It should be noted that theme 1 of this movement is made up of short agitated motives, of which three are important. There are two three-note ones, both to the motto-rhythm: B flat, D flat, B flat (bars 13-14), to be called W; and C, D flat, B flat (bars 23-24, short score), to be called X. The other is a seven-note one (bars 10-11), to be called Y. These, together with the tragic six-note theme of the central section (to be called Z), are used pervasively in the last two movements.

IV. MOVEMENT WITHOUT TITLE. Short score, 580 bars of 3/4,\* E minor moving to D minor. Although this movement has neither title nor tempo marking, it is clearly a fierce main *Allegro pesante* in the lamenting vein of the *Trinklied* of *Das Lied von der Erde*, conflicting with seductive waltz material. Again there is a main scherzo section and two trios, and the materials of all three sections mingle in free development; and all these elements are pervaded with the motto-rhythm  $\surd \downarrow$  and the three-note motive X, which formed the refrain of the Purgatorio and ended that movement.

A. Main Scherzo section, E minor (bars 1-115)—wild tragic music in Mahler's demonic vein, permeated with the three-note Purgatorio motive X to the motto-rhythm and to another rhythm  $\downarrow \cdot \downarrow \downarrow$  (both rhythms pervade the whole movement).

A brief introduction (1-5) presents a grim motto of three sustained chords, descending by octaves, for wind, horns, and trombones respectively. The first chord is subdominant (an A minor secondary seventh), the second dominant (the dominant seventh of B minor); the third establishes the movement's main tonality with a 6/3 of E minor. This already adumbrates the tonal conflict of the whole movement between a tendency to fall despairingly towards the subdominant side (A minor, and further to D minor), and a struggle to move positively into the

\*Bar-numbering: Page I: after bar 14, a bar is deleted. Page II: after bar 106, I have ignored the possible insert marked by Mahler with a query, as I believe it indicates a contemplated alteration in the structure. Page III: I take the first two bars of the upper line, and the four bars of the lower—bars 115-22; the single up-beat beginning the next page belongs to bar 122. Page IV: bar 144, ringed for possible deletion by Mahler, is reinstated by the word "bleibt," and remains; after bar 158, I take the next bar as deleted. Page V: after bar 235, two bars are deleted. Page VI: at bar 307, note the extra bar. Page VIII: after bar 379, the rest of the page is deleted. Page IX: after bar 398, eight bars are deleted. Page Xa: after bar 506, one bar is deleted; after bar 508, one bar is deleted; then follow bars 509, 510, 511, 512 (deleted but reinstated with the word "bleibt"), and 513, the last bar of page Xa. Page Xb: after bar 515, a bar is deleted.

dominant, B major—a conflict which is finally lost. Against the first chord is thrown the falling octave of the second movement, against the second the Purgatorio motive X, both of which form the basis of the main theme.

1. Violent, high-soaring main theme, E minor (5-11), developed to a climax (11-25), and extending by a secondary idea in the subdominant, A minor (24-41), which brings back the motto-chords with full force (41-45) and a new working up of the main theme, in E major, to the first big climax (45-57).

2. Transitional theme, beginning stormily in E minor (56-64), but changing to graceful waltz-like material in E major (64-72); this leads to a melancholy waltz-tune of the "hurdy-gurdy" type in G minor in bars 73-83 (cf. the secondary theme of the E flat Ländler Trio of the second movement); but the stormy theme bursts in again in E minor with a new continuation (83-98), which works towards a climax.

3. The approach to the climax is a new idea in its own right—a fiercely lamenting passage which will recur throughout as a refrain (99-107). This brings the whole continuous non-stop Scherzo section to a tremendous climax (107-114), into which the motto-chords enter with overpowering force (111-115) to herald a new section.

The climax subsides on to a curiously laconic link-passage, based on the Purgatorio motive X, which will recur: it modulates to C major, the relative of the subdominant A minor (115-22).

B. First Trio, C major (bars 123-66)—seductive waltz-music derived from augmented lyrical variants of the Purgatorio motive X.

1. Quiet, sentimental main waltz-tune, C major (123-37), with varied restatement (138-44).

2. Secondary idea, C major (145-52)—characteristic waltz-material of the gay, leaping, syncopated kind.

3. A confident, dashing theme bursts in, C major, and leads back to E minor (152-66).

A. Varied restatement and development of Scherzo material (in conjunction with that of the first Trio), basically E minor (166-247). First the waltz-tune B1 is developed in the stern mood and key of the Scherzo material, E minor (166-73), the motto-chords striking in powerfully (170-74) to initiate this whole new section; and A1 itself is developed passionately, in E minor (174-84). Then the waltz-tune B1 returns to be treated lamentingly in the subdominant A minor, touching shadowily on that key's own subdominant, D minor (184-201); this passage, shot through with the Purgatorio motive X, is almost a direct quotation from the *Trinklied* of *Das Lied von der Erde* (see that movement, bars 69-75). It merges into the lamenting refrain A3 in A minor (202-10), which now takes in the Purgatorio motive X and reaches an unexpected climax—a broadly joyful one in A minor's relative C major (210-18), which will also recur. After this, the waltz-tune B1 be-appears in its original form for a brief hushed reference (219-25), but is swept away by the return of E minor and ferocious development of the Scherzo theme A1 (226-43). This eventually calms down, and the laconic linking passage returns (243-47), marking the entry to the next section by modulating to A major.

B. Varied restatement of the First Trio, A major (bars 248-90). The waltz-tune B1 is now restated joyfully (248-260); but though the key is the bright A major, it is still on the subdominant side of E minor. It is followed by B2, adorned with a new lilting treatment of the Purgatorio motive X (261-68), which soon works up to the former broadly joyful climax (269-77). The restatement then picks up B2 again quietly (278-86), but this soon leads to the laconic link-passage (287-90), which marks the appearance of a new section, by modulating from A major to C major (still the subdominant side of E minor). This time, however, the link-passage is developed briefly into a completely new idea, a quiet wistful episode in C major, consisting of statement (291-300) and restatement (301-11); this whole passage acts as an independent interlude prefacing the new main section, which it introduces by modulating back to A major.

C. Second Trio, A major (bars 311-80). This Second Trio is in fact based on a version of the dashing theme of the first trio, B3: it is stated powerfully (311-35), then restated and developed with passionate intensity (336-80). The music is hectically joyful for the most part, and works up to a great jubilant climax; but the subdominant key of A major still holds the field, and the climax runs inevitably into the first A minor harmony at the three motto chords, which turn the music savagely back to E minor. This initiates the final restatement of Scherzo and First Trio, in which the two sections are split in two and spliced into one another, so to speak.

A. Beginning of restatement of Scherzo, E minor (380-410). After the introductory motto chords (380-84), only the main scherzo theme A1 is recapitulated, in contracted form (384-99), before the laconic link-passage breaks in and modulates to B major (399-410).

B. Beginning of restatement of First Trio, B major (411-44). At last the movement has counteracted its fatal subdominant tendency by placing the joyful first trio in the bright key of the dominant major. The main waltz-tune is restated—a slightly modified repetition of its former A major restatement (411-24, cf. 248-60), followed by the lilting idea (425-32, cf. 261-68), which works up to the broadly joyful climax (433-44). But this time the climax is shot through with fierce dissonance, and it subsides into a shadowy and anxious transitional passage in B minor (445-452), based on the Purgatorio motive X.

A. Conclusion of restatement of Scherzo, B minor (bars 452-87). The dominant key is still maintained, though it has darkened from major to minor. This section is an almost literal repetition, in B minor, of the original scherzo section from the beginning of the "hurdy-gurdy" theme of A2 (cf. 73-107): the "hurdy-gurdy" theme itself (452-63), the "stormy" theme (463-78), and the "lamenting" refrain (479-87). This time, however, the lamenting refrain reaches the broadly joyful climax in its original form, in the relative major, exactly as in the first restatement of the scherzo (487-95, cf. 202-18). But the relative major is now inevitably D major, a less bright key than either A major or B major, and doubly subdominant of E minor.

B. Conclusion of restatement of First Trio, D major (496-506). The joyful climax initiates an overlapping repetition of the end of the

first restatement of the trio (cf. bars 269-286): the climax itself, as mentioned (487-95) and the leaping waltz-material B2 (496-506).

CODA, D minor (bars 506-580). Following the repetition of bars 269-86, the joyful climax should now strike in—and it does, but in an awesomely distorted form, as a doom-like outburst in D minor (506-17), taking in Purgatorio motive X. With this abrupt switch from major to minor, the conflict is fatally decided: the movement has been pinned down irrevocably in the double subdominant minor of D. The fury dies down (518-21), as the final stage arrives. The movement retreats into the distance with an empty and shadowy transformation of the leaping waltz-material B2 in D minor, which becomes more and more ghostly, and gradually disintegrates completely. The coda consists of statement (522-29), restatement (530-27), third statement (538-50), and finally a mere phantom of the waltz rhythm, dying away on percussion alone (551-80). The last solitary note is the deathly thud of a *fortissimo* stroke on completely muffled drum.

The tonal conflict of this movement is the main crux of the symphony. The actual outcome was a despairing fall from E minor to the double-subdominant minor (D minor, via A minor)—and D minor was the key of the tragic central section of the Purgatorio. But the exact equivalent in the opposite, optimistic direction would have led through the dominant major of B (which the waltz theme B1 actually reached) to the double dominant major, F sharp—the true key of the symphony. This is the hard journey which the finale has to travel, and it has to start from the opposite pole—the double subdominant D minor to which the fourth movement has retreated.

V. FINALE. Short score, 401 bars, mainly 4/4 or 2/2,\* D minor moving to F sharp major.

SLOW INTRODUCTION, basically D minor (bars 1-84). There is no tempo marking, but the music is obviously slow.

A. First section, D minor (bars 1-29). The *fortissimo* stroke on muffled drum that ended the fourth movement is the first sound to be heard. Then, with constantly changing time-signatures (as in the second movement), and in D minor (the tragic key of the central section of the Purgatorio, to which the fourth movement retreated), three of the Purgatorio motives are given out slowly and lugubriously in the depths: the seven-note Y (2-3 and 5-6), the three-note W (8 and 10), and the six-note Z (11-14). This material is given a statement (1-15)

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\*Bar-numbering: Page 1: the fragmentary looking bar after bar 25 must be counted—bar 26; the bar after bar 44 must not be counted—Mahler ringed it for possible deletion, and did not reinstate it with the word "bleibt." Page 2: at bars 58-59, despite the one-bar indication of the lower staves, I count the two bars of the upper ones; and bar 78 I count as two bars—78 and 79 (see the inserted seven-note motive). Page 3: at bar 130, note that there are three bars to the end of the page—130, 131, 132. Page 4: at bar 144, there are two bars after the double bar to end the line—144, 145. Page 6: after bar 243, the page is deleted except for the last six bars—244-249. Page 7: the bar after bar 274 must be counted—bar 275; on the next line, there are 9 bars to the double bar—276-84; at bar 288, the extra bar line is deleted—only one bar; after bar 299, the rest of page 7 is deleted; continue on the page 8 which begins with a B flat major chord (this replaces the other page 8) and then take pages 9 and 10, ignoring the superseded page which is not numbered.

and a restatement (16-27). The progress of the music is painful, and continually broken off by loud muffled drum strokes. But at bar 27, a rising seventh on the horn, repeated, initiates a more yearning form of the motive Z, which introduces the next stage.

B. Central section, D major and B major, 4/4 (bars 29-72).

1. The rising seventh is taken up by the flute, to begin a long 16-bar melody of hushed, unearthly serenity, over harmonies of utter stillness, opening in D minor but immediately switching to D major (29-45). This melody, which is partly a reshaping of the "hurdy-gurdy" theme of section A2 in the fourth movement, also makes calm use of Z, and ends with a melting modulation to B major.

2. The violins enter, *ppp*, with a hopeful flowing melody in B major, which has an important counter-melody in the inner parts, with rising and falling intervals (44-58).

3. During this melody, at the point where it rises up to switch momentarily into E flat major, a solemn chordal motive enters beneath it, consisting of two serene statements of the remaining Purgatorio motive X (53-54).

1. The music is retracing the steps of the fourth movement, from D minor, through D major, back to B major; now it turns to D major again to repeat the last stage more clinchingly. The serene flute theme B1 returns for a modified restatement, growing in strength and sonority, and modulates in a more forceful way to B major (58-66).

4. The rising seventh takes over, beginning a new soaring theme which rises immediately to a great paean-like climax (66-72).

A. Return of first section, B minor and D minor (72-84). The soaring theme is cut off brutally by a loud muffled drum-stroke and the menacing return of the Purgatorio motives of the first section; these, despite the theme's attempt to continue, turn the music back the opposite way, from B major, through B minor, to D minor. The move to regain the symphony's main key of F sharp major, via B major, has failed, and the introduction ends darkly, in the depths.

ALLEGRO MODERATO, 2/2, D minor (85-268). The struggle has to begin all over again, from D minor.

A. First section, D minor (85-185): this consists of persistent alternation between the main allegro theme and various versions of the six-note motive Z.

1. Main allegro theme, D minor (85-98)—a swift, agitated, darting idea, in a desperate, cynical mood akin to that of the Rondo-Burleske of the Ninth Symphony, but continually marked *sempre piano*. It is made up of short motives—all quick versions of the Purgatorio motives W, Y and Z, as used in the introduction's first section. The theme is stated (87-94) and restated (95-98).

2. Contrasting theme, shifting tonality (98-104)—a sardonically jaunty version of the six-note motive Z, still *piano*.

1. Return of main theme, D minor, with new extension, working up to a climax (104-20).

2. The contrasting theme this time is the transformation of Z back to its original tragic Purgatorio form, presenting an exact quotation of the two great passionate *fortissimo* climax-statements of it in the Purgatorio's D minor central section (120-127, cf. Purgatorio, 106-114).

1. Return of main theme, *piano again*, with another new extension, working up to a different climax (127-45).

2. The contrasting theme now takes the form of a big jubilant *fortissimo* version of the jaunty transformation of Z—a theme of great romantic warmth in D major (145-53), with a stormy extension moving back to D minor (153-61).

1. Brief ferocious reference to main theme, D minor (161-63).

2. The contrasting theme returns, beginning in its jaunty version and continuing in the romantic one, D major (163-71). It is developed in agitation, working up to a big climax (171-175).

3. Climax of whole first section—an unexpected one, since it presents an almost exact quotation from the fourth movement of the lamenting refrain with motive X (176-80) going straight over into the broad joyful climax (180-86), *fortissimo*, in the relative major of F. (Cf. fourth movement, bars 202-16 and 479-93: the two four-bar phrases of the lamenting refrain as in the fourth movement are presented simultaneously in the finale version.) The aptness of the fourth movement's joyful climax here is that it reveals itself in this new context as a version of Z.

B. Central section, mainly F major and B major (186-251). In F major (a semitone below the symphony's goal of F sharp major), the introduction's rising seventh is heard (187-89), and as before it initiates the yearning version of Z (189-92), and the serene theme B1 from the introduction's central section. But in the swift 2/2 *allegro* tempo (which Mahler would only have moderated slightly, one feels, with something like "*Etwas gehalten*"), this theme has to strive hard to establish itself at all. Opposed and halted each time by the cynical main *allegro* theme, and forced into tonal disruptions, it can only present its first two phrases, and these are full of agitation; nevertheless it holds tenaciously to the key of F major. After a statement (191-99) and restatement (199-209), an agitated extension (209-13) brings a further restatement (213-25), which calms the music down, and dispels the hostile *allegro* theme by modulating to the much-desired key of B major. (Here Mahler might well have indicated a further slackening of the tempo, towards that of the introduction's central section.) A calm, hushed reference to motive Z in its most positive form (226-29) brings a final restatement of the serene theme B1—still two phrases, but now as serene as at first, and with the added nobility of soft trumpet tone (230-36). The movement has once more reached B major on its way back to F sharp; but now a brief tranquil extension (236-239) switches to A flat, and the introduction's solemn chordal motive B3 enters, with its original fragment of B2 above it (240-43). And from this tonal no-man's-land the motive falls sadly by the Neapolitan modulation to G minor (244-45); and the Allegro breaks in again fiercely. It works up to a climax (246-49), and in spite of an attempt to hold to D major at least (250-51), the tonality is jerked back forcibly to D minor, for a return of the Allegro's first section. (Mahler might well have indicated a gradual increase of tempo here, back to Tempo I for the return of the *Allegro*.)

A. Restatement of first section, D minor (251-68)—much curtailed, owing to a shattering dramatic interruption.

1. Main allegro theme, D minor, *piano*, presented as on its second appearance (251-61, cf. 104-20).

2. Contrasting theme, jaunty version, as on its first appearance (261-67, cf. 98-104). With incredible suddenness it works up to a tremendous and unexpected climax.

RETURN OF FIRST MOVEMENT MOTTO-THEME AND CLIMAX, shifting tonality (268-99). The climax is a fortissimo dominant ninth on G, and while the trumpet holds on to its high A, the violins descend from an octave higher with the second segment of the viola motto-theme of the symphony's opening (268-75, cf. first movement, 188-93). As they die away, the trumpet still holds to its high A, and the sustained *fortissimo* nine-note dissonance of the first movement enters, the trumpet note piercing through it; this time, however, against the dissonance two of the Purgatorio motives are thrown, in their finale *allegro* version—the grotesque three-note W, and the ferocious seven-note Y, which attempts to reimpose the key of D minor (bars 276-84, cf. first movement, 203-208). Then, with the trumpet still holding its high A fortissimo, the horns strike in powerfully with a practically literal quotation of the first movement's viola motto-theme as it opened the symphony (285-99, cf. first movement, 1-15). While this proceeds *diminuendo*, the trumpet descends from its high A in two-part counterpoint similar to that between first and second violin in bars 184-93 of the first movement.

The tonal direction of this last passage is, of course, that of the symphony's opening motto-theme—B minor to D minor; and this may be taken as some indication of the extent to which Mahler had worked out the overall form of the symphony. *The whole tonal crux of the work—the fourth movement's retreat through B minor to D minor, and the finale's difficulty in breaking out of D minor into B major on its way back to F sharp—is already contained in embryo in the motto-theme which opens the symphony and introduces the F sharp major Adagio theme.* It is, in fact, the finale's inability to leave D minor that has brought back the first movement's eruptive climax and motto-theme: the symphony has regressed to its original unresolved tension and its dark unanswered question.

As trumpet and horn die away, *pianissimo*, the motto-theme has brought us to D minor as it did originally, but it has pointed a way to the solution of the finale's problem: there is now an implication of F sharp major, since that key generally followed the motto-theme in the first movement.

But the finale does not go immediately into F sharp major; that was the first movement's too-easy and precarious answer to the original question. The music switches calmly to a new key—B flat major, the hopeful key of the major themes in the Purgatorio. (The tempo has also returned to the 4/4 of the introduction's central section: Mahler wrote "4/4" just before the dissonant chord, and this whole section will naturally be in the tempo of the equivalent passage in the first movement.)

RESTATEMENT OF INTRODUCTION, CENTRAL SECTION, MODIFIED, B flat major moving to F sharp (299-374). The

first section of the introduction is not restated: the finale has now left the dark key of D minor, and the grim D minor versions of the Purgatorio motives, so intensively exploited in the Allegro, once and for all.

B2. The serene theme B1 does not enter immediately: it is to the hopeful violin melody B2 that the music turns first, to begin a long passage of great quietude and serenity. A brief gentle reference to this theme, in B flat (299-304) leads to a more solemn and noble treatment of it in the same key, which exploits the rising and falling intervals of its original counter-melody rather than the flowing theme itself (304-15). At the end of this, the music melts, through a breath-taking modulation, into F sharp major. At last, almost without realizing it, the symphony has found its way home to its true key: where passion and violent struggle have failed, calm meditation and hope have succeeded. It is fascinating to note that in Mahler's final version, the symphony did not return to F sharp at all, but ended in the B flat of the hopeful Purgatorio themes (see his rejected page 8, and the single unnumbered page). After the horn and trumpet counterpoint, the present B flat major passage did not follow: the music switched to B flat, but began immediately in that key the present F sharp major conclusion to the symphony. There can be no doubt that the addition of the B flat transitional passage, the modulation to F sharp, and the transposition into that key of the whole last section, was a conclusive master-stroke.

With the return home, passion returns, more sure of itself. B2 (the counter-melody still) is taken up in F sharp in a new version with soaring and sweeping intervals (316-23), but the passion is as yet subdued, in a soft dynamic.

B1. Quietly, tenderly, the serene theme B1 now takes over, also in F sharp (324-31), and then a brief return to the counter-melody of B1 (331-35) makes another glorious modulation, up a semitone into G major: this assured semitonal elevation of the symphony's main key counterbalances the semitonal failure to rise to it in the Allegro's F major central section.

B4. In G major, the soaring theme of the introduction's climax returns (335-40), but now devoid of all struggle, as full of peace as the G major music of the *Poco Adagio* of the Fourth Symphony.

B2. Still in G major, still softly, the hopeful violin melody B2 now steals in its original flowing form (340-47), and rises up as before, ready to introduce the solemn chordal motive.

B3. As B2 reaches the heights, it switches key, as it did at first, but quite differently, magically, back to F sharp major, for the solemn chordal motive to strike in with a new nobility and majesty (348-49). A passionate reference to the counter-melody of B2 flares up and dies down (350-52), and the final stage is at hand.

B1. The serene theme B1 has been the real protagonist of the finale, being the first to raise the movement out of its dark D minor despair, and the temporary dispeller of the cynical Allegro material; and now it comes fully into its own to bring the symphony to its ultimate climax. It is given out in F sharp major by "all the violins, *fortissimo*, big tone" (Mahler's marking), in two tremendously passionate affirmations, corresponding to the two statements in the introduction: statement (353-61,

cf. introduction 29-36), and, after a surging reference to B2 (361-65), restatement (365-74, cf. introduction 58-66). At the end of the latter, the passion ebbs, and the music returns to the rising passage of B2, in a dissolving A major/F sharp major *diminuendo*.

CODA, F sharp major (374-401). The symphony ends in a mood of transfigured serenity quite different from the bitter-sweet resignation of the endings of *Das Lied von der Erde* and the Ninth Symphony. As B2 continues in the upper part, there are ethereal references to the rising seventh and the solemn chordal motive, the latter continuing after B2 has died away (374-93). Then the rising seventh is heard low down, dying away (393-95); but it suddenly, unexpectedly, leaps up as a great rising twelfth, swelling out to *fortissimo*; the upper note is held tenaciously with full power, then in a long *diminuendo*, and finally the phrase descends stepwise, completing the six-note motive Z to form a final benedictory cadence. The effect is of a great sigh of contentment at finding peace at last.

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This description, despite its length, is only an outline, from which a thousand significant cross-relationships have had to be omitted. Those interested may pursue for themselves the myriad transformations of the four main Purgatorio motives during the last two movements, hardly a bar of which is free from one or other of them; and also the implications of such features as the fact that the opening motto theme of the symphony begins with the thematic pattern of the Purgatorio motive X, and the Scherzo's opening germ-motive with that of its opposite number Y.

Nevertheless, the above should be sufficient proof that the Tenth Symphony does exist, in the sketch, as a musical work of art, in the sense of a continuous, integrated symphonic structure, fully intelligible in its whole essential thematic, harmonic, tonal and formal argument. It is this crucial and indisputable fact that impels those who advocate, with Richard Specht, that a performing version of the sketch should be made.

But let us be absolutely clear that what we advocate is in fact simply this—a *performing version of the sketch*—and not a "completion" of the Tenth Symphony. No-one in his right senses can imagine that the work can be completed for Mahler, as Mahler himself would have completed it, for the following reasons.

(1) Here and there, owing to Mahler's hasty calligraphy, it is difficult, if not impossible, to establish exactly what Mahler wrote, or intended to write.

(2) Even allowing that these dubious features represent only a small proportion of the whole, a conjectural reading of which cannot affect the general purpose of the work, the manuscript is still only a comprehensive sketch, the bar-to-bar layout of which still awaited final revision.

(3) Even allowing that this revision of detail would not have changed the overall form of the work in any crucial way, there are sections in the second, fourth and fifth movements where continuity is preserved by only a single thematic line, without accompanying texture.

(4) Even allowing that most of these sections represent either exact or almost exact recapitulations of material exposed earlier, and can therefore be filled out with material already provided by Mahler himself, there are still a few short passages in the second movement where the texture has to be completed conjecturally, if the music is to make any genuine impact.\*

(5) Even allowing that these short passages again represent a small proportion of the whole, a conjectural filling-out of which cannot affect the general purport of the work, the texture of the second, fourth and fifth movements lacks in many places the wealth and perfection of detail characteristic of Mahler's completed scores.

(6) Even allowing that this is still, after all, a matter of detail rather than of essence, it is still necessary to complete the orchestration of the second movement, and to provide the whole orchestration of the last two, from the few significant hints scattered here and there by Mahler.

For these reasons, it is undeniable that a "completion" of the Tenth Symphony is impossible. But on the other hand, it is not at all impossible to produce a performing version of the sketch, which shall allow Mahler's whole tremendous (if unperfected) conception to speak out clearly. Admittedly, to make the sketch as it stands performable, it is necessary to provide a certain amount of conjectural addition to the texture, and a large amount of conjectural orchestration; but these elements, in comparison with Mahler's own "fully-prepared" thematic, harmonic, tonal and formal argument, sink to the level of the subsidiary, and in performance would be so dwarfed by it as to be barely perceptible.

It can be argued, of course, that the result would be artistically unacceptable, since it would not be a definitive, perfected, fully-achieved work of art. The answer to this is that we are dealing here with a unique case: rather than lament the loss of Mahler's own final definitive score of the Tenth Symphony, we should rather rejoice in what fate has so incredibly spared us—the full-length, continuous, entirely intelligible sketch of the whole five-movement structure. And we should do all in our power to make this structure capable of being experienced as living sound.

All true lovers of Mahler's music should ask themselves, with the utmost seriousness, the following question. Is Mahler's final symphonic masterpiece, so essential to our understanding of his life's work, to be lost to us simply because, lacking his own perfect end-product, we refuse to accept it in the form of its whole main essence, made audible through some subsidiary assistance by another hand?

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\*The problem of these passages might be solved if the short score of the second movement were forthcoming. Mahler always made a short score of his movements, and worked from them to his full score; we have the full score of the second movement, but the short score has apparently disappeared.

## BRUCKNER'S THREE STYLES

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

If the history of music had been included in his studies, that convenient figure of speech, "every schoolboy," could tell you right away that the creative work of certain composers can be readily divided into three styles, or periods, identifiable as the largely derivative, the individual and wholly assured, and the advanced or prophetic (the last-named often possessing overtones of the mystical or other-worldly). First used in connection with Beethoven, this ordering applies quite as well in the case of Wagner, and almost as well in that of Verdi. The difficulty with the great Italian has been the locating of the third period: did it begin with *Aida*, as some will have it, or (more logically) with *Otello*? Alfred Einstein favored here not three periods but four, placing in the second only *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*, with *Otello* and *Falstaff* still constituting the fourth.<sup>1</sup>

Such changes of style are generally gradual, hence the presence of transitional works, in which the new manner is suggested but not wholly captured, as, in Beethoven's case, the Quartets Opp. 74 and 95, and the Sonatas Opp. 81a and 90. To his own subsequent great satisfaction, Wagner bridged the gulf between *Rienzi* and *Der Fliegende Holländer* in one enormous leap. We are inclined to think that he went as abruptly from *Lohengrin* to *Das Rheingold*, but that would be to overlook the long period of cerebration, of preparing himself, and the public, for the new direction his art was to take. There was even a transitional work, of a sort, namely, *Siegfrieds Tod*, begun immediately after the completion of *Lohengrin*. The text, as customary with Wagner, was written first, and a fraction of the music was composed. This projected "grand heroic opera" was destined to emerge, a quarter century later, as *Götterdämmerung*, fourth music drama of the *Ring* cycle.

We must also bear in mind that some media are more demanding than others. Beethoven and Bruckner "found" themselves more readily as composers of sonatas and masses, respectively, than they did as symphonists. Again, a counterpart of Bruckner's awakening at the hands of Otto Kitzler, plus the latter's performances of *Tannhäuser* (see below), presents itself in Strauss's conversion to program music, through the persuadings of Alexander Ritter, which also made a different man of him.

Short-lived composers hardly invite such compartmentizing, something particularly true of Mendelssohn and Chopin, both of whom wrote characteristically in their teens. Indeed, on the strength of the Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, written at the tender age of seventeen,

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<sup>1</sup> *Music in the Romantic Era* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., 1947) p. 274.

Mendelssohn may be said to have owed less to maturity than any other of the great composers.

As for Brahms, his third period, to the extent that he had one, might almost be said to have come first! Although Bruckner had the longer life-span, his Viennese rival, because of his earlier start, had the more extensive period of significant creative activity. Yet his output, stylistically, was far more consistent and uniform. Born to mastery, he could still acquire the ripeness of experience, as witness the widely separated versions of the B major Trio, Op. 8.<sup>2</sup> After a modest fling at unabashed romanticism, he kept his gaze turned resolutely backward, with an occasional stolen glance at greener pastures. The handsome way in which this reactionary attitude paid off presents us with a nice esthetic issue, upon which has hinged, and will continue to hinge, the relative status of these two composers.

Including Bruckner among the three-period boys is, I admit, an unconventional and, possibly, unprecedented gesture. Most sufficiently informed persons would unhesitatingly accept the notion of two distinct phases of the Bruckner output, neatly separated by the aforementioned discovery of Wagner, at the age of forty-one. As Erwin Doernberg has expressed it in his admirable study, *The Life and Symphonies of Anton Bruckner*: "In middle life and after long years of painstaking study of musical theory, Bruckner became from one moment to the next a great composer."<sup>3</sup> I am still strongly inclined to set the last three symphonies apart from the rest—most certainly the Ninth, with its harmonic intimations of the twentieth century (Scherzo and Adagio). With No. 7 there came a marked enrichment of Bruckner's style, harmonically and orchestrally, furthered in the latter department by the enlargement of resources, something for which the inclusion of Wagner's own "Bayreuth" tubas was in large measure responsible. There is also a harp in the final movements of No. 8 and other details that need not be gone into here. These three symphonies possess, beyond question, a grandeur and a depth of expression that definitely places them in a category of their own.<sup>4</sup>

There comes to mind in this connection Lawrence Gilman's article, "The Master of the Grand Style," written for the program book of the New York Philharmonic and widely reprinted. The following excerpt seems plainly to have been inspired by the music of this final phase:<sup>5</sup>

" . . . Sometimes, rapt and transfigured, he saw visions and dreamed dreams as colossal, as grandiose, as awful in lonely splendor, as those

<sup>2</sup> Completed in 1854, when Brahms was twenty-one, it was rewritten, all but the Scherzo, to its own great advantage, in 1891.

<sup>3</sup> (London: Barrie and Rockcliffe, 1960) p. 18.

<sup>4</sup> While such was not the case, this setting apart of Bruckner's last three symphonies could well have been prompted by H. F. Redlich, who draws such a dividing line in his *Bruckner and Mahler* (London: J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.; New York: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, Inc., 1955). Dr. Redlich gives further endorsement to the point of view expressed here by finding a stylistic similarity between Bruckner's last period and that of Beethoven, (p. 97).

<sup>5</sup> Included here, along with lesser pieces of a religious character, must be the *Te Deum* that Bruckner thought might serve as Finale for the unfinished Ninth and that has sometimes supplanted that need—if need it be. Many feel that, as in the case of the "Unfinished" Symphony of Schubert, the torso makes a wholly satisfactory entity.

of William Blake. At his greatest he is both poet and seer, looking at us with fathomless grave eyes, speaking soberly of incredible things, or uttering magnificence like a Hebrew prophet; or rolling up the Heavens like a scroll. This is the treasurable Bruckner, the musician whom his admirers insist upon remembering—the mystic rhapsodist, hierophant, whose speech was transfigured, whose imaginative tone was penetrated, as Swinburne said of Baudelaire, with the suggestion of indescribable wonders, echoing with the strange murmur of revelation."<sup>6</sup>

This, I am afraid, is the sort of thing that has helped to condition the form and color of the Bruckner image, or Bruckner stereotype, of which more will be said. But the point may be raised immediately as to whether this is the only aspect of Bruckner we should "treasure," since there is so much in his music capable of affording enjoyment, and even deep satisfaction, to which these raptures hardly apply. If Beethoven, rather than Bruckner, had inspired Gilman's fine frenzies, we would find the likeliest provocation in that master's own third period; in certain pages of the last quartets and sonatas, of the Ninth Symphony, or the *Missa Solemnis*. There is still much else in Beethoven that we can "treasure," and similar observations might be made in the case of other composers. As has been well said, we do not disesteem Monadnock because it is not Monte Rosa.

The above reasoning would establish 1863 and 1881 as the years in which Bruckner began new chapters in his composing career. If these premises are accepted, this is accurate for historical purposes. However, establishing the boundaries of Bruckner's creative work is not the real object of this paper. Rather is it offered as a survey and comparative estimate of the nine symphonies, with the intention of pointing out stylistic differences and individual characteristics in a series of works that too frequently have been pronounced "all alike." With this end in view I am inserting a dividing line between the symphonies Nos. 1 and 2, both of which belong properly in my second period, together with the unpublished one in F minor and the D minor Symphony, No. 0.<sup>7</sup> I have Doernberg's support here, to the extent that he calls No. 1 a "forma-

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<sup>6</sup> By an impassioned exegesis, again to quote Doernberg, Bruckner was roused to anger, asking the perpetrator of this "pompous nonsense," "Why on earth, if he felt in the mood for 'making poems,' he must drag in his symphonies?" (*Op. cit.*, p. 23). It is altogether reasonable to suppose that Bruckner, like any other important maker of "absolute" music, regarded himself as primarily a composer, not a preacher or a story teller, albeit most of the commentators will not have it thus. He had his inward promptings, of course, and there were the usual external stimuli, often acknowledged, such as the chickadee that suggested the counterpoint to the second theme in the first movement of No. 4; or the festivities, close by a house of mourning, that were directly responsible for the gay second subject of the Finale on No. 3, with its chorale-like substratum; or the cock crow that gave us the trumpet theme in the Scherzo of No. 7. It is said, furthermore, that the famous initial theme of this Seventh Symphony came to Bruckner in a dream, played, not by cellos and horn, but by a viola! So much for "inspiration."

<sup>7</sup> This Symphony, also called "Nullte," is variously said to have preceded No. 1; to have followed it; to have been begun before and finished after it; and to have been written before, and revised and partly rewritten after it. The piece is not without merit, but since Bruckner in later years dismissed it as "only an attempt," it is not included in the present discussion.

tive" work and pronounces the Second "Bruckner's first symphonic masterpiece."<sup>8</sup>

Arbitrarily again, I am not including the Sixth in the second period, but am characterizing it as "transitional." It is a baffling work that has been but rarely performed and that has both its admirers and detractors. Bruckner considered it his "boldest." It has a richness of treatment and of texture that set it apart from its predecessors. Its Scherzo is *sui generis*. Its Adagio, rightly termed by Nickisch one of Bruckner's "most beautiful" movements, seems to belong with those of the next three symphonies. Nevertheless, these have a mastery and a certainty of touch, a profundity, a high eloquence, an epic quality, that this "Cinderella among symphonies," as it has been called, cannot rightly claim. The analogy between it and other transitional works mentioned above seems clear, at least to the writer.

To get back to No. 1, this youthful<sup>9</sup> and engaging composition differs conspicuously from its companions, which is not to say that it is entirely devoid of Brucknerian characteristics. However, these are overshadowed by the abundance of material that does not disclose either the composer's personality, as we have come to know it, or his general habits of composition, but even runs counter to them. We are made aware of its strong individuality at the very outset. All of the Bruckner symphonies, save No. 5, begin with an ostinato of some kind, that precedes for a moment the chief theme and then supports or otherwise accompanies it. But the reiterated chords in the bass, a C minor triad sans fifth, that set the First Symphony in motion, are not vague, like their later counterparts, but strongly propulsive. If most of the symphonies begin in a fashion that may be described as reflective, or contemplative, the beginning of this one is high-spirited, even rambunctious, the degree of rambunctiousness conditioned by the conductor, who can, at will, sharpen the rhythm and emphasize the many accented dissonances. Incidentally, we are also apprised of the reason for the nickname that has become inseparable from this vigorous, buoyant work. The story back of it, which has been told more than once, is this: the great Hans Richter, finally impelled to investigate some of Bruckner's earlier symphonies, leafed through the manuscript of this No. 1 and, as his interest grew, suddenly exclaimed, "Why, Professor, you must have been madly in love when you wrote this." "I was always madly in love in those days," the composer replied, and then retrieving the manuscript, added, "But *Das Kecke Beserl* must first be polished."<sup>10</sup>

<sup>8</sup> One of the unfortunate consequences of the prevalent impression that there is such a thing as a *Bruckner Symphony* is that a reviewer who has put together a Bruckner critique, probably prompted by one of these better known "third period" works, may then use it, with the necessary changes in numbering, keys, etc., for any Bruckner symphony that comes his way. In such a case, the discrepancy between what has been heard and what has been said about it can be very marked.

<sup>9</sup> Bruckner was actually forty-one when he composed this first of his three symphonies in C minor. But, artistically, his was a case of arrested development, and the term "youthful" properly applies.

<sup>10</sup> This expression, Viennese argot, has been variously translated "fresh young girlie," "bold young girl," "saucy little besom," etc.; while Doernberg, with a resultant confusion in the matter of sex, contributes "impudent urchin." (*Op. cit.*,

The composer's biographer and unremitting champion, Gabriel Engel, called the beautiful, and wholly typical, second subject a "love song." The phrase "wholly typical" refers not only to the character of the chief melody but also to the fact that it is supported by eloquent counterpoint. This concept of a double theme is characteristic of most of Bruckner's second subjects (in the corner movements); *Gesangsperioden* was the composer's apt designation for them. The rest of the material in this movement is in keeping with the exuberant beginning; and mention should be made of the insistent thirty-second note figures, in the violins, that accompany the martial third theme (omitted from the recapitulation, probably because of the important part it plays in the development). Notes of such small denomination seldom appear in Bruckner's music, even in his slow movements. Here they contribute the sort of excitement that is generally confined to the scherzos. The Finale has, in its own way, plenty of get-up-and-go, with the relaxation of a second theme, and a rousing trumpet theme at the end. The Scherzo, to which I am coming presently, bears out the energetic character of the work, leaving only the Adagio to remind us of the calmer, more deliberate Bruckner.

Yet this very Adagio is different. It does not begin with full-throated song—quite the contrary. While the key is finally established as A-flat major, this curious opening is in F minor, with free chromaticism and frequent modulations and a prevailing sense of brooding, almost of groping. Having no counterpart in this respect in the works that follow, this movement has been likened to Bruckner's famous organ improvisations; and that, as he himself said, was not the way he composed. Anyway, the more familiar Bruckner enters with the second theme, and to this succeeds, in E-flat major, with a change of meter to 3/4, a gracious melody that has been found, by some, to suggest the alluring F-sharp major section in the Adagio of the Seventh. The Finale of the latter had already been hinted at in the chief theme of this No. 1, and a third foreshadowing will be noted in the Scherzo. Spiritually, of course, the two works are widely separated.

We are safe in saying that this Scherzo is all Bruckner. It is a vigorous peasant dance, like those in both the Seventh and the Eighth, and the aforesaid specific resemblance comes in some weighty descending scales. The Trio, the theme of which has been described by Engel as "purely Austrian,"<sup>11</sup> has a flavor all its own. For this feature of the symphony, often regarded as mere "filler," Bruckner had a special affection. No two of them are alike, and a parade of all nine would present striking evidence of the resourcefulness that has so often been denied him. The Scherzos themselves are also strongly individual, and this combined Scherzo and Trio is, like the Adagio, one department where Bruckner's success is not questioned, even by the most captious critics.

It is possible to wish that in this, his liveliest symphony, Bruckner had managed to preserve the same general mood and pace throughout the

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p. 48). He certainly would not lend his support to the theory that Bruckner was identifying the Symphony with the particular damsel upon whom his interest had settled at the time of its composition.

<sup>11</sup> *The Symphonies of Anton Bruckner* (New York: The Bruckner Society of America, Inc., 1955) p. 9.

first and last movements. But that was not his way: second subjects should really sing. In other words, he had the romanticist's love of, and desire for, contrast between the various sections of the movement. (Even the romanticists did not always strive for it, to mention as typical, but by no means solitary, example, the "Italian" Symphony of Mendelssohn.)<sup>12</sup>

The wholly familiar Bruckner almost makes an appearance in No. 2, his failure to do so resulting, not from an uncharacteristic ebullience but from a rare degree of conformity to accepted standards of symphonic behavior and propriety. Both of the middle movements are his, in this case, though neither is an advance copy of any of its successors. They have, like all of these slow movements and scherzos, a distinct individuality. The conformity aforesaid is felt in the outer movements, which exhibit, to an extent most unusual for Bruckner, such things as continuity, logic, and momentum.

An overall logic is imparted to this delightful and unaccountably neglected work by the use of the cyclic form, something that is also true of No. 4 and, conspicuously so, of No. 5. These matters have been discussed in full detail in the writer's article, "The Cyclic Principle in Musical Design and Its Use by Bruckner and Mahler," in the 1960 issue of this magazine. Before some reader rises to ask, "How about the pauses?", I hasten to say that their existence is well known to me. There is in both of the corner movements an employment of the general rest that immediately earned for the work the sobriquet of *Pausensymphonie*. These occur chiefly at the end of bridge passages, and discreet conductors have been known to minimize or even eliminate them. In any event, their seriousness has been exaggerated.<sup>13</sup> And while on this issue, I should mention a more noticeable loss of motion in the Finale, brought about by a double reference to the Kyrie of the Mass in F minor,<sup>14</sup> achieved, like a similar interruption in the Finale of No. 3, not by a change of pace but by the use of whole notes. Also, while on the matter of the Finale, I might observe that the second subject, related to that of the first movement, although songlike, does not languish, and that everything else, including the rousing Coda, moves right along. Indeed, the measures filled with either eighths or sixteenths in the first movement produce an unwonted activity, while the material that opens both exposition and recapitulation in the Finale impart a most unBruckner-like suggestion of the *perpetuum mobile*. How, we might well ask, did Bruckner get that way? A further thing to be noted in connection with these outer movements is the fact that both begin and continue for several measures (26 in one case, 11 in the other) in the treble register, although, in the interests of strictest accuracy, it should be admitted that

<sup>12</sup> In No. 7's first movement the chief theme is more truly lyrical than the subordinate one. While hardly pronounced, the contrast is still there.

<sup>13</sup> The composer explained these hiatuses by saying that when he had something of importance to communicate, he was wont to stop and take a breath.

<sup>14</sup> This quotation, like the reference to the Benedictus of the same F minor Mass in the Adagio, is a touching reminder of a bit of personal history. It was the composing of this third and most significant of his Masses that so materially assisted Bruckner in his recovery from the nervous collapse brought on by the harsh critical reception of the First Symphony.

in the former instance a horn thrice lightly touches the C below middle C! Figuratively speaking, the organ-playing Bruckner, as orchestrator, did not often remove his feet from the pedals.

To return to the entire central divisions of the work, the Adagio (*Feierlich, etwas bewegt*) is characterized by a blissful serenity, the word "beatific" suiting it exactly. There is an eloquent climax, but this slow movement does not storm high heaven, as do some of the later ones. Whatever may have been Gilman's feelings about it, this movement is for me one of Bruckner's most "treasurable" pages.

The Scherzo, a rather wild affair, with a delicious Trio, is thematically related to the Finale. Because of all this integration, the three livelier movements are more "of a piece" than is usually the case, and not merely with Bruckner. In fact, this No. 2 is a standing rebuke to those who maintain that Bruckner could not write an "organic" symphony. To pursue this general line of inquiry, the chief theme of the first movement is both thematic and melodic. Most of Bruckner's themes move mainly by chord skips; this one is largely of the stepwise variety, and much of it is semitonal. Prominent in both the first and last movements, and even due for quotation in No. 5, is the exordial motive, A-flat, G, F-sharp, G, an embroidering of the Dominant of C minor. And that brings up yet another of the many arresting details in which No. 2 abounds. In the Finale the transition to the second subject ends decisively on the dominant seventh of D-flat, whereupon the aforesaid "song theme" enters, a mile from home, in the key of A major! Even the earlier Bruckner had a bold concept of tonality, one of the things that relates him to Schubert, as well as to Wagner—the latter a composer with whom the Third Symphony has strong ties.

If you knew Bruckner at all well, you would recognize him immediately on your initial encounter with this No. 3. If you knew the Bruckner Ninth, you might well be reminded of that and, incidentally, of yet another D minor Symphony, the Ninth of Beethoven, from which the two of Bruckner so obviously descended. Your first clue to this triple identity would be the mysterious background, your second the boldly rhetorical chief theme, in this case the famed trumpet tune that so delighted Wagner, and thus brought about the work's dedication to the music dramatist.

Doernberg finds in No. 3 the first instance of Bruckner's monumentality, while Werner Wolff credits it with grandeur.<sup>15</sup> Both qualities are essentially Brucknerian, but here they are suggested rather than fully realized. This is still a second period work, bearing somewhat the same relation to No. 9 that *Der Fliegende Holländer*, also recalled in the opening measures, bears to *Götterdämmerung*. This symphony is franker, fresher, freer, terser than the later ones. And, to venture a Celticism, it is not topheavy in the middle. Like its two predecessors, and at least some of its successors, it progresses steadily from first to last; it does not reach a high point and taper off.

There is in this attractive composition a ceremonial, at times almost a festal, air. Portions of it are even gay. Mention has been made, in a

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<sup>15</sup> *Anton Bruckner Rustic Genius*, (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1942) p. 194.

footnote, of the dance-like tune that serves the Finale as second subject and of its interesting origin. In the Scherzo we find the greatest degree of speed attained in this department, Brucknerwise. It might almost be called vertiginous. Moreover, the delightful, characteristically Upper Austrian, Trio has no proper counterpart until we reach the corresponding portion of the First Symphony of Mahler.

As a sort of forerunner of the "polka" theme in the Finale, not in character but in sheer melodiousness, is the second theme of the first movement, a gracious tune that would be more fittingly described as charming rather than beautiful. "Winning" would suit it very well. Finally, the Adagio, often spoken of as the first of the great ones, has true breadth, with a suggestion of the solemnity we meet with later on, and an imposing climax. However, to register a purely personal opinion, it is less original than the Adagio of No. 2. The chief theme has its quota of nobility but it is not pure Bruckner. Since Beethoven was suggested in the first movement, we might continue the analogy and call this particular theme Beethovenish.

If this article is partly, if not primarily, a plea for the proper recognition of certain unjustly neglected works of Bruckner, No. 4, officially known as the "Romantic," needs no such assistance. More than one commentator has referred to it as the most popular of them all, an assertion of questionable accuracy, since in this country, at least, the one most widely and most frequently played has long been No. 7. Alfred Einstein went on record in his *A Short History of Music*<sup>16</sup> as saying that since Bruckner made "pure sound" the basis of his symphonies (a contention with which not everyone would agree) No. 4 must be considered his "most harmonious," as it relies almost wholly on that particular factor. I have a notion that the fanciful program, extracted with some difficulty from the composer, with its medieval imagery, its horn-blowing hunters who take time out for lunch (Scherzo and Trio) has helped, by imparting to the Symphony a less formidable aspect than that of some of the others. The first movement, although a bit cloying and somewhat static, has undeniable appeal, and the "Hunting Scherzo," for which I do not particularly care, is generally liked. The *Andante*, in the minor mode and a bit on the somber side, is by no means unagreeable, and the Finale tops matters off effectively.

However spurious the program,<sup>17</sup> this Symphony can also be cited as one that quite distinctly goes counter to the fairly prevalent theory, promulgated by the Brucknerites themselves, that every one of the symphonies is directly concerned with the trials and triumphs of the soul. While gratifying to certain temperaments, an all-inclusive interpretation such as this has long stood in the way of a proper evaluation of the Bruckner output. In conclusion, mention may again be made of the fact that the use of the cyclic design has made the Fourth Symphony one of

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<sup>16</sup> New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1937, p. 239.

<sup>17</sup> Bruckner, like Mahler later on, was often called upon to explain his music for the benefit of a public that required such adventitious aids for the full enjoyment of instrumental music. In his case also was the pressure exerted upon him by his disciples who, as members of the avant-garde, were supposed to tolerate only program music and music drama.

the most closely knit of them all, although, as suggested above, Bruckner went much further in this direction in No. 2 and in No. 4's immediate successor.

Why, one may well ask, did Bruckner biographer Goellerich, and those who took their cue from him, call the splendid Fifth Symphony the "Tragic"?<sup>18</sup> Who ever heard of a "Tragic" symphony in the cheerful key of B-flat major? The paired middle movements, of which more presently, are, to be sure, in D minor, but virtually all of the subsidiary material is in major, and both end in major. Moreover, if Bruckner had intended the chief theme of the Adagio to be a "song of earthly sorrow" would he have been willing, as we shall see, to make light of this universal grief in the ensuing Scherzo? This unfortunate word "tragic" has even been applied specifically to the chief theme of the first movement; "trenchant" would suit it better. In any case, "Tragic" symphonies are supposed to register despair and frustration, and this one ends gloriously on a note of victory. Dika Newlin paid this ending the highest possible compliment when she wrote in her excellent study, *Bruckner-Mahler-Schönberg*: "it may fairly be said that the Finale of the Fifth Symphony represents the summit of Bruckner's symphonic composition up to this time—in fact, perhaps, of all his work, for never again did he crown a symphony with a gigantic double fugue."<sup>19</sup>

Greatness is a treacherous word in criticism—it will be recalled that Paderewski was once described as a great pianist who was not a good one—and I shall content myself with the statement that the Fifth is of the bigger Bruckner. It is also in certain respects the most remarkable of them all. The composer called it his contrapuntal masterpiece, and the aforementioned conclusion of the Finale, in which the chief theme of the first movement is thrown into the melee, along with the two subjects of the fugue, is an astonishing example of polyphonic writing. With equal accuracy he could have dubbed it his structural masterpiece. That the slow introduction to the first movement has been found to contain the thematic kernels of the entire symphony bespeaks not only rare skill in motive manipulation but also a remarkable economy of means—and this on the part of a composer who is supposed to have been consistently profligate in this direction.

The uniquely associated Adagio and Scherzo, with the latter entering the picture as a speeded-up version of the former, present us with a situation the significance of which seems to have escaped most of the commentators. Miss Newlin, at least, puts her finger squarely on it. For a parallel we must go to the variation suite of the seventeenth century or, as Miss Newlin suggests, even further back, to the *Tanz und Nachtanz*, or the paired Pavane and Galliard.<sup>20</sup> That of the Adagio is, in part, a double theme and in the Scherzo's third measure a new counter theme appears. The contrasting material is distinctive in each case and the Scherzo has its customary Trio, the first of three that are not in the conventional triple meter, the others being those in the Sixth and Eighth

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<sup>18</sup> Bruckner himself suggested "Fantastic," but the piece does not need a title. If any Bruckner symphony is musically self-sufficient, this is the one.

<sup>19</sup> New York: Kings Crown Press, 1947, p. 99.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 94.

Symphonies. Anyway, since the all-important initial theme recurs frequently in both movements, the effect is something akin to that of hearing a gigantic rondo that changes pace in the middle. If Brahms had thought of anything so radical there would have been a tremendous to-do, comparable to the fuss made over his reviving of the Passacaglia for the purposes of his Fourth Symphony. Poor Bruckner is looked upon as an unworldly dreamer, whose music may provide food for the spirit but could hardly be expected to nourish the mind.

Mention has been made of the peculiar place occupied by No. 6. In it Bruckner is seen reaching out toward a new and richer style that he was soon to make fully his own; but there is much that seems tentative and experimental. The first movement has a rhythmic originality that Redlich calls the symphony's "greatest asset."<sup>21</sup> My choice for this distinction would be the fine Adagio, the excellence of which has already been noted. What seems to be lacking in the first movement, and even more in the last, is a sense of urgency. Engel, who suggests that in the typical Bruckner symphony the first movement advances a conflict that is resolved in the Finale, shrewdly observes that in this case there is no conflict to resolve,<sup>22</sup> while Redlich finds this Finale "patchy and inconclusive" and charges it with resorting "more than any other movement of Bruckner's to material exploited by him to the full elsewhere."<sup>23</sup>

The Scherzo and Trio, collectively referred to earlier as *sui generis*, have, in truth, no real counterpoint in Bruckner, nor, for that matter, anywhere else. Regarding the former, I am appropriating Engel's word "elfin." With its unusual time signature of 4/8, this Scherzo is fanciful to a degree. And if it is elfin, the Trio is elfin plus.

Our problematic and provocative Sixth has had its champions, among them Doernberg and Sir Donald Tovey. Curious about the work, which, along with No. 1, I have never heard in actual performance (and with little expectation in either case of so doing) I once asked Bruno Walter why he never programmed that and another symphony then unknown to me, the Seventh of Mahler. The reason he advanced was that they were "weak" (albeit his quarrel with the Mahler seemed to be confined with the Finale), and since he regarded himself as a propagandist for both composers, he was not going to play deliberately into the hands of the opposition. Perhaps what Herbert F. Peyser said of Weber's *Euryanthe* might apply to the Bruckner Sixth: that it is one of those "hapless masterpieces that cannot live and cannot die."

And now we have reached the "third period," with a consideration of which this discussion began. There is a near-temptation, after reviewing the entire scene, to make the rash pronouncement that Bruckner, while progressing as a tone poet, had regressed as a symphonist. The holder of so questionable a position could be easily dislodged. To be sure, any qualified observer would unhesitatingly assert that these final symphonies overtop their predecessors in both eloquence and stature. There is still the disturbing thought that the things most frequently objected to in Bruckner's case are here more, rather than less, in evidence. One might

<sup>21</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 95.

<sup>22</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 49.

<sup>23</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 96.

adduce the lengths and longueurs, the "terraced" progress, the occasional use of themes unsuited to development (such as the aforementioned initial melody of No. 7), the turning of Allegros and Finales into "animated slow movements," and the exalting of the Adagio to a point where it dwarfs its surroundings.

Regarding these last works Werner Wolff expresses himself as follows: "It would be a mistake to attribute superiority to any of the last three symphonies, which hold a special rank among all Bruckner's works. But as far as its structural perfection is concerned, all of the critics have agreed that the Eighth is a surprising achievement."<sup>24</sup> It does indeed contain the most significant detail in all Bruckner, yes, in all symphonic music, namely, the off-key beginning of the chief theme of the first movement that ultimately finds its proper tonal bearings in the Coda of the last one. Fancy Brahms thinking of that!

The chief difficulty with the Eighth is, in the last analysis, a matter of human frailty on the part of listeners, especially in this restless age: eighty-odd minutes of music, mostly in slow tempo, can prove, as the saying goes, too much of a good thing. Yet what is to be done about it? Cutting, although often resorted to, is *not* the answer. Koussevitzky in his Boston days was partial to this symphony, but with his own liberal and wholly arbitrary excisions.<sup>25</sup> Piqued by a certain reviewer's complainings, he buttonholed the objector at a Symphony Hall gathering and assured him that [in abandoning the Adagio's development section in its fifteenth measure and ignoring the first twenty-six measures of the recapitulation] he had "done the composer a service." And on boasting that he had cut out eight minutes, he was promptly assured that he had sacrificed some of the most beautiful music ever written.

All things considered, Bruckner's life work could hardly have come to a more fitting conclusion than that provided by the unapproachable Adagio of the Ninth, which combines sublimity with an astonishing harmonic boldness and freedom. And that the aging master could still spring surprises is demonstrated by the most un-Brucknerlike page he ever wrote, the fleet, light-footed Trio of the demonic Scherzo that has frequently invoked comparisons with the "Queen Mab" Scherzo of Berlioz. Bruckner and Berlioz! Could a more unlikely pair be found?<sup>26</sup>

The time-honored custom in Bruckner's case has been to see the music in terms of the man. But if, for some impossible reason, we had to discover the man from a study of his scores, we would find ourselves con-

<sup>24</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 124.

<sup>25</sup> After the barrage of protests provoked by his initial presentation of the work, he did, just for once, comply with an uncut version.

<sup>26</sup> Miss Newlin, who brought a singularly fresh point of view to her study of Bruckner, Mahler, and Schönberg, rose beautifully to the opportunity provided by this Trio, saying in conclusion: "But it does convince us that Bruckner, even in his last years, possessed greater versatility than he is often credited with, and it is important for us to know this in making a fair estimate of his merits as a symphonist." (*Op. cit.*, p. 96). Incidentally, the volant main section of the aforesaid Trio is not only Gallic touch: The contrasting measures offer a curious foretaste of Impressionism, with a specific suggestion of the magic-haunted opening of Dukas's *L'Apprenti Sorcier*, as yet unwritten. Werner Wolff (*Op. cit.*, p. 250) notes that the "subsidiary melody . . . has tone colors we do not see in Bruckner's other scores." Indeed, it has: colors both harmonic and orchestral.

fronted with a better-rounded personality than the one that is commonly accepted and that spells "Bruckner" in the minds of friends and foes alike. Actually, it is a dangerous and deceptive practice to confuse the creator of a work of art with his creation, successfully as it may work out in some instances. How, for example, are we to reconcile the domestic and thoroughly domesticated Strauss and *Salome* and *Elektra*? Obviously, a man can be one thing and his art quite another. It is all a matter of the degree of subjectivity, or objectivity, in the approach. And this is a treacherous terrain for the outsider. Nevertheless, we can say with considerable confidence that with Bruckner the subjective has been overstressed.

As a postscript to all this, I am ending with an admission of the difficulties encountered in the search for a proper title, since the issue was large enough to defy pigeonholing. Considered at one time or another were "Taking a Fresh Look at Bruckner," "Brucknerian Bugaboos," "The Bruckner Stereotype," and even "The Other Bruckner," with a subtitle "Bruckner for the Man Who Doesn't Like Bruckner." Whatever the label, the intent has been the same: to draw attention to a fact that long ago should have been self-evident, namely, that Bruckner was not a man with one idea (or obsession), one trick of speech, one turn of phrase, but, despite the recurrence of certain mannerisms, certain manifestations of an unusual personality and training, a composer of resourcefulness and versatility, who, to reiterate the basic contention of this paper, should be judged by his total output, not by an overstressed segment of it.

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### KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO DONALD MITCHELL

Donald Mitchell is well known in Great Britain and beyond its borders for his extensive writings on Mahler. He was an editor of *Music Survey*, London music critic for the *Musical Times*, and a contributor of musical criticism to *The Times*. He has often written articles for CHORD AND DISCORD. Since 1959 he has been on the music staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. He is the author of *Gustav Mahler—The Early Years*, the first detailed account of his childhood and student years which contains analyses of his early works. On May 11, 1961, Mr. Mitchell addressed the Royal Musical Association on the subject: *Gustav Mahler: Prospect and Retrospect*.<sup>1</sup>

In recognition of his efforts to create greater interest in and appreciation of Mahler's music, the Directors of the *Bruckner Society of America* awarded to Donald Mitchell the Mahler medal designed by the late Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the *Society*.

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<sup>1</sup> This address is reprinted in full on pages 138-148 of this issue.

# THE TREND TOWARDS THE FOLKLIKE, NATIONALISM, AND THEIR EXPRESSION BY MAHLER AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES IN THE LIED

by EDWARD F. KRAVITT

The trend towards the folklike was one of the most important movements in the Late Romantic Period (c. 1890-c. 1920), not only in Germany and Austria, but also in Europe as a whole. At its height, it influenced more individuals than did any other trend of the time. It strongly affected all types of music—from the popular to the most sophisticated. And it stimulated considerable scholarly research. Indeed, more societies and periodicals devoted to the study of folk art existed in Germany and Austria at this time than at any time before or since.

To be sure, composers in central Europe were interested in the folklike throughout the entire era of greater Romanticism. But this interest was greatly intensified towards the end of the era—after 1890. Nationalism was the catalytic agent responsible. And nationalism had strongly affected cultural life even before 1890. Indeed, it had stimulated the rise of schools of music in areas of Europe that were musically dormant, e.g., Russia, Bohemia. And it had inspired composers in countries in the mainstream of musical life, France, Italy, and Germany, to cultivate an indigenous musical style and to free themselves from all traces of foreign influence. But after 1890, nationalism became so potent that it profoundly affected all areas of political and artistic thought.<sup>1</sup> It reached its high point at about the time of the First World War.

That the trend towards the folklike is actually an expression of nationalism will become evident during the course of this article. For the present, one example should suffice: in Germany and Austria in the early 1890's, most newly performed successful operas were veristic imports from Italy. The German patriot, grieved by this fact, actually regarded the importation of Italian operas as an invasion. To his satisfaction, the "invasion" was partially stemmed three years later by the premier of Humperdinck's *Haensel und Gretel*, a work he considered thoroughly Germanic: for it is saturated, he thought, with *Volkslieder* (folksongs).<sup>2</sup> And the *Volkslied*, to any romantic nationalist, is the

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<sup>1</sup> The historian, Carlton Hayes, considered 1880 as the beginning of a period when the liberal nationalism of the earlier 19th century (1815-1880) was supplanted by an illiberal type which became intense and chauvinistic, a nationalism that affected all European countries especially Germany. For a detailed study of nationalism by Hayes see *Essays on Nationalism* (New York, 1926).

<sup>2</sup> Actually Humperdinck used only three folk tunes in this fairy tale opera. Yet he captured the spirit of the folksong so convincingly in his score that his audience was led to believe the work was filled with them.

most intrinsic expression of the German spirit.<sup>3</sup> Therefore, he attributed the resounding success of *Haensel und Gretel* to its Germanic spirit in general and to its *Volkslieder* in particular. These, he asserted, had immediately captured the hearts of the German people. And their application by Humperdinck in an opera, his interpretation continued, provided German composers with a "new" operatic genre, the "folk opera," a medium through which they hoped to find no end for self-expression. This discovery animated their sagging spirit. It stimulated them also to turn to their national heritage for musical inspiration. As a consequence of these "facts," the patriot celebrated the success of *Haensel und Gretel* not so much as a musical triumph but as a nationalist victory.

A study of the *Jugendbewegung* (the German youth movement) of the early 20th century provides a striking example of the impact of the trend upon the masses. Vigorously active, the movement stimulated the publication of periodicals and collections of folk music. Moreover, it affected the development of the concert lied, and in its later stages, it helped to arouse interest in the polyphonic music of the Baroque and Renaissance and even to cultivate *Gemeinschaftsmusik* and *Gebrauchsmusik*. At its core was a veneration of the folk and their art.

A general description of the *Jugendbewegung* is difficult to provide. For the aims and attitudes of its members changed frequently during its relatively short life span. During its first period (1901-1907), when it was called the first *Wandervogel*, the movement had no definite organization or goals. Protest against the artificiality of life in the great cities, against sophistication, and even against the discipline of teachers and parents were ideals that united the youth. They sought to escape these "evils" by a flight into the open outdoors—into nature. "They wished . . . to live in the health and beauty of natural surroundings, [to build] a culture for themselves that they could contrast with that of city and town life from which they were fleeing."<sup>4</sup>

The movement was wildly romantic, during its first stage. Its members, students for the most part, called themselves *Bacchanten*. They identified themselves with medieval wandering scholars. They dressed and behaved like travelling artisans. Each new-comer was festively enrolled in the *Scholarenbuch* by an *Oberbacchant*, a leader. Although music was important in the movement at this time, it played no specific role.

During its second period (ca. 1908-1913)—the second *Wandervogel*—the movement solidified, lost some of its wildly romantic character,

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<sup>3</sup> The thinking of most Germans about folk art, from the days of Herder to those of Nietzsche, was steeped in what we may refer to as romantic metaphysics—romantic because it was characterized by an idealization of the "folk," and metaphysical because the folksong was considered in terms of the *soul* and [*Geist*] *spirit* of a people. Herder, for instance, conceived the *Volkslied* as the true voice of the people. Nietzsche called it "the musical mirror of the world . . . the original melody." (*The Birth of the Tragedy*, Modern Library Edition, p. 198).

<sup>4</sup> Hilmar Hoekner, *Die Musik in der deutschen Jugendbewegung* (Wolfenbüttel, 1927), p. 5. This book is an excellent study of the German Youth Movement, the musical aspect in particular.

and established definite goals. With its membership then at 25,000, and with a monthly publication called *Wandervogel*, the movement became an important cultural force. Its philosophy was still deeply romantic. In fact, it seemed as if the youth had accepted Rousseau's ideas as their own, merely adopting them to suit the German climate of the late Romantic Period. "In his wanderings from lamenting mountains and valleys," wrote Hans Breuer, one of the leaders, ". . . the *Wandervogel* will gradually find his primeval ties in the holy company of nature, ties which were torn during the passage of time. The tree which was ripped from its native soil will grow new roots. Mankind, who has sprung from the womb of nature, will gradually find his primeval relatives again. He understands their language and he will again become natural."<sup>5</sup>

The *Wandervogel* sought these roots not only in nature, but also in the German peasant. Because he had lived close to the soil, the peasant, they thought, had retained his primeval ties. And his songs represented to the youth the most genuine link to their lost heritage: for these lieder had survived the decaying influence of time. Determined to learn genuine folksongs only, the youth sat at the peasant's feet, collecting and venerating everything he sang. In fact, they considered their sacred duty the protection of his priceless heritage of folksongs from "contamination" by city "hits."

Trenchantly nationalistic, they "believed that widespread singing of the folksong would lead to a spiritual rebirth of the German people." Like most romantics, they regarded the folksong as the most genuine expression of the German soul: "In the *Volkslied* there lives the pulse of our entire German history."<sup>6</sup>

In typically romantic fashion, they sought to achieve a unity between their experience of nature and the poetic content of a folksong. Thus, marching songs were to be sung only on a hike. And lieder about leave-taking were reserved for departure into nature. The folksong was also a prime medium through which the youth gave direct expression to a given mood or situation. To illustrate: after a group had reached the top of a mountain and discovered a beautiful view, "one of its members began to sing 'O Vaterland, wie bist du schoen.'" Gradually all joined in. Then another stood up and removed his hat."<sup>7</sup>

To supply the youth with music for their marches and campfires, Breuer published, in 1909, his large collection of folksongs, the *Zupfgeigenhansl*. Its success was impressive. The first edition was almost immediately exhausted. By 1913, 100,000 copies were sold. Over a million were bought since. Its great popularity sparked members to issue other anthologies of folksongs. Fritz Joede, himself, published over thirty.

Owing to its strong appeal to the youth, the *Volkslied* became the center of the movement, during this period. "That which the *Wander-*

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 44. This quotation was drawn by Hoeckner from Hans Breuer, "Wandervogel und Volkslied." *Wandervogel*, IV (1910), p. 81ff.

<sup>6</sup> Both quotations are from Hoeckner, *Jugendbewegung*, p. 187 and p. 213 respectively. The second is from the Breuer article cited in footnote 5.

<sup>7</sup> Hoeckner, *Jugendbewegung*, p. 42, footnote 1.

*vogel* is searching for in and out-of-doors," wrote Hans Breuer, "is written in the folksong. One can truly say: the *Volkslied* is the most complete expression of the *Wandervogel* ideal." Interest in the folksong was, indeed, intense. "Nowhere in recent times was the folksong sung so passionately and with such enthusiasm as by the *Wandervogel*."<sup>8</sup>

Besides intoxicating its adherents with a love for the folksong, the trend exerted still another important influence: it induced its followers to accept simplicity as an artistic ideal. In addition to being considered an intrinsic expression of a nation's soul, the folksong was regarded also as a symbol of musical and poetic simplicity. The *Wandervogel* expressed this particular influence by singing their songs to plain, uncomplicated accompaniment. Skillful playing was actually frowned upon as being artificial and sophisticated. The guitar was the standard instrument. And the youth merely strummed upon it.

Simplicity, however, was anything but a goal of the great majority of contemporary musicians. Consequently, the critic, Max Vancsa, noted in 1903, in the *Neue musikalische Presse* (p. 310), that "the existence of the trend towards the folklike seems especially curious when one realizes how far the technique of modern music has developed from the naive—from folklike simplicity."

The strongest monition against complexity in music came from the highest law of the land, the German Kaiser. Wilhelm II concentrated his criticism upon the choral music of his time. He condemned it for not being genuinely Germanic, by which he meant—it was not folklike enough. Moreover, he considered it too complex. Thus, he created in 1903 two commissions of outstanding professors and practical musicians to arrange *Volkslieder* and *volkstümlicher Lieder* for male chorus. These men were urged:

not merely to imitate the character and nature of the folk in their songs and thereby to create the folklike character only superficially, but to capture the essential traits of the songs of the folk, their directness, their truth, simplicity, unpretentiousness, intimacy, and to imprint . . . such a spirit deeply in the music so that the folk would understand and gladly embrace these songs as their own.<sup>9</sup>

Music critics, influenced in part by the kaiser's proclamation, attacked the concert lied of the time for being over-sophisticated. The voice-part, they complained, rarely carries an easily singable melody. On the contrary, it is usually unmelodic and highly declaimed. Armin Knab, an outstanding composer of lieder, thought that the vocal line functions like a thin thread that is pulled inorganically up and down through a piano-part that is thick and conceived orchestrally. And the piano-part,

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, see pp. 44 and 26, respectively.

<sup>9</sup> *Volksliederbuch für Männerchor*, Editor, Rochus Freiherr von Liliencron. 2 Vols. Leipzig [1906?], Max Bruch, Humperdinck, Richard Strauss, and Ludwig Thuille were among the more than forty artists of the commission. Works by the masters—Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Wagner et. al.—arranged for male chorus, are also to be found in the *Volksliederbuch*.

they generalized, instead of being an accompaniment, often plays the dominant role. In short, the genre is so complex that it can be rendered only by highly trained artists and appreciated only by a small and select public. Therefore, the concert lied must be reformed. And this goal, they argued, could be achieved only if composers chose as their model the prototype of the lied—the folksong.

Yet, the concert lied was being zealously cultivated early in our century. According to Fritz Joede, who later bemoaned the fact in verse, a defenseless public was being drowned by them:

Mountains of music are being turned out today  
symphonies and potpourris  
oratorios, operas, operettas and salon music  
and dance music, dance music a flood of it  
and lieder, lieder, still more  
a deluge  
and all for voice and piano. . . .<sup>10</sup>

To achieve simplicity in the field of the lied, the Berlin weekly—*Die Woche*—waged a battle that was, indeed, valiant. Called to campaign by their kaiser's proclamation against sophistication in the arts, their manner of attack is noteworthy. They planned to arouse the public's interest in 1903 to the neglect of the *volkstümliches* (folklike) *Lied* by organizing a contest. This contest was surprisingly successful; it involved a large number of participants, measured the interest of the public in the genre, and prompted consideration of it by outstanding composers and singers. Furthermore, the contest stimulated other contests and provided, in its statement of purpose, a clear-cut criticism of the contemporaneous concert lied as well as a description of the modern *volkstümliches Lied*.

The immediate purpose of the contest was to stimulate composers to write *volkstümliche Lieder*. These would serve not only as models for the further cultivation of the genre but also as music for the home. "The art of making music in the home (*Hausmusik*)," the contest-committee pointed out, "is all but lost. Today, *Hausmusik* . . . like the *Volkslied*, is being suffocated by the fashionable popular song, on the one hand, and by the excessive growth of concert life, on the other." The Late Romantic composer has not provided the amateur with simple music as had composers who lived a hundred years before him, e.g., Johann A. P. Schulz with his *Lieder beim Klavier zu singen*. *Hausmusik* must again be cultivated: "It is the fertile soil in which the folk-song grows."<sup>11</sup>

The *Woche* offered several reasons to account for the lack of interest by contemporaries in the *volkstümliches Lied*. The composer was neglecting this genre because he had a condescending attitude towards it. "He does not understand its merits nor the difficulties involved in writ-

<sup>10</sup> Hans Joachim Moser, *Das deutsche Lied seit Mozart* (Berlin and Zurich, 1937), p. 348.

<sup>11</sup> Both quotes were drawn from the short foreword written by the editors, Joseph Joachim, Carl Krebs, and Humperdinck of *Im Volkston, Moderne Preislieder*, Vol. 1, (Berlin, 1903). See also "Im Volkston," *Die Woche*, XV (1903), p. 643.

ing simple songs. In fact, he is actually afraid of being simple for fear of being accused of triviality." The response of the public was similar. It, too, "had lost its ability to be naive and to appreciate the naive." Why, it may be asked? Because "everywhere one demands apparatuses that are too large. Everywhere great demands are being placed on the capacity of the performer. . . ." Instead of cultivating the *volkstümliches Lied*, "the concert song with orchestral accompaniment is receiving most of the attention today." In short, "the music of our time has become overgrown and overcomplicated. It is now caught in its own decline."<sup>12</sup>

The committee members hoped to correct these evils. Their aim was to prove to the public that first-rate lieder can be attractive, contemporary in style, and still be simple. To acquire a body of such songs, they planned first to request outstanding composers to write them. The collection, published by *Die Woche* under the title, *Im Volkston, Moderne Preislieder* (Vol. 1), consists of thirty lieder by men such as Eugen d'Albert, Leo Blech, Humperdinck, Kienzl, Pfitzner, Schillings, Thuille, Siegfried Wagner, and Herman [sic] Zumpe.

To induce the general public to compose *volkstümliche Lieder*, their next step, thirty prizes were offered—one for each prize song. The chief traits of the prize song were enumerated by the committee members in their statements of purpose as well as in the rules of the contest. These traits may be summarized as follows:

The songs submitted must be folklike and yet cast in a musical idiom that is contemporary. They must be no longer than fifty measures and hitherto unpublished. The melody must be completely vocal, simple enough to be sung upon one hearing, and not dependent in any manner upon the piano-part. The accompaniment should be as unsophisticated as possible.

Contestants were cautioned not to imitate the genuine folksong and thereby to create spurious examples, but to capture only its spirit. Two lieder, written by Herman Zumpe, were presented as samples.

The judges were professional musicians: Humperdinck, Carl Krebs, Eduard Lassen, Felix Schmidt, and Ludwig Thuille. Each winner was awarded 100 marks and the prize songs were published in a volume called: *Im Volkston, moderne Preislieder, Vol. II*, a special publication of *Die Woche*. Three big additional prizes of 3000, 2000, and 1000 marks, considerable sums for the time, were awarded to composers of the three best of the thirty songs. The three were selected not by professional musicians but, significantly enough, by the public. Was not the "folk" the best judge of what is folklike?—a bit of sentiment that sounds like an echo of the *Wandervogel* philosophy and of the Kaiser's proclamation. At any rate, by inviting the public to participate in the voting, the committee hoped to arouse widespread interest.

The entries reached 8859. After the prizes were awarded the *Woche* decided to select, from those songs already submitted, thirty additional ones, songs that are first-rate but, for certain reasons, not in the class

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<sup>12</sup> Heinrich Neumann, "Im Volkston," *Die Woche*, XVII (1903), pp. 731-732.

of the first thirty. These were published in a third volume. The public was invited again to participate—this time to select the best from all ninety songs. The same high prizes were offered. A total of 53,915 votes were cast. And more than 120,000 copies of the three were sold.

Even if the editors undertook the contest as a shrewd business venture, its effect upon the *volkstümliches Lied* cannot be disregarded. "Great artists," *Die Woche* announced on February 27, 1904, "who have for a long time neglected the *volkstümliches Lied*, are now including at least some examples in their recitals or giving complete programs of them."

Composers active about 1900 were also swept along by the trend towards the folklike. They responded to it by writing not individual *volkstümliche Lieder* but sets of them. And in doing this, they showed mutual influence: they used the same titles for certain cycles, based others on poetry similar in subject matter, or drew words from the same sources. For instance, several men—Alexander Ritter,<sup>13</sup> Richard Strauss, Richard Trunk, and Reger—applied the title *Schlichte Weisen* to cycles of lieder based on miscellaneous "folklike" poetry. Reger, incidentally, began the composition of his *Schlichte Weisen* in 1903—the year of the kaiser's proclamation, *Die Woche* contest, and the premier of *Haensel und Gretel*. And Max von Schillings, Conrad An-sorge, Joseph Haas, and Wilhelm Kienzl all entitled their sets of songs, based on texts that glorify the peasant, *Ernte Lieder*.

The composition of poetry from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* presents an unusual example of mutual influence. Throughout the 19th century composers paid little attention to this rich source, published by Arnim and Brentano in 1806. Curiously enough, after 1906, one hundred years after its publication, composers began to flock to it. Of course, *Wunderhorn* texts had been set before that year. Mahler composed his before 1892. And in 1903, Humperdinck, d'Albert, and Thuille selected *Wunderhorn* verse when writing songs for the *Woche*—for the special volume contributed by outstanding composers. But after 1906, so many musicians turned to this poetry that Georg Goehler, a lied composer and propagandist in Mahler's behalf concluded: "It has now become fashionable to compose *Wunderhorn Lieder*."<sup>14</sup> Indeed, Schoenberg, Strauss, Graener, Knab, Kienzl, Haas, Joseph Weismann, Walter Courvoisier, and Hermann Zilcher are among others who "suddenly" discovered this collection of folk poetry.

Certain scholars credit Mahler with being practically the first composer to discover the *Knaben Wunderhorn*.

. . . neither Schubert, nor Beethoven, nor Mendelssohn, nor

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<sup>13</sup> The *Schlichte Weisen* by Alexander Ritter (1833-1896) was the forerunner, by many years, of the *Schlichte Weisen* by the other composers mentioned. Ritter probably influenced Strauss to write his set, since Ritter was, for a time, Strauss' mentor.

<sup>14</sup> Georg Göhler, "Gustav Mahlers Lieder," *Kunstwart und Kulturwart*, XXIV (1910), p. 146.

Schumann seems to have paid the slightest heed to this rich treasure of lyricism accessible to all of them.<sup>15</sup>

But Mendelssohn and Schumann did set a number of its poems. And Hans Redlich singles out only Thibaut as not having overlooked this wonderful collection:

It is hard to understand that this glorious anthology should have remained neglected by most German composers (J. Thibaut—Heidelberg, 1810—was an exception) until a young Moravian Jew discovered its qualities in the 1880's.<sup>16</sup>

But Friedrich Silcher set some of its texts early in the 19th century, not to mention Mendelssohn and Schumann, and Brahms also drew several times from the collection late in the same century.<sup>17</sup> Furthermore, Mahler was not the only Late Romantic to concentrate upon the *Knaben Wunderhorn* about 1900. Theodor Streicher created his artistic settings of its poetry at about the same time that Mahler did. And Mahler heard them while they were still in manuscript. Indeed, Streicher once asked Mahler:

"I should like very much to play you some compositions of mine." "To what words?" Mahler asked. "*Knabe Wunderhorn*," he [Streicher] replied.<sup>18</sup>

Though certainly not among the first to set the *Knabe Wunderhorn*, Mahler was, indeed, the first to focus the attention of his contemporaries upon it through his masterful settings of some of its poetry.

Yet Mahler's nationalistic contemporaries condemned rather than praised him for setting these German folk lyrics. They complained that for racial reasons a Jew could never provide these poems with genuinely Germanic music—the only kind appropriate for them. For a composer, according to their thinking, will inevitably express in his music his own racial heritage. Such reasoning, saturated with romantic metaphysics (see fn 3), assumes the presence in each nation of a spirit (*Geist*), one that is transmitted to its own members only. And this spirit is expressed by each member directly in his art. Therefore, Mahler, it followed, could not help revealing his Hebrew heritage in his lieder. The critic, Rudolf Louis, came to such a conclusion about

<sup>15</sup> Dika Newlin, *Bruckner-Mahler-Schoenberg* (New York, 1947), p. 120.

<sup>16</sup> Hans F. Redlich, *Bruckner and Mahler* (London and New York, 1935), p. 142.

<sup>17</sup> By Mendelssohn, see for instance, *Jagdlied* (Op. 84, no. 3) and, probably, *Lieblingsplätzchen* (Op. 99, no. 3); by Schumann, e.g., *Das Käuzlein* (Op. 79, no. 10), *Marienwürmchen* (Op. 79, no. 13), *Jäger Wohlgenut* (Op. 91, no. 2); by Brahms, e.g., *Der Ueberläufer* (Op. 48, no. 2), *Liebesklage des Mädchen* (Op. 48, no. 3); *Rosmarin* (Op. 62, no. 1) etc. etc.

<sup>18</sup> Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters*, translated from the German by Basil Creighton (London, 1946), pp. 68-69. The year this occasion took place is not certain. Alma Mahler entered the event in her diary under 1905, Winter. But the meeting between the composers (Schoenberg, Zemlinsky, and Klaus Pringsheim were also present) occurred not during a winter, but during a summer's night when Mahler was at Maiernigg. At any rate, Streicher (1874-1940), the composer's daughter assured me, began to set *Wunderhorn* text long before this occasion—while he was still in his teens.

Mahler's art: "It speaks a musical German . . . but with the accent, inflections, and, above all, the gestures of the East, of the ever-so-eastern Asiatic Jews."<sup>19</sup> This statement is not necessarily an example of anti-semitism, though a case against Louis can easily be made. Even Paul Rosenfeld argued that racial reasons prevented Mahler, or, for that matter, any other non-German, from writing music that is intrinsically Germanic.<sup>20</sup> Louis' statement is simply evidence of the flamboyant nationalism of the time. It serves as another illustration of how close in the minds of the Late Romantic, folk art and nationalism were linked. Suffice it to say, the conclusions of the nationalists about the "folk" and their art, e.g., that of Louis, were not drawn from scientific investigation but rather from fanciful and sentimental notions about them.

Regardless of the judgment of these nationalists, the folklike for Mahler was a prime source of inspiration, especially during his youth. Nearly all the lieder and symphonies he wrote before 1901 betray its influence. Although some contemporaries, e.g., Reger, wrote more *volkstümliche Lieder*, they did not cultivate the genre as intensively or for as long a time as Mahler did. And they paid it little heed when Mahler cultivated it vigorously, a time before the kaiser and the *Woche* called attention to its neglect.

Mahler found the most direct expression of the folklike in the lied. Interestingly enough, he created a folklike style in certain movements of his early four symphonies, among other ways, by quoting in them extensive passages from his lieder. Indeed, these four are known as "Wunderhorn Symphonies." They derive much of their melodic material from his *Wunderhorn Lieder*.

Although critics have concentrated upon that which, in the Mahler lied, is individual and subjective, they have not also carefully analysed its folk element. This is a mistake! For the creation of folklike simplicity was a main aim of Mahler. Otherwise he would never have impatiently interrupted a technical analysis by a critic of his *Schildwache Nachtlied* with the words: "Oh, dominant be hanged! Approach these things naively as they are meant to be."<sup>21</sup> Furthermore, the presence of a folklike idiom in songs like *Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz* is the chief factor that distinguishes them as a genre from the great mass of contemporaneous concert lieder. For the majority of these concert lieder, though also subjective, is certainly not folklike.

The folklike in Mahler's "volkstümliche Lieder" has a ring of authenticity. Even a cursory analysis, as the present one, should indicate that these lieder contain elements that are genuinely folklike. In the first place, the composer captured in nearly each song the distinctive character of specific categories of the folksong, e.g., the *Tanzlied* (a dancelike folksong) and the *Soldatenlied* (songs of soldiers). As many as five of the *Zwölf Gesänge aus "Des Knaben Wunderhorn"* are idealized *Tanz-*

<sup>19</sup> Rudolf Louis, *Die deutsche Musik der Gegenwart* (Munich and Leipzig, 1909), p. 182.

<sup>20</sup> Paul Rosenfeld, *Musical Portraits* (New York, 1920), esp. p. 207ff.

<sup>21</sup> Ernst Decsey, "Stunden mit Mahler," *Die Musik*, XI (1911), pp. 144-145.

lieder.<sup>22</sup> And dancelike passages appear in three others in this set.

Some of Mahler's lieder are actually saturated with the spirit of the *Ländler*. *Hans und Grethe*, his earliest published song, is a good example. Laendlerlike, for instance, is its melodic line with its wide leaps and its series of eight measure phrases. These leaps, sixths (X) and octaves (Z), occur as portamento upbeats. They are evident not only in the accompaniment—particularly in the instrumental interludes—but even in the vocal line. Also reminiscent of this Austrian dance is the main motive of the song, a rustic, robust figure that falls heavily upon the first beat (Y). It permeates the accompaniment and appears even in the vocal line, where, in measures 38-39, it splits *Ringel* into two disjunct syllables. Clumsy dissonances such as are frequently heard in

Ex. 1 Mahler: *Hans und Grethe*; measures 53-58.

village music are present in the instrumental interludes—the clash of a tonic drone with dominant harmony (see measures 2 and 4 above). And the folklike refrain *Juchel Juchel* adds its flavor to the total pastoral quality. *Hans und Grethe* is, indeed, a fine *Tanzlied*. Moreover, it paints a convincing picture of peasants in the dance.

Surprisingly enough, Mahler did not focus attention upon the folk dance, e.g., the laendler, in the titles of his *Tanzlieder*. And their texts rarely refer directly to the dance. Some are satirical, while others are humorous, or discuss love. Playing directions such as *mit heiterem behagen* (*Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht*) and *Gemächlich* (*Rheinlegendchen*) only hint at the folk dance present in them. Rather than calling attention to the folk dance, Mahler, it seems, actually avoided all specific verbal references to it. For *Hans und Grethe* formerly had the simple title of *Maitanz im Grünen*, one that is typical of a *Tanzlied*. And its performance indication was changed from *Zeitmass eines Ländlers* to *Im gemächlichen Walzertempo*.<sup>23</sup> And *Rheinlegendchen*

<sup>22</sup> See *Verlorne Müh!*, *Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?*, *Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt*, *Rheinlegendchen*, and *Lob des hohen Verstands*.

<sup>23</sup> The direction "gemächliches Walzertempo" is immediately open to the suspicion that Mahler actually had a laendler and not a waltz in mind. The tempo of the typical waltz at about 1880 would have been too fast for *Hans und Grethe*. By inserting the qualifying adjective "gemächliches," Mahler guided the performer to the tempo of the typical laendler. See Donald Mitchell, *Gustav Mahler: The Early Years* (London, 1958), pp. 204ff for further discussion of this song.

had been named *Tanzreime*. A possible reason why he made these particular changes will be given presently. Regardless of the reason, the changes do not disguise the dance that pervades these *lieder*. Though the dance in them is idealized, as are the mazurkas of Chopin—it is, nevertheless, present. Thus, we may consider these songs, *Tanzlieder*.

The *Soldatenlied* was for Mahler a major stimulus. It often served the composer as a "model." Thus, several of his *lieder* may be regarded as actual essays in this genre: *Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz* and *Tambourg'sel*, for example.

That Mahler was greatly interested in the *Soldatenlied* is not surprising. Nationalism stimulated the composition and widespread singing of the *Soldatenlied*. Furthermore, the *Soldatenlied* has always been a very popular type of folksong. To these reasons, one may add Mahler's own personal ones: he was fascinated by military music. Its vigorous rhythm was all but irresistible to him. His liking for military music goes back to his early youth. He is said to have hidden himself, as a boy, in a barracks just to hear trumpet calls. Such military signals decorate many of his *Soldatenlieder*. They give them a ring of authenticity.

With few exceptions, the texts Mahler selected for his *Soldatenlieder* concern the grim aspects of military life—the execution of a soldier or the horrors of war. *Revelge*, for example, depicts the soldier as a human automaton, one who marches knowingly, and deliberately to his death: "Ich muss marchieren bis in Tod!"

The melodies Mahler provides for these songs are similar to those of typical *Soldatenlieder*. They are simple, vigorous, and military in character. Triadic scaffolding, rather than chromatic weaving, characterize them. This structure is apparent especially in the many trumpet calls in the instrumental part. Recurring melodic figures, such as the group of five notes (♩ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♩) which closes nearly every phrase of the *Tambourg'sell*, help to create the intended simplicity. Formally these songs are the strictest of his folklike songs. This fact is striking when one studies songs in which military music is present only in certain sections. These, in contrast to the other sections, are generally treated with greater strictness.

The rhythm of Mahler's *Soldatenlieder* is a heavy tramping march tempo. Short, clipped, dotted rhythms, figures with staccatos (♩ ♩ ♩) or with forceful repeated-note patterns make these songs rhythmically exciting. And their pulse is more alive than even their "models." A comparison of the rhythmic pattern of Mahler's *Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz* with the folksong, *Le Deserteur*, the song that probably inspired Mahler to write his lied, clearly indicates a vigorous pulse in the first and weaker ones in the second.

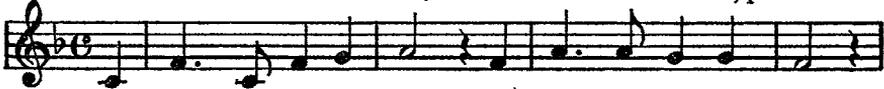
Ex. 2a Mahler: *Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz*; m. 5-6.

*In gemessenem Marsch tempo*



Zu Strass-burg auf der Schanz, da ging mein Trau-ern an!

Ex. 2b *Le Deserteur*: Erk-Böhme, *Deutscher Liederhort*, III, p. 261.



Zu Strass-burg auf der Schanz, da' fing mein Unglück an,

And Mahler's performance directions, *Im gemessenem Marschtempo, äusserst rhythmisch*, and *streng im Takt* makes explicit his aim for a strict tempo with a crisp and energetic pulse.

On the other hand, Mahler occasionally sought to produce the effect of unmeasured, free, or irregular rhythm. He did this in certain passages of his folklike songs to achieve, in performance, a "natural" type of singing, one that is characteristic of the untutored singer. Performance of this type occurs when, for example, a peasant who, singing while at work, pauses in his song, modifies his tempo, or sustains, at will, this or that note. Such a result occurs in the last of his *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*. By inserting a measure of 5/4 directly after three consecutive phrases (eight bars) in quadruple time, Mahler adds an "extra" pulse to the bar. This sudden change of time signature creates on the fourth beat (see X in the example below) an unexpected pause. Its effect is that of the wayfarer momentarily interrupting his song.

Ex. 3 Mahler: *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, No. 4; m. 7-9

al-ler-lieb-sten Platz! O Augen blau wa-rum habt

Even the manner in which Mahler set folk poetry contributes to the folklike quality of his lieder. He knew that in order to create a convincing *volkstümliches Lied* he must try to bring the words and the music into the same type of union found in the typical folksong—a marriage in which one partner, the music, dominates the other. Therefore, unlike most of his contemporaries, he approached the composition of the lied via the music. In fact, his attention, while setting a text, was absorbed by purely musical considerations. Consequently, he did not exercise special care to parallel the metre of the poetry in the rhythm of his vocal line. To be specific: he often applied rhythmic patterns, melo-

dic sequences, or figures associated with the dance or the march or phrases of text. Then, too, he would call for a regularity of musical stresses which produces a tripping and jiggling rhythm, a metre not present in each line of poetry thus set. And he often juxtaposed two groups of time values such as eighths and sixteenths instead of assigning the longer and shorter values to the words according to their relative importance in the central meaning of the poem. And examples of incorrect accentuation of individual words are not infrequent.

In contrast to Mahler, most Late Romantics believed that the lied composer should approach the composition of a song via the poem. He should derive the rhythm of his voice-part from the metre of the poetry. Indeed, composers with acute literary acumen actually sought devices that would serve as musical equivalents for rhyme, punctuation, and poetic metrics. And they used a huge variety of time values to differentiate the words of a poem according to their relative importance in its central meaning. Some went still further. They tried to create a vocal line that in performance would give the impression of being a good recitation of poetry.<sup>24</sup>

These literary-minded contemporaries severely criticized Mahler for his manner of setting a text. Some concluded that he simply did not know how to declaim a poem correctly. What they did not understand is that Mahler was opposed, for several reasons, to the use in his folk-like lieder of declamatory vocal writing: to begin with, the folksong, his model, his point of departure as a composer, is rarely declaimed, but, to the contrary, filled with examples of poor declamation—jiggling rhythms and incorrect accentuation of words. Such "clumsy" treatment of text lends the folksong its distinctive charm. Declamatory vocal writing, on the other hand, is a sophisticated form of art and thus not the ideal vehicle with which to express the folklike. Then, too, Mahler had a strong distaste for declamation in general, a distaste he did not hesitate in an interview to disclose:

[Mahler] answered [my questions] furiously. . . . "I demand a theme, development of the theme, thematic manipulation, song, not de-cla-ma-tion!" and with each syllable he hit the back of his hand in his palm. I had the feeling he was about to explode.<sup>25</sup>

It would be incorrect for still another reason to assert that Mahler lacked literary acumen. He had himself written several fine specimens of folklike poetry, e.g., his *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*.<sup>26</sup>

<sup>24</sup> On this subject see, by the present writer, "The Influence of Theatrical Declamation on Composers of the Late Romantic Lied," *Acta Musicologica*, XXXIV (1962), and *The Late Romantic Lied: Performance, the Literary Approach, and the Naturalistic Movement*, Doctoral Dissertation, New York University, 1960.

<sup>25</sup> Decsey, *Mahler*, p. 144.

<sup>26</sup> Although Mahler claimed to have written the poetry of the *fahrenden Gesellen*, Egon Pamer, among others, noted that the text of the first song—*Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht*—is similar, almost word for word, to certain folk poetry. See his "Gustav Mahlers Lieder," *Studien zur Musikwissenschaft*, XVI (1929), pp. 120ff. For still other variants of the folk poetry Pamer cited see Alfred Müller, *Volkslieder aus dem Erzgebirge* (Annaberg, 1883), p. 135, no. 31 and Georg Heeger and



Egon Pamer discovered fragments from folk tunes in two other lieder by Mahler. And he noticed a similarity between the melodic contour of certain passages of several lieder by Mahler and several folksongs with the same titles.<sup>27</sup>

How is one to account for the presence in these lieder by Mahler of fragments from folksongs? Many explanations may be offered. Let us examine some of these: Mahler quoted the fragments in question to imbue his lieder with a genuine folkish quality; Mahler adapted or arranged folksongs, shaping the originals to suit his taste, and called the results his original *volkstümliche Lieder*.

No significant published evidence exists to support these arguments. To be sure, corroboration may yet be found since research in Mahleriana is filled with lacunae. But discovery of such evidence, in view of our knowledge of Mahler's personality, attitudes, aesthetics, is unlikely. In the first place, Mahler relegated the folksong to a lower artistic level than the art song. He regarded it as a natural product and an imperfect one at that. Editorial revisions certainly could not transform the natural product into a work of art. On the contrary, they would kill its "naturalness."

But far more important: Mahler's main artistic objective was to create original works. And in so doing, he wished to leave his strong personal imprint upon them. This objective is implicit in Mahler's aesthetics and explicit in this statement: "Despite the simplicity and folkishness of [*Rheinlegendchen*], the composition is highly individual, especially in the harmonization which the public will not understand. . . . And yet, the melody is as natural as one can be."<sup>28</sup>

In other words, Mahler wanted his public to concentrate upon the individuality of his *volkstümliche Lieder* and not upon their folk element. This attitude explains why he did not draw attention in the titles and playing directions to the specific folk element in *Hans und Gretle* and in the other lieder mentioned above. Their folkishness, in any case, is self-evident. It does not need to be spelled-out. And the older Mahler grew, the stronger his aim for self-expression became. His treatment of the folklike in his later symphonies, written when his expressionistic tendencies came to the fore, is more individual even than his treatment of it in these songs.

We may therefore conclude that Mahler, whose urge for self-expression was so strong, and whose idealism and honesty were beyond question, is not likely to have arranged or adapted folksongs and to have called the results "highly original." Nor would such an imaginative composer find it necessary to quote phrases from *Volkslieder* merely to flavor his songs with the folklike.

A more likely explanation is that Mahler was influenced, subconsciously, by the folksong. The fact that he knew a huge number of *Volkslieder*—he knew well over 200 when he was but six years old—gives rise to the explanation that many of them may have been stored in

<sup>27</sup> Pamer, *Mahlers Lieder*, XVI (1929), p. 123 and Pamer, *op. cit.*, XVII (1930), p. 111.

<sup>28</sup> Natalie Bauer-Lechner, *Erinnerungen an Gustav Mahler* (Vienna, 1923), p. 12.

his subconscious. A phrase from one of those hidden in his mental store-house could have, in several ways, influenced his musical thought. The phrase may have become a germinal idea for Mahler, one that he developed and expanded or reshaped unconsciously in his own individual manner. As noted, Mahler regarded the folksong as a point of departure, a model, a stimulus that helped him to release his own creative impulses. Or it may have permeated his musical thought during the actual process of composition without the composer's awareness. Or it could have sprung to his conscious mind as he set the words of a folk poem with which it had long been associated in his mind. The fact that Pamer discovered melodic similarity only between lieder by Mahler and folk songs based on the same text strengthens the last-named possibility.

Besides calling for explanations, the presence in the Mahler lied of folksong fragments prompts two queries:

How many more lieder by Mahler incorporate snatches from folksongs?

Perhaps the folksong variants Pamer examined were not the ones Mahler knew. The ones he sang, if these could be uncovered, may resemble his lieder much closer. They may resemble not just an isolated phrase by extensive passages of his songs.

These queries are, admittedly, mere conjectures! Even discussion of them is contingent upon evidence furnished through research. Of course, basic research is necessary to support any of the explanations provided above. One conclusion may, however, be drawn from Pamer's discovery without further research: the fact that the phrases of *Volklieder* he discovered do not seem out-of-place in the Mahler melodic line—on the contrary, they are stylistically similar to Mahler's own phrases—attests to the intrinsic folkishness of his *Volkstümliche Lieder*.

Interestingly enough, Mahler's attitude towards expression in music of the folklike was shared by his German contemporaries: Humperdinck, Strauss, Schillings, Pfitzner, and Reger. All were nationalistic. All were swept along by the trend towards the folklike. And all strove for individuality. They chose to express the folklike not primarily by quoting, imitating, or arranging genuine folksongs, but with original music, i.e., in terms of their own individuality. This reason explains why Humperdinck, for one, used but three folksongs in his "folk opera," *Haensel und Gretel*.

Although the influence of the trend upon Mahler's generation was strong, it was actually intensified throughout Europe during the next generation, the time of Stravinsky, Bartok, Armin Knab, and Vaughan Williams. In their youth and early maturity, these men quoted the folksong more frequently, regarded it with greater respect, or examined it more objectively than did most of their immediate predecessors. As an example of the last-named, one might recall that Bartok, unlike Liszt or Brahms, sought carefully to distinguish genuine folk music from spurious examples of it. Furthermore, ethnomusicologists began at this time the difficult task of clearing the romantic mist from their subject so that it could be viewed with scientific scrutiny.

The second influence of the trend—that of inducing composers to simplify their styles in order to express the folklike—affected the development of music still more profoundly. It induced composers of Mahler's generation to aim at simplicity, *per se*. Some of them, e.g., Reger, turned towards the *volkstümliches Lied* as a means through which they hoped to achieve this end. Conrad Ansoerge, who composed his *Ernte Lieder* for the reason given, called these songs "the simplest and most popular of my lieder."<sup>29</sup> And, as the influence of the trend increased, composers sought further to simplify their styles. These efforts eventually brought about a reaction in them, especially in those of Stravinsky's generation, to the complexity of Late Romantic music. They became antagonistic towards the sophisticated transcription of reality of the naturalists,<sup>30</sup> the color intoxication of the impressionists, and the uncontrolled subjectivity of the early expressionists. In short, they wanted to discard the heavy and elaborate armour of Late Romanticism. Viewed in this light, the trend towards the folklike, at its height, played a prime role in the transition from the old towards the new, the change from romanticism to modernism. Its role in stimulating composers to destroy late romanticism and to create modernism was vital.

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<sup>29</sup> Ansoerge's *Ernte Lieder*, Op. 18, texts by Franz Evers, were written, interestingly enough in 1903.

<sup>30</sup> On naturalism see the present writer's, "The Impact of Naturalism on Music and upon the other Arts during the Romantic Era," *The British Journal of Aesthetics*, publication expected in 1963.

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## KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO PAUL HINDEMITH

In appreciation of his efforts to create a greater interest in the works of Anton Bruckner, the Directors of the Bruckner Society of America, Inc., awarded the Kilenyi-Bruckner medal to the distinguished composer, Paul Hindemith. In recent years Prof. Hindemith has devoted an increased amount of time to conducting and almost always he has included a Bruckner work in his program.

The presentation of the medal was made by Mr. Charles L. Eble, President of the Society, at an informal reception sponsored by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Seymour Raven, manager, following a performance by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony under the direction of Prof. Hindemith on March 29, 1963.

# THE SEVENTH SYMPHONY OF BRUCKNER

## AN ANALYSIS

By ROBERT SIMPSON

The following article is a new and revised version of an article which appeared in the *Music Review*, published in England in August 1947.

What follows is a description of the musical processes of one of Bruckner's greatest and subtlest works, from point to point, without recourse to *a priori* concepts. Bruckner has often been criticized by those whose inattention and reliance on pre-conceived ideas of sonata form have misled them into a superficial impression that the music is a clumsy attempt at conformity by a composer who has no real discipline. One of the main traps for the unsuspecting, routinized critic is the fact that Bruckner's music can show such superficial semblances. The first movement of this work, for example, looks on paper as if it is a crudely shaped sonata movement; as such it has been frequently subjected to criticism that is, as we shall see, empty. The true analysis of such a movement must be conducted (a) with a completely accurate ear for tonalities and the ability to relate tonal experiences over large stretches of music and (b) with freedom from conventional formal concepts. In fact, only one movement in this symphony (the Scherzo) is in true sonata form, and the other three are evolved along entirely individual lines, through the natural functioning of tonality and the apt spacing of calm and climax; such designs can be described only from point to point in the hope that the reader will follow the process without the aid of impossible diagrams and misleading ground-plans. This is not as difficult as it might seem, since Bruckner's methods are so clear that it is surprising that they have been so often misunderstood.

### First Movement: *Allegro moderato*

Bruckner's habit of beginning with string *tremolandi* has often been noted, sometimes in blame. It is actually no more remarkable than the fact that out of the twenty-nine movements in Brahms' symphonies and concerti, no less than fourteen end with the same type of woodwind chord, occasionally combined with strings (*arco* or *pizzicato*). The openings of Bruckner's symphonies are as similar as the doorways of nine different cathedrals. In this case the entrance leads to a very lofty and light interior.

#### Ex.1 *Allegro moderato*

Vic

*mf* (a)

The first staff shows a melodic line with a slur over the first four notes and a bracket labeled '(b)' under the last two notes. The dynamic marking *poco a poco cresc.* is placed below the staff. The second staff continues the melodic line with a slur over the first four notes. The third staff continues the melodic line with a slur over the first four notes and the dynamic marking *dim.* below the staff.

It is noteworthy that this long phrase modulates to the dominant before slipping back to the tonic for a fully scored counterstatement, in which the original tendency is checked by a beautiful cloudy elongation that finally settles on the dominant (note the distinction between "in" and "on" the dominant). The expected E major is, however, replaced by yet another attempt by the key of B to control the path of the music. Oboe and clarinet, supported by soft horns and trumpet, treat, with a new theme, the dominant as a key.

Ex. 2 (bar 51)

The first staff is for Oboe and Clarinet (Ob. & Cl.) and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second staff is for Trumpet and Horns (Tr. & Hns.) and begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. Both staves show a melodic line with a slur over the first four notes and a bracket under the last two notes.

As the quotation shows, B major becomes B minor and in the following bar loses its slender foothold. For 18 bars the music drifts deliberately through a sequence of remote keys, reaching B major again at bar 69. That tonality is not yet secure (a 6/4 chord) and is this time carried on the crest of a wave into its flat supertonic region, C major. The phrase of Ex. 2 now has a new ending which becomes absorbed in a short but lovely triple counterpoint.

## Ex. 3 (bar 81) Leading parts only

Strings

*mf*

*pp* etc.

The Neapolitan C major falls easily back into B major (bar 89), which now shows a confidence that is not undermined by the "passing keys" into which it moves almost at once. These occupy 10 bars, and at bar 103 the iron grip of a deep pedal F sharp settles the firm entrenchment of the dominant, toward which a giant *crescendo* sweeps. Throughout this process Ex. 2 has prevailed. The first big climax of the symphony comes with a sudden hush and a rhythmic new theme in B minor.

## Ex. 4 bar 123

VI.

*pp*

Passing through F sharp minor, D major and minor, and G flat major (= F sharp major), this rises quickly to a massive brass fanfare, afterwards closing gently in B major. The passage starting with Ex. 4 should not be thought a new section or "third subject." It is simply the release of tension caused by the victory of B, and provides a welcome change of movement. The purposes served by this passage and by its return later in the design are entirely dissimilar. Outward resemblances such as the change from tonic to dominant must not deafen the listener to the fact that this kind of behaviour is not characteristic of sonata style. The slow emergence of one key from a host of others is a new phenomenon in the field of symphony. It is commonly supposed that Bruckner's restatements are conventional and redundant gestures. That view ignores the truth that recapitulation is a prime element in any large-scale musical form, whether its motion is sonata-like or not. The rest of this movement will be heard to reinstate E major by a method

similar to but longer than that which has just evolved B major. Tovey's assertion that Bruckner was helplessly fettered to useless sonata formulae breaks down when it is understood that elements a lesser master might have made into a clumsy development, restatement, and *Coda*, are here welded into a single organic structure, the natural result of the crisis created by the opening section.

Two horns augment the closing notes of the last group (163) and a clarinet plays peacefully an inversion of Ex. 1 (a) in B major. An oboe freely imitates it while trombones provide gentle support. After a flute echo of figures from the Ex. 4 paragraph, the mode becomes minor with another entry of the clarinet-oboe-trombones combination. This time the flute hints at the dominant of A flat, but a solemn inversion of Ex. 2 follows in D minor on cellos. This breaks off and is heard again high in the violins in E minor, at present not recognizable as the tonic minor. It ceases at the same point as before and is resumed by the cellos in F sharp minor, whence it grows into a grandly sustained *cantabile* with a trend towards E minor. F sharp is soon shown to have been a super-tonic key. Very definite emphasis is laid on E minor by the abrupt and quiet interruption of Ex. 4 in that key, on a solo flute with its mirror image in the basses (219). Violins join with a new counterpoint. E minor is then contradicted quickly by A minor, D major, D minor, C major, B flat major and A flat major. A drop to *ppp* finds the music waiting expectantly on the dominant of C. One beat's silence is broken by a tremendous outburst in C minor, Ex. 1 (a) being treated by free imitation all over the orchestra. For 16 bars this irruption lasts. When it subsides C minor is in firm control.

Here is a crucial point that shows plainly the difference between sonata principles and those obeyed by Bruckner, who is now approaching the moment usually construed as a sonata restatement. The invasion by C minor has a lasting effect. It postpones indefinitely the return of home rule. Were Bruckner writing a sonata movement he would now need a very long and thorough preparation for the recapitulation, which would come dramatically and with all the force of a long delayed and well planned uprising. In Bruckner's countries events do not turn on quick revolutions. His Underground Movements work subtly and surely, gaining control with gradual persuasion.

The storm calms but there is no change of key. The first theme is given in C minor with euphonious echoes in the woodwind and a gracious counterpoint in the first violins, and it then modulates to the dominant of D (257). In D minor the same thought recurs, now turning in the direction of A flat. Here there is a *crescendo*, but the expected A flat major is magically supplanted by the full E major, when the whole of Ex. 1 is stated for the first time since the outset (281). E major is now appreciable as the tonic because of Bruckner's strategic handling of E minor before the big C minor passage. But its position is not yet firm. The intervention of C minor has given Bruckner the reason for a startlingly beautiful change of key and has greatly increased the prospects of the movement as a whole.

Above the main theme floats its own inversion, and its second half is enriched by swelling trumpets, a sound of such splendid majesty as

Bruckner rarely surpassed elsewhere. As before there is a shift towards the dominant. This time it causes the biggest crisis of the movement. The integrity of the design is now at stake, since the B minor-major tendency has to be curbed.

The end of the theme drifts into dark mysterious modulations in which flute, basses and clarinet are heard through high *tremolandi*. The tonal balance is thus tilted entirely in the opposite direction, so that Ex. 2 must needs sound in an E minor that feels like the dominant minor of A minor. Its first 16 bars, newly scored, make the same passing modulation as before. From bar 335 (E major 6/3) two successive waves rise strongly to the very threshold of B major (362). This challenge of B major is so insistent that were Bruckner to state the group of Ex. 4 in E minor at this point it would certainly seem to be in the subdominant minor of B. That group originally acted as the climax of a process. There is no question of that as it now cuts in quietly and purposefully in G major. Through C major, E flat and G flat, it passes to A major (375), and A is the key of its remainder. Before the paragraph can finish, there is a sudden *pianissimo* drop on to a low E, clearly the dominant of A (391). The composer is now in the position to exploit the natural tonic-dominant bent of his main theme. Most symphonists, had they reached this stage, might have been content to give the theme literally, allowing it to turn automatically from A to E. Not so Bruckner, who makes the hitherto rarely heard figure (b) from Ex. 1 sweep in a grand arch over a dominant (E) pedal that eventually turns into a tonic. Ex. 1 (a) is so reserved for the final climax, which rears itself nobly in E major, fully established for the first time since the beginning.

In spite of superficial visual resemblances, it should now be plain that this method of construction has little in common with sonata style. This plan is divisible into two main parts only, the first fostering a slow evolution of B minor and major out of a start that is not so much in E major as delicately poised on that key, and the second seeing the subtle resurgence of the true tonic, not without opposition from the pretender. When themes or thematic groups are restated their functions are changed in ways that would not be possible in sonata schemes. Ex. 1 becomes absorbed almost imperceptibly into a long process beginning at bar 189. Ex. 2, which at first was the means of setting up B major, later causes the final attempt of that key to regain its sway. Its original victorious outburst, Ex. 4, eventually defeats it by a sudden entry in G major and a modulation to A. Sir Donald Tovey wrote, "It is Bruckner's misfortune that his work is put forward by himself so as to present to us the angle of its relation to sonata form." The misfortune is not Bruckner's. It attends those who are fooled by chance semblances.

### Second Movement: *Adagio*

Bruckner's slow movements always commence with two contrasting groups of material in contrasting keys. Thereafter each design is differently and unpredictably shaped. This one is in C sharp minor, a key which the first movement, with all its range of tonality, avoids. The opening is a mighty paragraph containing, among others, the following three important elements.

Ex. 5 *Sehr feierlich und langsam*

Vlas & Tubas  
*p* *cresc. sempre* *dim.*

## Ex. 6 (bar 4)

*mf* *cresc. sempre* *Sehr markiert* etc.

Ex. 7 (bar 13)  
VI. 1

*p* *cresc.* *p*

Though the start is in C sharp minor the tonality during this passage moves slowly towards F sharp minor, a big climax being poised upon the frontier of that region. The *tutti* breaks off and a *diminuendo* leads solemnly to the second half of the expository opening section, settled happily in F sharp major with a change of time and pace and a new theme of remarkable beauty.

## Ex. 8 (bar 37)

*dim.* etc.

This soaring, heavenly episode secures the state of F sharp major. As it closes the light fades, giving way to the funereal strains of Ex. 5, again in C sharp minor. The ninth bar of the theme (85) becomes deflected into F sharp, and as if thoughts of past joys evoke deep longing, slow rising developments of Ex. 5 (a) and its inversion move towards a crisis, heralded by urgent trumpet calls and reached at bar 101 with a striking turn to C major. This has a bearing on later events. With a softening of tone Ex. 6 follows in the new key, scored with moving effect for flute and strings. More rising sequences involve a *crescendo* to the dominant of G. The expected G major is foiled by a statement of the whole of Ex. 6 (114) beginning in E flat and leading naturally to A flat. There follows a massive and typical Brucknerian *crescendo* based on successive steps in which Ex. 6 (a) appears in different keys and on different choirs of instruments. By way of A flat major, E major, F

major, and F sharp major the long-delayed G major is attained in what is so far the weightiest climax of the movement (127). G major, which seems to be the final stage in the sequence of keys initiated by E major at bar 121, now dies away, revealing itself as the dominant of C. The suggestion of C, however, is but momentary, and the surprising entry of Ex. 8 in A flat major shows that G major is not the end of the tonal chain. This theme has here a darker colouring and is half concealed beneath a lovely new counterpoint (133). It is soon clear that A flat major is simply G sharp major, the home dominant, from which impressive cloudy modulations and hesitations drift into C sharp minor.

This return of Ex. 8 in A flat, besides being a satisfying and necessary recapitulation, is therefore also a gigantic dominant preparation for the resumption of the tonic. Bruckner rarely repeats ideas for the purpose of mere symmetry, but makes them perform organic functions in living forms. His practice in the first movement is here carried further. He might well have given another statement of Ex. 6 (a) in A flat at bar 128 or thereabouts, moved immediately to C sharp minor and written a complete (or slightly curtailed) restatement of the expository section (Exs. 5 to 8 inclusive), its keys redistributed, leading to a Coda. The ungainliness of such a scheme is obvious and is the sort of composition for which Bruckner is usually blamed by cursory critics. But, as will presently be shown, a further repetition of Ex. 6 (a) in A flat would, apart from its redundancy, ruin the still larger plan in Bruckner's mind.

C sharp minor brings back the great main theme surrounded by flowing string figures. The complete Ex. 6 follows and is the outset of one of Bruckner's most magnificent *crescendi*. Very slowly Ex. 6 (a) grows into an awesome climax. Again a sequence of keys is employed, one even more striking than before. From bar 164 onward it runs as follows: F minor to A flat, F sharp minor to B flat; G sharp minor to A major, D flat to E flat, and B major to the dominant of C sharp. Here the tension is immense. The G sharps in the bass change to A flats, and with a thrilling shock, the stupendous climax suddenly streams out in a shining C major.

It will be remembered that the previous high point in G major (127) showed signs of leading to C, but was prevented from so doing by Ex. 8 in A flat. The present higher peak stands in brilliantly clear relation to the other, as also to the still earlier emphasis on C major (191). But the final revelation is to come. As the G major *tutti* was followed by a soft A flat major, so this in C major shows itself in a similar light, and its quiet reaction is in D flat major (C sharp). The sublime lingering end of the movement is threefold. First, major turns to minor with a noble utterance of the tubas and horns, based on Ex. 6 (a), cavernous and grand. Then follows Ex. 7, not heard since its first statement, now no longer aspiring but ethereal and remote, floating high above a wonderful intermittent bass C sharp (*pizzicato*). Last, Ex. 5 (a) emerges for the first time in the tonic major.

### Third Movement: *Scherzo* and *Trio*

The *Scherzo* is in A minor. This key, touched but once in the first movement and not at all in the *Adagio*, comes with powerful effect.

Significantly, the two other important keys in the third movement have previously had little prominence. C minor, in which the first stage of the *Scherzo* ends, has not been heard since its huge outburst in the *Allegro moderato*, and F major, the key of the *Trio*, has hitherto been noticed only as an unobtrusive member of a few short key sequences. The freshness of the *Trio* is, moreover, made doubly sure by the strict exclusion of F major from the *Scherzo*, of which the succinct start states its complete thematic matter.

## Ex. 9

*Sehr schnell*

(a)

*pp*

(b)

*p*

(e)

(d)

*mf*

*dim.*

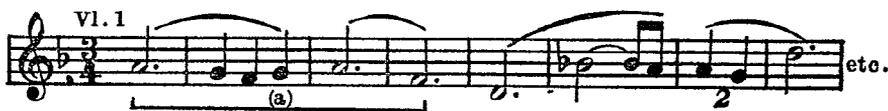
(e)

At bar 29 there is a quick shift to D flat, the first of a series of kaleidoscopic changes lasting for 24 bars. Then the dominant of C minor is reached (53) and after some preparation C minor itself drives home a very massive climax. The absence of distinct first and second groups does not prevent this section from being an extremely terse sonata exposition. The development shows more swift modulations, beginning softly in A flat with (a) and followed by (d). A repetition of this in G flat leads to inversions of (b) in A major, C sharp major, and E minor, the two latter keys being enmeshed in a *stretto* by contrary motion. The strings are meanwhile busy with derivatives of (a). Next come treatments of (d) and its companion (e). Both these ideas become quite

changed in character, passing through many modulations, inversions, and contrapuntal combinations before entering D flat, whence the trumpeting figure (b), in *stretto* with its own inversion, careers to the home dominant. The first horn and subsequently a trumpet display a free diminution of (b) (bar 165). The recapitulation, coming after a hush (185), is regular. Its first move is to B flat instead of D flat, and the final climax thus fixes A minor. Bruckner will concede a regular re-statement only in a short piece. This *Scherzo*, with all its breadth, variety and unity, fills no more than four minutes. The relentless use of 4-bar rhythms is responsible for the hammering power of most of Bruckner's *Scherzi*, which are at least as strong as any since Beethoven.

The slower *Trio* is not, as is so often stated, lyrical. The true lyric has strophic regularity. It confines itself; it is a miniature. The term has been much misused by musicians, who normally apply it to anything with graceful melodic outlines. This *Trio* is binary in form since its first part is incomplete, starting in F after some introductory drum taps and ending with a delightful surprise in D major. The second part is begun by an inversion of Ex. 10 (a). Bruckner is very economical, rarely

Ex. 10



leaving this phrase, and treating it with delicate resource. The return to F major finds the original melody soaring to a climax before finishing gently with flowing flute figures. The *Scherzo* is repeated in full.

Fourth Movement: *Bewegt, doch nicht schnell*

This blends solemnity and humour in festive grandeur. It is unique in form and difficult to describe in spite of the directness of its address. The same subtlety of tonal organization is evident here. As in the first movement, the main theme foreshadows by its modulation the key-system to follow:



This moves almost at once, as shown, from E to the key a major third higher, A flat. The next bar (10) cancels this by asserting E minor, whereupon the theme begins again in the dominant, B major. It now modulates with another *crescendo* to B flat (19), whence it starts once

more. Then come two more steps to major mediants, B flat to D major and D to F sharp major, leading to a bold progression which, rising, hits the dominant of G flat (F sharp). Before the music can settle there it subsides on to the dominant of F (33). Instead of F major (or minor), however, there is a richly modulating chorale, commencing in A flat major and thus consolidating the first change from E to A flat.

Ex. 12 (bar 35)



Ex. 13 (bar 51)



Though this chorale seems to modulate casually, it is centred on A flat, which is soon confirmed by Ex. 13 in a return through the dominant of F. (It is, of course, possible, though not easy, to fix a key without recourse to its own dominant.) The resumption of Ex. 12 occasions a small rise in temperature which falls to the dominant of A. At this the first *tutti* of the *Finale* bursts out in A minor with the following Herculean derivative of Ex. 11 (a).

Ex. 14 (bar 93)



A recurrence of this a semitone higher initiates a fully scored paragraph that strides through F minor, B flat minor, A minor, and the dominant of D minor, culminating in two powerful brass fanfares on the successive dominants of G and A flat. It appears as if this cardinal stage will end with a climax in A flat. Ex. 11 (b) does enter in that key, but its very nature forces it to rise to its major mediant, C major. After a short-lived effort by A flat to retake control (117-127), the music dies away mysteriously in a C major which is not entirely free from its earlier associations as the dominant of F (refer back to bar 33). Ex. 11 (b) is changed into a new figure.

Ex. 15 (bar 133)



At present the three most important keys asserted have been (i) the tonic, E major, (ii) A flat major, and (iii) C major. They are clearly

related as a series of major mediants. Bruckner immediately illuminates this relationship by giving a soft free augmentation of Ex. 15 in A flat and repeating it at once in E major (147-162). The threads are being drawn more closely. Of the three keys A flat has been most emphatic, E major least. The tonic and its environs are now entered. At bar 163, in the subdominant minor, there is a humorously simple inversion of Ex. 11 ending in A major and overlapping with an equally playful inverted diminution of the chorale, whose second phrase is placed on the home dominant. Then Ex. 11 appears in E major in *stretto* by contrary motion, threaded by a quaver counterpoint. A straining towards A flat is checked by a *crescendo* and a second tremendous *tutti* on Ex. 14 makes a forcible entrance in the dominant minor. The counterstatement of its first phrase lands on the border of A flat, for which the influence of the tonic now proves too strong. Its E flat becomes D sharp and the rest of the *fortissimo* stalks gigantically around home territories, crashing into a terrific unison on the dominant of E (the notation here is in flats, but does not deceive the ear). There is a silent pause.

The echoes of the Titanic sound have hardly died when the chorale begins quietly in C major. The melody is so shaped that this time its second phrase modulates smoothly to F major. Strictly, the third phrase would follow on the dominant of G, but it continues in F, thus emphasizing the original habit of C major to behave as the dominant of F. This tiny point made, the theme becomes its old modulating self again and Ex. 13 falls into the homely subdominant region of A major (over a pedal E). Slight tension is created by the intervention of the dominants of F and A flat, but they are repudiated by Ex. 11 (b) in A major. This is the start of what would be a mighty *Coda* if this amazing movement were divisible into sections. The theme, on the edge of F sharp, is crowned by the brass. It emerges, travelling in the direction of A flat and is swept up by another great *tutti*, driving towards the submediant. At bar 267 there is a phrase in E major, reminiscent of the Fourth Symphony. After a blazing contrapuntal combination in C sharp major there is a quick drop to *pp* and Ex. 11 jumps out in the tonic, now unmistakable. As at first it rushes to A flat, the brass crowning it again; it re-starts for the first and only time in A flat major, modulating this time to G (this corresponds to the move from B major to B flat in bars 11 to 19). The orchestra is wonderfully vivid as the theme flashes in many brilliant shapes towards the home dominant. The astonishing mass of tone ceases abruptly as that region is gained, and then the main theme, merging with Ex. 1 (a), resounds in the vast spaces of E major as, with glorious fanfares, it rings the final majestic climax.

This analysis may perhaps indicate the futility of expecting the music of Bruckner to react to the same tests as that of Brahms and most other nineteenth century symphonists. That error was made by a most intelligent critic, the late H. C. Colles in a discussion of the subject in the Oxford History of Music. There the opening movement of this work was dissected and found to be the lamentable result of Bruckner's ignorance of Brahms' principles of composition. Although Bruckner and Brahms did not understand each other in Vienna, it may well be that in the Elysian regions where, doubtless, all are friends, they are both laughing at the absurd rivalry that once separated them.

## BRUCKNER-MAHLER-WOLF ON AUSTRIAN POSTAGE STAMPS

By J. POSELL

Philatelists, especially topicalists, have long been aware of the existence of postage stamps honoring Austria's composers Anton Bruckner and Hugo Wolf. Now at long last, Austria has also finally issued a stamp commemorating the 100th anniversary of the birth of Gustav Mahler. While the history of the postage stamp as we know it today goes back to 1840 when the famous "penny black" was issued in Great Britain, the first issue of postage stamps devoted to musicians appeared in 1922 when Austria issued a beautiful set of seven engraved stamps picturing composers. These were Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Johann Strauss, Hugo Wolf and Bruckner. To Austria, then, must go the credit for considering music of equal importance to royalty, battle scenes, railroads, heads of state, allegorical figures, etc., which were practically the only subjects used before that time on the stamps of most countries.

Since that date, almost all countries have issued stamps honoring their composers, conductors, instrumentalists, national anthems, music festivals, operas, national conservatories, etc. The list of world known musical figures existing today on postage stamps is very imposing and includes practically every well known composer (and some not so well known) of almost every country.

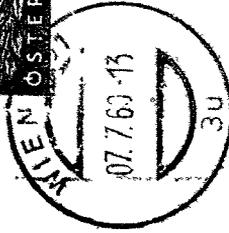
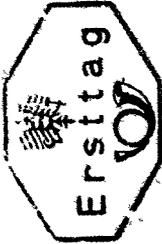
The collector of "music on stamps" has long awaited a Mahler stamp, as he was one of the few major composers who has long been philatelically neglected (another is Johannes Brahms) and it is gratifying finally to see a beautiful Mahler likeness on another Austrian stamp marking an appropriate anniversary.

The following illustrations include the original Bruckner and Wolf stamps of 1922 plus a special Bruckner stamp, issued in 1949, marking the 125th anniversary of his birth, and a special issue of 1953 for Hugo Wolf, marking the 50th anniversary of his death. Stamps and covers illustrated are from the collection of the author.

ERSTTAG-FIRST DAY OF ISSUE



GUSTAV  
MAHLER  
1860-1911





1922



1949

**Zeitungsdruksache**

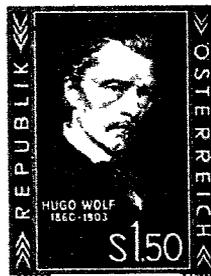
**Imprimé**



1949



1922



1953



1960

# THE EXPRESSIVE CONTENT OF MAHLER'S NINTH

## AN INTERPRETATION

by JACK DIETHER

The *Ninth Symphony* of Mahler is one of the most heartrending utterances in all music. And the more knowingly one sets it in relation to the composer's life and his other music, the more eloquent it becomes. For then what seems implicit in the music from early acquaintance becomes explicit—as explicit and articulate as instrumental sounds can well be, and at the same time, more emotionally compelling than mere words could ever be.

Explaining his recourse to vocal passages in his early symphonies (*II, III and IV*), Mahler said that he often arrived at a point in a symphonic work where he must use the word as bearer of the idea, just as Beethoven had done once in his career. After the *Fourth Symphony*, however, Mahler no longer alternated vocal and wholly instrumental movements within the same work, though his earliest outline for his *Eighth Symphony* envisioned one more instance of it.<sup>1</sup> Thus, aside from the choral *Eighth* and *Das Lied von der Erde* (subtitled *A Symphony for Tenor, Alto and Orchestra*), we have, after *IV*, five symphonies conceived instrumentally throughout (*V, VI, VII, IX*, and the fully sketched *X*).

Nevertheless, if we examine Mahler's works integrally we begin to see that it was not really the principle of "the word as bearer of the idea" which he abandoned in these later symphonies, but rather the direct and literal method of applying it. Sometimes, in the early period, Mahler would take a previously composed song and simply place it *within* a symphony, as, in the *Fourth*, he did the song *Das himmlische Leben* which he had composed and published some eight years earlier. This method he abandoned thereafter. Sometimes, however, he would simply quote a song in the orchestra, either at length (*Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt* in *II*, and *Abloesung im Sommer* in *III*), or in brief. It is the latter method—the brief or elliptical quotation—which he retained to the end as best suiting the free-fantasy potential of symphonic composition. The "message" is implied rather than stated, and so the more direct *emotional* meaning which music can impart is totally freed from the original verbal inspiration, while at the same time the latter is explicitly acknowledged. The subtlety and pervasiveness of this process in Mahler go far beyond the deliberate instrumental use of vocal material by Schubert and other composers.

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<sup>1</sup> In place of the instrumental *Adagio* movement planned for the *Eighth*, we have simply the instrumental prelude to Part II, after which the *Adagio* section continues with solo male voices and chorus. See *Mahler's Eighth: the Hymn to Eros* by Gabriel Engel, Introduction, pp. 12-16, CHORD AND DISCORD, 1950.

Sometimes, indeed, the "quotations" may be so subtle that one can not be sure whether they are conscious or not. But familiarity usually imparts to them a greater significance than mere characteristic turns of phrase, or musical handwriting. Mahler's "stream of consciousness" appears too total and enveloping, too pregnant with connotation, to be merely fortuitous. The following cadence figure from the opening song of the *Kindertotenlieder* cycle, for example—

Ex. 1



might seem just such a Mahleresque turn of phrase. But it turns up again in exactly that form only once: in the first movement of the *Fifth Symphony* (ten bars before cue 15). Therefore its use in precisely that place cannot well be considered accidental. And as the movement is actually a dirge, the explicit emotional connection is apparent. Adding to its potency is the fact that it occurs only in the recapitulation, not at the same place in the exposition—as if it were a spontaneously improvised extension of the previous cadence. Sometimes a figure quoted from a song is not a vocal phrase itself, but part of the accompaniment. Still the verbal association retains its potency. An example of this is a cadence for the oboe which occurs at the midpoint of *Urlicht*:

Ex. 2



Its appearance in the cellos, in the first movement of the *Third Symphony* (nine bars before cue 62) is inexpressibly moving and meaningful. And again it is used to give a special meaning to the reprise of the movement, as differentiated from the exposition.<sup>2</sup> Such a classical device goes back, of course, to the oboe cadenza in the reprise of the first movement of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* and earlier. I think it was, essentially, Mahler's innovation to combine this device with that of the connotative self-quotation.

Thus Mahler, instead of continuing to introduce the actual voice into the symphony as "bearer of the idea," tends increasingly to rely solely on thematic allusion to the idea.<sup>3</sup> His vehement objection to "program symphonies" was due, I believe, to the inherent crudity of such elaborate methods of literary conceptualization in music, to say nothing of even cruder extra-musical depiction. Instinctively Mahler recognized that the true life of musical creation is largely subconscious. The inner creative mind is "sparked" by ideas from without, but works in ways

<sup>2</sup> Since *Urlicht* itself became part of the *Second Symphony*, this is one of several thematic connections between the *Second* and the *Third*.

<sup>3</sup> For other pointed examples of thematic self-quotation, see Warren Storey Smith's *Mahler Quotes Mahler*, CHORD AND DISCORD, 1954.

only dimly perceived by the rational mind of its own creator. In Mahler's case, the sparks—verbal images, signals, *etc.*—are significant clues to what stirs us within, and help us to understand both the music and the man. By searching out such clues and tracing them in their protean guises, I hope to provide a little more insight into his last completed work.

Throughout the instrumental works of Mahler's "middle" period (V, VI and VII) we hear increasingly subtle but pregnant interconnections between symphony and song, symphony and symphony. Whether they are actually conscious or not does not, as I hope I have indicated, really matter very much. And when we come to the final period (1907-1911), those years which Mahler spent in the actual shadow of death, we find a richer allusiveness than ever, spanning by reference the whole of Mahler's creative life. Was it deliberate or not that the motor rhythm of *Das irdische Leben*, composed before 1892, turns up in the 1910 sketch for the *Purgatorio* movement of the *Tenth Symphony*? Mahler has not told us, but it could make little difference to those experiencing the eerie thrill of recognition which the allusion provides. We recognize the rhythm of the "Mill of Life" which accompanies the ballad of child starvation, and we feel, perhaps without verbalizing it, as Gloucester in *King Lear* did when he uttered his great lines:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;  
They kill us for their sport.

We feel the macrocosm within the microcosm—"infinity in a grain of sand." Perhaps, in the cosmic view of our planet, all mankind is allegorically a child starving in the midst of plenty. Even when there is little that can be identified as being in positive quotation marks, that weird feeling of *quasi*-conceptual relatedness persists and becomes ever more profound. And so the more we know of Mahler's music, and of Mahler himself, the more overwhelmingly "articulate" the instrumental *Ninth* and *Tenth* symphonies become.

In the *Tenth* we have in addition those anguished outcries which Mahler wrote on the manuscript during the fateful summer of 1910. They are, to be sure, *post facto*, but we still have to take into consideration Mahler's uncanny instinct of self-prophecy. No doubt the conscious understandings implanted in his mind that summer in his analytic session with Sigmund Freud were already instinctively anticipated. In connection with the *Ninth* the verbalizations are scarcer and more formal, but they are also less demonstrably *post facto*. We have, for example, the dedication of the *Rondo-Burleske* (third movement) in the manuscript "to my brothers in Apollo." A little closer to the outcries of the *Tenth*, but much clearer, is the exclamation in the first sketch, over a return of the main theme in the first movement (four bars before cue 8): "O vanished days of youth! O scattered love!" Bruno Walter declares that the title of the last canto of *Das Lied von der Erde*—*Der Abschied* ("parting" or "farewell")—"might have been used as a heading for the *Ninth*," though he finds the two works to be "without musical connection."<sup>4</sup> Certainly they are without connection of the kind that exists be-

<sup>4</sup> *Gustav Mahler*, trans. James Galston, Greystone Press, New York, 1941, p. 124.

tween *Antonius* and the *Scherzo* of the *Second*; but not without connection of the subtle, allusive kind to which I am referring. And is not the latter kind of connection the more moving and eloquent?

I must emphasize, however, that for the very reason that music is such an exact purveyor of the language of the emotions, our verbalizations of its expressive (not literary) content must of necessity be less so. Also, I hope no one is more aware than I that it is possible in such verbalizations to misconstrue the inner meaning altogether, or fail to convey one's own insights adequately to the reader. I shall utilize every associative clue to the best of my ability, with the proviso that inherently this is my own subjective interpretation, not necessarily better than other different ones. Obviously it is not the kind of thing that can be proven in a court of law. It is simply an intuitive extrapolation based on 25 years' study of Mahler's music and letters, including a searching examination of that which interests me most: his changing *and* his unchanging methods of working in symphony and song, and the symbolic language inherent in both. I certainly intend to continue probing deeper into the *Ninth*, and since the work is virtually inexhaustible, no doubt I shall come to consider some of what I say here to be naive, tentative or clumsy. I can only hope that I have nowhere missed the logical thread altogether. I agree completely with what Mahler said about "literary" programs. Since the true symbolic meaning of music is disguised, it *cannot* be wholly known to the conscious mind even of its creator. On the other hand, I entirely disagree with Stravinsky's well-known dictum that music is inherently incapable of expressing anything. On the contrary: I believe that music is inherently incapable of *not* expressing anything. In the long run, we shall know it better by knowing ourselves.

#### FIRST MOVEMENT (ANDANTE COMODO IN D MAJOR)

If the gesture of "farewell" in *Das Lied von der Erde* may be epitomized in a few notes, it is surely to be found in the setting of the key word from the final lines—"ewig, ewig" ("ever, ever"):

#### Ex. 3

The musical notation consists of two staves in G major (one sharp). The first staff is in 4/4 time and contains the notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), D5 (quarter), E5 (quarter), F#5 (quarter), G5 (quarter). The lyrics below are: all ü - - - ber - all. The second staff continues with: G5 (quarter), F#5 (quarter), E5 (quarter), D5 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter). The lyrics below are: und e - - - wig, e - wig. There is a dynamic marking 'sf' above the first note of the second staff and an 'x' above the last note of the second staff.

Indeed this is a common enough musical conceit. Immediately one may notice, for instance, the strong resemblance of this idea to the use of the "Lebewohl" figure in Beethoven's *Piano Sonata*, Op. 81a. But the latter part, the "ewig" figure, is immediately elaborated into a variant of what I regard as one of Mahler's chief motto-figures, variously employed in nearly all his symphonies from the *Second* on,—

Ex. 4

blau - en licht die Fer - nen

then repeated very simply in the lower octave, under a further variant delicately scored for violins, harp, mandolin, and celesta:

Ex. 5

e - - - wig, e - wig

Again a cadence figure; but the most memorable cadence of all, as repeatedly begun by the singer and completed hereafter by the orchestra, the celebrated tonic chord with added sixth which so haunted Alban Berg persisting for no fewer than 74 final bars—the perfect musical depiction of eternity:

Ex. 6

Fl. Ob. Hn. z etc.

e - - wig, e - - wig

Trbs.

But the really striking thing about this figure is that, in addition to being a cadence figure, it is repeatedly used to *begin* the vocal phrases of *Der Abschied*, including the recitatives (though in a different part of the scale and in the minor mode, in the latter cases). This endows the vocal music with that feeling of finality, even in its highest passion, which first attracted Mahler to the Oriental poetry itself at that time. The end is foreshadowed by the beginning, as in this final stanza itself, which begins:

Ex. 7

Die lie - be Er de all ü - ber - all

It is Mahler's farewell to "the beloved earth." And when we see that the association of this figure with eternity is already foreshadowed in the opening *Trinklied* ("The sky is forever blue, and the earth will long stand firm")—

Ex. 8

Das Fir - ma - ment blaut e - wig, und die  
Er - de wird lan - ge fest steh'n

we begin to realize that this complex permeates the entire work in even subtler ways. Grant that, and it soon becomes evident that the same complex underlies the *Ninth Symphony* too. The *Ninth* begins, in fact, by sketching in almost impressionistically, over a new funereal tread, the same harmony with which *Das Lied* ended.

Ex. 9

Cellos  
Harp  
p Horn >

Nothing could be sparser than that. It goes beyond Berg, and suggests already the ultimate textural economy of a Webern. But without touching as yet the tonic D, it already outlines the third, fifth and sixth tones which are so prominent in *Example 6* above. Indeed, the two figures marked *z* differ melodically only in that the last two notes are in the former case sounded simultaneously, in the latter consecutively.

The next figure, at the fourth bar, does introduce the D tone, but continues to stress the fifth and sixth by means of an "echo," which alternates with a little shuddering figure in the violas:

Ex. 10

(muted) Horn  
(open) Violas  
f pp  
6 6

As the tonic D is finally established in the bass at the seventh bar, the violins begin to intone a melody that seems to grow out of a still-sounding echo of the contralto's "ewig":

Ex. 11



And again, as in the final verse of *Das Lied*, this melody which begins with a falling tone from the mediant reaches a falling cadence in the second of its two clauses:

Ex. 12



Once more this falling cadence complex, either completed—

Ex. 13



or uncompleted—

Ex. 14



is used repeatedly in the symphony to begin themes as well as end them. And this is one of the principal, specific reasons why, as Bruno Walter says, "*Der Abschied* might have been used as a heading for the *Ninth*."<sup>5</sup> At the very end of the long first movement, all that has been painfully constructed will disintegrate again, until nothing remains but that single falling second with which *Ex. 11* begins, slowly fading away in the oboe.

Pitted against this falling-cadence complex in D major, with its feeling of gentle nostalgia and resignation, is music of restless, passionate longing in D minor:

<sup>5</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 124. Paralleling this falling tone is the falling tonality that encompasses the whole work, which will be discussed.

## Ex. 15



Mahler juxtaposes the two moods directly in one of his tonic major-minor confrontations. No sooner has the cadence figure shown in *Ex. 12* been sounded than the violas repeat the "ewig" figure twice more without its resolution, as though reluctant to let it go after all. As the key-signature suddenly changes, the second horn echoes it in the minor with further variation, and the heavy brass sounds the D-minor triad as a dark foundation to the rising chromatic theme that begins in *Ex. 15*:

## Ex. 16

Musical notation for Ex. 16, showing parts for Violas, Horn, Vins. II, and Brass. The notation includes dynamics *p*, *mf*, and *f*. The Violas part is in G major, the Horn part is in G minor, and the Brass part is in D minor. The Vins. II part is in G major.

This is essentially another variant of Mahler's ubiquitous falling tonic-triad (*Sixth Symphony, etc.*)—

## Ex. 17



which was said by his friends to mirror so uncannily the sudden clouding over of his features after he had made a cheerful remark. Here the minor triad corresponds in essence to its function in the *Sixth*, while the whole D-major paragraph tells us explicitly to what it is counterpoised here—not life, but the calm acceptance of its ending.

But in this second vein, the mood of passionate protest, death is terrible and to be feared, not sadly embraced. It is the interrupter, the grim destroyer of unfulfilled ambitions, the crouching ape of *Das Trinklied* whose "howls pierce the sweet scent of life." And so the music begun with *Ex. 15* culminates in an even more gripping and powerful motif than the major-minor chord—a gesture of ultimate despair which grows directly out of the "farewell" figure and the major-minor alternation, and rhythmically from the opening funeral tread:

Ex. 18



By placing the semitone *between* those third and second degrees of the scale, chromaticizing the "ewig, ewig" complex and implanting a desperate new rhythmic impetus to it, Mahler transforms in the most direct and graphic manner his evocation of a gentle resignation into a fierce cry of anguish. Again the inner processes are illuminated by the motivic analogies to *Das Lied von der Erde*. Ex. 18 is preceded by a shrill lament in the violins which anticipates the chromatic figure in its first bar:

Ex. 19



In the counter-statement of this material, which eventually concludes the exposition section at the 107th bar, this figure evolves into:

Ex. 20



Compare this latter with the outline of the passage "Du aber, Mensch" ("But thou, Man, how long livest thou") from *Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde*:

Ex. 21



There, too, an anticipation of the chromatic descending figure in another part of the scale may be heard in the wild desperation with which the ape's howling is described ("... hinausgellt in den suessen Duft des Lebens"),<sup>6</sup> while Ex. 3 from *Der Abschied* contains a poignant instance

<sup>6</sup> This canto is in a compact sonata form, and the evocation of the spectral ape launches a varied reprise with terrible intensity.

of the semitone rising to the mediant which ends *Ex. 18*. The chromatic motif of the *Ninth* recurs throughout the developments of the second-subject matter, thundering in the loud passages and muttering ominously in the soft ones, as in the following metamorphosis:

*Ex. 22*

Muted Trombones *sf* *morendo*

It would be quite unfeasible to trace in detail the full development of all the materials so far quoted, and impossible to verbalize all the conceptual implications of such development. The musical experience itself must take over where the power of verbal characterization begins to fail. I have tried to supply a few expository guidelines on which the listener may conduct his own personal explorations. Suffice it to say that Mahler's symphonic texture is as fully integrated and unified in this movement as in any of his mature works. But its underlying structure is unique in Mahler's music, and I would like to give at least an elementary indication of its nature.

What we have here is a singular amalgam of the sonata and rondo forms that is utterly *sui generis*. The movement contains a regular exposition, recapitulation and coda, but also an unusually long, multiple development section which alternates extended episodes in subsidiary tonalities with rondo-like returns to the main tonality and partial subject-matter—analogs, if you like, to the classical *fausses reprises* of Haydn, Beethoven, etc. Now as a matter of fact the exposition already contains a preliminary suggestion of rondo style. Like many by Mahler, it is a double exposition, wherein the two main sections are both repeated with alterations, in lieu of the classical repeat sign. But the fullest close *within* the exposition is that which separates the re-statement of the first subject from that of the second subject. In the initial statement, the D-minor music flows back into the D-major at a climactic point (right after *Ex. 18*), so smoothly that there is a strong suggestion of the ternary form A-BA that begins most rondos. Or rather it is like a single statement of a *maggiore* theme with a *minore* in the middle, all in the relatively brief, evenly distributed bar-ratio of 26-20-33. The only real harmonic movement out of D here is a momentary excursion into B flat major in the restatement, where a new subsidiary is inserted between the two main D-major clauses. But after the full close, with a D-major cadence once more turning to D-minor in the next bar, the key-signature itself suddenly changes out of D-major-minor for the first time, and the second subject erupts anew and now accelerates to a ferocious *Allegro*, bringing the exposition to its close with a desperate, warlike peroration in B flat major.<sup>7</sup> Thus the exposition fulfills both sonata

<sup>7</sup> This tonal progression of the exposition is itself not unusual in sonata writing. But it encompasses a secondary tonal relationship (relative major of the subdominant minor) in which the implied link is initially missing. For as I said, the two keys are juxtaposed directly. G minor has no place in the exposition, occurring only in the development.

and rondo implications all within the length of these 107 bars.

The development section is fully twice as long as this. After one more nostalgic return to the main key at the start, it sets forth, as I indicated, three extended and well-defined episodes in other keys: *Allegro risoluto* in G minor (beginning with the chromatic motif in the bass), *Appassionato* in B flat minor (beginning with *Ex. 15*), and *Quasi allegro* in B major (beginning with both themes in combination). In contrast to their sustained though highly charged character, the brief returns to D minor or major which separate these episodes are broken, fragmentary, and evanescent. Thus the classical sonata is at once observed and turned inside out, as it were. The development section gets away from the tonic key, not by modulating rapidly and freely without ever touching the home key, in the usual manner, but by setting up alien "islands" which crumble one by one, each succeeded by futile gropings to "attain" or "remember" the song of peace. Only the third and last episode (and the very number three in this context recalls the three blows of fate in the finale of *VI*) leads amid mounting tumult to a catastrophic climax which sunders everything and finally ushers in the real reprise. Naturally this unprecedented concept takes longer to unfold than the customary development. One need not, however, get lost in it if the form and procedure are understood.

Although there are numerous instances of beginning a recapitulation *fortissimo* where the exposition began softly, this terrible moment of delayed reprise can be compared in its fateful and uncanny power only with the first movement of Beethoven's *Ninth*. Tovey wrote of that famous passage: "Instead of a distant nebula, we see the heavens on fire." So in this work, whereas the first sound we heard was that muffled funeral tread, impressionistically remote (*Ex. 9*), here it returns at close range, hammered out "*mit hoechster Gewalt*" by the trombone choir and tympani. And before the nostalgic main melody can at last return, we are summoned into the presence of some dreadful cortège ("*Wie ein schwerer Kondukt*"), which expands the six foreboding introductory bars into a daemonic fulfillment encompassing thirty-three bars.

For the reprise itself, Mahler turns things around again. The main section is telescoped into a single statement of the lyric theme and its subsidiary; the second half of the theme itself is intensified by chromatic distortion, as if from overwhelming grief—the aftermath of all the preceding revelations. This goes without cadence at *ff* level directly into the second subject. But after only five bars at this level, also telescoped in their melodic outline, there is a sudden hush as the music changes to a sustained *Lento misterioso*. And now, in place of the expository climax with the fate-motif (for we have been through all that and more), the reprise remains in a partial state of suspension, interrupted only fitfully by attempts of the more passionate music to break through. Formally, this dominant-suspension passage actually performs the function of a cadenza leading into the coda<sup>8</sup>—a cadenza in tempo, scored

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<sup>8</sup> Compare the cadenza on the dominant of F sharp minor, in the finale of the *Second Symphony* (cue 30).

for divers instruments in counterpoint, and interrupted more than once, as I said, but complete with classical (if much elaborated) cadential trill! It is a cadenza that flutters and quivers on the threshold of that haven of peace into which the coda is finally to settle, as the last specters scatter and vanish:

## Ex. 23

Horns, Clarinets

Violins

Contrabassoon

Harp

Bassoons

etc.

Note how again the minor third tone is raised to the major just before the resolution.

In the first part of the coda, the chromatic fate-motif itself is caught up in this resolution, united and reconciled with *Exx. 10* and *19* in a piquant and magical piece of tone-painting:

Ex. 24

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is for Horns, marked with a dynamic of *p espr.* (piano, spiritoso). The bottom staff is for Eb-Clarinet. Both staves are in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. The music consists of a series of chords and melodic fragments, with some notes beamed together and some marked with accents or slurs. The bottom staff includes a triplet of eighth notes near the end.

Beneath this, even the palpitating viola figure from *Ex. 10* is transformed by the cellos into something more ethereal. The esthetic effect, though quite different, is analogous to that wrought by the upward resolution of the chromatic motif of desire at the end of *Isolde's Liebestod*. As in *Tristan*, Mahler's chromatic motif of anguished protest is heard literally dozens of times before it is finally resolved in this passage. The music then moves mysteriously into E flat, to introduce an ethereal flute cadenza with softest woodwind harmonies and harp. This flute arches upward and floats down again, met on the way by a muted chord from the formerly menacing but now likewise subdued trombones. On the last page, the lyric theme slowly evaporates in D major, in a broken dialogue for solo violin and winds, in which the oboe keeps repeating its "ewig . . . ewig," as described before, till the final *morendo*. And this time the falling cadence is completed only by a very tenuous high D in the piccolo, flageoletted harp, flageoletted plucked violins and violas (on the G-string),<sup>9</sup> and flageoletted bowed cellos.

#### SECOND MOVEMENT (SCHERZO IN C MAJOR)

The device of placing a more lyric theme ahead of a more active one in the opening movement is paralleled by Mahler in the symphony as a whole, by placing two faster movements within two slower ones. Thus almost everything is formally reversed in this valedictory work, just as Mahler's whole perspective is altered by his sentence of death. Now I mentioned before that the idea of *beginning* themes with the falling cadence, the "ewig" complex, completed or uncompleted (*Exx. 13 and 14*), permeates the whole symphony. And immediately this can be perceived in the second movement, which might be called Mahler's "apotheosis of the dance." It is a kind of double *Scherzo* in which a *Laendler* (*Tempo I*) is set in opposition to a waltz (*Tempo II*)—country and city cousins, so to speak. The slower of the two, the *Laendler*, has a *Trio* of its own attached to it which is even slower (*Tempo III*). The *Trio* subject has almost the graceful quality of a minuet, and by this

<sup>9</sup> Orchestral violinists are wont to complain that the *pizzicato* simply "won't resonate," implying that in this case Mahler's quest for extreme sonorities exceeded for once his knowledge of the instrument employed. It is true that the sound cannot be heard more than a few feet away when demonstrated by a single player. But as flicked by all the violins and violas in unison, it does make a very soft "effect"; and that, as the late Dimitri Mitropoulos pointed out, is all that Mahler wanted, definitely nothing more.

name it is often called in order to distinguish it. Viewing them together, it will be quickly seen that each of the three dances in turn begins with the complex to which I refer:

Ex. 25

The musical score for Ex. 25 consists of four systems of staves, each representing a different instrument or section. The music is in 3/4 time and features a variety of dynamic markings and articulations.

- System 1:** Clars. (Clarinets) and Violas, Bsns. (Violas and Bassoons). The Clars. part starts with a *p* dynamic, followed by *f* and *sf*. The Violas, Bsns. part starts with *p* and continues with *f* and *sf*. A bracket with an 'x' spans the Clars. staff in the final two measures.
- System 2:** Horns. The Horns part starts with *sf*, then *p*, and ends with *pp*. The lower staff continues with *p* and *f* dynamics.
- System 3:** Violins II and Cellos. The Violins II part starts with *p*, then *ff*, and ends with *sf*. The Cellos part starts with *fp* and continues with *fp*.
- System 4:** This system features trills (*tr*) in the upper staff, starting with *sf*. The lower staff continues with *fp* dynamics. The system concludes with "etc."

## Ex. 26

1st time (a)

2nd time (b)

## Ex. 27

Vins., Hrs.

Could any clearer way be found of saying farewell in turn to each of these dances? As Walter truly says, "one feels that 'the dance is over.'"<sup>10</sup> Furthermore, two of these themes do more than merely echo the "ewig" complex. The minuet is actually a kind of dance-variation of the D-major theme of the first movement (*Ex. 11*)—a new,  $\frac{3}{4}$  metamorphosis of that melody already much varied in  $\frac{4}{4}$  meter, and connected by Mahler at one point with "vanished days" and "scattered love." Similarly, the second form of the waltz theme closely anticipates the opening theme of the *Adagio-finale*, as we shall see. This particular cyclic device, first used with notable effect in the last two movements of the *Fifth Symphony* (*Adagietto* and *Rondo-Finale*), is erected almost into a constructive principle in the two final symphonies. For in the *Tenth* also, as Deryck Cooke describes in his analysis in this issue, slow themes from the outer movements are similarly transformed into faster or more dancelike themes in the inner movements, so that the opening of the work is recollected, and the end foreshadowed, in these faster passages.

The key structure of this double *Scherzo* mirrors the *Laendler-waltz* antithesis. The *Laendler* and its *Trio* are set in a very orderly classical relationship to each other. The *Laendler* themes, beginning with *Ex. 25* and marked "*Etwas taepfisch und sehr derb*" ("A little clumsy and very coarse") as well as "*gemaechlich*," are in C major. The minuet is in the normal subdominant key of F major. Before the minuet can even enter, however, the waltz interposes itself, breaking in without pre-modulation in the more clashing key of E major (*Ex. 26a*), and itself modulating

<sup>10</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 125.

freely and rapidly. Later on, a second eruption begins in D major (*Ex. 26b*), faster than before, in a new harmonic and rhythmic guise. It is this second form of the waltz theme (in the key of the first movement by no accident, I am sure) which is of greatest significance in the continuous evolution of the "ewig" complex. In the E-major passage, the descending figure began on the tonic, and the melody descended through six tones of the E-major scale (to the mediant, G $\sharp$ ) before turning upward again in the third bar (see *Ex. 26a*). In the D-major passage, the descending figure begins on the mediant tone (F $\sharp$ ), the usual starting place for the "ewig" complex, and the new melody works its way down a whole-tone scale to the next F $\sharp$  (enharmonically written as G $\flat$ ).<sup>11</sup> The long-term significance lies in the chord-progression as well as the melodic outline, and extends over three movements.

This new melodic form of the waltz is extended into a 15-bar sentence, several times repeated with variations. In *Ex. 26b* I have indicated the harmonic progression of the important first four bars; here now is the melodic outline of the whole sentence:

Ex. 28

As will be seen, it is extremely symmetrical, being in three four-bar periods and a cadential three-bar period. The first period completes the whole-tone descent; the second, answering period, introduces a chromatic turn which is also to be of the utmost importance. The third period repeats the whole-tone progression with embellishment, except that the melody lands on G instead of G $\flat$ , over a Neapolitan sixth chord. And this prepares for the perky cadence of the final period, in

<sup>11</sup> By "works its way," I mean that the harmony is of course not whole-tone harmony, but moves by Mahler's characteristic third-chains.

which the chromatic turn is repeated on the dominant with a characteristic snap at the end. This whole sentence, almost aggressively carefree and debonair, is destined to be transformed into the first five bars of the profound main *Adagio* theme of the finale!—all, that is, except the perky cadence figure, which serves to round the whole thing out and dismiss it with a shrug. The turn, it will be noticed, contains the three chromatically descending tones which formed the basis of the fate-motif of the first movement (*Ex. 18*), but they are thoroughly rationalized into the dance fabric. So after three heedless rotations of the 15-bar theme, the chromatic complex gradually begins to acquire more positive shape again. It has already been heard in a new rhythm in the previous waltz section, but disguised with such an innocuous harmonization, and so integrated as a transitional dance figure, that its derivation would almost certainly go unnoticed:

Ex. 29



A little later it was heard in a more definite shape, repeating the descending tones as in the first movement, but still quite rationalized by its harmonization:

Ex. 30



Now this same latter figure is repeated with woodwind doubling, interrupting the bouncy cadence, and thereafter it becomes steadily more aggressive.

There are also several subsidiary waltz themes. One, with explosive melodic seventh and ninth figures presaging the next movement,—

## Ex. 31

Woodw. *f*

Horns

Tbnes.

*gua*

*p*

Horns

*f*

*sf*

is later combined with the *Laendler* theme (first part of *Ex. 25*) in the waltz tempo. And as the country dance is "caught up," as it were, by its more sophisticated cousin, it too tries to modulate freely:

## Ex. 32

Horns *f*

Woodw. *ff*

Horns *sf* *ff*

Woodw. *sf* *ff*

(Figures like *Ex. 31a* are heard in all the dances.)

After the second waltz, there is a brief reprise of the minuet in F (the last appearance of that key in the *Scherzo*), full of lingering re-wards, and ending suspended with a long pause on an unresolved chord, as if reluctant to reach a cadence. When the C-major *Laendler* itself then returns, ostensibly for a full formal reprise, the tempo is indeed "wie zu Anfang," but nothing else is quite the same. Instead of serving the function of introducing the theme of the second part of *Ex. 25*, the first part wishes to modulate as it did in the waltz, and is haunted by a rocking figure related to *Ex. 31a*. And instead of stopping on a tonic chord as in *Ex. 25*, the *Laendler's* "ewig, ewig" figure has a tendency to land softly and poignantly on a submediant or flat submediant chord, interrupting the cadence. The latter harmony, already heard prominently in *Ex. 26b*, is to prove of utmost significance to the rest of the symphony. When the formerly boisterous, stamping "fiddle" tune from *Ex. 25* does return, all we hear of it is a pale reflection. It begins in a contrapuntal inversion, a solo viola ruefully taking the former counter-voice over subdued cellos with the main theme. This immediately evokes the chromatic motif in its rhythm heard in the waltz, but now more exposed, with an upbeat derived from the rhythm of *Ex. 31a*:

## Ex. 33

The musical score for Ex. 33 consists of three staves. The top staff is for Viola solo, starting at measure 23 with a chromatic motif. The middle staff is for Cellos, playing a similar motif with dynamics *f* and *p*. The bottom staff is for Oboes, playing a more melodic line. The score includes various musical notations such as accents, slurs, and dynamic markings.

As the viola is replaced by an even hollower solo violin, the chromatic motif is repeated higher, with the upbeat figure inverted—downward instead of upward sevenths.

Quite suddenly, all this is displaced by the explosive theme from the waltz (*Ex. 31*), as though evoked by the repeated sevenths. And just as the *Laendler* phrase joined this theme at the waltz tempo before, so now *31* enters at the *Laendler* tempo, and only gradually speeds up until the entire waltz is again going at full tilt. This time it does not begin with *Ex. 26* in either of its forms, but with other subsidiaries which become quite scintillating, until finally the 15-bar rotating theme (*Exx. 26b* and *28*) enters in B flat for a last couple of whirls. It is interrupted by a "grieving" ("klagend") trumpet call, marshalling the music back to C major by means of the "ewig" motif with one of its upbeats from the first movement (like a sad reminder of the day's bitter business), and the *Laendler* reappears in that key, as unexpectedly as it disappeared. But it gets no further than it did before. The opening phrase is still haunted by the rocking figure and by the interrupted cadence in various

keys, the stamping fiddle tune declines altogether to make an appearance. Suddenly the C-major turns into a stern, almost angry C minor,—

Ex. 34

Ex. 34 shows two musical staves. The upper staff is for Violas and Cellos, marked *f*. The lower staff is for Horns, marked *ff*. The music consists of rhythmic patterns and chords, with a key signature change to C minor indicated by a flat sign on the bass line.

a harbinger of the somber coda, which will vacillate between the tonic major and minor in Mahler's most spectral vein.

The major mode returns after about fourteen bars, but there is a low, ominously rising bass. And the next time the interrupted cadence occurs, instead of the soft, pensive flat-submediant chord we get a loud, rasping one with added seventh, to introduce a truly horrendous statement of the chromatic motif, like the howling ape itself this time. It is combined with a rising, distended transformation of the rocking figure, in a kind of contrapuntal grimace which ends impaled on a naked tritone:

Ex. 35

Ex. 35 shows two musical staves. The upper staff is for Flute (Fls., Ob.), marked *ff*. The lower staff is for Violin I (Vins. I), marked *ff*. The music features a chromatic motif and a rising bass line, with dynamic markings including *cresc. molto* and *pp*. A tritone is indicated at the end of the passage.

Now the mirth is "displac'd with most admir'd disorder." The tritone seems to function as a distortion of the classical six-four chord preceding a cadenza, since the "cadenza" itself (or anti-cadenza, if you like) ensues in the form of a series of short, shrill utterances in the various woodwinds (again derived from the rocking figure) over a pounding drone-bass taken from the *Laendler* (Ex. 25). Each pair of woodwind figures alternates with the next pair in the major and minor modes, thus:

Ex. 36

The musical score for Ex. 36 is presented in two systems. The first system features a Piccolo (Picc.) part in the upper staff with a melodic line marked *8va* and *Cis.* The piano accompaniment (piano) is shown in the lower staff with a heavy *ff* dynamic. The second system includes parts for Oboe (Obs.), Flute (Fls.), and Bassoon (Bsns.) in the upper staff, and piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The piano part continues with *ff* dynamics and includes a *pp* section. The score concludes with the word "etc." on the right side.

The afore-mentioned coda is another disintegrating one, but spectrally hollow rather than peaceful. Wisps of the dances gradually evaporate in the alternate modes of C, amid the intermittent wailing of the chromatic motif, which eventually settles into a repeated dominant-seventh chord with *appoggiatura*. "The dance is over" indeed, with no transfiguration as in the first movement—only a ghostly cadence with plucked strings, and a "unison" piccolo and contrabassoon five octaves apart!

### THIRD MOVEMENT (RONDO-BURLESKE IN A MINOR)

To follow such a rich and complex double-Scherzo with the contrapuntal *tour de force* of the daemonic *Rondo-Burleske* is probably the boldest stroke in the whole series of startling juxtapositions which Mahler created. Here, for only the third time, Mahler uses the word "rondo" in a movement-title, but he uses it in utterly sardonic contrast to his two earlier rondo-finales: the *Fifth Symphony's* Rondo in D major and the *Seventh's* Rondo in C major. Mahler sets in ultimate opposition to those joyfully extraverted pieces the equally busy, equally assertive,

and equally logical construction of this savagely nihilistic *Rondo-Burleske* in A minor—his tragic key, and the relative minor of the preceding movement. This too is *like* a finale, but it is a finale with an epilogue, an epilogue which grows out of the invincible humanism that dares to raise its head in the very midst of these diabolic voices the moment they are silent. Let us see how its principal thematic ideas are ever so subtly related to the concepts already outlined.

Fritz Stiedry suggests that the superscription "To my brothers in Apollo" (not found in the published score) is "an ironical allusion to the fugato style of the piece," and "a challenge to some of his composer-colleagues."<sup>12</sup> The headings are "*Allegro assai*" (2/2), and "*Sehr trotzig*" ("Very defiant"). After a six-bar introduction, the principal rondo theme begins as follows:

Ex. 37

Immediately one sees that the tragic key of A minor is no arbitrary choice. Underlying the defiant yet compulsive rhythm of these four bars we may detect the iron boot—the inexorable martial tread of the *Sixth Symphony*:

Ex. 38

Motivically too, it is an extraordinarily pithy four bars. Figure a, which again features the tritone interval so prominent in the preceding coda, also anticipates the *Tenth Symphony*. It is turned into a mocking sneer in the following bar, in the muted trombones (not shown). The note D#, the augmented-fourth tone itself, is very prominent in the ensuing music (sometimes enharmonically as E<sub>b</sub>). Figure b recalls the A-minor movement of the *Fifth Symphony*, and c contains a suggestion of our descending chromatic motif, grotesquely distorted. The reference becomes even more pointed when the theme is varied thus by the horns (cue 29),—

<sup>12</sup> Preface to Boosey and Hawkes score.

Ex. 39



and when the whole business is inverted by the strings (cue 30):

Ex. 40



One of the most awesome and compelling things about this whole mad romp is the way the martial tread, which is never hammered out in full by the percussion as in VI, nevertheless makes itself felt ever more strongly in the rhythmic pulse of the themes themselves. Even the "contrasting" theme in the major does not escape it:

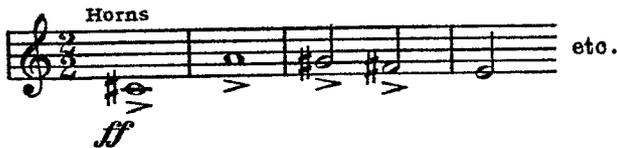
Ex. 41



In fact this melody, in its apparent gay insouciance, is as diabolically pertinent as the rest of it. It heedlessly satirizes not only the military tread, but also the "ewig" complex. Figure *x* outlines the falling cadence once more, this time in the key of F major. But again, as in the *Scherzo's Ex. 26b*, the harmony is diverted into the flat submediant. In fact the opening chord-sequence is exactly the same as in *26b*: tonic—dominant—flat submediant (I-V- $\flat$ VI). The downward pull of the melody and harmony even suggests a variation of *26b*. Of the latter's seven whole-tone steps from mediant to mediant we now get five in the first half of the tune, after which the second half sarcastically resolves itself into the dominant at the seventh bar, while the bass continues to sink and the whole thing is ready to start over again. Whether or not one of these tunes is a variation of the other, it is certain that both prepare for the great theme of the finale. The eight bars of *Ex. 41* do essentially what the fifteen bars of *Ex. 28* do: they take the "ewig" figure, bypass its finality, and attempt to "laugh it off." The finale takes the same harmonic idea and constructs from it a courageous affirmation of life in the very face of death—surely the most sublime embodiment of the variational principle in music imaginable.

When this 2/4 section returns later in A major, it incorporates the descending chromatic motif into a unison passage (just before cue 35) widely considered an evocation of the "Pan" theme from the *Third Symphony*. The implications of this can be pondered *ad libitum*. For who else indeed has constructed a musical symbology so rich and allusive as Mahler's, so pregnant with limitless associative possibilities? Following this, the main rondo theme is thrown against a figure which even more nakedly asserts the martial rhythm of *Ex. 38*:

Ex. 42



And when both are repeated immediately after, the first two bars of *Ex. 37* are replaced by a significant figure which brings into the whirling madness the turn introduced in *Ex. 28* in the *Scherzo*—not chromatic for the moment, but shortly to assume the greatest significance:

Ex. 43



As *Ex. 42* becomes increasingly insistent in the brass, the violins attain ever new heights of shrillness, which suddenly evaporates in a high tremolo and flutter-tongue on the dominant of D major.

The crucial slow episode of the movement thus reached is another of the occurrences in the *Ninth Symphony* which seem to have garnered all that Mahler has learned in his previous works into a uniquely satisfying form. This is basically yet another variant on something with which Mahler was much concerned: Beethoven's dramatic musical device of "groping" one's way into the finale by seeming to search in the darkness for its idea, either through fragments of what has gone before, or "phantoms" of what is to come, or both. But whereas in the *Sixth* and *Tenth* symphonies Mahler follows Beethoven himself, as well as Bruckner, in beginning the finale *per se* in such a manner, here he incorporates the device into a central episode of the preceding movement, creating out of a sound structural principle, as he so often did, something uniquely his own and perfectly adapted to the altered form of the work at hand.

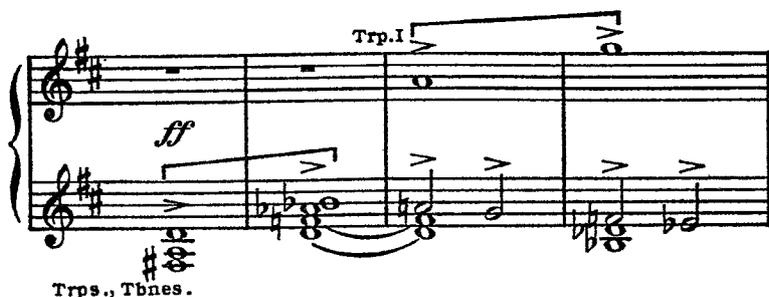
This remarkable episode is in two main parts. The first half, which ends just before cue 39, sets two basic ideas in opposition. One is a series of passionate utterances in D major, each beginning with a slow version of the turn, sometimes diatonic and sometimes chromatic, seeking to mount ever higher, but frustrated with varying degrees of vehemence depending on how far it gets. The other is a figure in D minor growing out of *Ex. 42*. It is stern and forbidding, laden with doom; but curiously, a bit of canonic writing seems to reveal its relation to a short motif of aspiration, like a fervently ascending prayer, from the *Eighth Symphony*:

Ex. 44



This is first heard in the *Eighth*, significantly, in E flat minor at the point of resolution of an E-flat-major cadence (cue 17), after the final appearance of the words "*Imple superna gratia*" ("Bestow thy heavenly grace"), and leading to the sudden plunge into D minor for the contrasting section "*Infirma nostri corporis*" ("The infirmity of our flesh"). Here is how the similar motif appears, by accident or otherwise, out of the counterpoint of the present passage:

Ex. 45



This is a perfect exemplification of the dichotomous pull we so often hear in Mahler's lines: the aspiration and its simultaneous rejection. It is as if the two ideas ("Superna gratia" and "Infirma") presented consecutively in *VIII* are telescoped here. Later the same motif itself becomes major and is movingly combined with the aspiring D-major music at its noblest:

Ex. 46

And immediately afterward we see how the diatonic turn, repeated in descending sequence, becomes that most ubiquitous motif of all which I illustrated as *Ex. 4*.

The second half of the episode reintroduces the fast turn, in a shrill hobgoblin version of *Ex. 43a* in the clarinets. The music moves through various keys, mostly in minor, as the slow-turning theme vies for dominance with this apparition as well as with *Ex. 42*. The clarinet is like a call-to-arms of the daemonic elements as it strives to get the main rondo theme going again. The music, however, remains episodic and fragmentary until, after cue 40, there is a 22-bar retransition in which the daemonic figures of the rondo all seem to gather from afar, shadowy, and still in the slower tempo. Then, ushered in by *Ex. 42* in the muted horns, they suddenly burst through in the original key and tempo, and a shortened reprise leads to the wild, unrestrained stretto-coda in which these specters of Mahler's A-minor diabolism, as well as his harmonic and contrapuntal mastery, ride supreme to the end in a veritable *Walpurgisnacht*.

#### FOURTH MOVEMENT (ADAGIO IN D FLAT MAJOR)

Throughout the finale, Mahler sings with a purer, a more probing and penetrating voice than even he had heretofore acquired. This *Adagio* grows organically out of the other movements, and yet affords an utter catharsis of all that has preceded it. The very tonality is a unique kind of resolution. As Donald Mitchell has pointed out, Mahler used progressive tonality so extensively for musico-dramatic purposes, that the symphonies which do *not* move from one key into another are as significant from that standpoint as those which do—certainly from the *Fifth* on. Thus, e.g., "the *Fifth* 'progresses' from C sharp minor to D major, a key-scheme which reflects the elevation of the hero from a

prostrate position (the opening funeral march) to an upright one (the radiant finale). In the *Sixth* he cannot escape the fateful A minor in which the work begins and ends. The very *non*-progression of the overall key-scheme is quite as dramatic in intent as the progressive tonality of the *Fifth*.<sup>13</sup> Similarly, *VII* begins in the deep, mysterious night of B minor, and ends in the radiant sunlight of C major. *VIII* is concentric like *VI*, but not in a key from which it would seek to escape, rather one to which it blissfully returns; it begins where the *Resurrection Symphony (II)* ends, in E flat major.

In fact it will be noted that Mahler's first two odd-numbered and last three even-numbered symphonies are all concentric, while the remaining five (*II, IV, V, VII* and *IX*) are all progressive. It is, however, only from the *Fifth Symphony* on that he alternates each time a concentric symphony with one in which the ending is exactly a semitone removed from the beginning. Evidently he discovered with the writing of *V* that the "polarity" of this semitone shift satisfied his sense of overall tonal progression best.<sup>14</sup> And since *V* and *VII* both move a semitone upward, the fact that only the *Ninth* moves a semitone downward acquires a special and poignant significance. If a semitone rise, beginning in the minor mode and ending in the major, may be said to signify optimism or triumph, then a semitone fall, both beginning and ending in the major mode, may equally well signify retirement and peaceful resignation.

It is also possible, as Harold Truscott and others have shown, to regard certain keys in a tonal scheme as "functions" of other keys. In a closely reasoned article,<sup>15</sup> Truscott argues that a Mahler symphony is always "in" a certain key even when it does not begin literally *with* that key, and that therefore "progressive" is a misnomer. I think this is largely a question of semantics myself. Conceptually, we may say that a key is "reached," or we may say that it is "revealed," and the musical process may be exactly the same in either case. Certainly one key will be more "important" or more "decisive" than the other; usually it is the key which is gradually being "revealed" or "arrived at," as the case may be, not the starting point. In that sense, *V* is certainly a symphony "in D major." But then so are *I* and *III*, so if we call the *Fifth* a symphony in C sharp minor, we may choose to consider that this is only a conveniently short way of distinguishing it from the others. It is "the D-major symphony which begins in C sharp minor." The second movement of *V* is in A minor, and Truscott rightly points out that A and C♯ are the fifth and seventh tones of the D-major chord. And when he says that in a performance of *V* he was left at the end of the second

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<sup>13</sup> *The Listener*, October 25, 1962.

<sup>14</sup> Actually the sketches for the *Tenth* are ambiguous in this regard, since two alternate final pages survive: one in the opening key of F sharp major, the other in B flat major. The fact that the two pages are otherwise substantively identical indicates anew what importance Mahler attached to the question. Had he eventually chosen to end in B flat, this would be his only defection from concentricism or semitone polarity in the numbered symphonies after *IV*.

<sup>15</sup> *Some Aspects of Mahler's Tonality*; *Monthly Musical Record*, November-December, 1957.

movement with the distinct impression of a major third, A and C#, "literally humming together," to which the D-major third movement "came as a resolution," there is no reason to doubt him. Nor that the *Fifth Symphony* is "simply the most enormous perfect cadence [in D major] ever written." Such large-scale insights are extremely valuable. But again I don't see any real conflict with the "progressive" viewpoint. C sharp minor can indeed be a "function" of D major, but it is also a real key, and as the large-scale plan *begins* to unfold, it is for the moment more real than D major. It is like the movement of the moon around the earth, which is no less real to us on earth just because we are all, earth *and* moon, circling in a much grander orbit around the sun. Infinitely smaller though the moon may be, it can still occasion a total eclipse of the sun to our vision. And as moonlight is a totally different thing to our *senses* than sunlight, even though it be only a reflection of sunlight, so is our C sharp minor to this D major, or B minor to C major. The C sharp minor can be *at one and the same time* the key of the leading-tone minor of D major, and a submerged world destined to rise through that semitone to its opposite "polarity," for as modern physics and cosmology instruct us, *all* motion is relative.

The "polar" view is, in any case, wholly consistent with what happens esthetically in *V*, *VII* and *IX*. It would seem that, having built upon Beethoven and the other classics (*cf.* Beethoven's *Fifth* and *Ninth*) in spanning a symphony dramatically with tonic minor and major modes in his own *First* and *Third* (D minor to D major in both cases), Mahler conceived in his *Fifth* the idea of enhancing the minor-major polarity by that semitone depression of the opening minor, repeated it in his *Seventh*, and then partly reversed it in the *Ninth*. Now it is quite obvious that just as the process in *V* and *VII* can be characterized as a rising *to*, so that in *IX* is properly characterized as a falling *from*. The *Ninth* is yet another D-major symphony, his fourth and last, which happens to end, most poetically and appropriately, a semitone *below* the main tonic. As it is also a four-movement work, unlike the *Fifth* and *Seventh*, which are both five-movement works, it also happens to be his only symphony of which *each* movement inhabits a different tonality than the others: D, C, A, and D flat respectively. Even so, the tonal relationship of the first three movements is classically simple. A minor is the dominant minor key of D major, and C major is the relative major key of A minor. Had the symphony returned to D after the C major and A minor, that would have been a scheme common enough both during and after Haydn's time.<sup>16</sup> It is the D flat alone which gives the key-scheme *per se* its Mahlerian stamp.

But there is a further sense in which this relationship is unique even in Mahler. The *Fifth* begins in a key of four sharps and ends in a key

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<sup>16</sup> This, of course, takes no account of the degree of tonal complexity *within* each movement. Although *IX* is *not* concentric, each individual movement is, however internally complex, where as in *X* the reverse is partly the case. With the F-sharp ending preferred by all its realisers, the latter is concentric, while the last two movements individually, whichever ending is chosen, are not.

of two sharps; the *Seventh* begins in a key of two sharps and ends in a key of no sharps or flats. No other symphony begins, like the *Ninth*, with two sharps and ends with five flats. Can this be related to any prior device of Mahler? Yes, and a very prominent one—his love of enharmonic relationships. Let us look at the ending of *IX* enharmonically. *V* begins in C sharp minor, *IX* ends in D flat major. One is the enharmonic major of the other. Now in addition to his fondness for those vivid major-minor tonic juxtapositions we discussed earlier, Mahler also displays a liking for enharmonic juxtapositions of major and minor. A striking example is the last movement of *II*, where, for instance, we have that lovely long cadenza, suspended on the dominant of F sharp minor, in which the sound of far-off heavenly trumpets is alternated with that of earthly bird-song. This dominant suspension is ultimately resolved, of course, but whereas we would expect it to resolve into F sharp major, the music in fact resolves into G flat major, with the mysterious entry of the unaccompanied chorus. This is surely about the eeriest enharmonic resolution in musical history—one that sends a shiver down the spine of the listener no matter how often he may have heard it. I think this is the sort of metamorphosis which Mahler subtly wished to convey at the outset of the D-flat-major *Adagio* of *IX*. There is indeed a direct enharmonic juxtaposition on the tonic here too, but it is *within* the movement. Let us see what it implies.

The rising tonality of *V*, rising out of that desolate funeral march in C sharp minor ("prostrate," as Mitchell says) into a lively, bustling D major, implied an acceptance of life's challenge, an unquenchable optimism even in the teeth of the cruelest oppression. *IX* depicts a retirement from life, so it sinks once more *from* D major—to what? Initially, to D flat major, for it is a voluntary retirement, and so the tonality suffers a sea-change analogous to that of the *Resurrection* chorus—a willing renunciation of life and acceptance of its end, an interim dwelling "*in einem stillen Gebiet.*" This is more positive—a step further, so to speak—than the sweet nostalgic regret in the first movement, but it is no less subject to reversion. So the *Adagio*'s second subject is pitched in that very enharmonic minor, that C sharp minor of the *Fifth*'s desolate opening, and the music passes easily from one dimension into the other, back and forth, without visible movement. This is music truly on the threshold of infinity. Thus the ubiquitous tonic major-minor complex is present in the *Adagio* in a newly enhanced context, through the use of enharmonics. Tonally we have partly the progression of *V* in reverse, and partly something altogether different, reflecting the ambiguity of Mahler's feeling. The "*ewig*" cadence and the chromatic fate-motif are here too, fully integrated into the new musical fabric. Thus the whole *Adagio* translates into pure music the poetic ambiguity of *Der Abschied*, with its lingering sensuousness and the overwhelming passion of its outburst apostrophizing "*Schoenheit,*" "*ewigen Liebens,*" and the "*Lebens-trunk'ne Welt.*" It is music imbued not only with the utmost sadness of leave-taking, but with a deep love of life and a feeling for life in every fiber.

First is the two-bar unison flourish (slowed down from *Exx.* 28a and 43a) on the G-strings of all the violins:

## Ex. 47



Again we have the chromatic version of the turn. Here the tribute to Bruckner's precept (the E-major *Adagio* of his *Ninth*) implicit in the first upward sweep on the dominant is perfectly balanced between a sense of identity and a sense of "otherness." (I prefer that expression here to "dissociation.") Bruckner begins with a five-note chromatic motif, also on the G-strings, though of the first violins only:

## Ex. 48



Both figures play about the upper dominant (a semitone to either side), but Bruckner stresses the two chromatic tones (the latter all the more by the subsequent octave plunge) at the expense of the dominant itself,<sup>17</sup> while Mahler again sublimates the chromaticism into the ostensibly more conventional turn (unconventionally provided with stress marks)—that very turn which, moreover, becomes a remarkable expressive device through the sheer pervasiveness of its use in the subsequent string texture.<sup>18</sup> It is now like a sigh which recurs in every voice at every register; when the stress marks are added, the sigh becomes almost a sob, in the style of the Italian madrigalists. The music is literally permeated with it, sometimes in its original slow semiquavers and sometimes further lengthened into quavers.

The principal statement for strings is divided by a two-bar interlude for the bassoon into two main clauses, and each half introduces one of the two motto figures which unite all the movements of the symphony. Here is the full texture of the first two bars:

<sup>17</sup> Another difference is that Bruckner's figure is not merely introductory. It is part of the main theme, which continues on the next beat with full harmonization.

<sup>18</sup> The slow chromatic turn made lyric, especially on the dominant, has an almost universal connotation of deep pain and sorrow, as in the *Crucifixus* of Haydn's *S. Cecilia Mass*, or, without the middle note, the second *Kyrie* of Bach's *B Minor*.

## Ex. 49

*Molto adagio*

x

*p*

v

*p*

Col basso ↓

Detailed description: This is a musical score for piano and bass. The tempo is marked 'Molto adagio'. The key signature has three flats (B-flat major/C minor) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part (top staff) begins with a dynamic marking of *p* and features a melodic line with a slur over the first two measures. The bass part (bottom staff) starts with a dynamic marking of *p* and has a 'Col basso' instruction with a downward arrow. There are various musical notations including slurs, accents, and dynamic markings throughout both staves.

The complete harmony is necessary here in order to show the occurrence of the same chord-progression under the "ewig" figure as in *Exx. 26b* and *41*—essentially, I-V- $\flat$ VI, with an intervening III chord occasioned by the dropping of the alto (viola) voice on the second beat.<sup>19</sup> It is nowhere more difficult than here to find words to express adequately the profound effect of this use of altered harmony, structurally related to music otherwise utterly unlike it, in the predominantly diatonic opening of a solemn, hymnlike polyphony which is to become increasingly chromatic as it progresses. It immediately produces a warmth and deepening of the music comparable to the moving overall effect of the very remoteness of the key chosen. But rather than grope for suitable descriptive analogies, I shall take recourse to an antipodally "common" musical analogy. First, here is the upper melodic voice of the whole main clause:

## Ex. 50

Vins. I

*p*

*f*

*f*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for Violins I, consisting of three staves. The key signature has three flats and the time signature is 4/4. The first staff begins with a dynamic marking of *p*. The second and third staves begin with a dynamic marking of *f*. The music features a melodic line with various rhythmic values, slurs, and accents.

<sup>19</sup> The third bass note, though written A $\flat$ , is as truly the root of a flat-sixth chord as in the earlier examples, since this chord can be represented as B $\flat$ bD $\flat$ F $\flat$ , the flat submediant of D flat major. As Mahler used the B $\flat$ b notation in the same context in bar 17, and in the same contrabass register in bars 22 and 136, it is difficult to know why he used the A natural here, but it must obviously have had some practical rather than structural application.

I think the derivation I mentioned of the first five bars from an astonishing metamorphosis of the first twelve bars of *Ex. 28*, including the chromatic turn at the corresponding point, will be quite clear, and nothing more need be said about that. And so I come to my popular analogy.

When I first made the acquaintance of this music in my late 'teens, I was much bemused by the fact that, in the first six bars of the above, Mahler seemed to quote from no fewer than four popular English and American hymns and ballads, one after another, beginning with *Abide with Me* on the first descent from mediant to tonic. Actually, if three-fourths of the opening bar is played on the piano with a regular instead of altered submediant (i.e., I-III-V<sup>7</sup>-VI), and with the dotted polyphony pressed into harmonic line, it is *Abide with Me*. But even stranger than this chain of resemblances were the uncanny alterations in the bass progression. Now some musicians and music-lovers seem positively embarrassed by the resemblance alone, and would prefer that one didn't even mention this. They seem to be unaware of the fact that our whole musical experience is founded upon subconscious association with the "commonest" sounds that prevail in the world around us, and that without the innate faculty of *making* such associations subconsciously, it is quite impossible to be musical at all. Elsewhere I have referred to Mahler's musical surrealism—his custom of putting the most familiar musical "objects" into the most unfamiliar, dreamlike and magical contexts. This I am sure is his unique strength, the principal source of the earthy power that will grow and outlast the lifespan of any who read this. Whether it was because Mahler's musical gifts were more completely integrated with his subconscious emotional life than in others, or for some other reason, I do not know, but I firmly believe that this *Adagio* could only have been conceived in the brain of one who knew that the most profound utterance that man can conceive is somewhere akin to the childish parable—one who could perceive the relatedness of all things, not just the differences of a few. "One must use the most ordinary words to say the most extraordinary things."

After thus beginning his first clause with the "ewig" figure in variation, Mahler offers his other main motto, the chromatically descending fate-motif. He presents it in closer proximity to the first one this time, opening the second clause with it in a new cry of overwhelming grief and desolation:

Ex. 51



For whereas, in the first movement, the initial three descending tones of the motif were repeated immediately at the same pitch (as in *Ex. 18*), here they are answered a third higher, with an even more terrible intensity. Furthermore, this second half of the new motif echoes all but the final note of the chromatic turn, and Mahler will make this relationship even more graphic later on. But after four bars this passage resolves back into a varied restatement of the first clause, a solo horn suddenly

standing forth with a majestic elaboration of the first two bars that is to evolve further into this form:

Ex. 52



The restatement is extended in a new direction, including a wonderful effect of aspiration achieved through a descending scale that repeatedly moves into higher octaves. Later on this idea is set against the unbroken scale itself in contrasting phrasing, as follows:

Ex. 53



One may think that it is like Richard II's

Mount, mount, my soul, thy seat is up on high,  
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

Or, on the other hand, it may suggest the purely earthly ideals and aspirations which continue to soar even as the flesh fails, just as Mahler is recorded to have read philosophy (not the Bible) on his own death-bed, by tearing out the pages and holding them up before his eyes in a trembling hand. At any rate, there is a similarly aspiring violin figure in both parts of the *Eighth Symphony*, over a dominant pedal. It is heard thus at cue 22 in Part I—

Ex. 54



to the words "*Firmans virtute perpeti*," following "*Infirma nostri corporis*" ("The infirmity of our flesh invest with eternal strength"), and in slightly altered form after cue 79 in Part II, to the words "*Die ew'ge Liebe nur vermag's zu scheiden*" ("Eternal love alone can separate them"—i.e., the spirit from "earth's residue"). The relationship of both to a crucial figure in the *Kindertotenlieder* will become clear on the final page of the *Ninth*.

At that point in the exposition there is a complete change in the musical texture. The rich polyphony evaporates, and the C-sharp-minor section is ushered in with but two voices "without expression," separated by a void of nearly five octaves:

Ex. 55



The upper voice is scored for the first violins. The lower voice is doubled in a still lower octave, making a total span of six octaves. But instead of cellos and string basses as expected, it is strikingly scored for cellos and contrabassoon; in fact the phrase is identical with the interlude for solo bassoon heard earlier. Of the several themes of this section, one, heard initially in the continuation of the first violin line, suggests a transformation of the chromatic Ex. 51 into the diatonic minor mode:

Ex. 56



Both sections are worked out again more fully in their original keys. The two clauses of the main section, however, are worked into a more continuous fabric the second time. The C-sharp-minor section maintains throughout a sparse, chamber-like texture somewhat resembling that of *Der Abschied*, and including a liberal use of solo strings. This is especially marked in its second appearance, which begins with a minor-third *ostinato* almost identical with that heard in *Der Abschied*, and initially scored for the same instruments—clarinets and harp in unison:

Ex. 57



Ex. 58



That is interrupted by a passionate development of *Ex. 51* and *sequelae*, leading to a climax wherein the connection between *Ex. 51* and the chromatic turn is spelt out in a tragic proclamation by the trumpets, in a full brass polyphony over a drum-roll *crescendo* which reverts for a moment to the catastrophic utterance of the first movement. This is the emotional crisis of the finale, before the point of reprise. The final note of the turn is at last filled in *within* the context of *51*, and the harmonic sequel to this consummation is greeted by a shattering cymbal stroke at the conclusion of the drum-roll (\*), over a tritone bass. The violins come in and then complete the introductory flourish (which we then see to be in the same key as in *Ex. 47*) with its scale descent in augmented form, with utmost emphasis, and an octave higher than at the opening of the movement:

Ex. 59

The musical score for Ex. 59 is arranged in two systems. The first system includes parts for Trumpets (Tr.), Horns, Tubas (Tbn.), and Bassoon (Basso col.). The second system includes parts for Violins (Vins.) and Cellos. The score is written in a key with two flats (B-flat major or D minor) and a 3/4 time signature. The first system features a *ff* dynamic for the trumpets and a *Sehr fließend* tempo marking for the tubas. The second system features a *Pesante* tempo marking for the tubas and a *molto rit.* marking for the cellos. The score includes various musical notations such as triplets, accents, and dynamic markings.

Once more Mahler has neatly and imperceptibly telescoped the culmination of the development with the beginning of the reprise. The har-

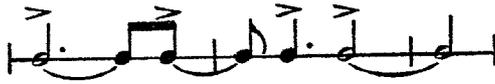
mony has suddenly disappeared under the high C flat, leaving it exposed; and before the descent begins, the slashing down-strokes of all the violin bows have outlined the opening funeral tread of the whole symphony—

Ex. 60



in the following form:<sup>20</sup>

Ex. 61



After the brass peroration of *Ex. 59*, the chromatic motif is stripped of its anguish and terror, as at the end of the first movement. In the reprise, this motto of despair is simply heard as a sad but accepted corollary to the final song of yearning, which rises once more to the heights and then sinks back to be swallowed up in oblivion. In the coda, the motif is a mere wisp of sound disappearing with the others. The reprise itself is dominated by a statement and counterstatement of the main clause; the *minore* does not return. The statement is enriched by a flowing counterpoint for horns and cellos, again featuring the turn, as well as a noble figure (bracketed below) further recalling the *Eighth Symphony*. Compare the following, noting also the use of the stressed chromatic turn already in the texture of the *Eighth* (Part II, cue 20):

Ex. 62



<sup>20</sup> This effect needs to be carefully brought out by the conductor, obviously by having the bows lifted between strokes. Too many interpreters simply seem to ignore it as an effect, either because they are unaware of this "far-out" reference or because they don't believe it can be brought off. I for my part cannot believe these particular syncopations to be accidental, and even if they were, it is still sloppy execution, of the sort to be avoided on principle in Mahler, to allow the bow-strokes to run together. I think it safest to lay it down as a ground-rule that any Mahler indication neglected will probably obscure some relation, since nothing is quite accidental, just as the omission of any line in Shakespeare leaves some gap in the structural and dramatic logic observable by and significant to someone. To me, this strange effect in the upper register simply declares, all the more clearly and graphically for its unexpectedness, that Death is omnipresent and inescapable. If the previous use of the rhythm has been suitably apprehended and assimilated, it can be one of his most chilling devices.

Ex. 63



This seven-bar statement is *fortissimo*, and one more cymbal crash gives it urgency at the fifth bar, after which the percussion is silent. A five-bar interlude, beginning with a sudden hush and embodying the partly sublimated chromatic figure, prepares for the final counter-statement. This begins *pianissimo*, with the flowing passagework removed, the woodwinds and brass joining the strings in the polyphony of *Ex. 49*, but inverted, with the "ewig" motif now in the horns and cellos, below the voice formerly assigned to half the cellos. The bass is reinforced by bass clarinet, bassoons and tuba, in which the turning figure groans repeatedly as a dissonant distortion of the polyphony increases at the third bar (*crescendo*) and reaches a poignant climax in the fifth and sixth bars (*fortissimo*), with the violins and trumpet in excruciating bi-tonal conflict with each other. This dissolves in a rapid *diminuendo*, and there is a final accompanied cadenza for the high violins, from which they descend in a touching echo of the flute cadenza in the first movement.

After a general pause, the 27-bar coda for *pp* strings, *Adagissimo*, concludes the symphony. All the strings are muted except the first violins, which remain mostly above the staff. These unmuted violins enter in the fourth bar, after a veiled, almost remote statement of the chromatic motif (*Ex. 51*). In the first violin part there is once more an echo of the *Eighth Symphony* and of the *Kindertotenlieder*. Compare the following with *Ex. 54a* from the *Eighth*—

Ex. 64



—and, even more directly, with the music to which the words "Der Tag ist schoen auf jenen Hoeh'n" ("The day is bright on yonder height") are sung in the cycle. The slow melodic descent of a fifth, from supertonic to dominant, suggests once more the flute cadenza, as well as the descent from the finale's opening flourish (*Ex. 47*), and again it seems as if they are all evoked by the same associations. From here to the end the first violins only repeat the dominant  $A_b$  tone. A final statement of the chromatic motif in the second violins is altered so that the second half begins no higher than the first half, as though too numb or too oblivious to move:

## Ex. 65

The musical score for Ex. 65 is written for piano in a key signature of three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor). It consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and the second a bass clef. The music begins with a *pp* dynamic. The first measure contains a chromatic turn. The second measure is marked *dim.* and *ppp*. The third measure is marked *pp* and has a *rit.* marking above it. The final note of the first staff is a G natural, which is the fifth of the minor tonic triad. The second staff has a similar chromatic turn and ends with a G natural, which is the fifth of the major tonic triad.

The repeated viola figure below transforms the chromatic turn about the dominant back into the diatonic form by raising the double flat with which it began in the movement's opening flourish. The final note shown above in the second violins, along with the open fifth in the cellos below, form the minor tonic triad, and this too is raised to the major triad when the second violins reenter for the closing bars on F natural. Thus the tonic major-minor motif is reversed, in precise opposition to the closing bars of the *Tragic Symphony*, which asserts the minor triad with awful finality. In the two final bars, the diatonic turn of *Ex. 65* is reversed. The violas die away on the dominant, the cellos repeat the open fifth, similarly dying away, and the resolving mediant tone in the second violins is far above the fifth which it resolves, as though it were a resolution on some ethereal plane, disembodied and not of this world:

## Ex. 66

The musical score for Ex. 66 is written for piano in a key signature of three flats. It consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and the second a bass clef. The music begins with a *ppp* dynamic. The first measure contains a chromatic turn. The second measure is marked *ppp* and has a triplet of notes marked with a bracket and the number 3. The third measure is marked *ppp* and has the word *ersterbend* written above it. The final note of the first staff is a G natural, which is the fifth of the minor tonic triad. The second staff has a similar chromatic turn and ends with a G natural, which is the fifth of the major tonic triad.

This is surely a kind of Buddhist *nirvana* to which Mahler's contemplation soars, not the Roman Catholic resurrection of the two choral finales (*II* and *VIII*). All the familiar aspiring to heaven of the *Eighth* is there, but it is finally sublimated into this ethereal oblivion. Again the verbal clue to the instinctual meaning of such music seems to be provided by *Das Lied von der Erde*. I noted above the resemblance of *Ex. 19* to the phrase "Du aber, Mensch." In the earlier work, the plaint "But thou, man, how long livest thou" is contrasted with "The sky is eternally blue, and the earth will long stand fast and blossom in spring" ("*Das Firmament blaut ewig,*" etc.). In our thermonuclear age, of course, not even that is literally certain. But our petty world is to the greater cosmos as the individual human is to the race: a mere speck in the continuum. In *Das Lied*, the answer to "How long livest thou" is:

"Not a hundred years canst thou enjoy all the rotten trinkets of this world." And the resolution seems to be found not in personal salvation and immortality, as in *II* and *VIII*, but in the great "collective unconscious":

Die liebe Erde allueberall  
Blueht auf im Lenz und gruengt aufs neu!  
Allueberall und ewig blauen licht die Fernen!  
Ewig . . . Ewig . . .

We see that in these last works of Mahler, Catholicism is completely replaced by Pantheism. That is the final paradox of Mahler's paradoxical life: that, faced with actual death, he no longer strove for reconciliation with eternity, but with *this* world. In the text of *Das Lied*, which is quite literally a "song of the earth," he instinctively returned once more, perhaps, to something like the youthful philosophy of Nietzsche, who had said: "A new pride taught me mine ego, and that teach I unto men: no longer to thrust one's head into the sand of celestial things, but to carry it freely, a terrestrial head, which giveth meaning to the earth."

Not only is the philosophy of *Das Lied von der Erde* a pagan philosophy, but after the *Eighth Symphony* the only explicit mention of God connected with Mahler's music is that which he inscribed in the margin of the *Purgatorio* from the *Tenth*: "O God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Mahler's final rejection of the orthodox theologies which so troubled him seems implemented by his instruction that during his funeral not a word should be spoken nor a note sung. Thus the final words which he did set to music, the words quoted above about "the beloved earth," must be accepted as his final verbal testament of faith, and nothing in the instinctual expression of the music which follows contradicts them. The dissolving into *nirvana* at the end of the *Ninth* even hearkens somewhat back to the oblivion of the end of the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, under the snowfall of blossoms from the lime tree of childhood where "all was good again: love and grief and world and dream"—"*Lieb' und Leid und Welt und Traum*." But this is the reconciliation of childhood through the mind and heart of a man. This symphony which began with the distant tread of death, and which examined every aspect of its proximity to life, ends as nearly and truly reconciled to both as it seems possible for a man of Mahler's tremendous and clear-sighted intellect to become.

## IN MEMORIAM

### DIMITRI MITROPOULOS

On November 2, 1960, the world of music lost one of its most eloquent interpreters with the death of Dimitri Mitropoulos. The Greek-born maestro's youthful interests lay in piano and composition, for both of which he showed precocious gifts. During his piano study with Busoni in the 1920's he acted as répétiteur of the Berlin Opera. Henceforth he devoted himself more intensively to the conductor's art. After a period as director of the Athens orchestra and numerous guest appearances throughout Europe he made a successful American debut with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1936.

In 1937 began a twelve-year association with the Minneapolis Symphony. Under his dynamic leadership the orchestra grew rapidly in stature and audiences heard, in addition to the classics, a wide range of contemporary music presented with the greatest brilliance. Long an ardent admirer and conductor of the works of Mahler he was presented the medal of the Society in 1940.

He was engaged by the New York Philharmonic Society in 1949 and in 1950 became its musical director, a post he relinquished in 1958, continuing, however, as frequent guest conductor. His highly successful association with the Metropolitan Opera began in 1954.

Few, if any, of the major conductors of our time have espoused the cause of contemporary music so consistently and so effectively. His interest in Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern began long before these men were *à la mode*. At the opera a catholicity of taste led to memorable productions of Wagner, Verdi, Strauss, Puccini, and Barber. His incandescent performances of *Elektra* and *Salomé* will long be remembered by his New York audiences. In the concert halls and opera houses of Germany, Italy, and Austria he received the enthusiastic acclaim of listeners and musicians alike.

Any eulogy of this great artist would be singularly incomplete without tribute to Mitropoulos the man. In his youth he became an intense admirer of St. Francis of Assisi. His subsequent career was strongly colored by a spiritual outlook uncommon among practicing artists of our day. He felt a keen moral obligation to place his talents and material resources at the service of mankind. As a result, his personal life was almost that of an ascetic, but he aided countless young composers and performers both here and abroad with strong encouragement and material support. Many of the now-famous figures in the world of professional music were frequent recipients of his benefactions. The kindness and respect he exhibited toward the members of the orchestras he conducted were bywords in our own country and on the continent. An illustrious career has ended, but the influence of this great musician will live on for years.



DIMITRI MITROPOULOS  
1896 - 1960

## A PERFORMER'S RIGHTS (2)

By STANLEY POPE

Among the great composers there are few who depend so much on a carefully balanced performance as Bruckner, whose massively changing elements of expansion and contraction must be taken into account if his symphonies are to emerge as an even flowing organic growth.

Not only this. The musical content is that which lies beyond the notes, and whereas the average listener will have no difficulty in following music of a traditional pattern, an idiom outside his experience must be presented clearly if it is to be understood. Listeners hearing the performance of a well-known symphony may easily be blinded by bland efficiency, for they subconsciously supply the qualities that are missing from their own experience. This experience, or knowledge, has been gained after hearing many performances of the same work. They will react similarly when confronted with any work in a familiar idiom. On the other hand, if the idiom is strange to them, a faithful reproduction of the notes alone will not recreate the spirit of the work for them and they will not have sufficient experience to recreate it for themselves. In this case the performers have an unfair advantage over the unfortunate composer who is invariably called to task.

It is not only modern composers who suffer this indignity. It is still happening to Bruckner. He has been frequently accused of writing shapeless movements and of badly welding the parts together. But it is a mistake to try and make his music fit into the traditional forms of the earlier Viennese masters. Although the overall shape of his symphonies may bear a resemblance to that of the work of other 19th century symphonists, the form of the separate movements is highly individual and calls for very careful thought when planning a performance.

In the late 19th century music was far more freely treated than it is today, and although it would be unthinkable to return to the liberties taken in those days, we are in danger of forgetting that *Tempo* does not depend upon the clock, but that it is a quality dependent on the musical situation. As that situation changes, so does the *Tempo*. When handling one of Bruckner's great movements we must not maintain our course relentlessly if inflexions in tempo are demanded by the music. On the other hand constant change in basic tempo will disturb the smooth unfolding of the work. Often enough the music calls for changes in tempo which have not been indicated by the composer. Bruckner may have thought, as did Brahms, that such indications as *poco meno mosso* and *piu animato* lead to exaggerations with the consequent disruption of the movement's forward flow. What is misleading, however, is that he sometimes put them in the more obvious places and omitted them where we should have been glad of his guidance.

Balancing form and material in a highly compact structure, such as

came from the pen of Beethoven, calls for the greatest concentration, but Bruckner's more leisurely synthesis demands longer periods of relaxation. Balancing implies pertinent reconstruction with an eye to the relevant importance of the underlying growth of the symphony as a whole on the one hand, and of the material from which it is made on the other. Some performances fail to carry conviction because the argument is not sustained and becomes bogged down in a series of episodes, others because material has been glossed over for fear of destroying the continuity. One is often faced with a dilemma and has to rob Peter to pay Paul.

The important thing is to know how and when to do it. Mutilation is no solution and Schalk's edition does nothing to help us. In fact he further increases our difficulties by completely destroying the natural balance of the *Finale*. Perhaps he reorchestrated the symphony for the mere fun of it, for Bruckner's original scoring is frequently more transparent than Schalk's, and at its best abounds in a refreshingly personal use of the orchestral palette. It is an error to compare Bruckner's orchestration with that of his contemporaries. His sounds are less brilliant than Tchaikovsky's and more strongly contrasted than those of either Brahms or Dvorak. He did not possess the surety of Berlioz nor the *metier* of Verdi or Wagner. But the tone-colouring of his own instrumentation is as essential a part of his symphonies as the themes themselves, and the practice of performing the Revised Edition of Schalk is one which we hope has been abandoned for good.

The four movements of the Fifth Symphony are closely related to one another, not only in the more obvious instances such as the return to the first subject from the first movement after letter V in the *Finale*, the opening bars of the second and third movements and the reference to earlier material before letter A in the *Finale*, but also by much other material which can be traced going through the symphony in one form or another. Compare the pizzicato figure at the beginning of the work with cellos and basses after letter A in the *Trio*, and again the first theme in the first *Allegro* with bars 7 and 8 of the *Scherzo* of which the woodwind figure is a derivation inverted.<sup>1</sup>

The musical content of the symphony implies that the movements should be related in *Tempo*. This means so shaping the movements as to demonstrate at salient points the characteristics they have in common. This will in no way prevent us from constructing each movement according to its individual demands, nor will it mean a rigid application of our findings. But we shall have devised a plan which can be fashioned to meet our own requirements as well as what we believe to be those of the composer. There is no such thing as a final interpretation of any great work, and the present paper is no more than an attempt to present a balanced account of this symphony from which some interpreters may wish to proceed. The element of artifice introduced by such calculations may appear to lead to pedantry from which any performance must be free. Moreover, the use of the metronome, to which constant reference will be made, stands in direct opposition to the conception of tempo as a quality not to be measured by the clock referred to above. But such are

<sup>1</sup> cf. Anton Bruckner's *Sämtliche Werke*, Vol. 5, edited by Robert Haas.

the limits of our terms of explanation, that once the music has dictated this 'tempo' we must then refer to our mechanical device!

As a key to a common unit binding together the major elements of this symphony, I have taken the opening of the Finale proper (*Allegro moderato*) as  $\text{♩} = 116$ . Not only is this a satisfactory pace from which to set out on this movement, but it gives us a clue to the speed of the great slow movement. At bar 26 in the Finale the octave, head of the fugal subject, appears in the flute. If these quavers are played at the same speed as the opening crotchets at letter A (*i.e.*,  $\text{♩} = 116$ ) then the basic tempo of the *Adagio* will be  $\text{♩} = 29$ . Thus the triplet crotchets, at 87 to the minute, while moving easily will not drag uncomfortably, and the oboe tune ( $\text{♩} = 58$ ) will still retain the characteristic of an *adagio*. Whereas Bruckner has written  $\text{♩}$  at the beginning of the slow movement, he changes this to C at letter H (p. 69), where he refers to the "Allabreve-Takte" and indicates a slightly slower crotchet. It would seem that he was thinking in terms of two in a bar at the beginning of this movement. This would appear to apply to the beginning of the symphony as well. To open the symphony at  $\text{♩} = 48$  destroys the quality of the *adagio*. On the other hand to lead off at  $\text{♩} = 24$  (with four beats in the bar, of course) makes it impossible for the listener to take in the first fourteen bars as one phrase. If we return to the same  $\text{♩} = 29$  as the second movement, we may still retain the basic pulse of two beats in the bar and also be able to grasp the first phrase as a whole. If we can accept this, we have established a point of contact at important moments in the symphony: the opening of the work, the beginning of the second movement and of the Finale.

First Movement, *Adagio - Allegro*.

As  $\text{♩} = 29$  is too slow a beat to assure precision in the basses, the beat should be subdivided:  $\text{♩} = 58$ . The pizzicato quavers must be played thematically. Much of the important material in this symphony is to be traced to this figure



inverted and transposed



thus

becomes:



of the 2nd and 3rd movements, and



of the Trio. The interval of the 5th that this initial figure encompasses also introduces the main theme of the first Allegro and, most clearly, the great chorale in the Finale. From the 7th bar the accents must be expressive. A clear distinction is to be made between the semiquavers and the demi-semiquavers in bars 15 and 16. Bruckner was inclined to leave some empty spaces in his scores as at bars 21/22 and 29/30. Presumably he imagined the sound travelling around as it would in a church, but some of our concert halls, like the Royal Festival Hall in London, have little reverberation and it may be advisable to hold the minims of bars 21 and 29 longer than their real value. We must establish the tempo for the first Allegro theme before knowing how much faster the *Bewegter* (*im künftigen Allegro-Tempo*) should be.

As the composer goes to some pains in the introduction to the Finale to differentiate between "Allegro" and "Allegro moderato" we shall assume that the first movement proper should set out faster than  $\text{♩} = 116$ . However, we must think of the second theme which is introduced at letter C. To play this at the main allegro tempo would make nonsense of it, and yet to have too great a disparity between this and the opening allegro would constitute a first threat to the main flow of the movement. I suggest, therefore, that  $\text{♩} = 128$  will give us impetus, but will also permit us not to hurry the second theme. "Bewegter," then, at bar 31 at  $\text{♩} = 128$ . Care should be taken not to make any diminuendo in *Ursprüngliches Adagio* until bar 50.

Once the Allegro is under way one should not push the music forward during the diminuendo between bars 63 and 70. If the tempo should become slightly relaxed (slower) it will re-establish itself again with the "ff" at bar 79. Trombone III and Tuba should come forward in bars 83/84, and the horns must play well up in bars 82, 88 and 90 otherwise they will not be heard. The second theme, not to be hurried if the close of the phrase in the violins in bars 111 to 116 is to be allowed to sing, may be introduced at circa  $\text{♩} = 96$ . This and analogous passages call for careful dovetailing. So that the change of tempo should not be too abrupt, a *poco rallentando* going through to the new tempo may start at bar 96. It is natural for the music to have moved forward to  $\text{♩} =$  circa 108 by bar 127. I would suggest delaying the *ritardando* until bar 129, two bars later than printed, and avoid bringing the movement to a standstill. The main rhythm continues as two beats in the bar, for the music is kept buoyant by the material in the horns after bar 131. The passing notes in Horn II must be brought sufficiently forward, Horn I playing "quasi solo" throughout. Between letters E and H we have to re-establish the allegro impetus. With  $\text{♩} = 108$  at F,  $\text{♩} = 112$  at G and

$\text{♩} = 120$  at H, we shall gradually increase the movement without throwing it forward. At bar 151 to 155 *ff* in the strings will stimulate the movement, as will *poco piu animato* after F. In bars 167/168 care must be taken not to cover 1st trumpet. This very important question of the trumpets is to be considered later. Flutes, clarinets and violins should play *espressivo* from 185 to 188. At bar 205 it is necessary to alter the nuances to allow the horns to come through.

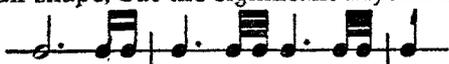
The image shows a musical score for four sections: Woodwind, Horns (sounding), Brass, and Strings. The score is written in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked as  $\text{♩} = 120$  at H.

- Woodwind:** The top two staves (treble and bass clef) show a melodic line starting with a dynamic of *f* and an accent (>). The notes are B-flat, B, and B-flat.
- Horns (sounding):** The staff shows a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes with a dynamic of *fff* and a marking 'a 4'. The notes are B-flat, B, and B-flat.
- Brass:** The top two staves (treble and bass clef) show a melodic line starting with a dynamic of *mf*. The notes are B-flat, B, and B-flat.
- Strings:** The bottom two staves (treble and bass clef) show a melodic line starting with a dynamic of *mf*. The notes are B-flat, B, and B-flat. There are slurs and a *ff* dynamic marking in the lower staff.

This magical transition from 209 to 236 must not be hurried, but must lead flowingly into the cadence after 217. This can then be played at the same speed as the beginning of the second theme,  $\text{♩} = 92$ . From 213 to 216 horns play *en solo*, and strings make a crescendo to *forte* from 214 to 216. Bar 217 must start afresh and a slight expressive *ritenuto* may be introduced at 219 and 220, but the tempo must be re-established at 221, where the movement must be kept going steadily.

"Tempo of the Introduction—Adagio." The character of the music after bar 247 calls for a tempo with a little more movement than the Introduction as we had planned it. Here again it looks as though

Bruckner's own idea of the Adagio is not as heavy as our own, but the opening statement of this symphony is indeed monumental, and its unique position amongst symphonic openings calls for space and dignity. For this reason I would hesitate to recommend a faster tempo. But I am aware of the necessity not to drag after bar 247 and would not suggest a slower tempo than  $\text{♩} = 64$  for this Adagio. This also has the advantage of making a smooth change-over to Allegro at  $\text{♩} = 128$ . Long singing strokes of the bow for the quavers in bar 255, and by 257 the crescendo should have reached *forte* and should continue to develop to *ff* at bar 259. At letter L we run into some difficulties concerning both rhythm and balance. It is assuredly absurd to underline detail to the detriment of overall shape, but the significant rhythmic figure



can be clearly observed without detrimental consequences. The tempo must not be too rapid otherwise the trombones will be unable to produce the demisemiquavers however sharp their tongues. The orchestra must be held from bar 275 without destroying the impetus. The limit at which this rhythm can be clearly performed is  $\text{♩} = \text{circa } 120$ , but even so, the trumpets and trombones should be asked not to play the semiquavers too quickly so as to assure sufficient contrast with the demisemiquavers which follow. This request should be made wherever the figure appears in the orchestra. For the sake of clarity an even steadier tempo is called for at M. The opportunity for further reducing the pace is given us in the *pianissimo* from 297, but it may still be necessary to pull back smartly at M to  $\text{♩} = 100$ . Having made our point we may let the music have its head from *pp* bar 315 without allowing it to run away. This fluidity is essential in view of the rapidly changing musical dictates. I would put forward for consideration the following changes in nuances in the interest of transparency between letters L and N. Horns: only *forte* after M. Trumpets: only *forte* at bar 287 for three bars, and again at 304 for four bars; *fortissimo* from 309 onwards. Trombones: only *forte* at L for three bars, 1st trombone *forte* in bars 289/290, 2nd and 3rd trombones only *forte* in 288 to 290, all trombones only *forte* from M for four bars—otherwise as printed throughout this passage. Timpani: only *forte* at bars 303 and 306. 1st violins: *ffp* at bar 293, *ff* again at 295. 2nd violins: *ffp* at bar 295, *pp* as printed at 297. Violas:



From N the accents should all be very firm. The chorale-like interpellations at 325 and 331 should return at the tempo of the second theme ( $\text{♩} = 92$ ) but bars 329/330 and the fanfare at 339 should be allegro ( $\text{♩} = 100$ ). The return to the restatement at letter O means a return to  $\text{♩} = 128$  which can be brought about during the crescendo from 347. The return to  $B\flat$  major comes as a surprise. Unfortunately the decisive D natural is only found in the violins and is too easily covered. Horns and trumpets play only *forte* and violins come as far forward as they can. Horns, trumpets and trombones only *forte* at 373; timpani *ff* at 375; from 376 the tempo should be eased in view of the return of the second subject at letter P. From this point to letter U the movement proceeds as from C to bar 204, but with 1st trumpet *espressivo* between 410 and 418, trombones *mf* at 413 and strings *ff* at 419. From S onwards the following melodic line must be predominant:





bows. This is characteristic of the composer and such groups must never be tied under one bow. In the third bar of G violins *poco forte* and violas *mf* will allow basses to come through. This *poco forte* need not be held longer than three bars, after which a *crescendo* may be indicated for three bars followed by the printed *diminuendo* back to *p*. As at bar 61, so here the music has naturally moved forward. This is all to the good, for from 139 to 162 is a cadence which must not be permitted to plod along. Its progression must be smooth, the only accents being provided by the pizzicato in the strings. By 151 it may have reached  $j = 56/58$ , but as in so many instances *changes of tempo depend greatly on the conditions of the moment*; violas' entry must be smooth and without accent. The tempo may be eased in the last four bars before H.

As Bruckner asks for a slower crotchet, one may begin here at  $j =$  circa 50. All strings must play *legatissimo*. At 171 1st trumpet must not dominate, but must let trumpets II and III come forward. The melodic line of flutes, 2nd oboe, 2nd clarinet and trumpets in 169 and 170 must not be covered. So that *hervortretend* should have its effect in violins in bars 173 to 176, the 2nd violins may be marked *mp* and *ppp* at alternate bars. The significant falling sevenths should be played *en solo* by horns I and II at letter I, by trumpets II and III one bar later, and by trumpets I and II in the following bar. A real *ppp* is essential in bar 183 in the strings and the trumpet solo which answers the flutes and oboes in bars 185/186 must be played *molto legato*. In the two bars following K care must be taken to see that the trumpets continue the melodic line started by the 1st trombone without a break and without an accent of their G natural (written D natural). In bar 192 the D natural of the 3rd trumpet must not cover the melodic line in the other trumpets, which answer the solo of the 1st and 2nd trombones in the two previous bars. Trumpets I and II must continue to stand well forward in bars 193/194. In 196 to 199 we again encounter our problem with the trumpets, for these dissonances must have plenty of punch, and the falling sevenths must stand out without having to reduce unduly the tone of the trombones. The choral-like cadence at M must not be pushed, but the following bars must be permitted to flow easily— $j =$  circa 52. The oboe, who introduced us to the scene at the beginning of this Adagio, is now the last to take leave of us as we pass on to the next movement.

Third Movement. Scherzo. *Molto vivace (Schnell)*.

It is a general practice to play the Scherzos of both the 5th and 7th symphonies too quickly. In the case of the 7th symphony, a tradition was established in the early days of changing the tempo at bar 125. This completely unbalanced the even flow of the movement. To race through the rest of that scherzo at the initial speed would have made nonsense of it and, moreover, it would have been quite impracticable from the players' point of view. If a reasonable pace had been set at the start to give a *very fast crotchet*, in accordance with the composer's *Sehr Schnell*, (I am not advocating three beats in a bar!), then there would have been no need for a change of tempo. This is a question which calls for detailed comment elsewhere.

What of the scherzo of the Fifth symphony? Bruckner has given us an excellent clue in "*Im gleichen Tempo*" which heads the Trio. In the

trios of his first four symphonies the composer invites us to contemplate the rural scene of his homeland. Even in this symphony, although we are taken a stage further than the Ländler-like swing of the earlier trios, we are still very close to Bruckner's native soil. In order to recapture the atmosphere I would suggest  $\text{♩} = 156$ . Presumably it was intended that one bar of trio should equal one bar of scherzo. This would make the tempo of the scherzo  $\text{♩} = 78$ . (Trio  $\text{♩} = 156$ ;  $\text{♩} = 78$ ; Scherzo  $\text{♩} = 78$ .) At first sight it appears slow, but the crotchet is fast at  $\text{♩} = 234$ , and it permits the horns, trumpets and trombones to place their syncopated notes clearly without unbalancing the ensemble, or, at the worst, initiating a scramble after bar 327. The change to the new tempo at bars 23, 189 and 267 is perfectly simple if two crotchets of *Bedeutend langsamer* equal three crotchets of the *Molto vivace*; thus  $\text{♩} = 78 = 156 \div 2$ , or  $\text{♩} = 156$ . These new crotchets will also equal those in the trio.

Strings begin with a crisp staccato; the wind staccato in bar 6 must be very short and the quavers in bar 7 must not be hurried; trumpets only *forte* in bar 15 but *ff* two bars later; trombones and timpani only *forte* in bar 15, but the timpani should support the orchestra with accents, and play *ff* with the trombones four bars later, adding further accents in bars 15 to 17. *Bedeutend langsamer*  $\text{♩} = 156$ ; 2nd violins *mp* and *hervortretend*. Between bars 31 and 46 the figure in the flutes, oboes, clarinets and 1st and 2nd trumpets should be clearly audible without covering the strings. At letter A *Allmählich wieder ins schnelle Tempo*, *Allmählich—gradually*, so that the tempo *vivace* is regained by the time the trombones reach their *ff* in bar 63. The horn and trumpet accents in bars 63 and 65 should be strong, and I reinforce these with accents in the timpani; timpani crotchets in bar 78 *pp* but audible. The *crescendo* in violas and cellos in bar 105 up to *mf* at the end of bar 107, and violas *mp* at 136 and 142, and *mf* at 148. If horns, trumpets and trombones play *ff* as indicated between 159 and 169, the material in the clarinets, 2nd violins and violas will be lost. I suggest inserting the following nuances: flutes, oboes, horns, trumpets, trombones and 1st violins *diminuendo* from bar 159 to *mf* in 162; and flutes, oboes and violins *forte* in bar 179; trumpets *mf* in 179 and trombones a *diminuendo* in 179 to *forte* in the following bar. The writing between 189 and letter K consists of an interplay of thematic fragments and demands the most transparent tone from all parts of the orchestra. Unless a clear melodic line is chosen in performance, the listener is left with a nebulous impression. There are numerous possibilities, of which the following scheme may serve as one. After the first two bars of flute solo, the second violins play *en dehors* until letter G; the flute takes over until letter H. From this point the melody passes to the 1st violins for four bars, then to the 2nd violins for four bars, followed by the 1st violins again. The quavers in the trumpets and trombones in the bar before letter J should be staccato. From K to bar 310 as before, but the added details clearly audible: bar 249, horns *mp dolce*; bar 292, 1st horn *en solo*; bar 315, flutes, oboes and clarinets *fff*, horns, trumpets and trombones *forte*. Before letter O the sound must melt away so that the *ff* comes as a surprise; the timpani entry very heavy.

Trio. *Im gleichen Tempo*  $\text{♩} = 156$ . The scoring here is quite clear. I

would favour bringing the violas and cellos well forward from bar 41. Horns, cellos and 2nd violins should also be brought into relief as they enter after bar 65, 2nd violins *forte ma dolce*. After E the imitation between trombones and horns must be distinct; 2nd oboe alone (i.e., 1st oboe *tacet*) in the bars before letter F. The violin entry at bar 138 must be firm—*mp*—and this charming cadence, so rich in harmonic invention, must not be glossed over. An expressive accent in bar 141 on the B natural in the 2nd violins and on the G in the cellos will bring the harmony into greater relief.

Finale.

This monumental structure falls into two parts.

The first exposes all the material used in the second, of which it is just half the length. It consists of 210 bars and unlike the exposition of a sonata all its elements are clearly separated. After the retrospective introduction, the 1st theme, subject of a fugal exposition, modulates to F major. This is followed by a lyrical section, a happy contrast to the academic severity to be encountered throughout much of the movement. It begins in D $\flat$  major, the flattened sixth degree of F. This is fortuitous, for although the composer has bound the tonic and flattened sub-medi-ant closely together in the 1st subject of the 1st Allegro, and at other points throughout the work, it is a relationship with which Bruckner's symphonies abound. This leads to a full close some seventy bars later. At letter F comes material used in the second part as a vehicle for introducing the 1st theme from the first movement. It takes us to the final section, the chorale, with which the first part comes to an end. This "exposition" ends in F major, the dominant key.

In the second part, which might be called the Principal Section, we shall encounter the four subdivisions of the first in the same order but with two great differences; the first theme is replaced by a double-fugue, which is introduced by a fugal exposition on the head of the chorale, and a short coda reintroducing the first theme from the first movement makes its appearance after the restatement of the lyrical section and the material from letter F. This coda, in fact, incorporates the chorale which brings to an end this section, as it did the first.

We have considered at some length the tempi to be adopted, and the orchestration presents no problems as far as bar 210. Adagio  $\text{♩} = 58$ , Allegro moderato  $\text{♩} = 116$ . The clarinet must take care not to produce his solo as a humorous interpellation. It is not so intended. Allegro  $\text{♩} = 128$ ; care must be taken to observe scrupulously the change of nuance between *p* and *pp* in bar 15 and *mf* to *p* in bar 19. Adagio; the triplet-crotchets equal 87 MM as above. The octave which makes its appearance in each reminiscent fragment, by the clarinet in the first, the trumpet in the second, and the flute in the third, must be audible. After letter A it may be necessary to reduce the *ff* in the supporting voices so as not to cover the lower notes of the subject at each entry. Any concession to the subject must not be accompanied by a weakening of the rhythmic impulse. Give the lyrical theme an opportunity to sing after letter B at approximately  $\text{♩} = 96$ . It is amusing to find Bruckner writing *hervortretend* in all the string parts, and adding a footnote that the violas and cellos must be more *hervortretend* (predominant) than the rest! Here I seize upon "a Performer's Rights" as an excuse for ignor-

ing this instruction, and bring forward the melody in the 2nd violins as far as *pp* where I allow both sections of violins to lead the way. The *pp* in bars 75 and 77 are most important. From bar 77 woodwind, horn and trumpet take over the melodic line. From letter C I turn the bowing upside down, beginning the bar with an up-bow. This is more convenient in view of the ensuing nuances. Here, *Etwas mehr langsam* may be held at  $\text{♩} = \text{circa } 92$ , and the tempo returns to  $\text{♩} = 100$  at D, from which point the oboes give sufficient support to the 2nd violins: *pp* crescendo followed by *pp subito* and *crescendo* are to be carefully observed. From bar 113 to 116 cellos and violas must come well forward, and from bar 129 the violas *en dehors* for two bars, then 2nd violins for two bars, and violas and 2nd violins again at bars 133 and 135 respectively. At letter F we return to  $\text{♩} = 116$ . A faster tempo at this juncture would cause a break at a point in the movement when it must be averted. We shall be hard put to smooth out the differences of tempo demanded by the music a few bars later before the entry of the chorale, and abrupt changes of tempo at these two points would intimate contours in the form which are not there. A disregard of the structure of the movement, in fact. Intonation is often questionable in the strings between bars 141 and 144, and should be rehearsed carefully. In the wind band the staccato minims should be half their true value, and they must always be cut off with utmost precision. It is this that will give them their staccato characteristic. To my mind an *accelerando* after bar 150 should be avoided, for if we are to establish a tempo suitable to the chorale by the time we reach letter H, at the same time making our change of tempo as little noticeable as possible, an *accelerando* will only add to our difficulties unnecessarily. Naturally, an increase to  $\text{♩} = 120$  may lie in the performance, and to hold the orchestra rigidly would be a mistake. But from bar 167 the *rallentando* to the tempo demanded by the chorale should begin so that at letter H the new tempo is established. There is a good case for maintaining a certain impetus, for the chorale returns at the end of the movement in augmentation. In order to create the impression, on the other hand, that the version at letter H and that at bar 583 are in the same tempo (thus destroying the effect of the augmentation) we could announce the chorale at  $\text{♩} = 64$ —very playable and broad—and at twice this speed,  $\text{♩} = 128$ , at the end of the symphony. It will be remembered that  $\text{♩} = 128$  was the tempo of the first subject in the first movement. But as one arrives at the final phrase in the exposition, for want of a better term, it is not the moment to halve the tempo. The enthusiasm of practical musicians often carries them away to the detriment of theoretical considerations, and in the academician inspiration is often bogged under by scholarly prejudice. So it is in everything. A man's strength becomes his weakness. In this particular situation much must be left to inspiration. I should suggest reducing the tempo to approximately  $\text{♩} = 84$ . This will "expose" the chorale with dignity and still permit the exposition to flow forward towards the Principal Section. Once more we encounter the question of the trumpets. Here the horns and trombones are placed fairly high, but the trumpets are playing relatively low. The old trumpet in F would be in a higher tessitura and a better match for the other brass instruments. We must see, then, that the 1st trumpet is

never covered, and that the first crotchet in bars 178, 184, 192 and 196 is held to its full value.

The Principal Section follows on from the calm conclusion of the exposition. We now embark on an extensive double-fugue. It needs careful reconstruction, and on no account should we consider omitting 101 bars between letters L and Q. This omission robs the movement of all but a fugal exposition, and the double-fugue is suppressed. In the few bars of introduction which modulate to the flattened sub-mediante of B $\flat$ , the last crotchet of the horn solo should be played *tenuto*, and the corresponding crotchet in bar 220 should also be held. The tempo was set at approximately  $\text{♩} = 84$  by the chorale, and it is from this that the *ruhig gestrichen* entry of the violas sets out. By the gradual gathering of momentum it reaches  $\text{♩} = 116$  to coincide with the entry of the first theme of the movement at letter L. This change of tempo should be imperceptible. The sudden changes of nuance to *pp* in bar 229 and *ppp* in the following bar should be noted, and also those in bars 245 and 246. The fugal writing offers so many possibilities to the interpreting artist that one can reveal new treasures to the listener every time it is performed. It is transparent and every detail can easily be heard. A curious effect is produced by the *molto ritenuto* at the end of the fugue. Bruckner obviously saw the need for a considerable change of tempo before letter R, but I am unable to persuade myself that it is correct to interpret this as *subito molto ritenuto* at bar 390, for the resulting deceleration produces a kind of tottering, the humorous effect of which is quite unintended and totally unsuitable in this context. The purposeful forward movement of the fugue may well have brought us to  $\text{♩} = 124$ , and the *molto ritenuto* will have to bring us back again to  $\text{♩} = 96$ , as at letter B.

Here the 1st violins lead the way. At letter T *Früheres Tempo* is missing in the score, but there is no doubt that it should be inserted. Looking forward to letter V, we have a different situation to prepare for than we had at F. Whereas there the climate had to be prepared for the chorale, here we have to consider the reappearance of the first theme from the first movement. This will receive rhythmic support from the trombones, reminiscent of the first theme of this finale. At letter V, then, the tempo will be brisk to accommodate these two elements. After bar 454, we shall have to advance to  $\text{♩} = \text{circa } 120$  at V. It is not unlikely that the tempo will have gone forward a little before letter U. The sixteen semiquavers in bar 140 make a delightful background chatter between horns and trumpets if it is distinct. Flutes, clarinets and oboes must be heard in bars 454/455. The strings and brass must allow flutes, oboes and clarinets to be heard at bars 462/463, and 470/471 in as far as this is practicable without destroying the mass of sound. Greater clarity will be assured by making the following changes in nuances: Horns I and II *forte* in bar 464, *ff* in 467, *f* in 472, *ff* in 475; trumpets I, II and III, bar 464 *forte cantabile*, 465 *crescendo*, 466 *ff*, the same in bars 472 to 474; trombones, bar 464 *forte*, 465 *crescendo*, 466 *ff*, also in bars 472 to 474 respectively, from bar 476 *forte marcato*; strings, bar 467 *mf*, 468 *ff*, 475 *mf*, 476 *ff*. Horns must be clear in bars 468 and 475. The main interest is centred in trumpets. Timpani must be heavy in bar 480. From bar 486, the music subsides temporarily for the last

time. This corresponds to the analogous passage just before letter H, and as we took time over the rising minims in the bass to prepare for the chorale, so we can take time now before the quavers in the violins at letter W. These must be played *legato cantabile*.

Once again I am content to let the music begin at about  $\text{♩} = 112$ , for we must bear in mind the re-entry of the chorale and the enormous build-up of emotional tension upon which it is to be launched. The orchestra must not be permitted to advance with the crescendo from bar 500, and the *ppp subito* in bar 512 is of great importance, to say nothing of the *pp* which precedes it. The following alteration in nuances not only assure greater transparency, but they also keep in reserve the artillery we shall be calling for a little later: Horns, *f* at letter X, *ff* at bar 525, Horn III *f* in 526, horns I and II *f* in 527, all horns, *ff* in 529, horns III and IV *f* in 530, *ff* in 531 with horns I and II; between letters X and Y, trumpets and trombones only *forte*, trombones *cantabile*; 1st violins *mf*, 2nd violins *fff*, violas *mf* in bar 525, at the  $\sharp$  in bar 529, and in bar 531. By letter Y the tempo may have increased to  $\text{♩} = 128$ , and to  $\text{♩} = 132$ , by bar 560. Between bars 538 and 545 the first trumpet, the trombones and horn figure in bar 544 must all come forward. The crescendo from 551 must come from a real *pp* and must grow evenly and relentlessly as far as letter Z. I am in favour of holding the orchestra well in hand from about bar 560, so that without making a deliberate *rallentando*, we can still bring about an impression of breadth at about  $\text{♩} = 120$ . These nineteen bars approach to the chorale constitute one of the truly colossal moments in symphonic literature. The horns' crotchets must come through in bar 565 and horns III and IV should double I and II in bar 567; trumpet III well forward in 571, as also his first two crotchets in bars 573 and 575; the 2nd trombone and 3rd trumpet must be *clearly heard* all the way from bar 575 to 582, where the entry of the *timpani* must be heavy.

Since the extra brass band was first used, it has been thought advisable to double the brass instruments in the chorale. In fact this is unnecessary. No performance of this symphony should be postponed because of the cost of extra players, for the chorale is well represented in the orchestra, and is sufficient to give the symphony the mighty ending it needs. The tempo should not be held back on arriving at this point. The tension which has been generated from letter W has reached its peak, and a calculated slackening to a new tempo would rob these final pages of their momentum, the very quality for which we have been preparing throughout the whole of this second part. Without the support of the horns between each phrase of the chorale, the melodic predominance would flag. It is therefore of the greatest urgency that the horns should support the structure to the best of their ability.

This symphony is one of Bruckner's greatest works, and the difficulties of playing it are not insurmountable even for the least pretentious orchestras. It is hard to reconstruct, but its problems are similar to those encountered in any symphony of such dimensions and they are certainly no justification for this truly magnificent work receiving few performances. Like any other great musical creation, it makes demands upon the

listener, but we, the performers, enjoy the privilege of so handling this mighty work that its wonders unfold intelligibly and so blend together as to reveal in its full greatness the total expanse of this centre-arch of Bruckner's symphonic output.

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KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL AWARDED TO  
ROBERT SIMPSON

In appreciation of his efforts to create greater interest in and understanding of the works of Anton Bruckner, the Directors of the Bruckner Society of America awarded to Robert Simpson the Bruckner medal designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the Society. Dr. Simpson has lectured widely on Bruckner in Great Britain, has written analyses of his music for *The Listener*, *Music Review*, *CHORD AND DISCORD*, as well as for other periodicals, and has addressed audiences (with illustrations by the orchestra) at two successive Bruckner Festivals in London. As this is written Dr. Simpson is engaged in planning a complete Bruckner cycle for BBC's Third Program to be broadcast some time during 1962-63.

## IN MEMORIAM

BRUNO WALTER

Revered, honored, and loved throughout the entire world during his lifetime, Bruno Walter will forever be looked upon as one of the very great conductors of all time. His model performances of much of the orchestral and operatic repertoire will not fade from the memories of those who heard and saw him and for the future the legacy of recorded performances he inscribed will bear testimony for all times to his profound and deep insight into the works he chose to record, not to be sure for his own glory but for the illumination of the music itself. It was ever his wish to unfold to his audiences the heart and soul, the inner meaning, and the beauty of the masterpieces he was conducting. To this ideal he was dedicated and all the riches of the world of learning and art were his to help reveal the composers' thoughts. In his book, *Gustav Mahler*, and his autobiography, *Theme and Variations*, he sets forth in plain, honest terms his philosophy of music and with modesty recounts the even now legendary days of the first decade or so of this century.

Walter's career, which began at the Vienna Court Opera in 1901, extended through heights not since equalled in Munich from 1913 to 1922. After five years at the Charlottenburg Opera in Berlin, he conducted the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig from 1930-1933. In 1934 he returned to Vienna and while there he laid the foundations for the Salzburg Festival tradition. In 1939 he came to the United States and made this country his home. Following the war he made numerous visits to the scenes of his early successes and everywhere was greeted with a warmth of affection few conductors had ever before been accorded, for audiences wanted to express to this great but humble person the same spirit of kindness and sincerity he showed toward them. Orchestral musicians in particular always welcomed him on the podium. They sensed his spiritual affinity with the music being performed and gave their utmost to this man who patiently sought their best efforts.

The musical domains of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, and Brahms, concert-goers grew to look upon as belonging more to Walter than anyone else. Yet the composers toward whom Walter exerted his greatest powers and with whose music he will forever be linked were Bruckner and Mahler. To Mahler he was friend, associate, and disciple and his faith in Mahler's mighty creations never wavered. The last two works of Mahler—*Das Lied von der Erde* and the Ninth Symphony—he introduced to the world after Mahler's death. To Bruckner, whose music he acknowledged he came to understand only after a long period of time, he was equally devoted, feeling increasing power and beauty in this music as his life progressed. It was not easy for him, when he first came to the United States, to program Bruckner and Mahler every time he wished, but even in the face of difficulties, "What matters before all," he stated, "is to 'carry on' with performances of these masters and this I certainly will do as long as I live." Walter did carry on, and lived to see the time when the musical world prayed that his life would extend long enough to allow him to record all of Bruckner and Mahler. This time did not come to pass, but the works he did record are now treasures for eternity. We will always have Bruckner and Mahler, and what is more, with Bruno Walter conducting.



BRUNO WALTER

1876 - 1962

## MAHLER'S FIFTH SYMPHONY

By PARKS GRANT

The organizational scheme of Gustav Mahler's *Fifth Symphony* is unique. Its five movements are grouped into three larger parts, in other words there is a twofold plan of division. The arrangement is:

**PART I.** FIRST MOVEMENT. "Funeral March." *In gemessenem Schritt. Streng. Wie ein Kondukt.* C-sharp minor, 2/2 time.

SECOND MOVEMENT. (No title.) *Stürmisch bewegt. Mit grösster Vehemenz.* A minor, *alla breve* time.

**PART II.** THIRD MOVEMENT. "Scherzo." *Kräftig, nicht zu schnell.* D major, 3/4 time.

**PART III.** FOURTH MOVEMENT. "Adagietto." *Sehr langsam,* F major, 4/4 time.

FIFTH MOVEMENT. "Rondo-Finale." *Allegro giocoso. Frisch.* D major, *alla breve* time.

The concept of divisions-within-divisions had already appeared in the same composer's *Third Symphony*, where the first of six movements forms Part I, the remainder, Part II.

The object in the case of the work at hand might be to clarify the nature of thematic quotations from one movement to another, *i.e.*, the cyclic procedure, for a theme from the first movement reappears in the second (both Part I), and one from the fourth movement comes back in the fifth (both Part III); however, if the third movement carries references to the first and second, or if any of it returns in the fourth or fifth, except in the matter about to be mentioned, these allusions are too subtle for the present writer's eyes and ears.

An additional but less obvious cyclic element reaches into all five movements. It is a three-note germinal motive consisting of the rise of a whole-step followed by that of a half-step. This motive appears many times, notably in the principal subject of each movement. It might be well to take time to mention these occurrences.

First movement: first three notes. (See *Example 3*.)

Second movement: first five notes. It moves first upward, then downward, like a miniature palindrome. (See *Example 6*.)

Third movement: notes 4, 5, 6. (See *Example 10*.)

Fourth movement: notes 2, 3, 5. The fact that the fourth note is a repetition of the third is not an interruption. (See *Example 13*.)

Fifth movement: inverted (*i.e.*, going downward), as notes 2, 3, 4; also in retrograde motion, as first three notes of the "alto" voice. (See *Example 15*.)

In addition to the usual string section of first violins, second violins, violas, cellos, and double-basses, Mahler's *Symphony No. 5* is scored for the following instruments:

- 4 flutes, all alternating with piccolo.
- 3 oboes, one alternating with English horn.
- 3 clarinets, one alternating with D-clarinet and bass-clarinet.
- 3 bassoons, one alternating with contrabassoon.
- 6 horns.
- 4 trumpets.
- 3 trombones.
- tuba.
- timpani.
- bass drum.
- cymbals.
- snare drum.
- gong.
- glockenspiel.
- harp.

There is an additional percussion instrument (in the third movement) called *Holzklapper*, literally "wood rattle." It is not clear to the present writer whether Mahler had in mind the castanets or the wood-block. Or was it the slap-stick? Or perhaps some unusual instrument?

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Let us now pass on to an analysis of the individual movements.

#### FIRST MOVEMENT

One searches his memory in vain for another symphony that begins as does the *Fifth* of Mahler—with an unaccompanied trumpet solo of  $11\frac{1}{2}$  measures. (See *Example 1*.) Though not the principal subject,

Ex. 1

Trumpet

this theme nevertheless plays a prominent role. The heavy, funeral-marchlike mood is then established, and at the fourth measure after rehearsal number 1 the horns announce a refrainlike motive. (See *Example 2*.) It is due to reappear twice during the course of the movement, though in other instruments.

## Ex. 2

Horns

The principal subject begins with the upbeat at rehearsal number 2. (See Example 3.)

## Ex. 3

1st Violins, Cellos

Violas, Clarinets, Bassoons

Double-Basses, pizzicato

## Ex. 4

Woodwinds

Violas

Cellos

Double-Basses  
Contrabassoon

Horns

Tuba, D.B.  
Contrabassoon

Detailed description: This musical score for Ex. 4 is written in B-flat minor (three flats) and 4/4 time. It features six staves. The top staff is for Woodwinds, the second for Violas, the third for Cellos, the fourth for Double-Basses and Contrabassoon, the fifth for Horns, and the sixth for Tuba, D.B. and Contrabassoon. The woodwinds and violas play a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The cellos and double basses play a simple harmonic accompaniment with long notes and rests. The horns and tuba play a rhythmic accompaniment with quarter notes and rests.

Oddly enough the violins are soon given a four sharp key-signature while the rest of the orchestra continues with four flats, yet without the slightest suggestion of bitonality.

A very short reminiscence of the trumpet theme leads to a new section, a stormy and wild outburst in B-flat minor. It begins with a wide upward skip which then falls back a half-step—a motive destined to figure prominently in the second movement (and a further cyclic element). A reminiscence of the "trumpet theme" does not divert the rest of the orchestra, and soon is announced a theme (in G-flat minor) of which there have already been suggestions, and which will return later. (See *Example 5*.) The outburst grows more frenetic, but just before 11

## Ex. 5

Violas

Detailed description: This musical score for Ex. 5 is written in B-flat minor (three flats) and 4/4 time. It features two staves for Violas. The first staff shows a melodic line with eighth notes and triplets. The second staff shows a similar melodic line with eighth notes and triplets, but with a key signature change to G-flat minor (six flats) indicated by a double flat sign (bb) on the first note of the second measure.

the first trumpet comes in with an abbreviated version of the "trumpet theme" (*Example 1*), as if sternly demanding a return to order. The music moves back to C-sharp minor, the "refrain" appears in the tuba, and at 12 the woodwinds announce material which unmistakably recalls the principal subject—seems to be a long-postponed continuation of it. Meanwhile the strings have so little to do for 31 measures that the orchestra almost sounds like a band.

Just before 14 the subordinate theme returns quietly, this time in D-flat major, the "tonic minor" in enharmonic equivalent.

Ten measures before 15 (min. sc., p. 39) the woodwinds conclude a phrase with a four-measure fragment taken from the first song in the *Kindertotenlieder* song-cycle. Is this self-quotation deliberate or subconscious? One should remember that the two works were composed at about the same time.<sup>1</sup>

After the timpani softly suggest the "trumpet theme," there is a quiet section in A minor based on a combination of new and old material. The upward leap of a minor ninth, falling back a half-step, may be found in the unobtrusive accompaniment. In the next movement it will assume major importance. The choice of key at this point may also be a preparation for the second movement.

The theme in *Example 5* is worked in, once (in varied form) as a countermelody strikingly divided relay fashion between two trombones, and the outburst that was originally in B-flat minor is suggested. Things soon quiet down under the influence of the "trumpet theme," and after some striking modulations a reference to this same theme closes the movement, with the flute taking over for the last four notes.

#### SECOND MOVEMENT

The second movement (the only one without a special title) is a hustle-and-bustle, purposely confused-sounding work of a type that sometimes turns up in Mahler. It foreshadows the "Rondo-Burlesque" of the *Ninth Symphony*. A vehement five-note motive (see *Example 6*)

#### Ex. 6

Cello, Double-Basses  
With Bassoons & Contrabassoon



is followed by a theme with a bold upward skip which then descends a half-step (and sometimes goes on) for which several passages in the first movement have prepared us. (See *Example 7*.) The material ap-

<sup>1</sup> In the fifth movement (min. sc., p. 222-223) there is a very brief quote—perhaps just coincidence—from the song *Lob des hohen Verstandes*. See Warren Storey Smith's article "Mahler Quotes Mahler" in *CHORD AND DISCORD* for 1954. Mr. Smith also believes the second movement of *Kindertotenlieder* is quoted in the fourth movement of the present work.

## Ex. 7

Woodwinds

Violins

The musical score for Ex. 7 consists of two staves. The top staff is labeled 'Woodwinds' and the bottom staff is labeled 'Violins'. Both staves are in G major (one sharp). The woodwinds part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and rests, with some notes beamed together. The violins part features a melodic line with eighth notes and a final phrase with a half note and a quarter note.

pearing meanwhile in the trombones should not be overlooked, for it reappears several times during the movement, sometimes rather shortened, sometimes much so, often with the chords falling on beats that shift the original accent. It even appears overlapped on itself at 19 (min. sc., p. 83).

At 2 begins a more sustained, seething section, based strongly on the already-prominent upward leap of a ninth or its contraction the minor second.

The wild hurly-burly quiets down, and at 5 there is a more tranquil section in F minor. The upward minor ninth followed by the drop of a half-step remains as one of two accompaniment-figures, the other being a rhythmic-harmonic pattern which takes one or the other of the three forms shown in *Example 8*. It may be derived from background material

## Ex. 8

Flutes

Clarinets

Bassoons

The musical score for Ex. 8 consists of three staves. The top staff is labeled 'Flutes' and the middle staff is labeled 'Clarinets'. Both are in F minor (two flats). The flutes part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and rests, with some notes beamed together. The clarinets part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and rests, with some notes beamed together. The bottom staff is labeled 'Bassoons' and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and rests, with some notes beamed together.

in the A minor section of the first movement. The theme itself, in the cellos, is one of those typically Mahleresque subjects that stubbornly insists on gravitating around one certain note, in this case A-flat.

At 7 comes a theme (see *Example 9*) which seems to be expanded

## Ex. 9

The image shows two systems of musical notation for strings. The first system is labeled "Strings" and is in E-flat minor (three flats). It features a treble and bass staff. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes with triplet markings. The second system continues the piece with similar rhythmic patterns and triplet markings.

from material that appeared in the turbulent section of the first movement.

The music returns to A minor. A full-dress restatement of the opening theme would seem to lie ahead, but actually it soon dies out.

Over nothing but a timpani roll the cellos meditate to themselves in E-flat minor. Other instruments join in, but cellos are in the spotlight for fully 25 measures.

Then the theme that the cellos first announced in F minor appears, now in E-flat minor, in horn octaves, with an accompaniment based on the rhythmic patterns of *Example 8* and of the upward leaps. The theme shown in *Example 9* soon joins with this material, still in E-flat minor.

The music grows more agitated. Suddenly and quietly, in B major, a quotation from the subordinate theme of the first movement interrupts. Mahler has given us a stroke of genius, for curiously its initial three notes are missing; hence the passage seems to have wandered into the picture from out of the past. Soon we are back with the rhythmic pattern (*Example 8*) and the background of upward leaps, which usher in a rather martial section in A-flat major, with many triplets. It leads through some sustained music in the brass, also featuring upward leaps, to a return to the wild turbulence of the principal section, again in its characteristic key: A minor. There is another "seething" section, this one in E minor, but based on the "cello" theme and with the rhythmic figure and upward minor ninths in the background. Mahler again combines themes and motives! With the same background the theme shown in *Example 9* returns at 23 (min. sc., p. 92), this time in F minor.

The music becomes heavier and more sustained by the time figures 25 and 26 are reached. At 27 the brilliant brass in D major momentarily suggest that this wild movement will end in a blaze of triumph. Here the harp appears for the first time in the symphony, playing glissandos and arpeggios. But the triumphant passage, like so much else that has already appeared, dissolves, and the wild opening section is back with us, this time in D minor.

A movement that has run the gamut of possibilities might seem planned to conclude in the wild uproar with which it began, but it does not. We are in for a surprise. At 33 (min. sc., p. 113) there is a section of almost elfin delicacy in A minor, obviously a coda. It features string harmonics and subtle bits from woodwinds and harp. The passage seems akin to the so-called "cadenza" near the end of the first movement in the *Ninth Symphony*.

The rhythmic pattern (*Example 8*) and upward minor ninths steal in just before the very end.

Mahler directs that a long pause should follow.

#### THIRD MOVEMENT

The third movement, entitled "Scherzo," is one of several symphony movements by Mahler influenced by the Ländler, a type of Austrian country waltz. Others are I:2, IV:2, IX:2, parts of VII:3, and to some extent II:2 and II:3. A horn is featured prominently in it, marked "Corno obbligato," though the total number of horns is reduced from six to five.

The movement opens in D, the mood jaunty, rather vigorous, perhaps a bit satirical. (See *Example 10*.) As various sections of the orchestra

Ex. 10

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is labeled "4 Horns" and "Obbligato Horn" and contains a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is labeled "Clarinets & Bassoons" and contains a complex accompaniment with multiple voices in treble clef, featuring chords and moving lines.

join in, one is struck by the highly contrapuntal nature of the work. The strings tend to have wide skips and to soar unrestrained over the musical canvas.

At 2 the violas begin an eighth-note figure which becomes an accompaniment for the woodwinds. These eighth-notes will later prove important.

Continuations and variants of already-presented material occupy the attention until an abrupt pause just before 6. Then, *etwas ruhiger*, the strings introduce an exceptionally graceful subordinate theme, which is

in B-flat major. After only 38 measures of it, we return at 7 to the original key, tempo, and theme, but in varied form—for exact repetition is almost unknown in Mahler.

At 8 the eighth-note figure comes back, starting in D, then going by way of F-sharp minor and A major to F minor. The trumpet announces, and woodwinds later continue, a short figure (see *Example 11*) soon to achieve prominence. Presently, with the separate directions

Ex. 11



"ruhig" and "langsamer," unison horns announce a quiet theme, also soon to become important, with the eighth-note figure as woodwind background. (See *Example 12*).

Ex. 12



At 10 (min. sc., pp. 134-135) there is a curious pausing, echoing effect, followed by hesitation, based on the theme in *Example 12*. There is some memorable echo-style interplay between the obbligato horn and the stopped first horn. It is sheer magic.

Then solo pizzicato strings begin a striking mandolin-like passage in D minor, with the material of *Examples 11* and *12* as basis, also the slightest hint of the subordinate theme. A heavily legato section continues, with effective use of short pedal-points. A variant on *Example 12*, with skips of sometimes as much as an octave and a fourth, enters at 13 in the trumpet, later taken over by the horn. The eighth-note figure accompanies.

Under the direction "*a tempo molto moderato*" the strings introduce a distorted version of the formerly lilting subordinate theme, and the music grows wild and grotesque, foreshadowing VII:3 and especially IX:2. Suddenly, at 17, the horns tumble us unceremoniously back into the key of D and a varied restatement of the opening theme, whose easy-going jollity is by now welcome.

Boisterousness soon increases. At 22 the theme of *Example 12*, accompanied by the eighth-note figure, returns. A more quietly mysterious version, with the ever-present eighths, begins in A minor with the direction "*das Tempo unmerklich etwas einhaltend.*"

Previous thematic material continues, sometimes quietly, sometimes noisily. Mahler makes new melodies out of juxtaposed snatches of old ones, contrapuntally combined with still others, until there are several hesitating passages based on the *Example 12* melody, and again with some wonderful dialogue between two horns, one of them muted. The mandolin-like material, with the eighth-note figure, soon joins in.



## Ex. 14

1st Violins

Violas

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is labeled '1st Violins' and the bottom staff is labeled 'Violas'. Both staves are in G-flat major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The 1st Violins part features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the Violas part provides a harmonic accompaniment with similar rhythmic patterns.

the key of G flat major. After modulations through several additional keys, always in a very lyrical style, there is a return to the principal key—F major—the melody being in the second violins. It begins in augmentation but almost imperceptibly returns to the original values ("imperceptibly," that is, to the ear of the listener rather than to the eye of the score-reader).

Again the music works up to a climax, and again it comes on a "tonic six-four" chord. The subsiding of the climax to a perfectly-planned conclusion is handled in a masterly yet very simple manner.

Throughout this movement—one of the most eloquent and restful compositions imaginable—Mahler makes remarkably effective use of non-harmonic tones, especially suspensions and appoggiaturas. The Adagietto is the quintessence of late Romanticism.

There is a direction to go right on to the last movement ("*attacca Rondo-Finale*").

## FIFTH MOVEMENT

The last movement opens with the single tone A in a horn, answered by the A an octave lower in first violins. The preceding movement had this very same tone at the top of its final chord. Is Mahler reluctant to leave the lovely Adagietto?

After some pastoral dialogue in woodwinds and horn, deceptively casual, the principal theme is announced in horns, bassoons, and cellos, with woodwinds continuing. See *Example 15*.

## Ex. 15

Horns

Cellos & Bassoons

The image shows a musical score for two parts: Horns and Cellos & Bassoons. The Horns part is on a single staff in G major (two sharps) and 4/4 time, featuring a melodic line with quarter and eighth notes. The Cellos & Bassoons part is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in the same key and time, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The two parts are connected by a brace on the left.

Woodwinds

The musical score for Woodwinds consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef, both with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features a complex texture with multiple voices, including a prominent eighth-note figure in the upper voice and various chordal structures. A line connects a note in the upper staff to a note in the lower staff, indicating a specific interval or relationship.

At figure 2 the cellos announce a busy eighth-note figure (see *Example 16*), taken up in fugal style by other instruments. As this proceeds

Ex. 16

Cellos

The musical score for Cellos consists of two staves in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features a busy eighth-note figure that is repeated and varied across the two staves, illustrating a fugal style.

we note that certain countersubject material was foreshadowed in that deceptively casual introduction.

Suddenly a rude B-flat intrudes, and four measures later an even ruder E-flat; yet only for a moment do they steer us astray from the confidence and cheerfulness of the prevailing key, D major.

Nevertheless there soon appears a section in B-flat, derived from a variant on the busy fugal theme, against which unison horns announce material soon to become important. See *Example 17*.

Ex. 17

4 Horns

The musical score for 4 Horns consists of two staves in bass clef. The first staff shows a sequence of notes with accidentals (B-flat, B-flat, B-flat, B-flat) and rests. The second staff shows a sequence of notes with accidentals (F-sharp, F-sharp, B-flat, B-flat) and rests, illustrating a section in B-flat.

After only ten measures of B-flat we go back to D, though again for only ten measures; then the music moves to the even brighter key of B. Soon the first violins quote a passage from the fourth movement, but in place of its former meditative quality there is now jauntiness, almost insouciance—a noteworthy example of the Wagner-Liszt "transformation of theme" principle.

This reminiscence closes in a brief codetta of crystalline delicacy that one of the French impressionists might have been glad to call his own.

The music moves through such a bewildering series of keys and with such a constant succession and intermingling of themes, both old and new, that one relinquishes any attempt to describe it properly. In fact, the whole symphony is such an amazing web of sounds that a description or analysis seems not only inadequate but an immodest and presumptuous thing to have undertaken. Quotations from the fourth movement appear again, combined with material from the present movement. Even the "impressionist" passage returns, this time in cut-glass woodwinds.

Years ago, in *Symphonies and Their Meaning, Third Series*,<sup>2</sup> Philip Goepf paid tribute to Mahler's *Fifth Symphony* with such enthusiastic expressions as "one of the most inspired conceptions of counterpoint in all music," "the full dream of a revival of the art in all its glorious estate," and "a genuine, original, individual quality of polyphonic art that marks a new style since the first in Bach and a second in Beethoven." It was specifically the last movement that Mr. Goepf had in mind when he wrote those ardent comments.

A sense of triumph comes into the music, and brilliant brass become more prominent. Between figures 21 and 22 there are so many triplets that one wonders why the composer did not change his time-signature to 6/4.

After going through several keys, and passing over a long G pedal-point, there is a short but quietly memorable passage in A-flat (except for a few measures in D-flat, the darkest key yet to appear), and then comes a delicate section in A, during which the harp appears for the only time in the movement, playing no more than four cannily-placed chords.

A march-like spirit which has already been much in evidence seems to be growing more and more prominent. It is heard in the background during a quotation from the fourth movement during a long passage in G. One should bear in mind that the relation of G to D is that of the key of the subdominant, long a favorite of composers for its psychological power to suggest an impending close. The end of the movement is not too far ahead.

We go through other keys before returning to D, where sustained and blazing brass suggest a triumphant chorale, strings and woodwinds meanwhile busy with the eighth-note figure. This leads to a wild conclusion whose frenzy of joy was probably suggested by the close of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, for which Mahler had the deepest admiration.

Nine measures before the end, a suddenly-interrupting B-flat and some whole-tone scales seem to have thrown things off balance, but Mahler shrugs this aside with a brusque cadence in the principal key, D.

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<sup>2</sup> Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1913.

## GUSTAV MAHLER: PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT

By DONALD MITCHELL

A paper read to the Royal Musical Association, London, on May 11, 1961 (Chairman, Professor Sir Jack Westrup (President)), and reprinted by permission from the Association's *Proceedings*, 87th Session, 1960/61.

On 18 May, Mahler will have been dead for exactly 50 years. It is a convenient moment, perhaps, to survey, very briefly, the present state of Mahler studies and research.

It is a surprising fact, I think, that there is a need at all for the kind of research on documents and autographs that we associate with composers from the more distant past. Mahler, after all, was a public figure and lived in a glare of publicity. He was, undoubtedly, what the newspapers call "news," and that means a great deal of information about him of interest for later generations was recorded in the daily press or journals of the time.

So far, so good, one may think. But how accurate are those press reports, the advertisements, publishers' announcements, and so on, which are the very life blood of the industrious modern researcher, who pounces on a date here, a title there?

We are all of us indebted to the indefatigable Mr. Nicolas Slonimsky, that sleuth of the newspaper files, who has corrected many wrong dates and brought many forgotten dates to light. Newspapers, for him, at least for the most part, have the last word. But do they? And here I must add, that those of us associated with newspapers maintain a certain scepticism, even in the face of the daily black-and-white facts. It is, I sometimes think, the anonymous sub-editor who writes, or rather re-writes, the history that the unsuspecting reader has pushed through his door in the morning. This is not at all a flippant point. It can have all kinds of distressing consequences for the future.

Let us take one small example that concerns Mahler. The ordinary reader may well wish to know the date, place and circumstance of the première of the most popular of Mahler's symphonies, the Fourth. If he looks for the information in the 5th edition of *Grove*, he will find none of it. But Mr. Slonimsky's invaluable *Music Since 1900*<sup>1</sup> tells us that the work was first performed in Munich on 23 November 1901, conducted by Felix Weingartner. He has the date from a review in the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* of 26 November and from an advertisement in the paper on the day of performance.

Now Weingartner certainly was the conductor of the Kaim Orchestra in Munich, but it struck me as odd indeed that Mahler, who otherwise always conducted the premières of his works, should have made

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<sup>1</sup> 3rd edition, New York, 1949, p. 20.

an exception of the Fourth Symphony. On the face of it, there seemed no reason to doubt Mr. Slonimsky's patient and convincing documentation. But a glance at Weingartner's autobiography solved the problem. There he makes it clear that while he conducted his part of the programme, it was Mahler who took over for the première of the Fourth Symphony. I haven't, naturally, wasted my time trying to find out why Mr. Slonimsky was misled, but it would not surprise me at all to discover that it was the newspaper that got the facts wrong. Weingartner, needless to add, goes on conducting the première of Mahler's Fourth Symphony to this day. He is on the rostrum in Deryck Cooke's excellent Mahler handbook.<sup>2</sup> Once unleashed, these errors are extraordinarily difficult to kill.

Well, that is a simple example of the kind of muddle still surrounding the bare facts of Mahler's life and music. Gradually, bit by bit, the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle are being fitted together. Gaps are being filled, misfits removed, the picture becomes a little clearer. It was only very recently, for instance, that I was able to attach a date and place to Mahler's baptism. An event of some biographical importance, one would have thought, but you will search the reference books in vain for a precise date. It seems strange that it was not until last year that someone was inquisitive enough to go along to the Kleine Michaelskirche in Hamburg and examine the baptismal register. And there, in his 37th year, Mahler was baptized on 23 February 1897. Another tiny detail has been completed. All the work that needs to be done, in this sphere alone of Mahler research, really requires the support of a generous pair of wings from, shall we say, Gulbenkian or Fulbright.

It is a biographical handicap, a crippling one indeed, that so many of Mahler's contemporaries are no longer alive to be cross-examined, to be emptied of their memories. The great upsurge of interest in Mahler and his music, postponed by the war and before that by the censorship of the Nazis, has come just too late. We have lost the possibility of sifting the reminiscences of friends and colleagues who might have helped sketch in the blank pages of Mahler's life, especially those evasive early years. (The great figures of the Mahler era, his widow, for example, and Bruno Walter, have long told us all they know.)

But even about the early years, the odd fragment of information comes in which helps one to pencil in a shadow—it's rarely anything more substantial. I have this particular period of Mahler's life very much at heart, having written, as some reviewers were not slow to point out, a whole book about Mahler's early compositions, many of which no longer exist.<sup>3</sup> I freely confess to succumbing at times to something near panic as I added yet another lost work to an already very long list. I began to wonder, not if the work was lost, but if it had ever existed.

Just such a work was an early opera, *Herzog Ernst von Schwaben*, which I supposed Mahler to have worked on in 1877 or 1878, when he was a youth of 17 or 18. I notice that my own description of the opera

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<sup>2</sup> Published by the BBC in 1960, p. 29.

<sup>3</sup> *Gustav Mahler: The Early Years*, London, 1958.

begins, "Very little is known about this work," the libretto of which was written by a boyhood friend, Josef Steiner. Imagine my surprise, when, only a few months ago, I found that a close relative of the librettist was living in London. She was able to tell me that the projected opera was a topic of discussion in the Steiner household. More than that, she remembered the librettist picking out on the piano some of the tunes that his composer friend had imagined for the work. Steiner himself, of course, is long dead. But some 82 years after the opera was abandoned, left incomplete and probably destroyed, confirmation did come to me of the work's bodily existence. I had not, after all, been pursuing a total fantasy. It is odd how these footnotes to history come to be written.

There are some works from the early years, still extant, which have not been placed at our disposal. For familiar reasons, certain members of the composer's family sit on unpublished manuscripts which might add something to our knowledge of the young Mahler's development. (I must add here that the composer's widow is not among the squatters, though she has her compensating foibles.)

The International Gustav Mahler Society, which has its headquarters in Vienna, and correspondents in most of the countries of Europe, has been busy for some years collating and scrutinizing Mahler's sketches and autographs. This is a particularly important undertaking since it is by no means certain that the printed editions of the scores, though most of them appeared in the composer's lifetime, represent his final intentions. Hence the urgent need for yet another *Kritische Gesamtausgabe*. The first volume of the edition, a revised score of the Seventh Symphony, appeared last year. It was scrupulously prepared for publication by the President of the Mahler Society, Erwin Ratz, the distinguished Viennese musicologist.

It is true to say, I think, that Mahler was never satisfied with the instrumentation of his symphonies (he rarely altered the shape of a work). The most celebrated example of wholesale revision we find in the Fifth Symphony, of which two scores, both published by Peters, were printed. The later version greatly clarifies the sound of the earlier, and very often by the cutting of superfluous duplication; but one can also clarify, of course, by making additions, by strengthening a part through doubling, by meticulous dynamic articulation. It is amazing what Mahler can accomplish in the way of clarity by the addition of a few rests. His amendments remind us that transparent scoring is not just a process of knocking things out but as much a process of knocking things in. A comparison of the two scores of the Fifth will provide any inquiring student with ample evidence of the principles upon which Mahler worked. His unceasing anxiety to improve his scores is well illustrated by a reminiscence of Otto Klemperer, who attended the rehearsals of the Seventh Symphony in Prague, in 1908. "Every day," he tells us, "after the rehearsal Mahler took the complete orchestral material home, to improve it, polish it up and re-touch it. We attendant young musicians, Bruno Walter, Bodanzky, von Keussler and I, would gladly have helped him. He would not tolerate assistance and did

everything alone."<sup>4</sup> Typical of the man, and typical of his relentless drive after an ideal orchestral sound.

If we remember that this Klemperer experience may be applied to all the symphonies, that the re-touching went on long after the première of a work and its publication, the importance of a critical edition of the works becomes self-evident. In a very real sense every performance of a Mahler symphony under Mahler was a première. What the Mahler Society has to do is to catch up on the final première in each case and fix it in music-type. One cannot but wonder what changes Mahler would have effected in the Ninth Symphony and *Das Lied von der Erde*, works which he never himself heard.

Obviously the *Gesamtausgabe* is of the first significance. But even when that is accomplished, a wide field of musical, as distinct from biographical, research remains. We are familiar with Mahler's editions of Schumann's symphonies; but what do we know in detail of his re-touchings of Beethoven's symphonies and overtures; of Schubert's Ninth Symphony; his edition of *Oberon*; his reconstruction of Weber's opera *Die drei Pintos*; his edition of *Figaro*, which adds a scene in the interests of dramatic clarification; his suite of movements from Bach's orchestral works, for which he realized the continuo part? One never knows what sudden illumination, of Mahler or his time, one may gain from exploration of these side-paths, and others like them.

The most incidental fact, indeed, can sometimes challenge the assumptions one has held for years. I had always imagined, for example, that Mahler, one of the most celebrated European conductors of his day, must have been kept busy conducting Beethoven's symphonies. It was quite extraordinary to find from Klemperer's little book of reminiscences, which appeared only last year, that one of the reasons why Mahler enjoyed his time in America, which came at the very end of his life, was that there he had the opportunity to conduct, for the first time, the "Pastoral" Symphony. It makes an odd, if enlightening comment on the musical society of which, we know, Mahler was not always a very happy member.

One path that death decisively blocks, if the musician was born before the gramophone era, is that of performance. We can never know now what a Mahler performance was really like. None the less, rather in the same way that we can deduce the principles of Mahler's methods of revision from the comparison of different versions of the same work, we can at least estimate something of the impact and character of his performances by inspection of the scores from which he conducted. These provide, as minutely as possible within the limits of musical notation, a kind of map of Mahler's intentions. He applied phrase-marks and dynamics to the scores of other composers with the same liberality with which he showered his own. If one knows Mahler's music well, which tells us how his mind worked, and can use one's imagination, one could, I think, arrive at a clear picture of how he approached the music he conducted—though nothing, of course, can restore to us Mahler's conception of tempo. But his scores are documents of considerable in-

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<sup>4</sup> *Erinnerungen an Gustav Mahler*, Zurich, 1960, p. 10.

terest, and some day should receive the attention they merit. My own perusal of them (the scores were very carelessly preserved in Vienna, when I saw them) did not get very far. But I saw enough to convince me that the kind of ideal articulation of sound after which Mahler laboured in his own music must have been no less prominent a feature of his performances. And much of what he wanted to achieve, though not the achievement, could be demonstrated in music-type, so meticulous and plentiful are the signs and symbols with which he adorns his scores.

There I must leave the story of Mahler studies. Much, as you have heard, remains to be done. More, indeed, than I suggest, for I have only scratched the surface of the problems. (I have not mentioned, for example, the gaps there are in his correspondence.)

You may well wonder whether we are likely to be surprised by the discovery of unknown musical autographs. Not, I am sure, from Mahler's maturity. But there is one lost early work which might still turn up. Mahler composed it when he was 23 and a conductor at the Cassel *Hoftheater*: the incidental music for Scheffel's *Trompeter von Säkkingen*, which was performed at the Cassel theatre as a sequence of "living pictures." The music was also successfully used in productions at Mannheim, Wiesbaden and Karlsruhe. Mahler quickly lost interest in what was undoubtedly an occasional piece and the work vanished. But I'm certain that there must be a set of parts buried somewhere in the archives of one of the opera houses that made use of the material.

A more tantalizing prospect—some might think it menacing—was opened up by an article which appeared in *Musical America* in 1938.<sup>5</sup> It was written by Paul Stefan, an intimate of the original Mahler circle in Vienna; but in 1938 he was an exile, and living in America, where he died in 1943. In this short article, which has received very little attention, he tells of a conversation with the late Willem Mengelberg, one of the most celebrated of Mahler's interpreters between the wars. Mengelberg claimed not only to have inspected, but to have played through at the piano, the manuscripts of four symphonies from Mahler's youth. The autographs were in the possession of the then aged Baroness Weber who was living in Dresden and had promised the composer never to permit a performance of works which he would sooner have seen destroyed. Fact or fancy? Here, of course, we're down among the dead men. Stefan is dead and Mengelberg is dead; Dresden was destroyed in the war and is now not the most accessible of cities. It is improbable that the Baroness survives. Where does one start?

The information contained in the article matches up at many points with what we know of Mahler's early life and works. He was certainly very friendly with the Weber household in Leipzig and there is no doubt that symphonies, or at least attempts at symphonies, must be counted among his early exercises in composition. Whether these Dresden manuscripts, if they are, or were, authentic, may be identified with the lost symphonies of which we have a record, or whether they represent fresh attempts, remains a wholly open question which may now

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<sup>5</sup> Issue of 10th April, p. 20. I am grateful to Mr. Jack Diether, New York, who sent me this article.

never be answered. Perhaps an echo of this address may stimulate inquiry in Dresden itself. Meanwhile we may remark upon the irony of Stefan's article appearing in a year—1938—that could not have been less auspicious for research of this kind; both the time itself and the very nature of the subject excluded the possibility of acting on Stefan's information. Just over a year later the holocaust that many admirers thought Mahler's music presaged, consumed the Europe of which he had been a part.

His music, however—his published music—remains with us; and the centenary year has provided evidence of a most remarkable swing in Mahler's favour. The celebrations have been widespread, exhaustive and exhausting. England, which for many years was reluctant to take the plunge, has not been backward in paying generous tribute to this Austrian master. Who would have thought, ten or fifteen years ago, that a series of Mahler concerts in London would draw capacity audiences? That at the Festival Hall, an overflow audience would listen by relay to the programme that was being given in the main hall?

The historian must take note of these movements in taste. After all, the ultimate status of a composer is determined neither by critics nor by historians but by his capacity to attract and hold an audience, which feels the need to experience and re-experience his music. Historians may be the judges, critics the counsel for the defense or the prosecution; but the public is the jury.

One already hears voices, some of them influential voices, raising cries of "fashion." Composers, fortunately, are hardy annuals, at least the good ones are, and though fashion may freeze them one season and scorch them the next, they manage to survive these extremes of climate. Sibelius, I have no doubt, though now so senselessly, indeed sickeningly, downtrodden, will sprout again; perhaps a little less luxuriantly than before but still of a commanding size.

It may well be that Mahler will suffer the swings of fashion. But fashion is a two-way affair. For years, let us remember, in this country, Mahler—like some other composers—was subjected to the fashion of confident neglect. If one is obliged to choose between fashions, I prefer to rate as the more important a fashion that has its origins in aural experience of the music.

If there were historical reasons—those I concede—for the slow headway Mahler's music made in this country between the first and second world wars, there are good musical reasons, I think, for his present, relative, ascendancy. A substantial factor, undoubtedly, has been the discovery, in our own day, of Mahler's importance for some of the leading figures of twentieth-century music, not only composers of the intervening generation, like Berg and Schoenberg, but some of the most prominent composers of a later generation, often composers from a ample, or Britten. The influence of Mahler upon Shostakovich requires, musical culture quite the opposite of Mahler's—Shostakovich, for example, I think, no detailed substantiation. It is self-evident. And if one looks at a work of Britten's as recent as his last orchestral song-cycle, the *Nocturne*, one finds there, above all in the concluding song, a clear extension of Mahler's style.

The chronology of musical understanding is often capricious in actual sequence. It does not surprise me at all that a keener interest in Mahler has been stimulated by the more general awareness of contemporary music we encounter today. A growing recognition of a new musical climate he helped to create, however distantly achieved, encourages one to come to terms with his own music. The understanding of what Mahler was about, as shown by later composers, can usefully guide our own appreciation of his music. In catching up on their music, we can catch up on his, too. There is a great deal to be learnt, in fact, from listening to the history of music in reverse.

If nothing else, the centenary year has taught us, I think, that Mahler was, and is, of significance for the twentieth century. But it is one of the perils of centenaries that they unavoidably exaggerate and distort. (They also, let me add, tire a composer's friends and confirm the antagonism of his opponents. How one longs for the good old days when everyone was left in peace.)

I am particularly anxious on this occasion to avoid undue emphasis on the "prophetic" Mahler. It is all too easy to decline into a curious kind of obsessive state in which one can't hear the music for the prophecies. Linear counterpoint in the finale of the Ninth Symphony, the systematic use of fourths in the first movement of the Seventh, intimations of a conscious neo-classicism in the first movement of the Fourth Symphony and the last movement of the Seventh—all very important, true and prophetic. But there is a real danger here that in following the signposts one assumes a condition of perpetual mobility that prevents one from resting for a moment and regarding the symphonies as things in themselves, not pointers to the future.

Nonetheless, I should feel that I was failing in my duty if I did not mention a signpost that was brought to my mind only the other night when I heard Stockhausen's *Gruppen*, for three orchestras, for the first time. We live at this latest moment in a flood of news and views about musical space, stereophony, directional sound and multiple orchestras. During an idle moment in *Gruppen*—when the work, so to say, had moved away from me somewhere down the hall—it did strike me that Mahler too must be given his due as an early bird in the multiple orchestra business. The Second Symphony, in particular, which makes use of an off-stage brass band plus percussion, is rich in "stereo" effects. It was doubtless the dramatic, "resurrectional" character of the symphony that promoted the use of this device. But there is one passage in the finale in which the combination of the two orchestras gives us just those contrasts in texture and perspectives of sound which allow one to claim the passage as a clear and important historical precedent. Most significant of all, the orchestras enjoy a fair degree of rhythmic independence. My only excuse for adding yet another prophecy to the list is the fact that here we have Mahler foreshadowing the musical preoccupations of a generation of composers later than any I have previously mentioned. So far as his prophecies are concerned, Mahler seems to show a capacity to remain perpetually in fashion.

But how do the symphonies stand if we look at them as we might regard any of the other groups of symphonies by late romantic com-

posers? By Tchaikovsky, for example, Brahms, Bruckner or Dvorak? (And by the way, if I do not talk about the songs or song-cycles of Mahler's maturity it is because they have been received in a way that the symphonies have not. In general, moreover, they share the characteristics of style which belong to the symphonies in any given period.)

We shall find, I think, that Mahler's symphonies show a width of contrasts, both between works and within individual symphonies, that we do not find in any of the other composers I have mentioned. This may strike you as an elementary observation, but some elementary things are also very unusual. For example, if one places the first movements of the Second and Fourth Symphonies side by side, one finds oneself poised between two virtually opposed worlds and textures, monumental symphony on the one hand and something that one might think approaches a divertimento on the other. Mahler often referred to his Fourth Symphony as his "Humoreske." If one compares the two finales, the contrast is even more striking—an epic, choral finale on the one hand, a solo song on the other. Within the symphonies, too, as I have said, there is this same, sometimes disconcerting, shock of violent contrast. There is the well-known pastoral Andante from the Second Symphony, for example, which so surprisingly succeeds the solemnities of the huge first movement. Despite Mahler's call for a pause of five minutes—rarely observed in performance—the attempt to relax tension by way of extreme contrast does not, I think, come off. I was not surprised to discover that Mahler himself came to think that this juxtaposition of skyscraper and grass hut was a mistake, though not soon enough to prevent him from doing much the same thing in his Third Symphony, the first and second movements of which present a similar contrast in style and dimension. In later symphonies he was much more successful in holding a judicious balance between the relative weights of his sequence of movements.

But though, to return to my original point, the first movements of the Second and Fourth Symphonies exhibit such strikingly opposed features, they share, in form, an important unity. It is these two movements that represent, among the first group of Mahler's symphonies, his most successful handling of sonata structure. Yet paradox and contrast creep in even here. It is the first movement of the "simple" Fourth Symphony which shows the greater degree of formal sophistication. The point of recapitulation alone is a masterpiece of subtle compression. It simultaneously combines formal precedures which are normally exposed in sequence—the lead-back from the development and the recapitulation of the first group. The recapitulation proper, which at length finds its "right" key, starts, so to speak, in mid-stream.

Let me add at once that the sonata principle haunted Mahler from the beginning to the end of his cycle of symphonies. We find in his works a number of extremely original approaches to a form which, by the end of the nineteenth century, had become highly problematic. In any history of the sonata idea, Mahler's symphonies must receive the most serious consideration. He kept the form on its feet with extraordinary resourcefulness even when, by all the rules of the game, it should long since have been carried out of the ring.

Of course, you may argue, quite properly, that the sonata principle is, above all, a scheme of ordered tonal relationships, the force of which was dissipated by romantic harmony. But we have to face the curious fact that "sonata form" has gone on, I think quite meaningfully, even when tonal references have been completely abandoned, as we find in Schoenberg, for example. I think we must view Mahler's sonata movements as part and parcel of a general development in the history of music, which resulted at length in a valid form independent of its original tonal basis. In this respect, Mahler was surely very much Schubert's successor.

In some important respects, the Second Symphony is the odd man out among the first group of Mahler's symphonies. It anticipates the creative ambitions of the Eighth Symphony—his choral symphony—and the classical character of its first movement looks forward to the middle-period symphonies in which Mahler came closer, though perhaps not very close, to the house-style of the later Viennese symphonists.

It is in the First, Third and Fourth Symphonies that one finds Mahler's most comprehensive use of national musical materials; or perhaps it would be better to say "local" rather than "national." In these three works, and of course in parts of the Second, one hears, as one does not hear to the same degree in the later works, the music that Mahler heard about him in his youth: folksong, military signals, brass bands, and bird-song (shades of Messiaen!). One has to remember that Mahler was born in Bohemia and lived the impressionable years of his youth in Moravia. He was not a self-conscious musical patriot, but one cannot overlook the audible impact made on him by the world of sound which assailed his young ears. The most radical example of this influence occurs in the first movement of the Third Symphony, a movement of vast proportions which is largely built up out of military fanfares, folksong and popular march tunes, and throughout which the unmistakable sonority of the wind band predominates.

*(Here was played a recording of Mahler's Third Symphony, first movement, figures 43-51.)*

Many people find that music from the Third Symphony among the worst Mahler ever wrote. It certainly arouses in its acutest form the problem of his banality, about which so much has been written, on one side or the other, that I shall hold my peace on this occasion. I have said all I have to say elsewhere. But though one may dismiss the music, one is obliged to dismiss it for what it is—quintessential Mahler. One cannot account for it in terms of Strauss or Wagner, poles of reference, if you like, for much else in Mahler. Nor can one explain it in terms of the Viennese symphony. It is something quite singular; and in so far as it expresses a sense of place, I think we might approach the work as an offshoot, though a highly idiosyncratic one, of the nationalism in music we readily except elsewhere. This is not, of course, the whole truth about Mahler's early symphonies, but it is certainly one aspect of their style which has not been very thoroughly explored.

There is something undeniably different about Mahler's concept of nationalism—I would call it his "factuality." Mahler uses his materials, as it were, straight, not touched up. It is this feature of Mahler's early

symphonies which has caught the very intelligent ear of the German musicologist and sociologist, Theodor Wiesengrund-Adorno. In a new book,<sup>6</sup> devoted to the composer, a perceptive study indeed but alarmingly unreadable, he writes: "The term socialist realism suits Mahler alone, were it not depraved by current use; the Russian composers of 1960 frequently sound like a disfigured Mahler." I have already mentioned the influence of Mahler on Shostakovich. Is not socialist realism, indeed, yet another sub-division of a protracted nationalism?

I seem only to have scratched at the surface of Mahler's music. The middle-period symphonies, Nos. 5, 6 and 7—for that matter, all Mahler's later symphonies—show a turning away from so radical a use of popular materials. But he still retains very clear links with the style that gave us the first movement of the Third and unique "character" movements like the scherzos of the Second and Third Symphonies, or the famous parody funeral-march, the slow movement, of the First Symphony. Character movements of the new type are the second and fourth movements of the Seventh Symphony, a pair of nocturnal serenades in which the popular materials, the march tunes and birdcalls and military fanfares, have undergone a remarkable refinement. One finds music like this nowhere else in the symphonic literature.

But there is, in the later works, a distinct change of emphasis in style. From the Fifth Symphony onwards—excluding the Eighth because it is such a solitary achievement—it is possible to view Mahler with more consistency as one of the last in the line in the tradition of the Austro-German romantic symphonists.

Neither leading the troops nor bringing up the rear is an enviable situation. But though Mahler was often obliged to compose, as it were, with his back to the wall, his prodigal inventiveness did not fail him; nor was he slow to make tactical use of the legacy left him by his predecessors in the field. He required, for instance, a new type of strong, long, lyrical melody, for these abstract symphonies, one free of the association with nature that we find in the big, singing themes of the First Symphony. His invention was equal to the task, and we find the new type of melody serving as second subjects in the first movements of both the Sixth and Seventh Symphonies. It characterises, indeed, one of the best known of Mahler's movements, the Adagietto of the Fifth Symphony; melody, moreover, which wears a very personal face.

He was a tireless ransacker of musical resources which were certainly not conventional means of symphonic expression—the march, for example. I have never counted up the number of marches in Mahler's symphonies but they must amount to a formidable quantity. They certainly cover an extraordinarily wide range of mood. We march, it seems, not only into the grave but also out of it. But Mahler's successful promotion of the march, not just to symphonic status, but to first-movement status—above all in the first movement of the Sixth Symphony—deserves particular notice. There were distinguished precedents—Beethoven, Wagner—but no other composer has explored the possibilities of the march with such persistence.

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<sup>6</sup> *Mahler: Eine musikalische Physiognomik*, Frankfurt, 1960, p. 67.

The waltz, the *Ländler* and the minuet—here, too, Mahler pursued these simple dance forms from the past and proved them capable of bearing new, if sometimes prickly fruit. The scherzo of the Ninth Symphony juxtaposes all three dances, a synthesis which is perhaps characteristic of the artist who stands at the end of a tradition. There is much that is synthetic, in the exact sense of the word, about Mahler's symphonies.

In the middle-period symphonies, his adherence to the sonata principle in his first movements is, if anything, strengthened. But, characteristically, he seeks out fresh approaches. The two movements which go to make up the first part of the Fifth Symphony, for example, represent a novel attempt to divide between two movements the functions of exposition and development we normally find in one.

But it was not really until the Ninth Symphony that Mahler broke through with what might be claimed as a new form: the slow first movement, which is not a slow movement placed first, but a first movement in a slow tempo which retains, none the less, its time-honored dramatic character and dynamic, developmental impetus, by a skilful handling of dual tempi. With some qualification, this same scheme and formal intention may be said to apply to the first movement of the unfinished Tenth Symphony.

And there, I fear, I must leave Mahler, with much left unsaid. It is clear from Mr. Deryck Cooke's magnificent reconstruction, from the sketches, of the finale of the Tenth Symphony, that the work was by no means Mahler's last word. Far from giving, or cracking, up, we have every reason to suppose that he would have launched out on yet another project. Mr. Cooke's great achievement, and the many Mahler performances we have heard this last year, in our concert halls and on the BBC, allow us, I think, to take a modest pride in the contribution this country has made to a just appreciation of Mahler's genius.

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STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
HONORS MEMORY OF ROBERT G. GREY, PRESIDENT  
OF THE BRUCKNER SOCIETY OF AMERICA

The State University of Iowa Symphony Orchestra, James Dixon, conductor, dedicated its performance of Mahler's Fifth Symphony at the twenty-fourth Fine Arts Festival, July 5, 1962, to the memory of Robert G. Grey, President of the Bruckner Society of America, Inc., who died on May 22, 1962. The University of Iowa Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Philip Greeley Clapp from 1937 to 1954, and now conducted by Mr. Dixon, has a record of Bruckner and Mahler performances unequalled by any group other than professional symphony orchestras. Professor Clapp was among the very first to receive the Bruckner Medal of Honor.

## MITROPOULOS AS A BOSTON REVIEWER HEARD HIM

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

These reminiscences will begin with what we have been told are the saddest of words, "it might have been." In short, if the Fates, or more accurately the board of trustees, had not decided otherwise, Dimitri Mitropoulos would in all likelihood have succeeded Serge Koussevitzky as regular conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. When the Russian leader retired, after twenty-five glamorous years, the problem of finding a replacement was an unusually ticklish one. The choice was finally narrowed down to three quite dissimilar candidates: Mitropoulos, Charles Munch and Leonard Bernstein. As it came to me, via the underground, Bernstein, because of his youth, was not acceptable to the men of the orchestra, and Mitropoulos was not acceptable to Society. To be sure, it had found the Greek leader more than acceptable when, along with those of less exalted station, it received him rapturously whenever he took over the orchestra as guest. But a guest conductor is one thing, a regular conductor something else again. Koussevitzky had set a new pattern, namely, that of the conductor as social lion. Society had no difficulty in figuring out that this was no role for the anchoritic Athenian, whose private life was conducted in terms of monastic severity. When Munch was chosen, by the way, a press release from Symphony Hall stated hopefully that he would be a popular figure at Back Bay teaparties, a not entirely accurate prognosis, since the Alsatian conductor failed to exhibit the Koussevitzkian extroversion. One can even imagine the cynical saying that in Boston teapartying enjoys a higher rating than talent!

That Mitropoulos would have accepted the post seems fairly certain. He had given expression to his high regard for the orchestra; and the men, as I got the picture, were sold on him. At the conclusion of his third, and last, two-week term as guest conductor I wrote editorially in the *Boston Post*: "In his three visits to Boston the Greek conductor has won not only the Symphony public but also the Symphony musicians. And for our orchestra he entertains a particular regard. He admires its dignity, its artistic integrity. He feels that the men take pride in their work and that the audience takes a very special pride in them. Nor has he discovered in the public of the Symphony Concerts any evidence of the traditional Boston coldness."

Quite possibly, however, Boston's loss was Mitropoulos's gain. He had a wider opportunity as conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony. Consider, for example, those remarkable concert performances of *Wozzeck* and *Elektra* that could hardly have been brought to pass in Boston. Then, as everyone knows, he soon began flirting with the Metropolitan and finally transferred his full activities to that organization. Quite evidently, opera had come to intrigue him more than

symphonic music, although he accepted occasional engagements as orchestral conductor, such as his directing of the Mahler Eighth at Salzburg and his projected performance of the Third in Milan, during the rehearsals for which he took his final leave of us. In the previous season he had, of course, conducted the Mahler First, Fifth and Ninth, and the Adagio of the unfinished Tenth, as part of the Philharmonic's observance of the composer's centennial..

Mitropoulos was the darkest of dark horses when he made his combined Boston and American debuts on January 24, 1936. He was described as a protégé of Koussevitzky, and gossip had it, after he had electrified everyone with his performance of the Mahler First, that Mme. Koussevitzky advised her husband not to bring that young man back: he was altogether too good. But come back he did, the very next year, and again in the season of 1944-45.

Nor was that the last that Boston was to see of him. On February 1, 1948, he reappeared in Symphony Hall as head of the Minneapolis Symphony, the directorship of which he had assumed a decade before. There followed a few years later several appearances with the Metropolitan Opera Company,<sup>1</sup> which, to my exceeding regret, I did not hear; but I partly evened the score by taking in the Philharmonic *Elektra* aforesaid and another Philharmonic concert in which the Mahler Sixth was accorded its belated American premiere.<sup>2</sup> Moreover, like many another Bostonian, I listened to broadcasts, both of Philharmonic concerts and of Metropolitan performances, under Mitropoulos's direction. The things that impressed me most among the former were the Mahler Third and the first act of *Die Walküre*; and among the latter, a *Salome* that seemed to eclipse even the exciting version of Reiner, through which, at long last, that masterpiece was introduced to the Hub.

This is not the place for a summary of Mitropoulos's pre-American career. In any case he was not even a name to most of us when he exploded on the Boston scene, and his decidedly unusual provenance made his gifts seem all the more remarkable. As I put it at the time: "From Greece, mother of European music, comes the latest sensation in conductors, who yesterday led the Boston Symphony as guest through a stimulating and provocative concert. Mr. Mitropoulos's success with

<sup>1</sup> 1958-60. His operas in the 1958 season were *Eugene Onegin* on April 14 (opening night) and *Madama Butterfly* (April 19). He opened the 1959 season with *Vanessa*, on April 13, conducting *Tosca* on the 15th and the double bill of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci* on the 18th. He bade farewell to Boston on April 23, 1960, when he opened the current Metropolitan season with *Simon Boccanegra*. Of this doubly significant event the Boston *Globe's* Cyrus Durgin, dean of the city's acting music critics, said in part: "The music is an amalgam of earlier, more forthright Verdi, and of the increasing subtleties of his later years, with orchestration that is a jewelled tapestry of subdued colors and filigree-work. Under Mr. Mitropoulos's consistent care for delicacy of phrase, this fount of melody flowed in beauty."

<sup>2</sup> Koussevitzky, who had to his credit the American premiere of the Mahler Ninth, as well as the first Boston performances of *Das Lied von der Erde* and the Seventh Symphony, wished also to introduce the Sixth to his adopted country. In this case the high fee for the rental of the orchestral material demanded by the Leipzig publisher, C. F. Kahnt, provoked a veto by the Boston Symphony trustees. Ultimately, the orchestral parts went up in smoke when Leipzig was bombed—an ironic business all around. Having obtained a score from London, Mitropoulos had the parts copied, and, as was said at the time, at his own expense.

the audience was pronounced; it would have been even greater if he had stooped to a program of sure-fire pieces.

"From Beethoven, for beginning, Mr. Mitropoulos chose the Second *Leonore* Overture, from Debussy *La Mer*, from Strauss the *Symphonia Domestica*; and to these he added, as his second number, an *Overture for a Don Quixote* by the 40-year-old French composer, Jean Rivier, hitherto unknown here.

"In aspect Mr. Mitropoulos is spare, almost ascetic, his features aquiline. He is very bald. His movements are abrupt and decisive. He conducts sans score and sans baton, and although before an audience his gestures are more moderate than in rehearsal, he still suggests a little the cheerleader. There is also thought of a conjuror, without magic wand, and he moves his hands now up, now down, now forward, now back. Of time beating in the conventional sense there is little.

"Immediately in Beethoven's Overture Mr. Mitropoulos disclosed the striking blend of clarity and intensity that distinguishes his conducting. His ear is sensitive, acute. Everything must be heard and everything is heard. The listener's attention is riveted, as the music comes vividly to life. Under Mr. Mitropoulos's hands *Leonora* No. 2 becomes so arresting that we are immediately led to speculate upon the effect which he might have had with the more finished and imposing No. 3."

I shall have occasion to return to the *Domestica* when I go into the matter of Mitropoulos's astonishing musical memory. I found here that, like Koussevitzky, he stressed the "tender, gracious and human qualities of the music" and went on to say: "Again there was clarity, even in the greatest complexity, a notable feeling for structure, for line as well as for color."

At the next pair of concerts he achieved the striking success with the Mahler First, already noted, offering besides the orchestral suite from Florent Schmitt's mimed drama *The Tragedy of Salome* and his own well-executed transcription of Bach's organ Fantasy and Fugue in G minor.

Chiefly to get another chance at the Mahler Symphony, which had been introduced to us in 1923 by (of all people) Pierre Monteux, and had gone unheard at Symphony Hall in the meantime, I took in the Saturday evening concert as well, and the enthusiasm and subsequent demonstration occasioned by the work and its performance exceeded even that of the afternoon before. Of that earlier performance I had written: "In the demonstration which followed, the men of the orchestra joined in the applause. By report the guest conductor has won them by his passion for perfection, his superb musical equipment."

On January 15, 1937, Mitropoulos began his second group of appearances. Said the *Post*: "No doubt many in the audience were having their first glimpse of this extraordinary figure: tall, gaunt, ascetic, who on first sight resembles a cross between a tonsured monk and an El Greco saint. For them it was something of a novelty to see him conduct without baton and without score and with his peculiar blend of intensity and animation, of austerity and excitement. For the rest of us the new experience came when he seated himself at the piano and, again with no music before him, bore the solo part in the first Boston performance of

Respighi's Toccata for Piano and Orchestra, conducting now with a free hand or two, now with his head and now with his eye.

"Save for the final number, Riccardo Castagnone's *Preludio Giocoso* (after Goldoni), the program as it now stands, with Casella's *La Donna Serpente* Suite put off until Monday evening, may be characterized as severe, quite lacking in the musical delights of the flesh. Yet the answering applause yesterday might have been prompted by one made up of the more lurid bits from the music of Wagner, Tchaikovsky and Strauss."

That pair of concerts began with two numbers for string orchestra, as arranged or adapted by the conductor: the Prelude to Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, together with Dido's "When I am laid in earth," and Beethoven's String Quartet in C-sharp minor, Opus 131. Although Mitropoulos's instrument was the piano, members of the orchestra who had played Opus 131, in its original form, freely admitted that he had taught them a great deal about their own job.

On this second visit the guest conductor put considerable emphasis on the music of what was then contemporary Italy. In addition to the pieces by Respighi, Castagnone, and Casella, pleasing and effective in their several ways, he performed, at the next pair of concerts, the Piano Concerto of Malipiero, heard, like the Castagnone and Casella items, for the first time in the United States. Of the Concerto I had occasion to observe: "And if any felt a week ago that Mr. Mitropoulos's simultaneous performing and conducting of Respighi's Toccata was in the nature of a stunt, there was less reason to feel that reaction in the case of the more temperate music of Malipiero. . . . The Concerto, now nearly three years old, would seem to form a valuable addition to a branch of musical literature sadly in need of new material." Where, one might ask, are these Italian pieces today? Anyway, they afforded no little enjoyment at the time, and not the least of Mitropoulos's virtues was his inquiring mind. This program ended with a superbly rhythmic performance of Ravel's *Rhapsodie Espagnole* and began, at the opposite musical pole, with another of the conductor's masterly Bach transcriptions, this time of the great organ fugue in B minor. But the thing that has remained with me most vividly over the years was the ensuing performance of the Schumann Second.

It was my privilege that evening to encounter Mitropoulos (even to sit next to him at table) at a dinner given by Boston's Harvard Musical Association. On greeting him I blurted out that that had been a great performance of the Schumann, whereupon he came back with "It's a great work." I think we were both right, although not everyone would accept the conductor's estimate of the music.

"To say," I wrote the next day, "that Mr. Mitropoulos carried all before him with the Symphony was to put it mildly, yet that he made the most striking impression with the brilliant, volatile Scherzo and the deeply expressive Adagio may not be denied. When the ensuing tumult had died down there were some protests that what had just been heard, since it sounded so much better than Schumann usually does, was not Schumann at all.

"In point of fact, Schumann was the least articulate of all the great symphonic composers. The C major, intrinsically the least Schuman-

esque of them all, merely happened to receive yesterday a degree of assistance seldom furnished to any composition."

A persistent fallacy in music criticism is the notion that a piece can be made to sound better than it is, when what has really taken place is that the work has finally been made to sound as well as it should. This comment generally rears its fatuous head when the reviewer finds himself liking something hitherto not to his taste, and in this way endeavors to justify his change of heart.

Two extremes of Mitropoulos's musical enthusiasms met in the programs which he offered on his next visit to Boston, in December, 1944. He had a commendable interest in the music of his own time, and he was especially drawn toward the creations of Schönberg and his dodecaphonic disciples. Not so easily accounted for, in his case, was a fondness for the romantics of the first half of the nineteenth century. You might say that it is a conductor's duty to program the music of all the important schools, but guest conductors generally favor their personal tastes. I have just detailed Mitropoulos's great success with the Second Symphony of Schumann, and in the first of his new pair of programs, those of December 15 and 16, he began with the "Scotch" Symphony of Mendelssohn, imparting to that work not only the appropriate sentiment but also a refreshing vitality.

It cannot be said too often that one of the marks of a great interpreter in any field is the ability to make us see or hear familiar things with fresh eyes or ears. It was a gift that Mitropoulos possessed in rare degree. Of this performance of the Mendelssohn Third I was prompted to say: "Moreover, no matter how well you may think you know the piece, you are quite likely to feel that you have never really heard it before. While not altogether blinding you to the fact that Mendelssohn was a suave and elegant composer, Dr. Mitropoulos (he's Dr. now)<sup>3</sup> makes you realize that the Scotch are a sturdy people, and were once a warlike one, and that their country is one of the most romantic in Europe.

"A similar act of rejuvenation," this review continued, "took place in the case of Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony, a work 65 years younger than Mendelssohn's but standing in no less need of the energizing, the clarifying and the glamorizing that it yesterday received. There were some judicious cuts that helped a lot but they did not tell the whole story. Under Dr. Mitropoulos's batonless hands the Russian's piece became engrossing and exciting and, in the slow movement, very lush besides."

With his emphasis upon new or unfamiliar music Mitropoulos kept his Boston audiences on their toes. But only once did he offer a composition, either new or old, from the hand of a native-born American, and that was in the pair of concerts now under discussion.<sup>4</sup> The piece, a local novelty, was Morton Gould's *Spirituals* for String Choir and Orchestra. "In two senses," this chronicler averred, "the title is misleading: the melodic material, while racial in feeling, is for the most part original, and the third section, *A Little Bit of Sin*, and the last, *Jubilee*,

<sup>3</sup> After he had assumed command of the Minneapolis Symphony (in 1938) the University of Minnesota conferred upon him a doctor's degree.

<sup>4</sup> The reference here, of course, is to his orchestral programs. Mention has been made (in footnote 1) of his conducting of Barber's *Vanessa* with the Metropolitan.

are anything but spiritual, and in them Dr. Mitropoulos suggested that he might beat any of the jazz conductors at their own game. The *Proclamation* and the *Protest* showed dramatic power, the *Sermon* deep feeling. In sum, a most rewarding novelty, and composer and conductor were alike hailed by an enthusiastic audience. In this music, as elsewhere, Dr. Mitropoulos conducted without score, playing freely and unhampered upon the band as though it were some mighty instrument, moulding the melodic line, modelling the orchestral tone, vitalizing the rhythm, and missing not one iota of musical matter or of musical effect."

As the Gould *Spirituals* constituted the only music by a native American to be offered in Boston by Mitropoulos in any of his four visits to Symphony Hall, so were Ernst Krenek's Variations on the North Carolina Folk Song, "I Wonder as I Wander," the only example of twelve-tone or, as we now say, "serial," music to be vouchsafed that city by him. They were heard, I might add, in the concerts of the following week.

This union of the ingenuous and the minutely calculated smacked a little of miscegenation. Incidentally, the tune adapted itself to this particular treatment through a curious circumstance: the melody is based on a six-tone scale,<sup>5</sup> and by putting these six tones and their proper transposition together, the requisite dozen was obtained. In my notice I quoted Mr. Krenek's explanation of the piece, as it appeared in the program notes:

"I have attempted to unfold the feelings of tragic loneliness and passionate devotion by which the solitary wanderer 'under the sky' is animated." "Sometimes," my review went on to say, "this mood is tellingly expressed in the music. Elsewhere Mr. Krenek, by precept and practice an atonalist in the manner of Schönberg, seems more concerned with the infinitely ingenious manipulations of his tune. You can find the work fascinating, and, coming upon it unprepared you might find it perplexing. Yesterday's audience received it politely and the composer cordially when the conductor escorted him to the platform."<sup>6</sup>

Incidentally, as an instance of Mitropoulos's almost quixotic insistence on committing to memory everything he conducted, no matter how ephemeral it might prove to be, he admitted in conversation that the memorizing of Krenek's piece had been a labor of weeks. "A month" was the way he put it.

Strange as it may seem, he actually added to the repertory of the orchestra on this occasion (the program was given a tryout in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, the night before) the Second Symphony of Schubert,<sup>7</sup> a delectable work, more typically Schubertian than the Fifth Symphony, that is so much better known. But the high point of this program, which began with Mozart's Overture to *The Magic Flute*, was the eloquent performance of Vaughan Williams's *London* Symphony.

<sup>5</sup> Virtually, the Dorian mode with no mediant: D-E-G-A-B-C.

<sup>6</sup> Krenek, also established in Minnesota, as a teacher at Hamline University, St. Paul, accompanied Mitropoulos to Boston. A stimulating luncheon was arranged by Symphony Hall for the two notables and the local music critics.

<sup>7</sup> Not a novelty as far as Boston itself was concerned, since there had been a previous performance by the People's Symphony Orchestra.

Coming from Greece, a country with no easily distinguishable art music of its own (that is, if we sidestep antiquity), Mitropoulos was a true internationalist. Musically, it might almost be said, nothing was native to him and nothing foreign.

This visit ended with the concert of Sunday afternoon, December 24, at which the Mozart and Vaughan Williams items were repeated, while joined to them were the dances from Falla's *The Three Cornered Hat*, and a strange bit of business, now to be described. No purist in that sense, Mitropoulos had already given us transcriptions of the organ works of Bach, of a vocal number by Purcell, and an adaptation for strings of a Beethoven Quartet. But this went a great deal farther—too far, in fact. To come to the point, one Dmitri Rogal-Levitsky had set himself the task of orchestrating several of the piano pieces of Chopin, including some that never should have been subjected to such treatment. Mitropoulos's choice fell upon the "Revolutionary" Study, the C minor Nocturne and the A-flat major Polonaise. I can hear them today, in my mind's ear—and it is no treat—and this is what I was provoked into saying at the time:

"Since there must always be a fly in the ointment, that unwelcome insect made its appearance yesterday in the shape of three Chopin transcriptions by the Russian Dmitri Rogal-Levitsky. . . . Apparently the transcriber has endeavored to make these pieces as formidable orchestrally as they were pianistically in their own day. Anyway, he has thrown restraint to the winds and thrown in everything but the kitchen sink. The Study becomes a tonal earthquake and a mad scramble for the players. Save for an inflated climax, the Nocturne is an admirable job in kind and the Polonaise is okay if that is the sort of thing you like. Yesterday its terrific din brought down the house. With so much fine orchestral music crying to be heard, this transcribing business seems largely beside the point, except, perhaps, in the case of the organ works of Bach. And some will not even swallow these."

If Mitropoulos's generally-to-be-commended adventuring took him a bit too far in the case of these Chopin transcriptions, a survey of all of his Boston programs reveals the fresh and unfettered approach that he brought to the job of program-building. Would that there were more like him. He seemingly stopped at nothing. In New York, for instance, he resurrected such things as Schumann's *Julius Caesar Overture* and the well-constructed but not particularly original tone poem, *The Mystic Trumpeter*, by Boston's Frederick S. Converse.

In the course of this final Boston Symphony engagement I wrote an editorial in which I congratulated those of us who picked Mitropoulos for a winner when he was a virtual unknown, at least in our part of the world. I also commended him for his programming and pointed a moral with the Schubert and Vaughan Williams pieces aforesaid, describing the one as a minor work by a major composer and the other as a major work by a minor composer and asking for more of the same. "To claim," I said, "that once-important music may not become valueless in time is no less foolish than to assume that only those things that are currently played and sung are worth the doing. The core of the difficulty seems to be that those who determine upon our musical fare are inclined to concentrate on two classes of compositions: unique master-

pieces and contemporary novelties. This leaves out an enormous amount of music which may be heard both to pleasure and to profit.

"Once in a while somebody does something about it, of course, but unfortunately such adventurousness is generally in direct proportion to the obscurity of the adventurer. In other words, the big shots, whether conductors, singers or virtuosi, are inclined to play safe."

Mitropoulos's regard for the Boston orchestra has already been mentioned. On their part, the players were probably a little skeptical of this unknown conductor from far away Greece, but they were not long in taking his measure. As von Bülow put it, some conductors have their heads in the score, whereas others have the score in their heads. Koussevitzky belonged in the first category and Mitropoulos in the second. As said above, one of the pieces on his first Boston program was the *Symphonia Domestica* of Strauss, a work of considerable complexity, with dimensions to match, for all its homely subject matter. Mitropoulos always rehearsed from memory, although he might have a pocket score handy to consult for rehearsal letters, or numbers, as the case might be. As I got the story from one of the men, in a rehearsal of the Strauss tone poem, with the orchestra going full steam ahead, the conductor brought it to a sudden halt. Identifying a measure as so many bars after number so-and-so, he remarked quietly: "Second clarinet, those two notes are tied." The men were flabbergasted; and if there had been any doubts as to the quality of Mitropoulos's musicianship, they vanished forthwith..

In one of my first talks with Mitropoulos I brought up this matter of memorizing and asked him if, like Toscanini, he had a photographic memory. "No," he replied, "I just plain learn it." (His English was both fluent and colloquial.) His own explanation of this rigorous bit of self-discipline was that conducting, as compared with performing, was altogether too easy. Only by learning the music in this thoroughgoing fashion could he begin to work as hard as the men did. There are also conductors who will get along without their notes in the case of the standard repertory but will use them with novelties, particularly those that may prove to be short-lived, or for orchestral accompaniments of one sort or another. It may be argued that a conductor who is willing to use a score in the case of new pieces will get over more ground—one reason, possibly, for Toscanini's own rather limited symphonic repertory. But Mitropoulos, while committing literally everything to memory, still got over plenty of ground. If he had not driven himself so remorselessly, he might still be with us. He rejected the monastic life that so nearly claimed him, but he continued to subject himself to a comparable discipline. Art, as well as religion, has its martyrs.

To continue, and also conclude, the tale of Mitropoulos's appearances in Symphony Hall, the best thing to be said of his aforementioned concert with the Minneapolis Symphony is, perhaps, that it enlarged the circle of his Boston listeners, to be later materially augmented by his visits with the Metropolitan Company. It does not seem likely that many of those who had heard all or most of the Boston Symphony concerts discussed above could have honestly felt that this concert with what was then his own orchestra contributed greatly to their esteem for the man from Athens. Again, I shall quote, rather than paraphrase,

since my intention has been to record as faithfully as possible the immediate impressions received from these encounters, whether public or private.

"Thanks to the fact that Rachmaninoff's generally tedious Second Symphony ends excitingly and that Dimitri Mitropoulos and his Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra played this finale as excitingly as it could be played, their concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon concluded in a burst of cheers and bravos.

"The pity of it is that the Greek conductor did not choose a more enlivening program with which to present himself here as the head of his own orchestra—we have heard him several times as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony and many years ago we heard the Minneapolis Orchestra under another leader. The only first-rate music on the list was the 'Jupiter' Symphony of Mozart, which, truth to tell, was not played or conducted with any particular distinction, while between it and the Russian's Symphony came another work of about the same vintage that has also experienced the ravages of time, namely, Bloch's *Schelomo* (Solomon).

"Possibly this last was included for the benefit of the orchestra's first cellist, Yves Chardon, once a member of the Boston Symphony. He played the solo part in the Swiss composer's overlong and turgid Rhapsody in exemplary fashion, and Mr. (sic) Mitropoulos gave it all he had. The music still refused to come to life, save in a few spots, one of them the always impressive close in which the Hebrew King can be heard to say 'Vanity of vanities . . . all is vanity.'

"It is always the same story when a visiting orchestra comes to Boston, or rather the same two stories. You do not recognize in the audience many faces that can be identified as belonging to Boston Symphony subscribers, and try as you will you cannot help comparing the visiting band with our own, to the former's disadvantage. There are many fine orchestras in this country and the Minneapolis Symphony is one of them, but you get the impression that its present conductor is less interested in tone, as such, than in interpretation. In that domain, even when you do not always agree with him, he is one of the most forceful of contemporary musical personalities. Yesterday's concert was given under the auspices of Anatolia College and the hall was filled."

That performance of the "Jupiter" hinted at, if it did not actually reveal, a temperamental insufficiency of the sort possessed by all great conductors. (The one who is equally happy in the interpretation of all music will not be outstandingly good in any music.) Conceivably, Mitropoulos was too tense to convey serenity, too serious for humor. Anyway, he was decidedly in his element the other two times that I encountered him, namely, the aforesaid appearances with the New York Philharmonic.

The first of these, the one that brought to American attention the Sixth Symphony of Mahler, actually preceded by a few weeks the concert with the Minneapolis Symphony just discussed. The concerts in question took place on December 11, 12, and 13, 1947. The article that appeared in the *Boston Post* on December 21 was reprinted in the 1948 issue of CHORD AND DISCORD. Quoting it *in toto* here would smack of superfluity. In point of fact, the writer was so much concerned with the

work itself, which had impressed him greatly, that he made no mention of Mitropoulos's interpretation, as such.

Of course, if the conductor's reading had not been as discerning and as forceful as actually it was, the piece would not have made the effect that it did. Incidentally, the New York press, while not one hundred percent for the music, freely gave conductor and orchestra the recognition that was their due. Just for the record, however, and because the Sixth is still pretty much of an unknown quantity in these parts, I am reproducing the two final paragraphs:

"The symphonic gradations and climaxes of the final movement,' writes Bruno Walter, Mahler's most devoted disciple, 'resemble in their dismal power the towering waves of the ocean that rush at the ship and wreak destruction.' Nor does Mahler soften the blow through a merciful brevity as does Tchaikovsky in the finale of the *Pathetic*. On the contrary, this concluding movement lasts close on half an hour, with only a passage here and there to offset the prevailing gloom. Without resorting to hyperbole, you can call it both terrible and terrifying. It has at times a nightmarish quality. Were a contemporary composer possessed of Mahler's remarkable powers, both of musical invention and of orchestration, he might thus paint the darkest side of our unhappy day. The three New York audiences that cheered the symphony could hardly have enjoyed this finale. Enjoy is not the word. Let us rather say that they responded instinctively to something by which a more innocent generation would have been shocked and repelled. In fact, we know that in the past the Sixth has had this very effect.

"Like most of the Mahler symphonies, the Sixth calls for a huge orchestra—incidentally, Mr. Mitropoulos conducted it, as he does everything, from memory—and included among the percussion instruments are cowbells (used with enchanting effect in the *Andante*, as a symbol of loneliness), a *rute* (a sort of birch brush applied to the bass drum) and a hammer. 'Thus Fate knocks at the door,' said Beethoven of the opening of his Fifth Symphony. In the Mahler Sixth it strikes us down."

At the concerts of December 11 and 12 the Mahler Sixth was companioned—and followed—by the Gershwin Piano Concerto, with Oscar Levant as the soloist. Talk about strange bedfellows! At the one in question the Symphony, quite properly, brought the end, while ahead of it came the *Coriolanus* Overture of Beethoven and the Handel-Casadesus Viola Concerto, with William Lincer as soloist.

In the afternoon I sat in on the Metropolitan Opera Intermission Quiz, and thereby encountered Mitropoulos, who was one of the panelists.<sup>8</sup> When I mentioned to him that I had come over to New York for the express purpose of hearing the Mahler Sixth, he remarked, as he had of the Schumann Second eleven years before, that it was a great work. He was right this time also; but while Mahler had his moments of resembling, or rather, suggesting Schumann, in spirit and execution these particular symphonies were many leagues apart.

<sup>8</sup> A point brought up during the Quiz was the relative standing of Wagner and Puccini, judged solely as composers for the theatre—in other words, as musical dramatists. Mitropoulos stoutly upheld the claim of Puccini.

Because of the magnitude of the undertaking, as well as its triumphantly successful outcome, the series of *Elektra* performances, on December 22, 23, and 25, 1949 (the last one broadcast over CBS), were more truly a monument to Mitropoulos than any of the other events here described, not excepting this American premiere of the Mahler Sixth. That Strauss's music drama after Sophocles, by way of Hofmannstahl, made a double appeal to Mitropoulos goes almost without saying. He was of the same blood and nationality as the great dramatist and he had given frequent proof of his fondness for the music of "Richard the Second." In view of all these things, I am quoting, as parting salutation to an extraordinary musician, all of the story that appeared in the *Boston Post* on January 11, 1950:

"It was high time that something out of the ordinary was done about Richard Strauss,<sup>9</sup> and though the three concert performances of *Elektra* by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, under Dimitri Mitropoulos, with distinguished solo singers from the Metropolitan, were projected long before the composer died, they made a striking memorial. A performance in the theatre would have been more to the point, but for certain reasons a stage representation of comparable musical quality would have been out of the question.

"Let me explain. In the first place, Astrid Varnay, who gave so convincing a disclosure vocally of the greatly exacting title role, is not yet ready to undertake the part in the opera house, with the burden of acting added to that of singing. She is still only 30, and she maintains that an operatic *Elektra* is not for her just yet.<sup>10</sup> It is enough to hope that when she feels ready to assume it, the Metropolitan will be in the mood to let her do so. Not for ten years has it mounted what many consider Strauss's greatest work.

"The Metropolitan has a fine orchestra, as I had occasion to observe anew at two performances that I shall discuss here next week. Technically and expressively it could cope with Strauss's score, as it did with that of *Salome* last season, with Fritz Reiner to guide and inspire it. Numerically, in this particular instance it would fall short. You just couldn't squeeze into the Metropolitan's pit, ample as it is, the orchestra that seemed to fill the stage of Carnegie Hall: the Philharmonic augmented by players from the Metropolitan itself. To hear the music played by that aggregation of instruments and conducted (from memory) by Mitropoulos, who in this score proved himself uniquely eloquent, was something not soon to be forgotten. The first performance, that of Dec. 22, elicited ecstatic reviews from the hard-boiled New York critics, and all three were received with wild enthusiasm by their respective audiences. Many of the readers of this column heard the broadcast of the final one on Christmas Day, not quite the same thing, however, as hearing it in the hall.

"The music, then, as music, was presented under ideal circumstances: the singers measured up to their several assignments and the playing of the orchestra, as already suggested, provided an experience that could

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<sup>9</sup> Strauss had died on September 8.

<sup>10</sup> In a matter of two seasons Miss Varnay considered herself ready to sing the role of *Elektra* with the Metropolitan Company. Fritz Reiner conducted.

seldom be duplicated. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether the composer would have been entirely pleased. He designed the music to fit the words of Hofmannstahl's masterly text, after the drama of Sophocles, and that correspondence could be noted by all whose ears were sufficiently sharp. But he also designed it to fit the action, to paint in tone that which the eye sees, so that the effect on both eye and ear is intensified.

"To give a single example, in the words of the Philharmonic's program annotator, Herbert F. Peyser, the guilty queen, Klytemnestra, is a 'shivering, bloated, rotting hulk, a carcass weirdly bejewelled and strewn with ineffectual amulets.' So far as that is musically possible, Strauss has so limned her, but when you gazed upon Elena Nikolaidi, handsome of face and figure and handsomely attired, some if not all of Strauss's efforts went for naught. That Miss Nikolaidi sang the music superbly was not quite enough.

"Opera in concert form is and always has been a dubious venture. There is an excuse for it if the opera cannot otherwise be heard in a particular locality, an excuse present in the instance in question. And with these scores of Wagner and Strauss that are like symphonic poems with stage accompaniment, the concert performance, as I have already indicated, has its advantages.

"For the benefit of those who missed the broadcast, be it recorded that the other chief parts were assigned as follows: Chrysothemis, Irene Jessner; Orestes, Herbert Janssen; and Aegisthos, Frederick Jagel. That they measured up to Miss Varnay and Miss Nikolaidi is sufficient praise. Miss Jessner, by the way, has now sung her role under eight different conductors.

"How many Bostonians are aware that this mighty music drama was heard in this city, at the Boston Theatre, during a visit of Hammerstein's Manhattan Company, some 40 years ago? There are those who recall the excitement of the performance, with the inimitable Mariette Mazarin as Elektra, and the answering excitement on the part of the audience. Up to the moment when Elektra recognizes her brother, the returned Orestes, come to avenge their father's murder, this *Elektra* is a gripping but grim business, with a few relieving episodes. From then on the music, now lyric, now brutal, now infused with a mad and frantic joy, is like molten metal poured from a crucible. And like no other music, before or since."

In one of my earlier encounters with him I credited Mitropoulos with a "Midas-touch" which turned everything he conducted into a potential popular success. That observation, as time went on, proved to be basically correct. He really would have them cheering something like this Schumann Second, that they would ordinarily take in stride; while with such inflammatory material as the respective conclusions of *Elektra* and the Mahler First the results were sensational, unforgettable. There are many Mitropoulos recordings but they do not tell the whole story. To have missed him in the flesh is to have missed a unique and uniquely treasurable experience.

Program for Opening Concert in Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center,  
New York City

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

LEONARD BERNSTEIN, Conductor

INAUGURAL CONCERT

September 23, 1962, 9:00 P.M.

BEETHOVEN *Gloria from Missa Solemnis in D major, op. 123*

EILEEN FARRELL, Soprano  
SHIRLEY VERRETT-CARTER, Mezzo-Soprano  
JON VICKERS, Tenor  
DONALD BELL, Bass-Baritone  
SCHOLA CANTORUM of New York, HUGH ROSS, Director  
JUILLIARD CHORUS, ABRAHAM KAPLAN, Director

COPLAND *Connotations for Orchestra*

World Premiere

INTERMISSION

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS *Serenade to Music*

Sopranos

ADELE ADDISON  
LUCINE AMARA  
EILEEN FARRELL

Mezzo-Sopranos

LILI CHOOKASIAN  
JENNIE TOUREL  
SHIRLEY VERRETT-CARTER

Tenors

CHARLES BRESSLER  
RICHARD TUCKER  
JON VICKERS

Bass-Baritones

DONALD BELL  
EZIO FLAGELLO  
GEORGE LONDON

MAHLER *Symphony No. 8 in E-flat major, Part One*  
*(Veni Creator Spiritus)*

ADELE ADDISON, Soprano  
LUCINE AMARA, Soprano  
LILI CHOOKASIAN, Mezzo-Soprano  
JENNIE TOUREL, Mezzo-Soprano  
RICHARD TUCKER, Tenor  
EZIO FLAGELLO, Bass-Baritone  
GEORGE LONDON, Bass-Baritone  
SCHOLA CANTORUM of New York, HUGH ROSS, Director  
JUILLIARD CHORUS, ABRAHAM KAPLAN, Director  
COLUMBUS BOYCHOIR, DONALD BRYANT, Director

## BRUCKNER'S WANT OF SUCCESS

By ERNST LEVY

Ever since its appearance, Bruckner's music has encountered great resistance from the many, and has aroused great love and fervor in a few. There is something puzzling in the fact. For, after all, here is music that appears to be written in the successful Wagnerian idiom. It is full of easy-to-grasp melody. Its orchestral garb is brilliant and impressive. In fact, should we find that the few shied away from this music while the many spared not their applause, we should not be too surprised. Yet it is the other way around, which shows that neither the many nor the few are fooled by those external appearances—a noteworthy fact.

How, then, are we to explain the Bruckner Puzzle?

I think that an explanation is to be sought in two mutually related aspects of Bruckner's work. One concerns Bruckner's spiritual attitude. The other involves the concept of the symphony.

We begin with the latter.

I remember attending a rehearsal of a Bruckner symphony one day, as a very young man. I was deeply moved, and turning to one of my teachers sitting behind me gave vent to my enthusiasm, whereupon my teacher said: "Yes, it is beautiful music—but it isn't a symphony!" At the time I did not see what this could possibly mean. I have understood it long since. For somebody reared in the Beethoven tradition, Bruckner's symphonies are, indeed, not good symphonies.

This remark will be the starting point of my argument.

The supreme musical achievement of the Nineteenth Century is the Monumental Symphony, as determined by the evolution of the so-called "sonata form." Now the idea behind the evolution of that form is a dialectic, a dramatic one. Again, that idea is centered in the concept of "thematic development" for which the analytic technique perfected by Beethoven became the almost exclusive standard. In due course of time the "development idea," which originally had been more or less confined to the central piece of the sonata form, the so-called "development section," spread not only over the whole sonata form, but eventually over the sonata as a whole. Liszt's B-minor Sonata may be considered a final stage in that line of evolution.

In comparison to the Liszt Sonata, a Bruckner symphony should be dubbed formally conservative. On the surface, it looks like an oversized Beethoven symphony. But, just as the Wagnerian appearance of Bruckner's work is deceptive, being no more than the costume of the period, so its formal aspect is equally deceiving. Actually, Bruckner's spirit is diametrically opposed to that of Wagner. And behind the conservative formal appearance of the work, an entirely different form principle is active. That statement implies a difficulty for us, the listen-

ers, and the imputation of a weakness to the composer. The fact cannot be denied that Bruckner's conservatism has prevented him from completely and clearly bringing into the open the principle of growth inherent in his particular inspiration. The reasons for this might perhaps be found in Bruckner's deep and childlike respect for tradition and authority as well as in his failure to perceive intelligently that principle of growth. Be that as it may, it is now our duty and our task to overlook the deceptive resemblances, and to increase our awareness of the really relevant forces.

To gain an insight into the principle of growth of Bruckner's music, consider for instance the first movement of the Seventh Symphony. Note that there is no "theme" in the Beethovenian sense. Instead, we hear a long melody, of hymnic character, ending very nearly in a full stop. It is followed by another section describable in similar terms. In fact, the whole first movement consists of a succession of such periods. The truth of the matter is that while the classical disposition is still present, yet it has become largely irrelevant. An impression of "development" now arises from the way the various periods follow each other. We are presented with a *strophical* rather than with a dialectal principle. The symphonic evolution is achieved through a succession of strophes which in themselves may be lyrical. The effect is comparable to that of a series of *terraces*. Obviously this is the adequate means of building a large form out of the specifically Brucknerian inspiration. Now we may also interpret the function of that typical Bruckner "Generalpause," which is not at all to be taken in a Beethovenian, dramatic sense. Its role is rather to separate the steps and terraces from each other, thus impressively punctuating the discourse.

Bruckner's inspiration is essentially lyrical, in contrast to the essentially dramatic inspiration of Beethoven. The sonata form is essentially dramatic; the strophic form, essentially lyrical. By the qualification "essential" I mean to imply that neither form excludes the effects of the other, but that the emphasis as well as the means are different. That is why the ancestry of both the Wagner-Liszt group and Brahms may be sought in Beethoven, while the immediate ancestry of Bruckner is to be found in Schubert. Among the many symptoms of kinship in the music of the two masters one may be pointed out here as being particularly relevant: Schubert's song cycles (*Die Winterreise*, *Die schöne Müllerin*) also achieve a "symphonic whole" through the terracing of a number of "strophes"—in this case the single *Lied*.

If it is difficult enough to discover for one's self a new structural principle hidden beneath the aspect of a Beethovenian symphony, it is an even more arduous task to approach a spirit so different from Wagner, hidden behind the Wagnerian sound.

That spirit is entirely contrary to the temper of our times. There is in Bruckner no "excitement" in the vulgar meaning of the word—the only one that seems to have currency today. Instead, the excitement to be found in Bruckner is that of *ecstasy*. The inherent dramaticism does not result so much from conflict, from dialectics, as from a TRAVERSAL OF STATES OF BEING, embodied in the succession of the strophes. That is the theme common to all the symphonies, so much so that it might be no mere jest to say that Bruckner wrote but one symphony in

nine versions. This again is a feature that will strike most people as a strange one—and that is no wonder in times like ours, when “new” automatically carries the connotation of “better,” when “better” can only be thought of as being also “new,” and when it has been almost forgotten that the essential inner experiences are always the same, and at the same time are always new. Bruckner’s music, however, is deeply traditional. His ways are much like those of the oriental artist who will paint the same subject over and over again, gradually approaching the Divine by drawing nothing else perhaps in all his life but bamboos.

Ever since its appearance, Bruckner’s music has encountered great resistance from the many, and has aroused great love and fervor in a few. Could it be otherwise? Let us hope that the times will change. But also, let us pray that Bruckner may never become fashionable.



#### KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO JAMES DIXON

In appreciation of his efforts to create greater interest in and understanding of the works of Gustav Mahler, the Directors of the Bruckner Society of America, Inc., awarded to James Dixon the Mahler medal designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the Society. James Dixon, now conductor of the State University of Iowa Symphony Orchestra, has performed Mahler works with the University Orchestra, the New England Conservatory Orchestra, and the Minneapolis Symphony. Presentation of the award was made to Mr. Dixon by Professor Earl E. Harper, Director of the School of Fine Arts of the State University of Iowa, at an orchestral concert of the twenty-fifth Fine Arts Festival at the University, July 9, 1963.

# MAHLER'S PLACE IN MUSICAL HISTORY

By JACK DIETHER

## I

Woe says: "Begone!"  
But all joy wants eternity,  
Wants deep, deep eternity.

—FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

Let me make it clear at the outset that this essay is not designed to qualify for a place in *The Oxford History of Music*, or even in *Grove's Dictionary*. Such a piece under such a title, taken in an absolute historical sense, would certainly be premature. As a matter of fact, the *Oxford History* itself has been frequently criticized for entitling one of its earlier volumes *The Age of Bach and Handel* more than *two centuries* after the event. Not that there is much doubt at this date that Bach and Handel are indeed the greatest composers of their age. What is questioned is rather the naming of an entire age after anyone, with emphasis on the fact that the age in question would never have so recognized itself. J. S. Bach, for example, was then for purely local consumption, and his music was never honored in retrospect, on an international scale, until the time of Mendelssohn, close to a century after his death. In the latter half of his own century, and even later, Bach was considered to be what we today would probably call a conservative, or even a reactionary—at all events, *passé*. The recognition of Bach's individual greatness, in terms far transcending the original utilitarian value of his works in his own society, is a product of ages quite removed from his own.

I would not, then, be so foolhardy as to attempt to speak in advance for any future time with any degree of certainty, either in terms of years, decades, or generations. If the world of a century hence, *e.g.*, does have the same historical appreciation of music as we have (which itself is by no means certain), it is theoretically quite possible that an *Oxford History* of that time (to draw an analogy to what happened with Bach) will publish a volume describing the late 19th and early 20th centuries as "the age" of someone of whom many of us have never even heard! I say "theoretically" in the awareness, of course, that our much-improved dissemination of music makes such a turn of events more unlikely now than in Bach's time. And obviously this Elfelldasen Zyboogiew, or whoever he might be, would have to be someone with virtually no influence on other music *now*—simply very great in his own right, and an inspiration to *future* times.

But it's still a possibility, and that is the point I am trying to make. I am not trying to place Gustav Mahler in the stream of history *absolutely*, since the history involved is still being written, and no one knows just where it will lead us. I am writing instead about how it looks, at

this juncture, to a person extremely sympathetic to Mahler's musical personality and artistic creed. From what we know about Mahler's considerable influence to date, and from the present manifestations of how musical history seems to be shaping up, I shall try to extrapolate some conclusions that are possible, and which seem to me probable. You may call it an essay in fantasy, if you like, or musical science-fiction, but at any rate I shall present my point of view about music as cogently and persuasively as I can, and the reader may accept it, reject it, or substitute his own in whole or in part.

Now some of our leading critics still refuse to recognize in Mahler anything more than a would-be world-shaker, a "shot heard round the immediate vicinity." Or they may even claim that he was an important but very *bad* influence, as some of them also claim Wagner to have been. This latter outlook is really quite significant from a subjective point of view, and should be carefully scrutinized by anyone who would understand the esthetics of modern music more clearly. It reveals just as much about Mahler's place as the tributes do, if analysed correctly. The people who deplore Wagner's influence, however, are generally rational enough to admit that such influence could be exerted only by someone who was a unique genius in his own right. It was left for Mahler's music to create such hysteria in those who reject it that they are frequently goaded into arguing both propositions at the same time: that he wasn't much of a composer, and that his music has been a powerful *subversive* influence in modern music. Such a reaction can really be understood only in esthetic terms probing downward into the psychological—and our psychological inquiries into music are still so naive that one can do little more than *suggest* what a profoundly controversial figure Mahler really is, under the surface of the platitudes about him that are still offered in high places.

The main points of the numerous writings by composers and musicologists, acknowledging and describing Mahler's widespread influence, have been well summed up by Howard Shanet in the program notes of the recent New York Philharmonic Mahler Festival, as reprinted in the 1960 CHORD AND DISCORD. They are so provocative that I would like to summarize them again here. "What is so special about Mahler?", Mr. Shanet asks himself. "Why is it that half a century after his death his public continues to grow, and even the most sophisticated listeners find his music more and more intriguing, while the compositions of many of his turn-of-the-century colleagues seem embarrassingly dated?" And why, in particular, does his music survive so well "in an age when its style is not even considered to be *in good taste*?" (my emphasis). To answer these questions, Shanet proceeds to consider (1) Mahler's artistic integrity, (2) his total dedication to his art, (3) his technical perfection in all branches of musical composition, (4) the prophetic quality of his individual musical traits, and finally (5) the "unique poignancy" of his music.

The individual traits mentioned are of a widely varied nature, and each one is tabulated to show its relationship to a corresponding trait of the "new Viennese school (Schoenberg, Berg, Webern, and their successors)". They have to do with melody, thematic construction, orchestration, and the specifically subjective nature of the music (morbidly and

the "expressionistic" devices in particular). The "unique poignancy" of Mahler is attributed to "what might be called a musical 'montage' effect: starting with musical fragments that are familiar and even old-fashioned (children's songs and marches, folk tunes and dances, bird songs and bugle calls), he puts them all together, but without adding any story or program to connect them with each other. That is precisely why they are so touching—no longer allowed their old meanings, they seem to be trying to say something to us, something which trembles precariously on the brink of conscious understanding."

The latter point, as so eloquently expressed by Mr. Shanet, is extremely important. Taken in connection with the other points, it all adds up to one overwhelming impression: that of artistic totality. Note these points well: Mahler's *unswerving* integrity, his *total* dedication, his technical perfection in *all* branches of composition—and all this applied to a musical content which utilizes *all* of the experiences residing in what might be called our "collective musical unconscious." To himself, more profoundly perhaps than to others, Mahler was referring when he wrote: "By making music one expresses only the integral (*i.e.*, the feeling, thinking, breathing, suffering) human being." (letter of 1906 to Bruno Walter).<sup>1</sup> Mahler was indeed, as I have pointed out earlier, "the first musical existentialist,"<sup>2</sup> and perhaps the only total one to date.<sup>3</sup> In his music we truly hear, in Nietzsche's expression, "the bowels of existence" speaking to us.

No wonder the reactions of the musically sensitive to this music are equally intense, whether positive or negative. For notice, the full effect of Shanet's "montage" phenomenon is not lost upon those who dislike Mahler intensely, any more than on those who love him. It's simply a matter of concept and terminology. For Shanet, who loves Mahler, the "something" which his music seems to be trying to say to us is "something which trembles precariously on the brink of conscious understanding"—a beautiful expression which goes about as far as one can at present in defining its unparalleled power of communication. To Paul Rosenfeld, the great critic of a past generation, that same undefinable "something" is experienced in these terms: "It seems to be begging something of us, entreating us to do something. But what it is it demands of us we do not know, or, if we guess, do not know at all how to

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<sup>1</sup> Trans. Ernst J. M. Lert, CHORD AND DISCORD, Vol. I, No. 9 (1938) p. 11.

<sup>2</sup> *New York Times*, Sunday, March 13, 1960. For this analogy I am indebted to Alexander L. Ringer.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *Gustav Mahler* by Bruno Walter, translated by James Galston (New York: Greystone Press, 1941) p. 128: "How dark is the foundation upon which our life rests," he once said to me with deep emotion, while his troubled look gave evidence of the convulsion of his soul from which he had just freed himself. And, haltingly, he continued, speaking of the problems of human existence: "Whence do we come? Whither does our road take us? Have I really willed this life, as Schopenhauer thinks, before I even was conceived? Why am I made to feel that I am free, while yet I am constrained within my character, as in a prison? What is the object of toil and sorrow? How am I to understand the cruelty and malice in the creations of a kind God? Will the meaning of life be finally revealed by death? In such and similar words laments, astonishment, and horror would pour from him as from a gushing spring. Fundamentally, there never was relief for him from the sorrowful struggle to fathom the meaning of human existence."

meet and gratify it."<sup>4</sup> But this feeling is rejected by Rosenfeld, and so he speaks of Mahler's "failed endeavors," with their "heaped banalities," their "false Beethoven and conscious naivetés and unfresh lyricism." At the same time they conjure up for him "torture-masses devised by the imagination of a ferocious medieval god for the punishment of transgressors against him . . . the blocks of ice in the circle of traitors in the Inferno that contains each its wretched congealed soul . . . a caked and buried face . . . parched lips and cracked laryngeal chords straining to frame speech . . .", etc. Has anyone who rejected Mahler so vehemently reacted to his music more morbidly than this? Today, with our supposedly greater tolerance of expressionism in all its forms, we may fairly ask: If Mahler's works could do all this for Mr. Rosenfeld and be "failed endeavors," what would he have done if he had succeeded?

But it is something other than expressionism that is suggested by Shanet's poignant "montages" of familiar fragments, "trembling precariously on the brink," especially if we juxtapose them with the nightmares which other features of Mahler's music so readily conjure up. What else is this but surrealism?—the surrealism of Hieronymous Bosch, or of Jacques Callot, one of whose fantastic engravings (*Des Jaegers Leichenbegaengnis*) was in fact a directly acknowledged inspiration to Mahler. Salvador Dali dissolves the reality into the dream when he takes a chest of drawers, familiar as your nose, and places it out in the middle of a desert such as only your sleeping brain could conjure up at will. Does not Mahler do as much when he takes a children's march and places it in a *Walpurgisnacht*, or in the black chill of outer space? The true visionary is he who can see "infinity in a grain of sand, and eternity in an hour." Visionary surrealism of this sort has simply not been cultivated in music at large, at least not in the music we hear in concert today. And since music critics are unfortunately inclined to be more conservative, more humorless, and less imaginatively free than critics of the other arts, is it any wonder that the adjectives "trite," "banal," "derivative," etc., flow so readily to their pens the moment they hear something familiar in Mahler, without their listening to consider how it is being used or what is being said—without trying to comprehend the work as a whole?<sup>5</sup>

Although one has to turn from music in order to find suitable analogies for Mahler's use of "musical montage," painting is not the only other art where such analogies are to be found. If Mahler's existentialism can be paralleled in the literary arts, so can his surrealism.<sup>6</sup> And if

<sup>4</sup> *The Tragedy of Gustav Mahler*, reprinted in *Musical Chronicle (1917-1923)*, (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1923) p. 238.

<sup>5</sup> As Schoenberg said: "One must use the most ordinary words to say the most extraordinary things." [Essay on Mahler from *Style and Idea* (New York: Philosophical Library, 1950), p. 18.]

<sup>6</sup> We even find a penchant for surrealism in some of Mahler's own early letters. Consider the following passage: "From the grey sea emerge two friendly names—Morawan, Ronow. And I see gardens filled with friendly people and a tree on which is engraved the name Pauline. A blue-eyed maiden curtsies and smiles and brings me a cluster of grapes. My cheeks redden again at the recollection. I see those eyes which once made me a thief—and again everything disappears. Nothing! Now there rises up the fateful umbrella; from its ribs and entrails I hear prophetic voices pre-

one has any doubt that musical criticism is esthetically naive and backward compared to literary criticism of corresponding repute, nothing can dispel such doubts more readily than to examine, by way of comparison, a few of the penetrating analyses of Mahler's analogues in literature and poetry. I offer in evidence the following extract by Philip Rahv concerning the writings of Kafka:

"A master of narrative tone, of a subtle, judicious and ironically conservative style, Kafka combines within one framework the recognizable and mysterious, extreme subjectivity of content with forms rigorously objective, a lovingly exact portrayal of the factual world with a magical and dreamlike dissolution of it. By unifying these contrary elements he was able to achieve no less than a new mutation in the art of prose fiction. . . . Thus it is clear that if Kafka so compellingly arouses in us a sense of immediate relatedness, of strong even if uneasy identification, it is because of the profound quality of his feeling for the experience of human loss, estrangement, guilt and anxiety—an experience increasingly dominant in the modern age. . . . There can be little doubt any longer of his stature as an artist in the metaphysical mode, whose concern is with the ultimate structure of human existence, or of his surpassing originality as an innovator in creative method. Like Rilke in the *Duino Elegies* he asked the supreme question: *Was war wirklich im All?* ('What was real in the world?')."<sup>7</sup>

It is evident that, with the substitution of a few phrases like "symphonic music" for "prose fiction," this entire quotation could apply equally well to the Mahler we have just been discussing. But where is the comprehension of Mahler in our critical press to equal this comprehension of Kafka? How often do the "banalities" of Mahler evoke in our critics "a sense of immediate relatedness," of "uneasy identification," rather than hoots of derision and a scramble to heave the whole thing overboard as quickly as possible? How often do we hear of "his feeling for the experience of human loss, estrangement, guilt and anxiety," instead of "his exuding of self-pity"? Why this critical lag in the musical world?

Perhaps it is because, as is increasingly known, the emotional impact of music is more direct, basic, and "visceral" than in the other arts. For

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dicting misfortune for me like a Roman augur. Suddenly a table rises up from the ground and a spectral form completely clothed in blue clouds is seated at it. It is Melion, who is celebrating in song the Holy Spirit, and he offers incense to it with real *Dreikoenig*. We sit there like two scrofulous officiating for the first time at a holy mass. Behind us a hobgoblin hovers sneeringly; he is dressed in playing-cards and his face is that of Buxbaum. In a fearful voice he calls to us in the melody of the *Bertinischen Etueden*: 'Humble yourselves! This glory, too, will disappear! A stream of clouds from Melion enfolds the scene, and the clouds grow thicker and thicker.' [Letter of 1879 to Josef Steiner, trans. Gertrude Norman & Miriam Lubell Shrifte, in *Letters of Composers* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1946), p. 295.]

We remember Mahler's love of the fantastic in literature, such as the tales of E. T. A. Hoffmann, and others mentioned by Walter. The close interconnection of the arts in Mahler's mind has also been pointed out in numerous regards. *E.g.* Dika Newlin rightly suggests that the phrasing of the title *Gestrandet—Ein Totenmarsch in Callots Manier*, originally applied to the third movement of the *First Symphony*, might have been suggested to him by Hoffmann's *Fantasiestuecke in Callots Manier*.

<sup>7</sup> Introduction to *Selected Short Stories of Franz Kafka* (New York: Random House, 1952), p. viii.

it follows that if the "identification" referred to is stronger, the uneasiness itself will be greater; thus the "experience of human loss," etc., will be even more intense. In that case, it is Mahler's expressive power, rather than his lack of it, that lands him in trouble with his detractors. As Sir Donald F. Tovey wrote early in our century (suggesting a field of inquiry that has never been surveyed to this day): "What we find so disconcerting about Mahler is that every aspect of his work shows all the advantages of an unchecked facility and none of the disadvantages. It has us beaten at every point, and leaves us no resource but to sit upright in our dignity as men of taste and say, 'This will never do.'"<sup>8</sup> And that, apparently, is how it comes about that a style "not even considered to be in good taste" continues to become more and more intriguing to sophisticated listeners with the passage of time.

As applied to Mahler, Rahv's term "ironically conservative" would of course characterize the "reminiscent" qualities which the critics who were the real conservatives affected to find "trite," "banal," etc. As with Kafka, however, what really disturbed were the outrageous *uses* to which Mahler put his "familiar" language. When Bruno Walter recalls the "shout of indignation" that went through the musical press in 1894 over the "sterility," "triviality," and "accumulation of extravagances" they found in Mahler's *First Symphony*, he adds: "It was, above all, the *Funeral March in the Manner of Callot* which was rejected with anger and scorn."<sup>9</sup> Could anyone with a drop of musical humor in his veins react with anger and scorn to such a delightfully macabre jest?

Again, Rahv writes of Kafka: ". . . The creative writer is the last person we may look to if our concern is with drawing a line between the normal and the abnormal. For whatever the practicing psychologist may make of that crude though useful distinction, the artist cannot attend to it without inhibiting his sense of life in its full concreteness and complexity." Mahler had indeed that sense of life, and was able to express it fully in musical terms. To deny the greatness of such an artist because one doesn't happen to like what he has to say, or because one may in fact be altogether revolted by it, is actually to bring one's frustrated wrath down on Mahler's head because he possessed such a gift, and used it to unburden himself of his own symphonies instead of the critic's.

## II

What is it, after all, that thinks  
within us? And what acts within us?

—GUSTAV MAHLER

How future times will view Mahler is, as I have said, very problematical, especially since the general state of music has been extremely turbulent since Mahler's death, and since there is a continuing estrangement between modern music and the wider public. Until we can discern "the main stream of music" in the first half of our century and later with

<sup>8</sup> *Essays in Musical Analysis* (London: Oxford University Press, 1952), VI, p. 75.

<sup>9</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 3.

some degree of certainty, and know where it is leading, we can only conjecture about Mahler's ultimate place in it. There is even some disagreement over Mahler's true esthetic relationship to his immediate successors in Vienna, the afore-mentioned Schoenberg, Berg and Webern. I have already outlined this controversy in my essay, "Mahler and Atonality,"<sup>10</sup> but since that article is out of print, it might be useful to restate the argument briefly.

"The question," I wrote then, "of whether or not Mahler's last symphonies show an increasing tendency toward atonality is one that can be and has been argued in more ways than one. Ernst Krenek, for instance, points out that if a man continues to wade deeper and deeper into the water, pretty soon he is going to have to start swimming,<sup>11</sup> and he more than implies that Mahler was about ready to 'swim.' And from the opposing camp, so to speak, Dr. Robert Simpson states: 'It really cannot be asserted convincingly that Mahler in any respect anticipates "atonality," which is a purely intellectual pastime. If he writes harmonies that seem to be uncertain in their key, it is because, like Beethoven or Mozart, he does not at that moment want the hearer to know what key is coming next. It may be these transitional passages that have influenced Schoenberg (some parts of Mahler's *Ninth* come to mind); but an art that is all transition is as bad as one that is all introduction or all peroration.' He also criticizes Dika Newlin for saying that Mahler's use of progressive tonality (the device of beginning a piece in one key and ending in another) is 'the first step in the dissolution of tonality into "pantonicity" that made the system of the twelve-tone scale possible,' and he remarks: 'In these symphonies Mahler is deliberately making strong and dramatic contrasts of key; this would be impossible were his key-sense in any way tending to become "dissolved" into anything else. Mahler is not undermining old facts: he is simply taking advantage of their verity in a new way.'<sup>12</sup>

In these arguments, we can see in embryo the whole modern controversy over the correct relationship between chromaticism and diatonicism, dissonance and consonance, tension and relaxation. I can remember an analogy being made between harmonic tension and a rubber band. If the point of complete harmonic resolution (the tonic chord) in a piece of music be likened to the rubber band in its ordinary tensionless state, then the gradual stretching of the band will obviously correspond to the gradual increasing of harmonic tension in the music, by the superimposing of chromatic and dissonant effects which take it further and further away from that point of repose. But sooner or later a rubber band will snap if outward pressure continues to be applied to it, and then it is again *without* tension. So also in music: if there is no point of repose, *i.e.*, no tonality heard or implied, then there can obviously be no feeling of harmonic distance from it; the tonally oriented mind simply drowns in an uncharted sea, and the *new* chart provided by the twelve-tone system makes no impression on the primitive *emotional* responses. It is an esthetic and psychological problem pure and simple.

<sup>10</sup> *Music Review*, Vol. 17, No. 2 (1956).

<sup>11</sup> *Music Here and Now* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1939).

<sup>12</sup> *Music-Survey*, Winter, 1948.

An amusing variant of this rubber-band analogy is implied by Strauss in the Introduction to his *Don Quixote* Variations of 1897, more than a decade before Schoenberg's introduction of atonality. In this work, the key of D major is associated with "home" in three different senses: it is (1) the home tonic (i.e., the key first established, from which the music departs and to which it returns), it is associated (2) with Don Quixote's geographical home (from which *he* departs on his odyssey, and to which he eventually returns), and also (3) with his psychological home (i.e., his psychic orientation, his sanity, which he first loses in the grip of obsessive delusions and then regains). The Introduction simply illustrates the process by which he loses that sanity. First he is depicted, in his normal D major, as of sound mind but flighty imagination—and we also hear themes representing the chivalric figments of that imagination. All very clear and orderly, and quite charming. But as these figments gradually take possession of him, forcing out sober reality altogether and putting themselves *in its place*, the music wanders further and further from "home," becoming increasingly wild and disordered, with ever-increasing dissonance and chromatic distortion of the musical ideas. Finally, his mind simply snaps, and the solo cello calmly proceeds to play the original *Quixote* theme in its *alter ego* of D minor—more fantastic now, but completely recognizable. He is the same person, *except* that his fantasy life, in the form of hallucinations, has now become indistinguishable from the real world: the true clinical picture of psychosis, as re-created by the youthful genius of Strauss.

Now modern psychology teaches us that the subconscious mind is primitive, unsubtle, intellectually moronic. Like all our greatest human achievements, our musical edifices, straining toward the clouds, are built up slowly and painfully out of the common mud we all inherit. No one knows why some reach the highest creative achievement and not others—least of all the musical genius himself. The achievement can be seen and heard by all; the explanation lies buried somewhere within that great unknown primitive morass we call the unconscious. As children we all respond to musical and other sound stimuli in one way or another. If we grow up with musical inclinations, we form strong likes and dislikes, but we cannot really explain these likes and dislikes in a rational way, except in the broadest and crudest terms. We know that they lead us whither they will, but we never really know *why* they do. If we are psychologically oriented, we suspect that our private responses are formed by early experiences and identifications, perhaps by accidental sound connotations both musical and extra-musical, and we may even deliberately set out to explore this ground; but we seldom get very far, for we are floundering about in the dark.

But if our individual experience of music is essentially mysterious, at least we have our common musical language to fall back on. What links us to the musical experience of others is generally more comprehensible than what separates us. We know how music evolved in history better than how it evolved in our individual selves, causally speaking. If we love Mahler, for example, we are aware that he represents a culminating point in the growth of what we call symphonic music, and beyond that, of all Western tonal music: i.e., music built on the tonic and dominant chords, on the other related chords, and on the diatonic

and chromatic scales. And about the time of Mahler's death, we know, atonal music was introduced into the world, seeking to replace that tonal system with a new, complete autonomy of each individual component of the chromatic scale. After that, causation in musical history seems to become as inexplicable, and as unpredictable, as esthetic causation in our own instinctual selves. It is at this point that the thread of esthetic or emotional cause-and-effect in the evolution of music seems to snap, leaving us with seemingly arbitrary choices of syntax—sometimes strangely persuasive, sometimes merely mystifying, irritating, or dull. Of course the same phenomena emerge simultaneously in all the arts; but again we see how the stronger, more purely instinctual responses to music create stronger reactions to this mystification, both *pro* and *con*. Even as passive consumers, we cannot intellectualize music as glibly as painting or sculpture: it gets inside us and wrenches us more.

It is quite fitting, in a way, that the role of Mahler, the most ambiguous of all composers, should be so ambiguously interpreted by the exponents of those opposing camps of modern music. He is increasingly claimed by *both* as their champion or prophet. Krenek claims that Mahler, with his increasing chromaticism in his later works, was wading deeper and deeper into the waters of atonality. Simpson claims, on the contrary, that he was strengthening and widening the expressive realm of tonality in these very same works. This confusion is part and parcel of our larger confusion about the relationship of tonal and atonal music. It is due, I believe, to our greater proficiency in technical analysis than insight into musical esthetics and psychology.

To Dr. Simpson, hearing all music from a tonal plane of reference, atonal music is simply music which is "all transition": *i.e.*, an unwarranted elevation of a specific, functional aspect of tonal music into an autonomous and absolute principle. This is borne out by the experience of those who hear atonal music as music which seems to be trying to "go somewhere," but never arrives; to whom any passage from an atonal work suddenly "tuned in on" seems more impressive than what follows it, forming a spiral of diminishing return as their expectation is repeatedly frustrated. What distinguishes an atonal-sounding passage in Mahler from a similar-looking and similar-sounding passage from an actual atonal work of Schoenberg, then, may be its context more than the isolated passage itself. The tonalist can take this as an inspiration for the transition and development sections in his own works. Equally, the atonalist can take it as an inspiration for the main body of *his* works. In either case, whether Mahler was weakening or strengthening the tonal idiom is a purely subjective opinion. The tonalist chooses to view it functionally, the atonalist merely texturally. (Even modernist composers freely agree to characterize pre-atonal and post-atonal harmony respectively as "functional" and "non-functional," as I noticed in a recent radio debate on "Mahler's Influence on Contemporary Music," which included Roger Sessions and Gunther Schuller.)

I made the following analogy in my above-mentioned article of 1956: "It is rather like the case of a fine novelist who uses the theme of sexual promiscuity to create tension in his stories inspiring a writer of another generation to proclaim sexual freedom as the natural and desirable condition of man." I still think that analogy will serve, though I believe that

Mahler's approach was too subjective, too instinctual, for him to go about deliberately "creating tension." Mahler did not "use" themes, as much as they used him; or as he himself expressed it: "One does not compose—one is composed." So, whether he realized it or not, his work is a catalyst helping to give birth to a new musical language—or a Frankenstein spawning a monster, depending on how you choose to look at it. Then again, one may like a good deal of this new music, yet deplore the tons of technical explanation and analysis designed to achieve, by sheer weight, volume, and erudition, a public acceptance that can never be achieved except through the senses and the emotions. Above all, it is quite likely the idea that the twelve-tone system has "evolved naturally" from chromatic tonal music that is responsible for much of our present confusion about music.

As I wrote in 1956: "To argue that Schoenberg was still following the old 'laws' of musical construction in his atonal works and later would deny him the status of a genuinely revolutionary composer. Not only that, it contradicts the whole meaning of the first fourteen years of our century. It is scarcely possible for us to realize fully today the intolerable tension of that period, the tension that *had* to find release. To be then a contemporary artist in the true sense was in itself a disturbing and iconoclastic experience; if Schoenberg really believed he was a traditionalist through it all, then I think he was deceiving himself. For I simply cannot go along with that school of thought which claims to demonstrate an orderly connective evolution in the emergence of twelve-tone music. Nor can I feel or understand it as a repetition of the tonal system on a higher plane, as it is sometimes represented. To me that is plainly a rationalization, because psychologically there was and is no emotional integration or stability that would allow such a process to take place. On the superficial level one can point to any number of convenient parallels, but the underlying spirit is more significant. The 'tonal system' is simply an arbitrary but highly developed system representing the slow conditioning of centuries of European culture. To throw it out and try to supplant it overnight with something equally arbitrary and with *no* conditioning behind it was basically a revolutionary act, a conscious or involuntary rejection of that culture and all it represented. It was necessary not from the standpoint of any evolutionary inevitability within the tonal system, but because of psychological forces with a strong destructive component."

The same forces could be observed in each of the arts, each in its own characteristic manner. The longing to be internally free is at the heart of all external revolutions, but most of all in this emergent age of depth psychology. And in music it was Mahler, I concluded, who "helped to awaken that modern longing for freedom."

### III

It will forever remain a secret of Nature how it could have created and made capable of living a man with such violent inner conflicts as Mahler.

—BRUNO WALTER

I hope that by now it will be clear why I have stressed, in connection with Mahler, the analogous developments in the allied arts which we

call by the names of surrealism, expressionism, etc. The chronic over-concentration on technical problems and innovations in music (in part a reaction to the simplified, pretty-pretty "appreciation" school of thought) has blinded us to the deeper, esthetic implications of what is taking place, and led us to false rationalizations which have served only to further mystify an already mystifying process. The fact that the "psychological forces with a strong destructive component" mentioned above are already present and very prominent in Mahler will have occurred to anyone who fully responds to his music, and probably to many who respond negatively. The apocalyptic urge to "upset the apple cart" on a cosmic scale is already inherent in the libretto which Mahler composed for his cantata *Das klagende Lied* before he was twenty, and continues to wax throughout his turbulent career. Mahler is, in this sense, as truly a revolutionary artist as Schoenberg himself. Also, both are true romantics in the Beethovenian and Berliozian sense. But in Mahler, the feeling of "all against all," of the irresistible force against the immovable obstacle, is manifested in the cataclysmic confrontation of musical order and "logic" (the tonal system) with the anarchy and nihilism suggested by its imminent destruction. He seems to be pulling himself back from an abyss, fighting off destruction by his sheer power of will. Thus, in the first movement of the *Ninth Symphony*, for example, plain D major is "home" in all the same ways as it is in Strauss' *Don Quixote*—but the struggle to assert and reassert it is far more Promethean. The rational, "tonal" Mahler has to contend with a daemonic, nihilistic Mahler which Bruno Walter identifies with Mahler's favorite character Roquairol.<sup>13</sup>

Schoenberg puts the matter on an altogether different plane. He simply rejects the old order, and sets out to establish a new one. For him the beginning is obscure and painful. There is again the youthful defiance, in *Gurre-Lieder* just as in Mahler's *Klagende Lied*:

Du strenger Richter droben,  
Du lachst meiner Schmerzen,  
Doch dereinst, beim Auferstehn des Gebeins,  
Nimm es dir wohl zu Herzen.

This seems to be Mahler all over again. But Schoenberg cannot live forever on the edge of an abyss. He feels Mahler's conflict intensely, but he is not imprisoned in the "all against all." So, like his fellow revolutionaries in the other arts, he forcibly "emancipates" himself from his oppressions by crashing through the "barrier" and making himself a more comfortable place on the other side. He shows us that the abyss is not an abyss after all, if we will it otherwise, but only another plateau. He does not accomplish this in one step. At first he uses the atonal language altogether expressionistically, as in the *Five Pieces for Orchestra* (1908) and *Pierrot Lunaire* (1912). He extends the listener an invitation to accompany him into yet another strange world—a bit morbid, perhaps, but fascinating. This is not the real world, but an expressionist, a stylized one. But stylization is difficult to maintain, with such freedom of choice as atonality affords. The real world keeps breaking

<sup>13</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 137. How this is linked to deep sexual apprehensions will be evident to any practicing psychologist.

through in a rather literal way, in the form of tonal elements and tonal habits of thought, and this is felt to inject a stylistic confusion. So Schoenberg is silent for several years, as though perplexed. Finally he brings forth, fully developed, his twelve-tone technique of composition. The new world of sound has been officially tamed, the dissonance wholly emancipated. The listener will no longer be tempted to find tonal frames of reference where none are intended: the new method provides a guarantee of putting them just where they are wanted or eliminating them altogether, depending on the tone-row selected. Thus expressionism passes over into abstraction, as cubism in art passes into abstraction.

For the modern artist, this is the progressive means of escape from the existentialist questioning, the self-torturing problems of a Mahler. It answers all of the purely musical problems of the day, though none of the philosophical questions. But the mere listener is not interested in musical problems in the abstract. Music is not his way of life, it is simply one of the things that help to make his life more bearable, or more interesting, or more fulfilled. He is not caught up in the inexorable demands of musical progress; he is free to choose what he wants or needs from the whole complex of musical history, and all the intellectualizing in the world will not persuade him to the contrary. The twelve-tone composer who believes that Wagner, Bruckner, Mahler and Strauss have paved the way for him to be accepted by the public, because the textbook musical theorists tell him so, may be in for a long and painful process of disillusionment. His world may simply not be their world, surface appearances to the contrary. If he is a real composer, he will go his way regardless. As for those who "practise" the twelve-tone technique simply to be "in," they will be "out" sooner than they imagined possible.

Of course not every follower of Schoenberg's innovation has rejected the old order and embraced the new with single-minded enthusiasm comparable to his. Alban Berg is the first and chief of these anomalies. Whereas Mahler is now apt to be claimed, as I have said, by both the opposing modern "camps," poor Berg is frequently rejected by both. He is of course too modern for the traditionalists, while the "pure" dodecaphonists have been heard to say that his writing is really too old-fashioned and sentimental for their taste. Mahler said that he did not understand his young friend Schoenberg (after stoutly defending him from public rage); I am not so sure he would not have understood Berg, whose *Wozzeck*, dedicated in 1921 to Alma Mahler, is not only one of the most profound works in the free atonal idiom, but a true expressionist masterpiece. Berg, as is well known, regarded Mahler's *Ninth* as one of the most beautiful compositions in existence, and I am inclined to believe that Mahler would have paid *Wozzeck* the same compliment, either in part or in sum, if he had lived to make its acquaintance.

Though all of Berg's mature works following *Wozzeck* (and there are not so many) are in the twelve-tone idiom, he is one composer working *in* that idiom who, I think, convinces us that Mahler's abyss is still there, and that he, Berg, can still see into it from his new encampment. His twelve-tone *magnum opus*, the *Violin Concerto*, dedicated to the memory of Frau Mahler's daughter Manon Gropius, almost reconciles the tonal and twelve-tone camps through the inspired selection of its

tone-row, and its superimposed variations on Bach's *Es ist genug*. The fact that its construction is sometimes criticized by the orthodox twelve-tone theorists, despite the fact that it offers about the only true artistic example of the "evolutionary" linkage which by laborious theorizing they claim to exist, only illustrates how far from reality such abstract theorizing can lead one.

And finally, how might Mahler's place in musical history have been modified or extended if he had lived longer? Those of the "wading deeper" persuasion will of course maintain that he would sooner or later have become an atonalist. Others cannot conceive of his continuing at all. They find a complete statement and rounding-out in his existing works, ending with his "farewell to life." They think of his death as an involuntary suicide, coinciding with the real completion of his artistic life-work.

I do not think that either of these views is wholly convincing. To take the latter point first, it is indeed difficult to imagine where Mahler might have turned after the Dantesque visions and apotheosis of the *Tenth Symphony*. But the same would certainly be said of the *Ninth*, and with strong internal justification, if we had never seen the *Tenth*. And equally would it have been said of *Das Lied von der Erde*, had there been no *Ninth*. So we must conclude that Mahler had an immeasurable and unpredictable faculty for renewing himself and pushing on. Every Mahler symphony is really a "final summing-up"—of the Mahler of *that* period: this is one of the things that make his work so engrossing. No two symphonies are anywhere nearly alike, for the simple reason that each one utterly exhausted and consumed *that* Mahler, and out of the ashes rose a new one, thus forming an ever-evolving but continuous creative "stream-of-consciousness." We cannot imagine where it would have led next, for the very good reason that the only brain in which it could conceivably be imagined perished on May 18, 1911.

I think too that this word "evolving" is the key to a correct appreciation of the former controversy: *was* Mahler heading toward atonality, and would he have arrived? I have indicated my belief that it is possible for one to be a "tonally-centered atonalist," and that Alban Berg was one—certainly in *Wozzeck*. The great D-minor "Interlude" with which *Wozzeck* virtually ends is the apotheosis and emotional resolution of the entire opera, as if the main body of the work were some gigantic, perpetually deferred cadence—a work, in other words, that is tonal in the breach rather than the observance. To a work of this sort, perhaps, Dr. Simpson's strictures about being "all transition" might justifiably apply, though sublimely so. Dramatically, *Wozzeck* is such a tremendous work because of the deep compassion that underlies its expressionist distortion of reality. Harmonically, it is tremendous because its atonality is not felt simply as an *absence* of tonality, but as a continuous *forcing out* of tonality. When the dam that is holding it back finally crumbles, it pours over us in a flood of life-feeling as irresistible as the best of Mahler.

I can conceive of Mahler as an "atonalist" in that specific sense, as one who could further integrate the suspension of tonality into the modulatory symphonic principle which he had already extended further than anyone else. But I think the emphasis would be on the word "integrate."

Schoenberg himself, writing of Mahler's symphonies, says: "Anyone who can write such scores has one of those minds in which perfection automatically originates."<sup>14</sup> Berg, on the other hand, was a man with something of Mahler's inner vision or "inner ear," of his "sense of life in its full concreteness and complexity"—yet lacking the comparable equipment, the artistic *totality*, the sheer musical genius to find exactly the right vehicle for transmitting a full measure of that vision to the outer world. I *cannot* see Mahler consciously striving to hold a work together by an arbitrary series of classical devices and structures, as Berg did in *Wozzeck*—not that this is any deficiency in the ordinary sense. Still less can I imagine him concerning himself with serial methods of construction on a rational, a *priori* basis, as all his Viennese successors were later to do. I do believe he would probably have done more, esthetically speaking, with those expressive features which Shanet enumerates as linking him with his successors than either he *had* done or they *were* to do.

Thus I am inclined to think that Mahler, if he had or could have survived the terrible emotional crisis of 1910-1911 and continued his work, would probably have written powerful works capable of further altering and deepening the course of musical history itself, by probing further into the things that artists were half-eager and half-afraid to explore. The same Schoenberg who could write so lucidly about Mahler's gift could also (in the same essay, in fact) write more superstitiously than Mahler himself about the nomenclature of symphonies: "It seems that the Ninth is a limit. He who wants to go beyond it must pass away. It seems as if something might be imparted to us in the Tenth which we ought not yet to know, for which we are not as yet ready. Those who have written a Ninth stood too near to the hereafter. Perhaps the riddles of this world would be solved, if one of those who knew them were to write a Tenth. And that is probably not to take place."<sup>15</sup>

Here is that fear of revelation, combined with the longing for it, perfectly expressed. Taken literally, this passage is superstitious nonsense, of course. Taken as a parable, it is pregnant with subjective meaning, which is the essence of musical creation. It is the instinctual understanding of one who had to find a way *out* of the intolerable dilemma into which Mahler's daemon had finally plunged musical esthetics—and the twelve-tone system was the way chosen. After Mahler, either human reason or musical syntax had to snap, and Schoenberg instinctively chose syntax. Like the Moses whose agony he was later to celebrate, Schoenberg led the exodus, to give music a fresh start in a new promised land.<sup>16</sup> This, as I have said, was a psychological necessity, not an evolutionary inevitability. The greater world little understands or cares. Strictly speaking, "the emancipation of the dissonance" means its proposed defunctionalization as dissonance, and the attempt to make it

<sup>14</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 20.

<sup>15</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 34. This was written before the publication of the Mahler *Tenth* sketches in 1924, and remains unchanged in the English translation published much later.

<sup>16</sup> One of Mahler's favorite sayings was: "Who hath brought me into this land?" Thus did he gibe at his own creative daemon.

function henceforth as consonance by replacing it.<sup>17</sup> This is no mere intellectual pastime, as Simpson claims: it is more akin to an exorcising of evil spirits.<sup>18</sup>

But Schoenberg continues: "We are still to remain in a darkness which will be illuminated only fitfully by the light of genius.<sup>19</sup> We are to continue to battle and struggle, to yearn and desire. . . . We are to remain blind until we have acquired eyes. Eyes that see the future. Eyes that penetrate more than the sensual, which is only a likeness; that penetrate the supersensual. . . . Mahler was allowed to reveal just so much of this future; when he wanted to say more, he was called away."<sup>20</sup> If we conjure up Mahler as he so tempestuously lived, we realize that he is like the children of whom Gibran tells us in *The Prophet*: "You may house their bodies, but not their souls, for their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams." Thus, Mahler's ultimate place is intimately bound up with our universal fate. And we are not prophets.

Has Mahler's time now come? Comparing the public attitude of today with that of only a generation ago, we are inclined to think that it has—but perhaps we are as yet only dimly aware of him. Perhaps only the future will scale the full heights and depths of his works in its fuller imagination, and, echoing the words of Gibran back to the ghost of Mahler himself, will really *know* whereof they speak when they point with astonishment to his compositions and tell him: "Your children are not your children; they are the product of life's longing for itself." Mahler brought both real and artistic children into the world, yet his unbounded spirit remained tortured to the end by all temporal limitations. His final agony of self-recrimination was that "my life has been all paper;" his final bliss was "Mozart!" We should not wonder at the agony—we should marvel rather that "he heard the bowels of existence speaking," and unlike Nietzsche did *not* go mad.

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<sup>17</sup> I realize that there may be as many attitudes toward this as there are dodecaphonists; but many of the latter seem to be not at all clear about the larger distinction.

<sup>18</sup> In a similar manner, the sudden burgeoning of electronic music since World War II may represent a subconscious obsession with the chaining of the man-controlled "natural" forces which now threaten to destroy or contaminate the world. Such obsessions would not make either electronic or twelve-tone music any less valid as art.

<sup>19</sup> "I had plenty of opportunity to admire the capability for psychological understanding of this man of genius. No light fell at the time on the symptomatic facade of his obsessional neurosis. It was as if you would dig a single shaft through a mysterious building." [Letter of Sigmund Freud to his colleague Theodor Reik, quoted in Reik's *The Haunting Melody*, Chapter 23, "Freud and Mahler," p. 343 (New York: Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, 1953). For further comments on this chapter, see my essay "Mahler and Psychoanalysis," in *Psychoanalysis & the Psychoanalytic Review*, New York, Winter, 1958-1959, and Robert Still's "Gustav Mahler and Psychoanalysis," *The American Imago*, Fall, 1960.]

<sup>20</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 34.

## GUSTAV MAHLER'S PIANO QUARTET IN A MINOR (1876)

by DIKA NEWLIN

Through the courtesy of Mme. Alma Mahler Werfel and the assistance of staff members of Radio Station WBAI, New York, I have been enabled to study this work and to transcribe the somewhat untidy manuscript into performable condition. As of this writing (February 1963) a public performance has not yet taken place but it is hoped that this may still be possible within the 1962-63 concert season.

Mahler wrote the single movement of this Quartet in his sixteenth year. Donald Mitchell (in *Gustav Mahler: the Early Years*) believes that it was the composition which won him a prize at the Vienna Music Academy in July, 1876. The records show that the prize was awarded for a Quintet movement, but, as no trace of such a movement has ever come to light, it seems likely that the records are in error. On September 12, 1876, Mahler and some of his friends from the Academy organized a concert in his home-town of Jihlava (Iglau) in which this composition figured, with the composer at the piano. On this occasion, a violin sonata by Mahler was also performed, and the youthful composer-pianist distinguished himself as a soloist as well—notably, in Schubert's *Wanderer* Fantasy (which he began to play in the wrong key and transposed to the end of the piece!) It would seem that this was the first public appearance of any of Mahler's music.

Since that day, the work has (presumably) gone unperformed. Mitchell, in his meritorious book, gave a brief description of it, without music examples but with a facsimile page of the manuscript. However, with the ever-increasing interest in all facets of Mahler's art it seems time to give this composition more detailed consideration. In the following paragraphs I shall attempt to present a few of its highlights.

The tempo is *Nicht zu schnell*, the meter  $\phi$ . After two introductory measures of quarter-note triplets on A-C, the left hand of the piano announces the germ-motif of the work:

Ex. 1



We recognize this at once as a motif common to many Mahler symphonies. Of course, its most striking appearance is in the first movement of the Sixth Symphony, which shares the Quartet's key of A minor:

Ex. 2



but we find its traces also in the Fourth Symphony and—more highly transformed—in *Das Lied von der Erde*:

Ex. 3 a and b



The interval of a sixth expands to a seventh, the bass continues downward in a scale-line, and we arrive at an F major chord, at which point the strings (first the 'cello, then the violin, followed by the viola) enter *mit Leidenschaft*. At measure 14, all the strings participate in the germ-motif, with which the left hand of the piano also continues; meantime the throbbing triplets continue in the right hand. The emotional tone continues intense; at m.26, we have the indication *Sehr leidenschaftlich* (very passionately). In measures 32-33, a new motif sounds forth in the violin:

Ex. 4



The foreshadowing of the Sixth Symphony is again plain (see first measure of Ex.2).

Ex. 5



It leads us towards the relative major. Then, at measure 54, to the accompaniment of flowing eighth-note triplets in the piano, the motif of Ex.4 now appears in the guise of a *cantabile* secondary theme:



(measures 202-215) Mahler did not bother to write out the piano part; however, it is easy enough to reconstruct what he intended from the parallel passage in the exposition.

Measure 216 brings back (now in A minor) the full chords with octave-leap which originally occurred as a variant of Ex.7. This time, the passage is interrupted by a short violin cadenza, marked by Mahler *ungemein rubato und leidenschaftlich*. After it, we hear once more the combination of the germ-motif, the motif of Ex.4, and the sixteenth-notes in the piano. Gradually all this fades away (*morendo*) over a *tremolo* pedal point on A in the left hand of the piano. In a striking ending, the piano brings the germ-motif one last time, over *pizzicato* chords in the strings.

Subjective in feeling, lucid in form, this movement is a more than creditable achievement for a youngster of sixteen. And it must fascinate us because of its motivic foreshadowings of the mature Mahler. Its performance and (we hope) eventual publication can only add to our appreciation of an increasingly beloved composer.

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#### JASCHA HORENSTEIN AWARDED KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL

Jascha Horenstein has for many years been active on behalf of the works of Gustav Mahler. In England he included on his programs Mahler's First, Fourth, Fifth, Ninth, the Adagio of the Tenth as well as Mahler's songs. During the Mahler Centennial he gave a transcendent performance of Mahler's monumental Eighth. This performance with introductory comments by Deryck Cooke was broadcast by the British Broadcasting Corporation.

In appreciation of Mr. Horenstein's efforts to create a better understanding of Mahler's music in England the Directors of *The Bruckner Society of America* awarded to him the Mahler medal designed by the late Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the *Society*.

## “VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS”

MAHLER'S EIGHTH SYMPHONY UNDER MITROPOULOS IN SALZBURG  
ON AUGUST 28, 1960

by HERMAN WEISS

May it be said at the beginning: Ours was a sentimental journey to Salzburg, or, more to the point, to hear Mahler's Eighth Symphony as the crowning experience of the Mahler Centennial. And may it be said that we do not try to hide the emotional feelings in this report.

We do not intend to analyze the music. It has been discussed often and extensively. We are aware of a few problems. However, they are rather irrelevant if one realizes Mahler's genius in the conception, execution and instrumentation of this overdimensional work: the first movement, *Veni Creator Spiritus*, the old hymn with its overflowing sonority, the final movement, the last scene of Goethe's *Faust* (2nd part) with its expression of belief, love and exaltation.

Hardly a more appropriate environment could have been found for this mysterious symphony than the *Felsenreitschule* in Salzburg,—mystic and weird in itself. Whereas the auditorium has a permanent ceiling, the tremendous stage with its rock wall as background is only loosely covered by a canvas, permitting the sun to illumine the performers. A living tree growing high up in the rocks had a symbolic meaning for this performance. Niches hewn into the upper part of the rock wall gave the second brass chorus an imposing place for its jubilant overpowering intonation at the end of both movements. Altogether the placement of the huge chorus (Vienna Opera Chorus, *Singverein der Musikfreunde Wien*) was a happy one. In their midst stood the outstanding solo septet: Mimi Coertse and Hilde Zadek (Sopranos), Lucretia West (USA) and Ira Malamiak (Contraltos), Giuseppe Zampieri (Tenor), Hermann Prey (Baritone) and Otto Edelmann (Bass) who discharged their extremely difficult duties with precision, beauty and devotion. Placed above the soloists were the *Wiener Saengerknaben* with their angelic voices, sometimes a bit overpowered by the augmented Vienna Philharmonic with its well known mellowness and yet outstanding power that has made it rightly one of the great orchestras of the world. But this was Dimitri Mitropoulos' day.

Many composers' works were not readily established. Eventually they either found their place in the repertoire or fell into oblivion. Even the famous Brahms (Hanslick)-Wagner feud was settled satisfactorily. Not so in Mahler's case. It has remained a "case" even 50 years after the master's death. Temperaments are still flying high, especially among the American critics. Purposely avoiding the expression "Program Music," we consider that Mahler's music is probably some of the

most subjective ever written. It is as if one's own feelings and experiences have been described. No wonder then that words like banal and trivial are often found in the write-ups. Are some of the critics really such philistines that they do not realize that our lives do not contain beauty and exaltation only! The centennial celebration has shown that Mahler's music is firmly established in the cultured world. This might have been quite different if not for the courageous, unselfish and devoted work of many conductors. However, with the exception of Bruno Walter we do not know of anyone who has done more for this cause than Maestro Mitropoulos.

We remember Mitropoulos' earlier remark to us: “When you conduct Mahler you feel sometimes quite lonely up there on the stage.” In Salzburg surrounded by an enthusiastic audience joined by all performers he certainly realized the great appreciation of the work as well as the feelings of love and gratefulness towards him. It is hardly necessary to mention that he conducted the gigantic work by heart (he did not need any help even for the cues during the rehearsals). Under his loving, understanding and inspiring hands the performance became a true celebration, a deeply moving unforgettable experience. Was it a coincidence that just when jubilant music pronounced the eternal truth the rays of the sun illuminated the heads of the boy singers? Our thoughts were wandering to the distant past when Mahler himself conducted the very first performance of the Eighth in Munich back in 1910. The emotional impact at that time was not greater.

It is fortunate that the human mind often tends to absent itself from the sad truth. In spite of the knowledge of distressing facts, no one that morning in the *Felsenreitschule* had any forebodings that Mahlers' Eighth would be the Maestro's requiem. We bow our heads in gratitude for the *Erlebnis*, Dimitri Mitropoulos.

## A NEW BRUCKNER BIOGRAPHY

Erwin Doernberg: *The Life and Symphonies of Anton Bruckner*. With a foreword by Robert Simpson, illustrations and music examples. xii, 232 pp. (London: Barrie and Rockliff, 1960). (Distributed in U.S. by W. S. Heinman, 400 East 72nd Street, New York 21, N. Y.)

Surprisingly enough, this is the first full-length study of Bruckner alone to be published in Britain. (It is, of course, not, as some publicity material has stated, "the first book devoted wholly to Bruckner in English"; that honor belongs to Engel's book of 1931.) Therefore, it is certainly deserving of our attention here. Designed for the general musical reader, it does not present highly detailed symphonic analyses, but, rather, guideposts to the works, illustrated with pertinent brief musical examples. There is also a section of general background to Bruckner, followed by eighty pages of biographical sketch. The work is completed by a calendar of composition and revision of the symphonies, a complete list of works, and a select bibliography. There is no discography, but Doernberg comments on current recordings, usually disparagingly (he finds the only extant recording of the Sixth quite inadequate, and criticizes various details of Jochum's Fifth and van Beinum's Seventh).

Taking a stand (as every Bruckner biographer must do) on the vexed question of Bruckner's texts, Doernberg expresses a strong preference for the versions prepared by Robert Haas as compared to the later editions of Leopold Nowak. (The old Schalk and Loewe versions, of course, are completely discredited.) In general he is not chary of criticizing other writers on Bruckner. He frequently disagrees with H. F. Redlich (*Bruckner and Mahler*, 1957) on points of fact (the specifications of the organ at St. Florian) or of stylistic interpretation (the presence or absence of a Wagnerian reminiscence in the Scherzo of the Sixth). He dislikes the "obvious pedantry" of Schwanzara (transcriber of Bruckner's harmony lectures at the University of Vienna). He takes exception to the present writer's belief that the "third theme" of Bruckner's sonata form grows out of classical precedents, preferring rather to consider it a "characteristic innovation." He finds words of praise, on the other hand, for Canon Dr. F. Linninger of St. Florian, whose investigations have corrected a number of Bruckner dates previously wrongly given.

In contradistinction to many other biographers, Doernberg definitely plays down the Bruckner-Mahler relationship. This is clearly seen in a passage concerning the Adagio of the Sixth. "The theme . . . is the kind of music which Mahler wished and attempted to achieve with his typical conscious exertion from time to time which, therefore, has led some critics to the profound observation that occasionally Bruckner anticipates Mahler." We regret this seemingly negative attitude towards Mahler but subscribe completely to Doernberg's words of affection for his great subject: "Bruckner's music is elemental, but not simple; deeply felt but not sentimental; complex but not sophisticated; thought-stirring but not intellectual. To understand and to love Bruckner is one single mental process—a rich and rewarding experience."

—DIKA NEWLIN

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

DERYCK COOKE, who was born in Leicester, England, in 1919, studied English Literature and Music at Cambridge University, where he obtained the degrees of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Music. In London he won the diplomas of Associate of the Royal College of Organists and Associate of the Royal College of Music, for organ and piano playing respectively.

He originally intended to become a concert pianist, but after five years of war service in the Middle East with the British Royal Artillery, he became more interested in the wider aspects of music theory and aesthetics. From 1947 to 1959, he worked in the Music Division of the BBC, as writer of scripts for music broadcasts, musical advisor to *Radio Times*, and programme-producer; but since 1959 he has been working as free-lance author, journalist, musicologist, and critic. Has been music critic of the *New Statesman*, writes record reviews for *The Gramophone*, and broadcasts regularly on musical subjects on the BBC.

Author of a controversial book on musical expression, *The Language of Music* (Oxford University Press, 1959), and of "Gustav Mahler 1860-1911," a booklet issued by the BBC as a companion to their Mahler Centenary celebrations of 1960, he is at present working on contributions to the New Oxford History of Music, and on a study of Wagner and his times. His setting of Burns's *Tam o' Shanter*, for tenor, male chorus, strings and piano, has been broadcast by the BBC.

JACK DIETHER is a writer on music and drama who, among other duties, does all the Bruckner, Mahler, and Shakespeare record reviews appearing in *The American Record Guide*. Because of his detailed coverage, that publication during the Mahler centennial year devoted more pages to Mahler than to any other single composer.

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ERNEST LEVY was born in Switzerland in 1895. He has taught and lectured at the Basle Conservatory, Westminster Choir College in Princeton, New England Conservatory, Bennington College, University of Chicago, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology; at present he is Professor of Music at Brooklyn College. He has written thirteen symphonies and works in other forms; a number of his compositions have been published and performed; his Eleventh Symphony won the Fromm Music Foundation Award, his cello concerto the prize of the City of Basle.

DONALD MITCHELL, born in 1925, was editor of *Music Survey* from 1947 to 1952 (from 1949 in collaboration with Hans Keller). He was London music critic for the *Musical Times* for the years 1953-1957. In 1957 he was appointed assistant editor of *Tempo* and in 1958 he became editor. In 1958 appointed music editor and adviser to Faber & Faber, Ltd. From 1957-1959 contributed regular music criticism to *The Times*. Joined the music staff of *The Daily Telegraph* in 1959. His chief publications are: *Benjamin Britten* (ed. with Hans Keller), 1952; *The Mozart Companion* (ed. with H. C. Robbins Landon), 1956; *Gustav Mahler, The Early Years*, 1958.

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study with Schoenberg. At present Miss Newlin is Professor of Music at Drew University. While her greatest enthusiasm is composing, and her compositions have won equal success with her writing, Miss Newlin is best known for her book, *Bruckner-Mahler-Schoenberg*. She has translated Leibowitz's *Schoenberg and His School* and Schoenberg's *Style and Idea*. She has written for many periodicals.

STANLEY POPE, born in London in 1916, was educated at the Conservatoire in Vienna and studied with Richard Stöhr. Later he studied with the Swiss composer, Frank Martin. His associations with Felix Weingartner and later with Paul Kletzki in Switzerland, as also with Carl Schuricht, with whom he worked as assistant, played an important role in his musical outlook. In his early thirties he had already established his reputation conducting in Paris, Vienna, Copenhagen and many other European cities. Since 1952 he has been artistic director of the Symphonia Concerts Society in London.

JACQUES POSELL, first double bass player of the Cleveland Orchestra and instructor at Oberlin Conservatory, is a philatelist of long standing. He has formed an outstanding collection of "Music on Stamps," portions of which have been exhibited at different times in Cleveland including several exhibits at Severance Hall. He has also written articles on this subject for philatelic magazines including two articles for the Cleveland Orchestra program book in connection with his exhibits for the Orchestra.

ROBERT SIMPSON, born in London, 1921, originally intended to study medicine. After two years of medical studies, he decided to study music and received a Doctor of Music degree from the University of Durham. He is a composer, writer and lecturer. Among his compositions are three symphonies, a violin concerto, three string quartets, etc. He has written and lectured extensively on Bruckner in England. In 1956 he was awarded the Carl Nielsen Medal by the Danish Society. Since 1952 he has been a member of the music division of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

WARREN STOREY SMITH, born in Brookline, Mass., succeeded Olin Downes as Music Editor of the *Boston Post*, now discontinued. He has been a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory since 1922 where he teaches the history and theory of music.

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Among American artistic developments of recent years the rebirth of interest in the music of Bruckner and Mahler is second to none in significance. When *The Bruckner Society of America* was founded on January 4, 1931, performances of these two composers by our major musical organizations were not merely rare, but also ineffectual, because American music-lovers had no adequate approach to the proper appreciation of the art of either Bruckner or Mahler. Therefore the *Society*, having adopted as its chief aim the fulfillment of this void, published the first biographies of these composers in English and issued a magazine, CHORD AND DISCORD, devoted almost entirely to discussions of their works.

The *Society* solicits the cooperation of all who are interested in furthering this aim. Inquiries concerning membership may be directed to Charles L. Eble, President, Box 246, Iowa City, Iowa.

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# CHORD AND DISCORD

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THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

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1969

"MY TIME WILL YET COME"



THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL

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# CHORD AND DISCORD

A JOURNAL OF MODERN MUSICAL PROGRESS

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## NOTES ON SOME MAHLER JUVENILIA

by JACK DIETHER

### I. *DAS KLAGENDE LIED*—GENESIS AND EVOLUTION\*

— 1 —

On November 1, 1880, Mahler wrote<sup>1</sup> concerning his cantata *Das klagende Lied*: "My fairy-tale piece is finished at last— a child of sorrow on which I've labored for over a year, and have managed to put into pretty good shape. The next step: to get a performance by any means possible." Sixteen years later (the piece being still unperformed) he said of it in a letter to his friend Max Marschalk:<sup>2</sup> "The first work in which I found myself as 'Mahler' is a fairy-tale for chorus, soloists and orchestra— *Das klagende Lied!* This work I designate as Opus 1."

And as though to implement that resolution, all the compositions by Mahler that preceded it have been renounced, abandoned, or destroyed by him. These go back as far as his pre-adolescence, and culminate in numerous songs, piano pieces, chamber works, and even symphonies composed during his years at the Vienna Conservatoire (1875-78), completed or otherwise. Only a very few precious fragments of these survive. Hard luck for the musicologist or biographer interested in tracing his early stylistic development, for no composer ever burned his bridges more assiduously behind him than Mahler.

But as a result, *Das klagende Lied* blazes forth, for us, like a bright comet out of a dark infinity— bearing, to be sure, its certain traces of Wagner and earlier romantics, but also with the unmistakable imprint of "GUSTAV MAHLER" burned into virtually every page. And even then, Mahler did not choose to leave *all* of this astonishing "Opus 1" to posterity, as we shall presently see. No opera, as it was formerly thought to have been conceived, it now appears to have been designed as a cantata from the very start.

One thing that sharply distinguishes *Das klagende Lied* from Mahler's later vocal works is that the entire poem to which it is set is also the composer's own. The title is from an actual fairy-tale by Ludwig Bechstein, an author who died the same year Mahler was born—and from which story the main elements of the poem are also taken.

"Fairy-tale" indeed! As retold by Mahler, it is nothing less than a tale of fratricide and supernatural retribution— yet with the romantic aura that surrounds even the grimmest examples of that genre. The original manuscript score owned by Alfred Rosé, Mahler's nephew, is in three sections, each bearing its own subtitle. And prefacing that

\* Reprinted by courtesy of Capitol Records, Inc.

<sup>1</sup> From Vienna, to Dr. Emil Freund. *Gustav Mahler Briefe*, ed. Alma Maria Mahler; Paul Zsolnay Verlag, Berlin, 1925; p. 15.

<sup>2</sup> Hamburg, December, 1896. *GMB*, p. 201.

score is the complete three-part poem in ballad form in Mahler's own hand, as follows (translation added):

*DAS KLAGENDE LIED*

I. WALDMÄRCHEN

Es war eine stolze Königin,  
 Gar lieblich ohne Massen;  
 Kein Ritter stand nach ihrem Sinn,  
 Sie wolt' sie alle hassen.  
 O weh, du wonnigliches Weib!  
 Wem blühet wohl dein süsser Leib?

Im Wald eine rote Blume stand  
 So schön wie die Königinne;  
 Der Ritter, der die Blume fand,  
 Der konnt' die Frau gewinnen.  
 O weh, du stolze Königin!  
 Wann bricht er wohl, dein stolzer Sinn?

Zwei Brüder zogen zum Walde hin,  
 Sie wollten die Blume suchen,  
 Der Junge hold und von mildem Sinn,  
 Der Andre konnte nur fluchen.  
 O Ritter, schlimmer Ritter mein,  
 O liessest du das Fluchen sein!

Als sie nun zogen eine Weil',  
 Da kamen sie zu scheiden;  
 Das war ein Suchen nun in Eil'  
 Im Wald und auf der Haiden.  
 Ihr Ritter mein in schellem Lauf,  
 Wer findet wohl die Blume auf?

Der Junge zieht durch Wald und Haid',  
 Er braucht nicht lang zu gehen,  
 Bald sieht er von Ferne bei der Weid'  
 Die rote Blume stehen.  
 Die hat er auf den Hut gesteckt,  
 Und dann zur Ruhe sich hingestreckt.

Den Andern treibt der wilde Hang,  
 Umsonst durchsucht er die Haide,  
 Und als der Abend herniedersank,  
 Da kommt, er zur grünen Weide.  
 O weh, wem er dort schlafend fand,  
 Die Blume am Hut, am grünen Band!

Du wonnigliche Nachtigall,  
 Und Rotkelchen hinter der Hecken,  
 Mir scheint, ihr wollt mit eu'rem Schall  
 Den armen Ritter erwecken.  
 Du rote Blume hinter'm Hut,  
 Du blinkst und glänzest ja wie Blut!

Ein Auge glänzt in wilder Freud',  
 Dess' Schein hat nicht gelogen;  
 Ein Schwert von Stahl hängt ihm zur  
 Seit',

Dah hat er nun gezogen!  
 Der Alte lacht unter'm Weidenbaum,  
 Der Junge lächelt wie im Traum.

*THE SONG OF LAMENTATION*

I. FOREST LEGEND

There was a proud and stately queen,  
 Of beauty without measure;  
 No knight within her favour stood,  
 All shared her great displeasure.  
 Ah woe, thou fair young lady bold!  
 To whom dost thou thy charms unfold?

A flower lovely as the queen  
 Did grow in a forest shady;  
 The knight who could the flower find  
 Might win the royal lady.  
 Ah woe, thou proud and stately queen!  
 When will it break, thy haughty mien?

Two brothers came into the wood,  
 The flower to discover,  
 The younger fair and of gentle mood,  
 But envy-blacken'd the other.  
 O knight, my evil-omen'd knight,  
 O turn away thy hateful spite!

When they had gone a little pace,  
 They ceas'd to walk together,  
 And now in search began to race  
 Through forest, field and heather.  
 My hasty knight, with darting eyes,  
 Who now will find the costly prize?

The younger search'd through wood  
 and lea,  
 And had not long been seeking,  
 When saw he, by a willow tree,  
 Through grass the flower peering.  
 He pluck'd and stuck it in his cap,  
 Then stretch'd he out to take a nap.

The other comb'd through crag and rill,  
 In vain through the heather peering,  
 And as the sun sank behind the hill,  
 He came to the grassy clearing.  
 Ah woe, whom there he sleeping  
 scann'd,  
 The flower in his cap, in green-hu'd  
 band!

Thou rapture-bringing nightingale,  
 And red-breast, thy long vigil keeping,  
 Methinks thy singing should prevail  
 To wake the poor knight sleeping.  
 Thou blossom red in sleeper's cap,  
 Thou shinest forth indeed like blood!

His eye doth gleam in frenzy wide,  
 To wilder mood replying;  
 A sword of steel hangs by his side,  
 To which his hand goes flying!  
 The elder laughs 'neath willow there,  
 In death the lad a smile doth wear.

Ihr Blätter, was seid ihr vom Tau so schwer?

Mir scheint, das sind gar Tränen!  
Ihr Winde, was weht ihr so traurig daher,

Was will euer Raunen und Wähnen?  
"Im Wald, auf der grünen Haide,  
Da steht eine alte Weide."<sup>3</sup>

## II. DER SPIELMANN

Beim Weidenbaum, im kühlen Tann,  
Da flattern die Dohlen und Raben,  
Da liegt ein blonder Rittersmann  
Unter Blättern und Blüten begraben.  
Dorst ist's so lind und voll von Duft,  
Als ging ein Weinen durch die Luft!  
O Leide, Leide!

Ein Spielmann zog einst des Weges daher,  
Da sah er ein Knöchlein blitzen;  
Er hob es auf, als wär's ein Rohr,  
Wollt' sich eine Flöte d'raus schnitzen.  
O Spielmann, lieber Spielmann mein,  
Das wird ein seltsam Spielen sein!  
O Leide, weh! O Leide!

Der Spielmann setzt die Flöte an,  
Und lässt sie laut erklingen.  
O Wunder, was nun da begann,  
Welch' seltsam traurig Singen!  
Es klingt so traurig und doch so schön,  
Wer's hört, der möcht' vor Leid vergeh'n!  
O Leide, Leide!

"Ach Spielmann, lieber Spielmann mein,  
Das muss ich dir nun klagen:  
Um ein schönfarbig Blümelein  
Hat mich mein Bruder erschlagen.  
Im Walde bleicht mein junger Leib,  
Mein Bruder freit ein wonnig Weib!  
O Leide, Leide! Weh!"

Der Spielmann ziehet in die Weit',  
Lässt's überall erklingen.  
Ach weh, ach weh, ihr lieben Leut'!  
Was soll denn euch mein Singen?  
Hinauf muss ich des Königs Saal,  
Hinauf zu des Königs holdem Gemahl!  
O Leide, weh! O Leide!

## III. HOCHZEITSSTUECK

Von hohen Felsen erglänzt das Schloss,  
Die Zinken erschall'n und Drometten;  
Dort sitzt der Ritter mutiger Tross,  
Die Frau'n mit goldenen Ketten.  
Was will wohl der jubelnde, fröhliche Schall?

Ye leaves there, why hang with dew-drops low?

Great tears ye might be shedding!  
Ye winds there, why waft ye regretfully so,

Your rustle and whisper spreading?  
"In woods, by a grassy pillow,  
There grows a weeping willow."

## II. THE MINSTREL

By willow cool, in firry wood,  
Where jackdaws and ravens hover,  
There lies a knight both fair and good,  
Whom the leaves and the blossoms o'ercover.  
'Tis mild and fill'd with fragrance there,  
And sounds like weeping fill the air!  
O sorrow, sorow!

A minstrel's steps to the clearing did lead,  
A glist'ning bone there did stay him;  
He carv'd it out, as 'twere a reed,  
A goodly flute to essay him.  
O minstrel, wand'ring minstrel dear,  
Strange is the music thou wilt hear!  
O sorrow, woe! O sorrow!

The minstrel put it to his mouth,  
And set it loudly ringing.  
What magic then did issue out,  
What strange and doleful singing!  
So sad it sounded, and yet so fair,  
Who heard might die of sorrow there!  
O sorrow, sorrow!

"Ah minstrel, wand'ring minstrel dear,  
Lament must I unto thee:  
For a fine-color'd flow'ret here  
My brother rashly slew me.  
My bleaching bones in forest hide,  
My brother woos a fair young bride!  
O sorrow, sorrow! Woe!"

The minstrel took it far and near,  
The doleful song essaying.  
Ah woe, ah woe, ye people dear!  
What think ye on my playing?  
Away must I to the kingly hall,  
Away to the beauteous queen of us all!  
O sorrow, woe. O sorrow!

## III. WEDDING PIECE

On rocky summit the castle gleams,  
The trumpets resound from their stations;  
With knightly followers bold it teems,  
And ladies with gold decorations.  
What tokens his gladdening, joyful recall?

<sup>3</sup> Original German text of Part I by courtesy of Alfred E. Rosé.

Was leuchtet und glänzt im Königssaal?  
O Freude, heia! Freude!

Und weisst du's nicht warum die Freud'  
Hei, dass ich dir's sagen kann:  
Die Königin hält Hochzeit heut'  
Mit dem jungen Rittersmann.  
Seht hin, die stolze Königin!  
Heut' bricht er doch, ihr stolzer Sinn!  
O Freude, heia! Freude!

Was ist der König so stumm und bleich?  
Hört nicht des Jubels Töne,  
Sieht nicht die Gäste, stolz und reich,  
Der Königin holde Schöne.  
Was ist der König so bleich und stumm?  
Was geht ihm wohl in Kopf herum?  
Ein Spielmann tritt zur Türe herein!  
Was mag's wohl mit dem Spielmann  
sein?  
O Leide, Leide! Weh!

"Ach Spielmann, lieber Spielmann mein!  
Das muss ich dir nun klagen:  
Um ein schönfarbig Blümelein  
Hat mich mein Bruder erschlagen.  
Im Walde bleicht mein junger Leib,  
Mein Bruder freit ein wonnig Weib!"  
O Leide! Weh, o Leide!

Auf springt der König von seinem  
Thron

Und blickt auf die Hochzeitsrund;  
Und nimmt die Flöte in frevelndem Hohn  
Und setzt sie selbst an den Mund.  
O Schrecken, was nun da erklang!  
Hört ihr die Märe, todesbang?

"Ach Bruder, lieber Bruder mein,  
Du hast mich ja erschlagen;  
Nun bläst du auf meinem Totenbein,  
Dess' muss ich ewig klagen.  
Was hast du mein junges Leben  
Dem Tode hingegeben?"  
O Leide, weh! O Leide!

Am Boden liegt die Königin,  
Die Pauken verstummen und Zinken;  
Mit Schrecken die Ritter und Frauen  
flieh'n,  
Die alten Mauern sinken.  
Die Lichter verloschen im Königssaal!  
Was ist es wohl mit dem Hochzeitsmahl?  
Ach Leide!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Universal Edition.

What glitters and shines in kingly hall?  
O rapture, hey-ho! Rapture!

And know'st thou not, wherefore this  
rouse?  
Ho, that can I truly say:  
The queen exchangeth marriage vows  
With yon youthful knight today.  
See there, behold the stately queen!  
Now will it break, her haughty mien!  
O rapture, hey-ho. Rapture!

Why is the bridegroom so pale and  
cow'd?  
Hears not the shouts of pleasure,  
Sees not the guests, so rich and proud,  
The queen in her stately measure.  
Why is the bridegroom so cow'd and  
pale?  
What casts upon his mind this veil?  
A minstrel steps 'fore the portal wide!  
What showeth he the guests inside?  
O sorrow, sorrow! Woe!

"Ah minstrel, wand'ring minstrel dear,  
Lament must I unto thee:  
For a fine-colour'd flow'ret there  
My brother rashly slew me.  
My bleaching bones in forest hide,  
My brother woos a fair young bride!"  
O sorrow! Woe, o sorrow!

The king leaps up from his royal chair  
And strides through the wedding crowd!  
Then takes the flute with a withering  
glare  
And plays it clearly and loud.  
O horror! What is now convey'd?  
Hear ye the tidings undismay'd?

"Ah brother, dearest brother lost,  
'Twas thou my life didst sever;  
Now play'st thou on my bone, that must  
Lamenting sing forever.  
Why hast thou my youth unfinish'd  
To sombre death diminish'd?"  
O sorrow, woe! O sorrow!

The queen sinks down insensately,  
The drums and the trumpets are humble;  
In terror the knights and their ladies  
flee,  
The ancient ramparts crumble.  
The lights in the kingly hall have ceas'd!  
What now remains of the wedding  
feast?  
Ah sorrow!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Translation by J. D., by courtesy of the Caramoor Festival, Katonah, N. Y.

This poem bears its own date of completion: March 18, 1878, or about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years before the completion of the score. Prof. Rosé tells us that the manuscript score of Part I occupies 71 pages, that of part II 44 pages, and that of Part III 60 pages. Along with the fact that we know Mahler to have been a voracious reader of folk stories and poems, it has been suggested by Donald Mitchell that the immediate inspiration may have come to him from another musical treatment of the same story. Of this earlier setting, Mitchell writes in his book *Gustav Mahler—The Early Years*:<sup>6</sup> "I have no information about the work apart from its title, no knowledge whether it was a song, chorus, or instrumental movement, but . . . on May 3, 1876, in the second half of a concert of 'new music' given at the Conservatoire, a concert which Mahler may well have attended, a piece entitled *Das klagende Lied* by one Martin Graf was performed."

## 2

Mahler graduated with high honors from the Conservatoire later in the spring of 1878, and our knowledge of his two succeeding years of frustration and privation is spottier than for any other period of his life. From various letters we know that he lived principally in Vienna (the scene of his greatest future triumphs!), eking out a miserable existence as a private piano teacher. He moved more than a dozen times during that period, usually sharing a Bohemian existence and quarters with fellow musicians such as Hugo Wolf, who had been expelled from the Conservatoire for insubordination. These young musicians shared a common passion for Wagner—his political tenets as well as his music—and were ardent socialists and vegetarians.

At this time, as well as during his earlier days at the Conservatoire, Mahler also took courses at the University of Vienna when he could. There he studied history and philosophy as well as music, and befriended the venerable professor, Anton Bruckner, whose Third Symphony he and a fellow composer had arranged for piano duet in 1877. He spent his summers partly with his parents in Jilhava (then known as Iglau) in Moravia (now in Czechoslovakia), and partly with his friend Emil Freund in Seelau, which was about three hours' journey by cart from Jilhava.

During the summer of 1879 he also taught piano, on a farm near Budapest, to the sons of a well-to-do Viennese acquaintance, Moritz Baumgarten. Struggling against a terrible feeling of inner oppression, the 19-year-old lad wrote from the farm to his friend Joseph Steiner:<sup>7</sup> "Everything is so desolate around me, and the twigs of a hard, dried-out existence snap in back of me . . . I only know I cannot go on this way! I tear violently at the bonds that chain me to the disgusting sewer of my existence. With the strength of despair, I cling to my sole comforter—sorrow." In this long and astonishing letter Mahler fantasized himself as Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew—an image that was to haunt him recurrently in years to come.

<sup>6</sup> Rockliff, London, 1958; pp. 141-2.

<sup>7</sup> GMB, p. 5.

It was evidently on his return to Vienna, late that summer, that he began working arduously on the music to the *Klagende Lied* poem he had written 18 months earlier. Instead of abandoning or postponing it indefinitely, as he had abandoned an opera libretto<sup>8</sup> furnished him by Josef Steiner a year or two before— or as he was shortly to abandon two more libretti<sup>9</sup> of his own writing— he now applied himself to the cantata text with a will. To his fellow musician, Anton Krisper, he sent for Krisper's approval a poem<sup>10</sup> he called *Ballade vom blonden und braunen Reitersmann*, and which in all main essentials is actually the first part of the cantata poem, the part entitled *Waldmärchen*. In Mahleresque style he was able to rise above his "worthless existence," as he called it,<sup>11</sup> in a flurry of creativity which brought him to the conclusion of Part II (*Der Spielmann*) by the following 21 March— "at the coming of spring!", as Mahler wrote jubilantly beneath the date.<sup>12</sup>

The fanatical concentration with which he had devoted himself to the latter part of this seems, in point of fact, to have temporarily undetermined his health. Years later he confided to his friend and biographer Natalie Bauer-Lechner that he had suffered terrifying visions at that time. One of these is retold in the words of Gabriel Engel,<sup>13</sup> as follows:

"The enthusiasm of youth and the spell of inspiration rendered him oblivious of the drain excessive labor was making on his constitution and nerves already weakened by inadequate diet. Then one night, exhausted by many hours of concentration upon highly dramatic moments in the work, he arrived at a passage in the text calling for the most subtle musical allusion to the thoughts of trees and flowers. A feeling of extreme uneasiness suddenly took possession of him. Some secret force compelled him to keep raising his tired eyes from the paper to watch a certain shadowy corner of the room. In vain he tried to focus his attention on the musical problem at hand. The weird opposing force was too strong, and at last he surrendered completely. All at once it seemed to him that the wall was coming to life. Someone was struggling furiously to come through it into the room. Now he could see the apparition's face, contorted with the agony of hopeless struggle. Suddenly he knew it was his own face! Terror-stricken, Mahler rushed from the room.

"Next day he attempted to continue his work at the point where it had been interrupted by the grim hallucination, but with his very first approach toward the mood which interpreted trees and flowers in terms of music, that uncanny sense of hopeless agonized striving returned to oppress him, and he was again compelled to abandon the composition. Many days of compulsory rest passed by before he could cope successfully with this abnormal mental state."

<sup>8</sup> *Herzog Ernst von Schwaben*, c. 1877.

<sup>9</sup> *Rübezshl und Die Argonauten*, c. 1880-83.

<sup>10</sup> See *Die Musik*, Berlin; Vol. 20, no. 11 (August 13, 1928); pp 807 ff.

<sup>11</sup> *Die Musik*, as above.

<sup>12</sup> See D. Mitchell, *op. cit.*, Plate XI, from the Wiener Stadtbibliothek.

<sup>13</sup> *Gustav Mahler, Song-Symphonist*; The Bruckner Society of America, New York, 1932; p. 27.

A curious parallel exists between this cantata and his First Symphony, completed eight years later: in both cases, part of the music was also used in a set of songs dedicated to a young woman with whom Mahler was in love at the time. But in the latter case the amorous experience, as well as the songs, definitely preceded the symphony, whereas in the earlier one the events seem to have been almost simultaneous.

The story of Johanna Richter, the blonde singer at Cassel in the year 1884, to whom Mahler dedicated his *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (later to use two of the songs in his symphony), is well known. But it also happened in the spring of 1880 that Mahler was in love with a girl named Josephine Poisl, daughter of the postmaster at Jilhava. Mahler at that time wrote three or more songs which he dedicated to her, as follows:

	Josephinen zugeeignet	
	5 Lieder (für Tenorstimme)	
<i>Im Lenz</i>		19. Februar 1880
<i>Winterlied</i>		27. Februar 1880
<i>Maitanz im Grünen</i>		5 März 1880

That is as far as the inscription goes,<sup>14</sup> and evidently the songs too. Josephine's birthday fell on March 19, and Mahler proposed to visit her in Jilhava during his Easter vacation. Receiving no reply to his letter, however, he did not go. And the following week he learned from his local confidant, Franz Melion, that Miss Poisl had herself fallen in love with another man, whom she later married.

The first two songs listed above are unpublished, while the third, *Maitanz im Grünen*, has been transformed into *Hans und Grethe*, in the collection of *Lieder und Gesänge aus der Jugendzeit*, Volume 1. It is the melody of the first song, *Im Lenz*, which occurs in *Das klagende Lied*. According to Prof. Rosé, owner of the manuscript of the three existing songs, the following lines from *Im Lenz*—

Ich bin nicht blind und sehe doch nicht,  
Im Dunkel wach' ich und träume im Licht!  
Könnst' lachen und könnte weinen,  
Doch sagen könnst' ich es keinem!

and the following from *Der Spielmann*—

O Wunder, was nun da begann,  
Welch' seltsam traurig Singen!  
Es klingt so traurig und doch so schön,  
Wer's hört, der möcht' vor Leid vergeh'n!

are both sung to the same music. Since the song is dated February 19, while the completion date of *Der Spielmann* is March 21, it would be difficult to guess which setting actually came first. The same melody is heard again in the third part of the cantata, the *Hochzeitsstück*.

It was during the composing of Part III that Mahler's career took the turn that was to lead him permanently in a totally new and unexpected direction. Although the high honors he had won at the Con-

<sup>14</sup> See D. Mitchell, *op cit.*, p. 198.

servatoire had been awarded for his prowess as a pianist and a composer—and a particularly outstanding career as a concert pianist had been predicted for him—Mahler's difficult times in Vienna between 1878 and 1880 had prompted at least one friend to urge him to inquire at an agency about a possible conducting post. The urging came from the publisher Theodor Rättig, for whom Mahler and Rudolf Krzyzanowski had prepared their dual piano version of Bruckner's Third Symphony. Mahler finally did so, though the thought of actually becoming a conductor apparently had never entered his head.

Through this agency he was offered a very modest and temporary summer post—so modest and so outwardly unsuitable that his own parents urged him not to accept it. It was a summer theatre in Hall, a spa in Upper Austria where operettas and other light entertainment were offered. Nevertheless Julius Epstein, Mahler's piano teacher at the Conservatoire, distressed at the straitened circumstances into which his pupil had fallen, urged him to accept the post purely as a stepping-stone, and added his personal recommendation of Mahler. "You will soon find other places," he remarked assuringly.<sup>15</sup> Mahler accepted, and the ensuing engagement interrupted his renewed course of studies at the University, as well as his progress on the *Klagende Lied*.

That summer bade fair to be as disheartening for Mahler in its way as the previous one on the Hungarian farm had been. He was obliged, for example, to walk the baby-carriage of the manager's wife about the grounds, put the music out on the stands and collect it, and dust the piano as a part of his "conducting duties." In addition to that, his yeoman services were not even particularly appreciated by the demanding manager, and did not even yield a letter of reference, so that the autumn found him back in Vienna, outwardly as before. In fact, however, the very unsuitability of the post and of his working conditions, rather than casting Mahler into his usual depression, seemed to make him only determined to do better in a profession that really challenged his ingenuity, as conducting did. For already on June 21 he had written a letter from the spa to his agent, offering him an enlarged fee for obtaining a more suitable winter conducting post in a real opera house. Despite the offer, nearly another year in Vienna passed before a second and more dignified engagement was secured, at the opera house in what is now Ljubljana, Yugoslavia, and was at that time Laibach, Austria.

And thus began Mahler's gradual, step-by-step ascendancy in the operatic and concert world that was to take him in 16 years and nine engagements, through Prague, Leipzig, Budapest and Hamburg, to the pinnacle of his fame as Director of the Imperial Opera in Vienna itself, and as one of the most eminent and revered conductors of the past century. His own outward attitude to that brilliant but, to him, secondary career remained decidedly ambiguous, to be sure. In his letters he continued to refer to himself as being chained by evil necessity to "the

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<sup>15</sup> Paul Stefan: *Gustav Mahler—A Study of His Personality and Work*; G. Schirmer, New York, 1913; p. 20.

treadmill of the theatre," and ultimately as being the "slave" rather than "director" of the Vienna Opera. On the other hand he was able to recognize and to write, as late as the year before his death,<sup>16</sup> that "I must have some practical outlet for my musical abilities, to balance the tremendous inner experience of creative work." Indeed it seems due to the dichotomous, almost schizoid, inner tensions and strivings of the man and the composer, that his music possesses always that feeling of urgency and outflowing power which we call Mahlerian. Despite his complaints about it, his need to conduct could have been, as Donald Mitchell<sup>17</sup> believes, "a basic dynamic component of his musical character, as irrepressible as his invention."

The music of the *Klagende Lied* was completed, at any rate, on November 1, 1880, during the final Viennese winter of his youth, and amid frequent visits to his parents' home in Jihlava. As the performance he was determined to obtain "by any means" was not forthcoming, Mahler submitted it for the annual Beethoven Prize at the Vienna Conservatoire. By that he hoped to reap both glory and financial reward, and to launch his composing career "with a vengeance." Alas for all such hopes of a young original genius! Although he knew his work to be vastly superior, in technical quality alone, to anything thus rewarded since the contest was first inaugurated in 1875, he failed to reckon with the innate conservatism of the jurors, who evidently threw up their hands in horror at such an aggressively revolutionary score.

Mahler's bitterness at losing this contest was scarcely lessened after nearly twenty years. By 1896, it is true, he was able to compose a light-hearted satire on such musical juries, in the song *Lob des hohen Verstandes* ("Praise from a Lofty Intellect"). Yet in 1898, in his biographical conversations with Natalie Bauer-Lechner, his bitterness broke out anew. Though we know the account given in her words<sup>18</sup> to be not entirely accurate in detail, it certainly expresses his feelings about the matter in unmistakable terms:

"Had the jury of the Conservatoire," he told her, "which included Brahms, Goldmark, Hanslick and Richter, given me at that time the Beethoven Prize of 600 Austrian florins for the *Klagende Lied*, my whole life would have taken a different turn. I was just working on *Rübezahl*, would not have had to go to Laibach, and would thus possibly have been spared my whole cursed operatic career. Instead, however, Herr Herzfeld got the first composition prize, and Rott and I went empty-handed. Rott despaired and died soon afterwards insane, and I was (and shall always remain) condemned to the hell of theatrical life." (Translation by Donald Mitchell. The abandoned opera *Rübezahl* exists only as an unpublished libretto.)

We next hear of *Das klagende Lied* from about 1888, when Mahler was in transition between his posts at Leipzig and Budapest. Guido Adler, an early Mahler biographer, writes that Mahler made some revisions in the score at that time—for what proposed occasion is not

<sup>16</sup> New York, January 1, 1910, to Dr. Guido Adler. *GMB*, p. 461.

<sup>17</sup> D. Mitchell, *op cit.*, p. 107.

<sup>18</sup> N. Bauer-Lechner: *Erinnerungen an Gustav Mahler*; E.P. Tal & Co. Verlag, Leipzig, 1923; p. 104.

disclosed—and also decided to drop the subtitles and to omit the first part of the work, the *Waldmärchen*, completely. There is no other authority than Adler for the assertion that this is the approximate year Part I was dropped. In any case the *Waldmärchen* does not appear in any of the *Klagende Lied* scores we know, and our principal knowledge of it (and of the complete original version of the work) comes from Alfred Rosé, who owns the only known complete score and does not permit it to be photographed. Mahler gave this score to his sister Justine prior to his and her marriages, and as far as we know never bothered about it again, although there was some later disagreement between them about the *Rübezahl* libretto, which she owned; Mahler wanted it destroyed. Justine and her husband Arnold Rosé, Mahler's concertmaster in the Vienna Philharmonic, scrupulously kept the original *Klagende Lied* intact, and so it came down to their son. Prof. Rosé conducted the *Waldmärchen* on the Brno and Vienna radio in 1934 and 1935, from his own hand-copied orchestra and vocal parts, but has declined to make it generally available (or the three unpublished songs "to Josephine," which he performed at the piano in September, 1934). Otherwise we have, in the Vienna City Library, a complete four-staved sketch and a nearly complete full score of the original version of Part II (*Der Spielmann*), but no manuscript of the original versions of Parts I and III.

Sometime during his Hamburg period (1891-97), Mahler made a new revision of the remaining two-part score—in which, it must be remembered, the former "Part II, *Der Spielmann*" is now simply "Part I" (no title), and the former "Part III, *Hochzeitsstück*" is simply "Part II." In this revision he eliminated the off-stage band which originally appeared in the latter section, putting everything back into the main orchestra. Before the cantata was finally published, however (Vienna, 1899), Mahler made a fourth revision in which he restored the off-stage band once more. As he explained to Bauer-Lechner,<sup>19</sup> he had made the change in Hamburg, eliminating the off-stage instruments, simply because "That, I knew, the gentlemen would not perform"—seeming to indicate another projected performance which never transpired. "Now," he said, "it strikes me the change was not for the better, so I must return the passages to their original state—whether they can be performed or not!" The fact that they *could* be performed was proven when the première of *Das Klagende Lied* was given at a Vienna Philharmonic concert under Mahler's direction, on February 17, 1901—more than twenty years after it was composed! There was some final rescoring in a second printing after the première.

A microfilm of the "Hamburg" version is in the New York Public Library (the manuscript being part of the Alma Mahler estate), and it is evident that, aside from this off-stage restoration, the only change in the first published version, *à propos* of the Hamburg score, is a proliferation of expression marks. Beyond that, Donald Mitchell, who has made a thorough comparison of the *original* (1880) and revised versions of the erstwhile *Der Spielmann*, has pointedly advised that *all* the essentials of that work as we know it today, including instrumen-

<sup>19</sup> *Idem*, p. 106.

tation, are already present in the original score, composed at the age of twenty. As his colleague Deryck Cooke has expressed this important revelation:<sup>20</sup> "The intensely individual style is already there . . . and so is the fantastic Mahlerian orchestral timbre, which has been attributed to his experience as a conductor. In other words, Mahler was Mahler the composer *before* he began to become Mahler the conductor."

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The most puzzling question that remains for us is this: Why did Mahler delete the *Waldmärchen*, the cantata's original Part I? And having given it to his sister as part of the original score, why did he leave no further instructions about it one way or another?

Was the deletion made for musical reasons? That we cannot answer with certainty until we can examine the original manuscript. But Hans Holländer, who annotated the 1934-35 performances, says<sup>21</sup> there are "substantial and inspired moments" in Part I, with "the murder scene built up as a great dramatic climax." And Mitchell writes:<sup>22</sup> "We recognize that *Waldmärchen* is much of a piece with the rest of the cantata when we encounter Mr. Rosé's references to its trumpet and horns calls, its drum fourths, bird-song, and characteristic Mahler triplets." (Rosé also specifies a part for solo bass singer in the *Waldmärchen*. There is no solo bass in the two-part work we know today, or in the original version of *Der Spielmann*.)

Was it made for dramatic reasons? That is especially difficult to imagine. Certainly a reading of the mere text of *Waldmärchen* helps to clarify the story in our minds, and to make it *more* dramatically viable. That is why we are presenting it here, for the first time in both German and English. In the original version of the cantata, we first meet the "proud and stately queen," and then the other two main protagonists—the two brothers who are to re-enact the Cain-and-Abel drama, and who are immediately contrasted for us. We then have the desperate search for the flower, its discovery, the fateful encounter, and finally the murder—Dr. Holländer's "great dramatic climax." In the original Part II, we are then introduced to the chief "supporting" character, the minstrel (*der Spielmann*). In the revised version, the work *begins* with this subordinate character, who then finds a bleaching bone from the body of the murdered brother—a man we have never met, dramatically speaking. In the original Part III, the accusation at the wedding feast is a kind of delayed confrontation (by supernatural means) of the two brothers who were presented in Part I. The lament sung by the carved bone, heard both in Parts II and III, is evidently intended each time to bring the listener *back* to the murder scene, as in a cinematic "flashback." In the revised version, there is nothing to bring us back *to*. Again, the handling of the queen suggests a natural

<sup>20</sup> *Tempo*, London, No. 51 (Spring-Summer, 1959); p. 34.

<sup>21</sup> See D. Mitchell, *op cit.*, p. 155.

<sup>22</sup> *Idem*, p. 154.

arch-shaped structure in the original three-part poem, which we do not get when she is first introduced in the latter of the two remaining sections. Notice that Mahler, in his original text, has even contrived a "verbal flashback" in the words "When will it break, thy haughty mien?" (from Part I) and "Now will it break, her haughty mien!" (from Part III).

Was it made for temporal and pragmatic reasons only? Such was the opinion expressed by Alfred Rosé himself, in an interview conducted by Robert Chesterman for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Without claiming his version of the matter to be any *more* than a personal opinion, Mr. Rosé said: "Mahler thought that the two movements in themselves were already very extravagant, and he thought he might not have a chance if he submitted the whole three parts: it was too long and it was too modern for that time." But then why did Mahler not make his long-term wishes known? Why did he not personally preserve the original three-part score for posterity, as Bruckner did his original symphony manuscripts, which were also considered too long and too modern "for that time"? Why did he give it instead to his sister Justine as if it were purely a family matter, rather than a vital musical one? Bruckner was a shy, diffident man, easily prevailed upon by "practical" advisors, yet these advisors could not part him from his original autographs while he lived. Mahler, on the contrary, was usually aggressively uncompromising in artistic matters—in the matter of the passages for off-stage band, for instance. When he became convinced that his intended simplification of these passages had been musically ill-advised, he restored them to their original form without hesitation, "whether they can be performed or not!" This does not sound much like the man who would give up an integral part of his cantata *just* because it seemed practical to do so at the time. Some deeper compulsion than mere expediency clearly appears to have governed Mahler's atypical behavior in respect to the original *Klagende Lied* and its abridgement. (It will be remarked, incidentally, that Prof. Rosé's expressed opinion—that Mahler's elimination of *Waldmärchen* was a purely temporal matter—sorts poorly with his own resolve not to make it fully public now.)

Well, what then is left? If we can discover no rational reason for Mahler's permanent deletion of the *Waldmärchen*, are there any possible *irrational* explanations for his handling of it? Here we find ourselves at once on more fruitful ground, since composing was, for Mahler, unquestionably a very personal and intimate pursuit. We remember his superstitions—about writing a Ninth Symphony, for example, or about including or not including the "death stroke" in the finale of his Sixth. Mahler was an obsessive artist, a compulsive artist: this we have on the professional testimony of no less an authority than Sigmund Freud, following a prolonged psychoanalytic session with the composer in the summer of 1910.<sup>23</sup> If we can surmise the particular inner compulsion that prompted him to compose *Das klagende Lied* in the first place, we might well be able to surmise, in addition, the par-

<sup>23</sup> Letter to Dr. Theodor Reik, January 4, 1935. See T. Reik: *The Haunting Melody*; Farrar, Straus and Young, New York, 1953; pp. 342-3.

ticular nature of the compulsion that prompted him to *withdraw* Part I again.

On one symbolic level, the rationale of *Das klagende Lied* seems clear enough. Mahler himself is the minstrel who upsets "the apple cart," or the *status quo*, or the Establishment—which, as a young musical revolutionary, he clearly wished to do. "What think ye of my playing?" he cries to one and all (these being the only words in the presently constituted work which are shouted at full force by the three soloists in unison) as he takes his cataclysmic message "far and near." And of course it is the musical "Establishment" itself which crumbles in ruin at the end, like the walls of Jericho before Joshua's trumpets. This is the sort of thing which quite possibly was instinctively perceived by Brahms when he later said:<sup>24</sup> "It is not wholly intelligible to me why Richard Strauss is proclaimed music's Revolutionary. I find that Mahler is King of the Revolutionaries."

So much for the minstrel. But there is surely a deeper motivation behind this story. For what shall we say about the two brothers, and their rivalry for the queen? What did they mean to the composer? Evidently a great deal, when we consider that Mahler took the trouble to alter the nature of the rivalry as well as the sex of the victim! In Bechstein's *Klagende Lied*, the rivalry is between a brother and sister who are already of the royal family, the queen is their mother, and the burden of their rivalry is the succession to the throne, pure and simple. What then transpires, as summarized by Mitchell,<sup>25</sup> is as follows:

"The princess, the first-born, finds the flower and lies down to sleep, whereupon she is murdered by her jealous brother. In later years a peasant boy picks up a bone and makes a flute from it; he is startled when a child's voice issues forth and tells the manner of the sister's death. A knight takes possession of the flute and appears at the castle where the guilty brother is king and his mother still mourns her lost daughter. It is to the old queen alone that the flute reveals the terrible truth. She then takes the instrument and herself plays it to her son before a festive assembly in the castle hall. The story ends on this note of chilling catastrophe, in which the mother is the final instrument of her son's doom."

What Mahler's poem did was to superimpose upon this story a quite different "singing bone" story by the Brothers Grimm—one entitled, indeed, *Der singende Knochen*—with which Bechstein himself was familiar when he wrote *Das klagende Lied*, and involving three princes, an old king, and a boar hunt. Now in psychological terms the conflict between two brothers, with both a woman and a throne at stake, as envisioned by Mahler, classically suggests a strong "sibling" rivalry. Could there have been such a rivalry in Mahler's background? Most decidedly there could.

Among the 14 children of Mahler's parents (some of whom Gustav

<sup>24</sup> See Ludwig Karpath: *Begegnung mit dem Genius*; Vienna, 1924; p. 90.

<sup>25</sup> D. Mitchell, *op. cit.*, p. 143.

scarcely knew because of the high incidence of infant mortality in the family), the one closest to him in his childhood was Ernst. Gustav was born on July 7, 1860, and Ernst just nine months later, on April 13, 1861. They were the second and third children of their parents' marriage; but, as the first child died before Gustav was even born, Gustav and Ernst were the two eldest until Ernst died of hydrocardia after a long illness on April 13, 1874, on his 13th birthday, and just a year before Gustav left for the Vienna Conservatoire.

Mahler's wife Alma, who did not meet him until he was 41, recalls<sup>26</sup> that he spoke even then of Ernst's death in these terms: "This was the first harrowing experience of Gustav Mahler's childhood. He loved his brother Ernst and suffered with him all through his illness. For months he scarcely left his bedside, and never tired of telling him stories. To all else he was blind." And Bauer-Lechner<sup>27</sup> records an earlier recollection: "Between Gustav and Ernst (the brother nearest to him in age and affection) there evolved a fascinating little game. Ernst would pretend to be 'at his service' all day, bringing him whatever he wished, cleaning his clothes and shoes without complaint, etc., so that Gustav would repay him by playing the piano for him."

The abandoned opera libretto tendered to Mahler by his friend Josef Steiner, which we mentioned earlier, was called *Herzog Ernst von Schwaben*, quite possibly after the verse-drama by Johann Uhland. Mahler may have discussed it or even suggested the subject to Steiner; in any case the libretto seems to have been written in 1877 or 1878. Neither it nor any music for it by Mahler has apparently survived. But in his afore-mentioned letter to Steiner of June, 1879,<sup>28</sup> he not only refers to the opera but connects it in his mind with Ernst Mahler:

"Again the song of yearning [*das Lied der Sehnsucht*] sounds in my ears, and again we wander together over familiar fields. There stands the organ-grinder, holding his hat in his withered hand, and in his music, so out of tune, I hear the greeting of 'Ernst von Schwaben'. Now Ernst himself appears, holding out his arms to me; and as I gaze at him, I see it is my poor brother."

Furthermore, Dr. Theodor Reik believes that Mahler's song-cycle *Kindertotenlieder* (1901-04) was also connected, perhaps unconsciously, with the memory of his deceased brother. In this cycle, Mahler selected five out of the literally hundreds of poems (bearing the same general title used by Mahler) written by Friedrich Rückert as elegies upon the death of his little son. Reik points out that the Rückert boy was also named Ernst, and that Mahler undoubtedly read this "in the introduction to Rückert's cycle of poems, or in biographical footnotes." When Ernst died, Reik declares in his fascinating book *The Haunting Melody*,<sup>29</sup> "the sensitive boy Gustav must have unconsciously experienced the mourning of his parents, too, in addition to his own grief about his younger brother's death . . . These feelings which were not

<sup>26</sup> A Mahler: *Gustav Mahler—Memories and Letters*; The Viking Press, New York, 1946; p. 7.

<sup>27</sup> Unpublished diary and notes.

<sup>28</sup> *GMB*, pp. 7-8.

<sup>29</sup> pp. 317-8.

fully expressed, and the words which were unsayable, come alive in the music of the Rückert songs." In addition to the possible triggering of these elegiac feelings and subsequent music by the name "Ernst," it is also possible that Mahler was put in a more receptive frame of mind for it by the première of his 21-year-old cantata *Das klagende Lied* earlier that same year, 1901.

Now what does all this have to do with the question of "sibling rivalry" posed earlier? If the kindness and solicitude exercised by Mahler before Ernst's death were, in fact, a partial compensation for an earlier, half-submerged rivalry and hostility, how much *more* grief-stricken (and unconsciously guilt-ridden) he would have been bound to feel when the death actually occurred! The suppressed, unrecognized feeling would have been as if he had somehow willed it—as if he were actually responsible for this untimely and tragic death.

And what initial infantile rivalry could have fathered such a strong reaction? In his paper *Gustav Mahler and Psychoanalysis*,<sup>30</sup> Dr. Robert Still writes: "The wounding blow that must have contributed so much to the disturbance of Mahler's psyche was that his mother gave birth to another son soon after his own birth . . . Even if we leave out of account the probability of his sudden weaning at a very early stage, it is safe to assume that another pregnancy so soon, with Mahler's consequent neglect in a poor home, would have aroused the most negative feelings at a very much earlier date than children are usually called upon to face these things." Allied to this is the strong mother-fixation which Freud diagnosed in his marathon session with Mahler.

Thus it appears that Mahler would have been inwardly impelled to write and compose *Das klagende Lied*— a musico-dramatic treatment of the theme of brother-murder and its retribution—in order to "live out," and thus exorcise, hidden feelings of fratricidal guilt over his own brother's death. A psychologist would almost certainly suggest this possible solution on being confronted with the bare facts of Ernst's death and the story of Mahler's poem.<sup>31</sup> The hypothesis would be further reinforced by learning of Mahler's deliberate changing of the sex of the murder victim of Bechstein's tale, thus *making* it conform to the brother-murder theme—and by learning of the further evidence that Ernst's memory continued to haunt Mahler's imagination in sundry

<sup>30</sup> *The American Imago*, Fall, 1960.

<sup>31</sup> "Mahler transformed the tale into a more direct representation of the oedipal triangle, but it is a younger brother who is murdered, not the father. The text could refer to Mahler's unconscious murderous impulses toward a younger brother. Substitution of the brother for the father avoids direct conflict with the feared father which, as we have seen before, was Mahler's approach to this problem. Of particular significance is the use of music to reveal the crime and thereby bring about the punishment of the guilty one. The minstrel is Mahler too, the self-styled 'Singer of Nature', who mitigates his unconscious guilt by publicly revealing the crime (musically) and making atonement. Thus Mahler's Opus No. 1, the first work in which he 'found himself again,' literally depicts a tale of fratricide and punishment, foreshadowing the theme of death and restitution (resurrection) which seems to be alluded to in so many of his major works." William E. Mooney, M.D.: "Gustav Mahler—A Note on Life and Death in Music"; *The Psychoanalytic Quarterly*, January, 1968. [The word "again" in the subquote above indicates a mistranslation of the epithet in Mahler's letter to Marschalk ("*Mein erstes Werk, in dem ich mich als 'Mahler' gefunden . . .*") previously quoted. (See footnote 2.)]

ways. Even the nature of the hallucination he suffered while working on the composition in a weakened and therefore suggestible condition—a vision of himself struggling to come through the wall—could certainly have been induced by a buried feeling of guilt.

Mahler's later attitude toward the poem and its music would then be explained if we imagine that none of this causative chain of events ever entered his consciousness. About eight years elapsed, according to Guido Adler, between the completion of the cantata in its original form (1880) and the first re-examination (c.1888) during which he decided to eliminate the *Waldmärchen*. If this re-examination brought with it a still half-submerged recurrence of the uneasy feelings connected with the work's pre-genesis, without his being able to identify the real source of such feelings (since they never had been consciously expressed or acknowledged in the first place), they might have attached themselves with particular force to the first part of the work, in which the actual, living rivalry of the two brothers is expressed in words and music, culminating in the crime of passion, the murder itself.

It may even have been that the principal exorcism occurred in the very composing of the murder scene as "a great dramatic climax." And having brought about that strongest act of catharsis, Mahler may have had a correspondingly diminishing desire to relive it again and again. (It cut, in other words, "too close to the bone.") And so his unacknowledged reluctance to do so could have been consciously experienced as a conviction that the *Waldmärchen* was redundant, or impractical, or inferior, or any number of combined rationalizations, none of which he seems to have dignified with his official verdict. He evidently preferred simply not to discuss it, as if subconsciously aware that he would be hard-put to stand his ground in any rational discussion of the matter.

Needless to say, if these were Mahler's unconscious motivations, they would only have been strengthened by a further personal tragedy which occurred in 1895. That, we remember, was just before the final crucial stage in the long-delayed presentation of *Das klagende Lied* to the musical public in Vienna, where it had originated so long before. In that year, another brother named Otto—like himself, a composer, whom at one time Mahler is said to have considered actually more talented than himself—*shot himself to death*, at the age of 21. We can well imagine that Gustav's unexpressed reluctance to revive the fictional murder scene would have been even stronger, when the trauma of the illness and death of a beloved brother had been thus compounded by that of the death of a second brother by his own hand! Nor would there be anything accidental in the ultimate turning over (i.e. turning back) of the whole "problem" (the original three-part work) to his sister, a member of that very household from which it had arisen in the first place.

If there is any substance in the foregoing hypothesis, or in a somewhat different one concerning the change of sex in the poem, proposed by Dr. Still (one which does not, however, concern itself with our *Waldmärchen* problem), no doubt the truth would have come out in further consultations with Sigmund Freud. But as Freud himself wrote

in 1935,<sup>32</sup> in a letter to Dr. Reik concerning the single extraordinary session of 1910: "No light fell at the time on the symptomatic facade of his obsessional neurosis. It was as if you would dig a single shaft through a mysterious building." Mahler had urgently consulted Freud that summer, because his marital situation had reached a crisis for which he well realized he was partly to blame. Although Freud had, as he informed Reik, "plenty of opportunity to admire the capability for psychological understanding of this man of genius," nothing emerged from the session devoted to that crisis which enabled Mahler to continue with his work-in-progress of *that* time, the Tenth Symphony, rather than giving all his attention to his foundering marriage. At least we now know that Mahler had intensely personal, non-musical reasons for putting the Tenth aside and locking it away in its fragmentary state. It seems more than likely that there are similarly personal reasons for the form in which this powerful cantata of 30 years earlier, *Das klagende Lied*, has reached us.

## 6

Poor substitute though it may be for the complete score, Alfred Rosé's thematic analysis of the *Waldmärchen*<sup>33</sup> nevertheless gives us a clear picture of the musical events in synoptic form.\*

"Over a soft drum roll," he writes, "we hear a call by two horns in A minor, answered in echo by another pair and followed by the gentle murmur of clarinets:

Ex. 1 *Langsam und träumerisch*

The musical score for Ex. 1 is in 6/8 time and consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line. It begins with a half rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, and a quarter note E4. The first measure is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second measure contains a half note G4, marked with a pianissimo (*ppp*) dynamic. The third measure contains a half note G4, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fourth measure contains a triplet of eighth notes: G4, A4, and B4, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a tremolo pattern marked with a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic. The score is divided into two sections, 'a' and 'b', with a triplet of eighth notes in section 'b'.

In shriller wind a motive sounds containing a prominent upward fifth, against a tremolo in the violins and an arpeggio for the harps:

<sup>32</sup> See footnote 23.

<sup>33</sup> Essay written in connection with the radio broadcasts of 1934-35 in Brno and Vienna.

\* *Editorial note:* As this issue goes to press, it is announced that Prof. Rosé's manuscript has been acquired by Yale University through the purchase and donation by Marshall and Thomas Osborn, the sons of James M. Osborn of New Haven. See the beginning of Part III of this essay regarding the parallel acquisition of the hitherto unknown 1893 version of Mahler's Symphony No. 1. A New Haven performance of *Das klagende Lied* including *Waldmärchen* is scheduled for January 13, 1970. The first-recording rights to *Waldmärchen* (following this local première) have been acquired by CBS Records on behalf of Pierre Boulez.

Ex. 2

The first pair of horns replaces the soft clarinet tone, singing a melancholy phrase in which the characteristic 'Mahler triplet' already appears. It is twice announced in D major, and then 'answered' in D flat major:

Ex. 3

The other instruments join in an *accelerando*, and the first fortissimo is reached in the key of C minor, dominated by the call of the fifth played by two trumpets. This subsides to the accompaniment of a jagged trochaic rhythm, returning to the opening tempo:

Ex. 4

*Schneller*

*8va*

*ff*

*dim.*

*mf*

*c rit.*

*Wie am Anfang (aber Halbe)*

Pizzicato quarter notes in the strings, along with fourths in the timpani, outline a kind of march rhythm. Over this, woodwind figures are heard, alternating with Ex 1b in the horns.

"Trills in the violins over Ex. 3a (now in the minor mode) introduce an F minor fanfare in a livelier tempo, followed by birdlike figures in the woodwinds:

All this is immediately repeated in the major (D flat), and then figure 'a' by itself in D major. A crescendo leads to a majestic new peroration in D, including figure 'a' once more:

Ex. 6 *Maestoso* *Lebhafter*

*ff* *a* *f* *b*

*Ex. 5a* *3* *3*

*Ex. 3a* *3* *3*

Meanwhile the speed gradually increases until the march tempo is reached again. With a further increase, the lower staff of Ex. 4 returns (i.e. without the chromatic figure 'a' above). Horns and clarinets hold quiet colloquy, beginning in E flat major and extending the material of Ex. 3a with new additions:

Ex.7

*Ex. 3a*

*pp*

*mf*

*pp(8ves)*

"There is a ritardando, with only the slightest touch of Ex. 1b, and then the first stanza of the poem is prefaced by an orchestral passage in E flat major beginning in the woodwinds, depicting the 'proud and stately queen':

Ex. 8

*Zart*

*a*

*b*

*p*

This is terminated by short and sharply accented string figures:

Ex. 9

The first vocal solo begins, sung by the alto:

Ex. 10

Es war ei - ne stol - ze Kö - ni - gin, gar  
lieb - lich oh - ne Mas - sen;

The woodwind figures of Ex. 8, partly doubled by the singer, are woven about a triplet accompaniment in the strings. As the alto solo ends on the fourth line of verse, the accented string figures (Ex. 9) return. The male chorus enters softly, singing in chorale form the couplet 'Ah woe, thou fair young lady bold,' etc., supported by quiet string chords:

Ex. 11 *Zurückhaltend*

*pp* O weh, du won-nig-li-cher Weib! Wem  
blü-het wohl dein süs-ser Leib?

This is derived from the second half of Ex. 7. It is rounded out by the woodwinds alternating with each other in descending B minor scales, with a rising fourth as the upbeat:

## Ex. 12

*pp* *rit.*  
*pp* *pp*

"The music of Ex. 8 seems about to begin anew in E major, but instead the initial figure 'a' is linked to a new influx of pastoral figures, chiefly in parallel thirds in the woodwinds, supporting the bass solo 'A flower lovely as the queen':

## Ex. 13

*Ruhig und träumend* *Ex. 6a*  
*Ex. 8a* Im Wald ei-ne ro-te Blu-me  
*p*

## Chord and Discord

The musical score is presented in two systems, each with three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The key signature is E minor (three sharps: F#, C#, G#). The first system contains the lyrics: "stand Ach so schön wie die". The second system contains the lyrics: "Kö - - - ni - gin - ne;". The score includes various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings like *a*, *hervortretend*, and *sfz*.

The tenor soloist joins the bass in a livelier tempo for the second pair of lines, to the accompaniment of Ex. 6, but pianissimo. Then follows a sonorous interlude with a new reminder of the 'royal lady' herself (Ex. 10) played 'very passionately' by the violins and violas. A diminuendo in gentle triplets leads to another chorale-like couplet (as in Ex. 11), 'Ah woe, thou proud and stately queen,' sung by the altos, tenors, and basses of the chorus. Again the descending scales with their up-beat (as in Ex. 12), this time in E minor and played by the strings—the first violins, then the violas, and finally the cellos and basses.

"The tenor takes up the narrative in a swaying *Andante*, with the tune of his 'Two brothers came into the wood' drawn from the lively fanfare motive (Ex. 5a) in A major. In a suddenly redoubled tempo, 2/2, the oboe and horn alternate with each other, and a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the strings steps up its beat to triplets (not shown in the example below) as support for the alto solo on the words 'But envy-blacken'd the other':

Ex. 14 *Schneller*

ALTO

Der An - - - dre konn-te nur flu -

*accel.*

- chen.

Outcries in the full orchestra lead to suddenly plunging strings, and a third choralesque couplet (on the plea 'O knight, my evil-omen'd knight'), this time for the full chorus. Now the rising fourths and descending scales are taken over by the chorus itself to repetitions of 'das Fluchen' in B minor:

## Ex. 15

das Flu - - - chen.

das Flu - - -

*pp*

*^*

*v*

*rit.*

chen.

chen.

*v*

“The choral tenors and basses sing ‘When they had gone a little pace’ in a lively F minor march tempo:

Ex. 16 *Lebhafter* *a*

*p* Als sie nun zo-gen ei-ne Weil', Da  
*f* *f > p*  
 ka-men sie zu schei-den;

'And now in search began to race' brings the full chorus ('*Lebhaft*') against agitated horn calls—and again the jagged rhythm in the strings, closing in a peremptory descent:

*Schneller*

Ex. 17

*f* *Ex. 4c*  
*ff*  
*ff*

The bass soloist takes up the couplet, 'My hasty knight, with darting eyes,' supported by the tenor as he descends the E flat minor scale in quarter notes:

Ex. 18 *Zurückhaltend*  
BASS SOLO

Ihr Rit-ter mein in schnell-lem Lauf, Wer fin-det

TENOR SOLO

die Blu- - - - me?

wohl die Blu- - - - - - - - me?

The chorus echoes this with the A flat minor scale in eighth notes (*cf.* Exx. 12 and 15).

"Ex. 5a sounds again, and then the first pair of horns recapitulates the melancholy triplet tune (Ex. 3a), embellished by some of the same figures as in Ex. 13, and which will be encountered again in Ex. 21. Clarinets trade the theme back and forth, and bird calls sound again. The soprano soloist sings 'The younger search'd through wood and lea' (again to the tune of Ex. 5a), supported by the male chorus. Under shimmering violin tremolos, Ex. 3a is transformed so that its second and fourth bars acquire a questioning upward turn:

Ex. 19

*pp* *cresc. 2ndo* *f*

The full chorus, divided at times into eight parts, takes up 'When saw he by a willow tree,' rising to an excited high B flat for the unison sopranos:

## Ex. 20a

SOPRANOS

**SOPRANOS**  
**ff** der Weid' die ro -

**ALTOS**  
**ff** der Weid' die ro - te

**TENORS I**  
**ff** er von Fer - ne bei der Wei - de

**TENORS II**  
**ff** Bald sieht er von Fer - ne bei der

**BASSES I**  
**ff** Bald sieht er von Fer - ne bei der

**BASSES II**  
**ff** Bald sieht er von Fer - ne bei der

The musical score consists of six staves. The first three staves are in treble clef, and the last three are in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first staff has the lyrics 'te Blu - me steh'n.' with notes G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4. The second staff has 'Blu - me steh'n,' with notes G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4. The third staff has a whole rest. The fourth staff has 'Wei - de' with notes G2, A2, Bb2, C3. The fifth staff has 'Wei - - de' with notes G2, A2, Bb2, C3. The sixth staff has 'Wei - - de' with notes G2, A2, Bb2, C3. There are various musical markings including slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like 'p' and 'pp'.

The music subsides with horn and trumpet calls (Ex. 6, *pianissimo*) under a string tremolo. The chorus subdivides into eight again for 'Then stretch'd he out':

## Ex. 20b

*Zurückhaltend. Geheimnisvoll*

SOPRANOS I

*pp* zur Ru - - he sich hin -

SOPRANOS II

*pp* zur Ru - he sich hin -

ALTOS

*pp* zur Ru - he sich hin -

TENORS I

*pp* zur Ru - he sich

TENORS II

*pp* zur Ru - he sich hin -

BASSES

*pp* zur Ru - he sich hin -

The image shows a musical score for the phrase "ge - - streckt." written in three parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and a basso continuo part. The score is arranged in a system of seven staves. The first three staves are for the vocal parts, and the last four are for the basso continuo. The music is in C major and 3/4 time. The vocal parts feature a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) followed by a dotted quarter note (C5). The basso continuo part features a triplet of eighth notes (C3, D3, E3) followed by a dotted quarter note (F3). The lyrics are "ge - - streckt." and "hin - ge - - streckt.".

ge - - streckt.

ge - - streckt.

ge - - streckt.

hin - ge - - streckt.

ge - - streckt.

ge - - streckt.

Horn and trumpet figures (Ex. 5a in C major) are heard over low C and G in eighth notes in the timpani. And then, with the embellishment of thirds and sixths mentioned earlier, the words 'zur Ruh' are echoed by the choral voices—

*In gehender Bewegung*

Ex. 21

Ex. 21 is a piano arrangement consisting of three staves. The top staff features a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes, a quarter note, and a half note, followed by a triplet of eighth notes and a half note. A bracket labeled 'Ex. 5a' spans the first two measures. The middle staff contains a bass line with a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note, followed by a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. A bracket labeled 'Ex. 6a' spans the first two measures. The bottom staff has a bass line with a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note, followed by a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. A bracket labeled 'Ex. 5a' spans the first two measures. The final measure of the top staff is marked with a dynamic of *pp* and an accent (^) over a triplet of eighth notes. A bracket labeled 'a' spans the final measure of the top staff. The bottom staff ends with a double bar line and a common time signature (C).

This section shows the vocal and piano parts for Ex. 21. The top staff is for the soprano, with the instruction 'SOPRANOS' above it. It begins with a triplet of eighth notes, a quarter note, and a half note, followed by a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. A bracket labeled 'Ex. 5a' spans the first two measures. The middle staff has a bass line with a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note, followed by a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. A bracket labeled 'Ex. 5a' spans the first two measures. The bottom staff has a bass line with a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note, followed by a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. A bracket labeled 'Ex. 5a' spans the first two measures. The final measure of the soprano staff is marked with a dynamic of *pp* and the word 'zur' below it. A bracket labeled 'a' spans the final measure of the soprano staff. The bottom staff ends with a double bar line and a common time signature (C).

ALTO

Ruh'. zur

TENORS

*pp* zur Ruh'.

*ppp* quasi Echo

Ruh'.

BASSES

*pp* zur Ruh'.

ending again with the multiple descending scale, now in F minor.

"In a very brief statement, quickly overtaken by the ensuing action, Ex. 4b is heard in a new form which is shortly to assume greater significance:

Ex. 22

The musical score for Ex. 22 consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 3/4. It begins with a *ppp* dynamic marking and contains three measures of chords. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and rests, with a *pizz.* marking. A bracket labeled *Ex. 2a* spans the first two measures of the bass line.

The choral basses sing 'The other comb'd through crag and rill' to the tune of Ex. 16a, followed by Ex. 4a (the chromatic figure from the prelude) and 4b together for the only time since then. The passage is marked '*Bewegter*' ('Livelier'). There is more play with 4b in the woodwinds (Ex. 22 in diminution, etc.) over a pizzicato bass, as the male chorus tells of the setting sun and the approach of evening. The fifth motive is also heard under an eerie semitone call:

Ex. 23

The musical score for Ex. 23 consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 3/4. It begins with a *p* dynamic marking and contains two measures of chords. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and rests. A bracket labeled *Ex. 2a* spans the first two measures of the bass line. A dynamic marking *a* is placed above the first measure of the upper staff.

Suddenly there is an orchestral cry in A minor, and the soprano soloist sings 'Ah woe, whom there he sleeping scann'd' to the music of Ex. 14.

Another string passage plunges into the more developed form of the triplet horn theme (Ex. 7), sounding now '*Wie aus der Ferne*' ('As from a distance'), and answered by oboes and clarinets. A more extensive reprise of the orchestral component of Ex. 13, even more allusive and poignant than before, introduces the soprano solo 'Thou rapture-bringing nightingale.' This entire stanza is given to the soprano alone, whose narrative becomes faster as the lyric theme mounts in the full orchestra. The eighth-note patterns in the strings again turn into triplets (accompanying the music of Ex. 14 as before), woodwinds and horns rise up, reaching a fortissimo climax with a clash of cymbals.

'Fanfares in the trumpets and horns (5a, 6b, etc.) along with Ex. 4a lead to the trochaic rhythm in the strings as accompaniment to the male chorus, 'His eye does gleam in frenzy wide.' We hear the mount-

ing call of the woodwinds, rhythmic pulsations in the upper strings (Ex. 16), and accentuated cries from the four stopped horns. A loud cymbal crash and orchestral turmoil greet the 'sword of steel' proclaimed by the full chorus. This culminates in a great outcry from the orchestra and chorus in B flat minor over a pedal point on G; the descending scales (Ex. 12) return, to echoes of 'der Alte.' A *ritardando* leads to a passage with soft string tremolos and arpeggios in the harps, depicting a mysterious woodland mood. Sadly the alto soloist reports the death of the young knight:

## Ex. 24

*Langsam*

Der Jun - ge lä - -

Ex. 8a

chelt wie im Traum.

<ff> ppp

a

"Now the main themes are tenderly reviewed by the orchestra, 'Sehr ruhig' ('Very peacefully'), beginning with another extensive treatment of the music of Ex. 21, now in G flat major. Woodwinds sing a melancholy after-song based on Ex. 1, and we hear the very opening bars of the prelude (1a) in their first and only reprise. Ex. 22 is transformed into a canonic elegy of great poignancy:

## Ex. 25

Ex. 2a

Ex. 2a

espr.

a

Ex. 2a

The image shows two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. It contains a melodic line with several accents (^) and a triplet of eighth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a bass line with a long note and a triplet of eighth notes. The label 'Ex. 2a' is centered between the two staves.

We hear the eerie semitone figure (Ex. 23) over dark forest murmurs (Ex. 1b in steady triplets):

Ex. 26

Ex. 2a

The image shows two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats and a common time signature. It features a melodic line with triplets and dynamic markings 'fz' and 'pp'. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a bass line with a long note and a triplet of eighth notes. The label 'Ex. 26' is at the top left, and 'Ex. 2a' is centered below the staves.

Ex. 26

Ex. 2a

This image is identical to the one above, showing two staves of music with the same notation, including triplets and dynamic markings 'fz' and 'pp'.

With one of those enharmonic shifts so beloved of Mahler, the call of the fifth is sounded by the four trumpets in a sorrowful F sharp minor setting.

"The also soloist sings the epilogue, 'Ye leaves there.' Then the chorus raises its voice in measured rhythm with the closing couplet, 'In woods by a grassy pillow,' based on a variant of the theme of Ex. 18 for the male soloists. It rises to F sharp, and then descends the minor scale in peaceful quarter notes, as in the former example:

## Ex. 27

*Etwas bewegter*

*p* "Im Wald, auf der grünen Hai-de, Da steht ei-ne al-te  
Wei- - - - - de."  
Wei- - - - - de."

*f* *ff* *pp*

Ex. 5a Ex. 2a

The call of the fifth sounds yet again in the trumpets and trombones, and the F sharp minor triad fades out in the full orchestra to a final *pp*."

To the listener who is at all familiar with *Das klagende Lied* as published, performed and recorded, it requires only a glance through this analysis to recognize that a goodly portion of the thematic materials are shared, and that the two-part work we know is simply riddled with leading motives which find their origin and point of departure in *Waldmärchen*. Exx. 1b, 2a, 3a, 4b, 4c, 5, 6, 7, 8a/b, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20b, 23, 24, 25, and 26 above are all continued, developed, and varied in the succeeding sections of the work, while other motives have a flavor peculiarly their own.

This will scarcely be surprising to Mahler aficionados. The major surprise is that one important group of themes in the *Waldmärchen* looks ahead *not* to the remaining parts of *Das klagende Lied* itself, but rather to the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* of 1884, and to the Symphony No. 1, completed four years after that. The connection is seen most graphically in Ex. 21, where the music of the repeated words

"zur Ruh' . . . zur Ruh' . . .", as the young knight lies down to sleep under the willow tree, is echoed in the final page of the song-cycle to the words "*Lieb' und Leid, und Welt und Traum.*" as the wanderer lies down to rest in the shade of the lime tree. The whole texture of the music from the cantata, as shown in Ex. 21, is even more graphically represented (and subtly transformed) in the peaceful interlude from the funeral march of the Symphony, the entire 30 bars of which are drawn from the final stanza of the *Gesellen* song (entitled *Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz*):

Ex. 28

The musical score for Ex. 28 is presented in two systems. The first system includes staves for VIOLINS, OBOE, and HORNS. The VIOLINS part is marked *pp* and features a rocking melody with syncopated rhythms. The OBOE part is marked *p* and provides a syncopated accompaniment. The HORNS part is marked *p* and features a rocking melody. The second system includes staves for VIOLINS AND VIOLAS and HORNS. The VIOLINS AND VIOLAS part is marked *pp* and features a rocking melody with syncopated rhythms. The HORNS part is marked *p* and features a rocking melody. The score is divided into three sections: 'a' (Violins), 'b' (Violins and Violas), and 'c' (Horns).

Here the marked segment 'a' presents in reverse sequence the two elements found in Ex. 21a—the upward figure with 16th-note rest, and the syncopated effect of the eighth note at the beginning or middle of the bar followed by a quarter note—also to be found in Ex. 13a. The syncopated rhythm is repeated in alternate bars of Ex. 21. The rocking chords of figure 'b' above, gradually descending, accompany the same melody in the *Waldmärchen* (sung by the chorus) as in the Symphony (figure 'c', played by the horns). It is the combination of the rocking chords and the soft syncopations that gives both of these versions of the theme their peculiarly hypnotic quality, *i.e.* in addition to the intrinsically soothing effect of the harmonies and of the general tone and dynamics of the music, apparent alike in cantata, song, and symphony.

It is apparent from the analysis that some of these same thematic elements (quoted in Exx. 13 and 21) are also to be found in other parts

of *Waldmärchen*, permeating one facet of what might be called (along with the important thematic complexes represented by Exx. 2, 3, 5, and 7) the "woodland" or "nature" elements of the music. And it is equally evident that the genesis of the *Gesellen* complex is Ex. 1. In this pair of motivic cells, the figure 'a' is a tonic-dominant call rising out of A minor, to which the final "zur Ruh'" in Ex. 21 is an answering dominant-tonic cadence in C major. This connection is found only in *Waldmärchen*, and neither element reappears in *Das klagende Lied* at all. Figure 'b' (of Ex. 1) is the harmonic genesis of the rocking motive in a slightly more complex rhythm, and this is about the only connecting link to the *Gesellen* group which survives in the published cantata.<sup>84</sup> And there the link, to be sure, is not apparent—for example, when these harmonies occur in the violas at cue 7, against repetitions of Ex. 5a/b (first in G sharp minor, then in C minor, and finally in F minor) intended to take us back to the arboreal "scene of the crime" as the alto takes up the narrative with "*Beim Weidenbaum, in kühlen Tann . . .*", etc. The rocking harmonies are returned to the clarinets at cue 9, following the eerie night-call which harkens back to Ex. 23a; in Ex. 26, these two had been heard together.

The other ingredient of Ex. 26, the "call of the fifth" (or "*Quintenruf*", in Prof. Rosé's designation), which is announced in Ex. 2 and haunts so much of *Waldmärchen*—and which, it will be noticed, anticipates in its primeval effect the distant, echoing horn-calls in the finale of the Second Symphony—is heard less often in its original form in the published *Klagende Lied*. At cue 54, just before the alto sings the words "*Was ist der König so stumm und bleich?*" (Why is the bridegroom so pale and cow'd?), the solo horn seems to supply the secret answer to the question by blowing the fifth motive, with its sorrowful appendage from Ex. 25a. This is heard under a sustained open fifth in the flutes and flageolleted cellos, and under muted tremolos in the violins:

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<sup>84</sup> Of course, the tonic-dominant ostinato bass-tread in quarter notes, which appears earlier in the same song, still remains as a major stylistic feature linking the three works. For a basic specimen from *Waldmärchen*, see Ex. 7. Cf. also the published *Klagende Lied*, after cues 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 11, 12, 15, 17, 30, 31, 32, 34, and 60; *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, after cues 2, 7, 14, 15, 16, 27, and 28; and Symphony No. 1, after cues 4, 6, 7, 16, 17, 20, 21, and 33 (first movement), cues 1, 3, 5, 13, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, and 29 (second movement), and cues 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18, and 19 (third movement). Eighth-note tonic-dominant drum strokes also occur in *Waldmärchen* (see the last part of the paragraph following Ex. 20b) and in the off-stage band music from *Hochzeitsstück* (after cues 46, 47, 48, 49, 66, 67, and 70), while—to come back to the pivotal song again—an eighth-note plucked ostinato on the tonic and dominant accompanies the "*Auf der Strasse*" interlude in the Symphony almost throughout (third movement, after cues 10, 11, and 12).

Ex. 29

FLUTES 54

*ppp*

*con sord.*

*ppp*

*pp* *sehr zart*

*pp*

*Ex. 25a*

*espr.*

*p*

*p*

*accel.*

*rit.*

*p*

*from Ex. 25a*

55

How much more revealing this must be if we are familiar with what it has already signified! But this particular setting is also prophetic of

much to come in Mahler's symphonic music, with its E major chord changing to E minor (second bar— subtly orchestrated as always!), and its downward curve of lamenting brass. And the counterpoint of the flute before the broader repetition of Ex. 25a (against the vocal part, not shown above) makes it clear that this is also a variation of the descending minor scale motive beginning with rising fourth (Exx. 12 and 15)— of which more later. That is, the flute and horn between them trace all but the last degree of the descending E minor scale—to be interrupted at cue 55 by the chord of G sharp minor!

In the prelude to *Der Spielmann*, beginning at cue 5-5 (i.e. five bars before cue 5), a new motive appears in which the call of the fifth is nicely dovetailed with a chorale-like treatment of the *Dies Irae* plainchant—the latter as in a more extensively developed motive in the Second Symphony:

Ex. 30

BRASS

*Dies Irae* Ex. 2a

How, we must ask, could any listener possibly recognize or appreciate *this* motive combination without a prior knowledge of the *Waldmärchen*?! Note also the inversion (marked 'a' above) of the first three notes of Ex. 8a. The *Dies Irae* chorale returns verbatim during an orchestral interlude in the *Hochzeitsstück*, at cue 61.

It is easy to see that Mahler's long-term scale of reference is fully at work in the original three-part cantata. I have already mentioned that Ex. 5a/b returns in successive minor keys after cue 7 of the published score, albeit without the "triplet" theme which appears on the lower staff of Ex. 5. In addition to that, however, the entire F-minor complex of Ex. 5 in the *Waldmärchen*— dominant trill, triplet theme,

soaring fanfare, and bird-song— which, we are told, is immediately repeated in D flat major at that point, returns intact in F major at cue 23+4 in *Der Spielmann*. All this material is packed into a mere six bars.

The original triplet motive (Ex. 3a), which directly precedes this at cue 23, had already made its impressive first solo reappearance right after cue 3, "contradicting" (as Deryck Cooke has said<sup>35</sup>) the C-minor oppressiveness of the *Spielmann* prelude with its limpid horn tones in F major over a strumming harp. We then hear a bit of the motive's continuation (as in Ex. 7) in the oboes, *over* the new C-minor bass theme with which this prelude has opened. This is succeeded, in C major (cue 4, flutes and clarinets), by the first thematic harbinger of the wandering minstrel who is to be the unwitting instrument of retribution upon the guilty brother:

Ex. 31  
FLUTES  
CLARINETS  
*p*

And, as if following inexorably from this, the retribution itself is then forecast directly by means of the *Dies Irae* chorale (Ex. 30). At cue 57 the triplet motive also recurs in the version ending with an upward inflection (Ex. 19A), very impressively against the choral tenors' singing of "*Sieht nicht die Gäste, stolz und reich.*"

The principal new theme offered in the *Hochzeitsstück* prelude is the "castle" or "kingly" motive introduced by the trumpets at the fifth bar:

Ex. 32

And if the general shape and rhythm of this motive looks vaguely familiar, the ensuing festive chorus makes the derivation from the Ex. 5a fanfare perfectly clear. The basses first offer a phrase closely resembling Ex. 5a itself, doubled by the horns, and then the tenors respond with the very trumpet motive we have just heard, again in unison with the trumpets themselves:

<sup>35</sup> D. Cooke: *Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)*; British Broadcasting Corporation, London, 1960; p.21.

## Ex. 33

The musical score for Ex. 33 consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or F minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system begins with a piano (*ff*) dynamic marking. The vocal line starts with a rest, followed by the notes for 'Vom ho - hen Fel - sen er - glänzt das Schloss,'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system continues the vocal line with 'hen Fel - sen er - glänzt das Schloss,'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

This close succession of one figure by the other is like an obsessive overturning of the natural order of things, culminating not so much in a proud flourish as in an angry cry.<sup>36</sup>

But the chief use of Ex. 5a in its original form in the *Hochzeitsstück* occurs within the context of Ex. 6. Eight bars after the announcement of the "castle" theme in the prelude (cue 40) the metre changes from 6/8 to 4/4, and Ex. 6 is heard in its literal entirety.<sup>37</sup> It returns again in its entirety at cues 44 and 50, while 6a is heard by itself at cues 41, 48, 51 + 2, and 70, always in the horns.

The other principal fanfare motive is Ex. 16, evidently first announced in *Waldmärchen* by the male chorus in F minor, to the words "*Als sie nun zogen eine Weil*." It is reintroduced six bars after cue 19 by the alto soloist, in the same key, to the words "*Der Spielmann setzt die Flöte an*," against one of the typical "distress" motives<sup>38</sup> of the minstrel—

<sup>36</sup> It is instructive to discover that a page from a four-stave sketch for the *Hochzeitsstück* found among Alma Mahler's manuscript collection—the opening page of the prelude—bears another of those subtitles subsequently deleted by Mahler. At the head of this prelude is inscribed the word "*Höllenjubil*" ("Hell's Festivity"). (See Plate II.)

<sup>37</sup> In the afore-mentioned four-stave sketch, the bar containing the contrapuntal combination of Exx. 3a and 5a occurs at the left margin, and next to it is inscribed (twice!) the word "*Natur*". (See Plate II.)

<sup>38</sup> This becomes itself a vocal motif later on, to the words "*Ach weh, ach weh, ihr lieben Leut!*" (cue 34). It derives ultimately from the unquoted minstrel theme at cue 6 (second, ninth, and eleventh bars), and it evolves out of a passage of extended development of that theme beginning at cue 17.

Ex. 34

FLUTES

Der Spiel - mann setzt die Flö - te an,

but not before it has been heralded in the trombones (six bars after cue 17) during an agitated orchestral peroration in the unusual key of D flat minor. At cue 33 the male chorus lays claim to it once more, in A flat minor, to the apocalyptic words "*Der Spielmann ziehet in die Weit'.*"

I might add that even the inane tootlings of the off-stage band in the *Hochzeitsstück* are to a large extent quasi-satirical distortions of significant motives carried through the three sections of the cantata, notably the elements of Ex. 5. The undignified things that happen to them are of the general sort that happen to Strauss' Dulcinea motive in the common thoroughfares of *Toboso*,<sup>39</sup> or to Berlioz's *idée fixe* in the *Witches' Sabbath*.<sup>40</sup> But these *particular* sounds, as Donald Mitchell has expounded, point ahead to Mahler's ironic or parodistic use of wind-band sounds in the third movement of *Symphony No. 1*, the first and third movements of *No. 3*, and so on. And the instrumentation is, in Mitchell's words,<sup>41</sup> "evidence of Mahler's taste for the authentic sonority of the wind band, a taste undoubtedly conditioned by his familiarity with the piercing, plangent timbre of the military band in his childhood days." Here the ensemble is the largest ever used by Mahler as an off-stage unit, consisting of a piccolo, 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets in B flat, 2 clarinets in E flat, 4 horns, 2 trumpets (or flügel-horns), triangle, cymbals, and timpani.

## 8

Since the three songs of the spectral flute itself are the chief *narrative* links with the *Waldmärchen*, recalling the scene of the murder in the slain brother's own words, it is to be expected that these songs would be especially rich in musical allusion as well. Here Mahler employs the Wagnerian motivic device at its most subtle and complex, leaving the voice free to express powerful emotions in the most natural

<sup>39</sup> *Don Quixote* (1897), Variation VI. Richard Strauss' recourse to satire and parody became more pronounced in later works such as *Der Rosenkavalier* and the music for *Le bourgeois gentilhomme* (*Der Bürger als Edelmann*).

<sup>40</sup> *Symphonie fantastique*, fifth movement (*Songe d'une nuit du Sabbat*)— a movement which also makes reference to the *Dies Irae*. The fact that Mahler's thoughts were, indeed, not far from the idea of a *Walpurgisnacht* at the outset of Part III is indicated by the afore-mentioned subtitle on the prelude: "*Höllenjubil*".

<sup>41</sup> *Op. cit.*, p.188.

way, while the orchestra supplies the linking details. According to Donald Mitchell,<sup>42</sup> "one extraordinarily interesting idea Mahler had at the FS [first full score] stage was to have a boy's voice doubling, 'from afar,' the contralto's delivery of the flute's narration of the murder." And in the first printing of the score which appeared in 1899, even the clear designation "Alt-Solo" bore the contradictory footnote "*Womöglich durch eine Knabenstimme auszuführen!*"—"Sung if possible by a boy's voice!". It is interesting to bear in mind either or both of these possibilities when studying the first song.

This first spectral song follows the sudden irruption of the E flat minor chord at cue 25-2 which comes, as Mitchell says,<sup>43</sup> with "chilling effect" upon the "somnolent F major" cadence. The first pair of lines seems to contain a series of evocative variations on the *Waldmärchen's* Ex. 25a (the upward fifth with its elegiac continuation), beautifully scored for winds and tremolo violins:

Ex. 35 26

*Nicht eilen*  $\Delta$

ENGLISH HORN *mf*

Ach Spiel-mann, lie - ber Spiel-mann

OBOE  $\Delta$  *p*

HORN  $\Delta$  *p*

mein, Das

*hervortretend*  $\Delta$

FLUTE  $\Delta$

muss ich dir nun kla - - -

<sup>42</sup> *Op cit.*, p. 165.

<sup>43</sup> *Op cit.*, p. 181.

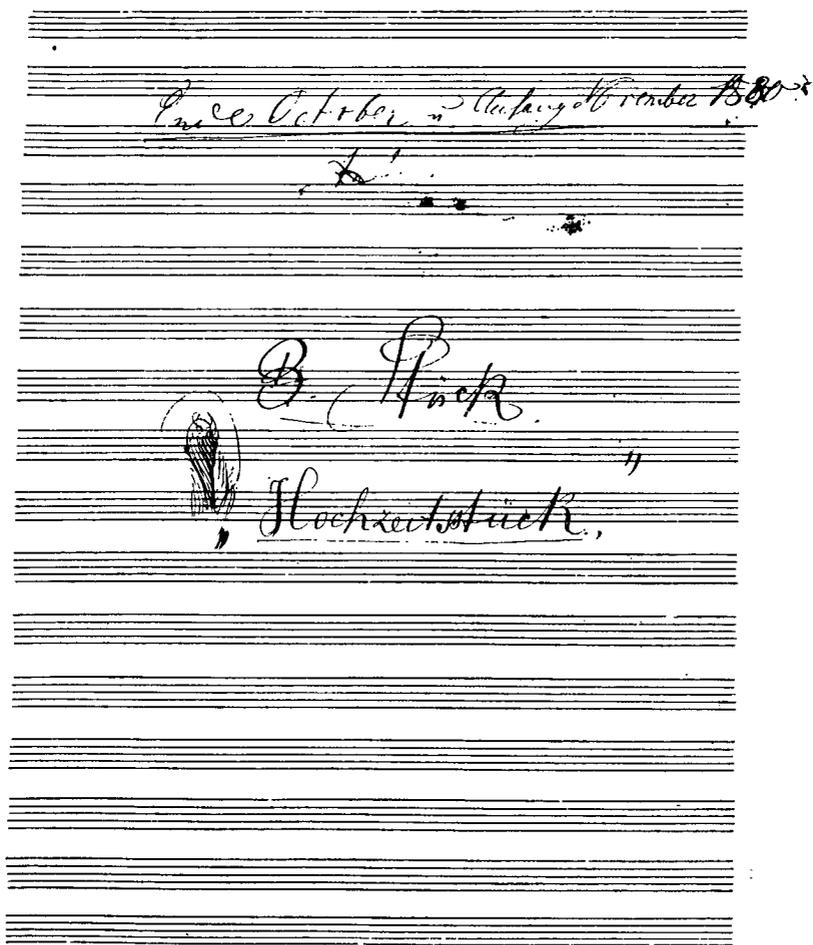


PLATE I

Mahler *Das klagende Lied*. Title page for four-stave sketch (1880) of *Hochzeitsstück*, from the collection of Alma Mahler. (by kind permission of Jerry Bruck). Note the designation "3 Stück", with the figure "3" written over a mysterious "4". No explanation whatever for the latter numeration has appeared.

The image displays a handwritten musical score on four staves. The notation is dense and includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. There are several annotations in cursive handwriting: 'Höllens Jubel' written vertically on the left side, 'distense' at the top, and 'bige hin' at the bottom. The score is heavily scribbled over with black ink, particularly in the middle and right sections, indicating a working draft or a sketch. The staves are connected by a large bracket on the left side.

PLATE II

Mahler *Das klagende Lied*. First page of four-stave sketch of *Hochzeitsstück* from the collection of Alma Mahler (by the kind permission of Jerry Bruck), with subtitle "*Höllens Jubel*" appended to the opening bars. The twenty bars in 2/2 metre later emerged as ten bars in 4/4 metre.

gen:

The second pair of lines begins in D major, and the mention of the queenly prize ("*ein schönfarbig Blümelein*") for which the fratricide was committed evokes Ex. 8a/b— i.e., the greatest number of notes from Ex. 8 we are to hear until the third flute song.<sup>44</sup> The word "*erschlagen*" is so inflected that the dismal Ex. 23a then comes as a two-fold echo:

## Ex. 36a

VIOLINS CELLOS

Um ein schön-far-big Blü-me-lein hat

HORN VIOLAS

*p. aber hervortretend*

Ex. 8 a b

<sup>44</sup> Elsewhere we hear only the first four notes of Ex. 8, plus a fifth note (at cues 24, 55, 56, and 64), although the third of these instances is beautifully integrated into a reprise of Ex. 24 to the words "*Hört nicht des Jubels Töne.*" Here the music alone practically tells us, if we know the earlier words connected with Ex. 24, that the king, "hearing not" the sounds of jubilation, is haunted by the memory of the expression upon the face of his slain brother ("*Der Junge lächelt wie im Traum*"), perhaps as Boris Godunov was by the account of the murdered Dmitri.

mich mein Bru - der er - schla - gen.

Ex. 23a

FLUTES

*p*

The musical phrase indicated as figure 'x' was also sung in the first stanza of *Der Spielmann* to the words "Unter Blättern und Blüten begraben." There it was likewise followed by Ex. 23a (at cue 9), with the same mournful echo-effect after "begraben"; and this, as we mentioned before, was succeeded by the clarinets' rocking harmonies derived from Exx. 1b and 26, gently modulating to the key of "Dort ist's so lind":

Ex. 36b

*p*

But now we are wrenched back to the "sudden orchestral cry" in *Waldmärchen* cited after Ex. 23, and the ensuing fortissimo couplet marked "Etwas bewegter"—

*Im Walde bleicht mein junger Leib,  
Mein Bruder freit ein wonnig Weib!*

would appear to be a direct C-minor reprise by the alto (vocally augmented by "O Leide!", etc.) of the A-minor soprano couplet

*O weh, wem er dort schlafend fand,  
Die Blume am Hut, am grünen Band!*

—to the music first set forth in Ex. 14. The revelation is climaxed with the music found on the lower staff of Ex. 4— i.e. the "fifth" motive sounded by raucous horns, which then plunge downward into the nervously pulsating version of Ex. 5a.

The second flute song, also sung by the alto, and identical in text to the first, follows the general plan of the first song, but with greater intensity in the first pair of lines (trumpet in place of English horn, etc.), in C sharp minor, and greater divergence in the second pair (G flat major). The couplet, however, begins elegiacally this time (F minor), without a sudden break in tempo or dynamics, but ends with a shock on a fortissimo octave leap. And the commiseration of the chorus has to contend with the now ironic tootling of the off-stage band.

The single stanza that intervenes between the second and third flute songs is devoted almost entirely to the music of Ex. 32, the "kingly" motive. The whole chorus sings it in unison, to the words "Auf springt der König von seinem Thron," and then it is tossed about in the orchestra with mounting frenzy, until we hear the chorus' octave-leap cries of "Schrecken! Schrecken!". The orchestral peroration breaks off on the solitary recurrence of Ex. 17 outside *Waldmärchen*.

The third flute song begins familiarly, although in the cold, clear voice of the soprano this time, in A minor. Instead of "Ach Spielmann . . ." we hear "Ach Bruder, lieber Bruder mein." And where the word "klagen" came before, now we hear "erschlagen" already: "Du hast mich ja erschlagen"— "Twas thou my life didst sever." This is the crucial confrontation, and now we are brought back to the murder scene with a vengeance. The mind that slept while the tragic blow was struck is now awake and accusing, if "more in sorrow than in anger." And now at last we hear a full four bars of the "proud queen's" music from Ex. 8, trill and all, against a bitterly elegiac new counterpoint in the cellos—

## Ex. 37

The musical score for Ex. 37 consists of two staves. The top staff is for the Horn, starting at measure 74 and ending at measure 75. It is marked "p molto espress." and "zart". The bottom staff is for the Cellos, also spanning measures 74 to 75, and is marked "pp" and "pp". The music features a complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed notes and rests, and dynamic markings such as "p", "pp", and "zart".

and we are brought back further still, to the psychological starting point, but with a new emotional perspective. And the queen, who is

herself at hand, will faint away at the realization.

But first we have the singing of that distraught coloratura couplet (sparked by the sudden leap of a tenth on "*klagen*", which has now traded places with "*erschlagen*")—

*Was hast du mein junges Leben  
Dem Tode hingegeben?*

in which Mahler gives his vocal imagination free rein, albeit with an inspired reference to *Dies Irae* at the very apex, and on the appropriate word "*Tode*". Here is musico-dramatic verity of the highest order, whose all-resolving and cathartic quality is surely much enhanced by the larger scale of reference which embraces *Waldmärchen*. There seems, indeed, little excuse to have as many as three spectral flute songs unless they do serve this larger structural function.

9

And so we come finally to the *Leitmotiv* which probably permeates the original *Klagende Lied* more than any other: the descending minor scale with rising fourth upbeat. And it is this motive which, without question, drives home the structural necessity of the *Waldmärchen*. As we see from the analysis of the deleted piece, the motive is both sung (as in Ex. 15) and merely played (as in Ex. 12); but more than this, it actually concludes (or, in just one case, is heard in the penultimate line of) seven of the nine stanzas of *Waldmärchen*— *i.e.*, all except the sixth and seventh stanzas. And it is variously sung to the words "*das Fluchen*" (third stanza), "*die Blume*" (fourth), "*zur Ruh*" (fifth), "*Der Alte*" (eighth), and "*alte Weide*" (ninth and last stanza, bringing the music itself to a close on an F sharp minor chord). That is to say, it serves as a kind of musical refrain, just as the words "*O Leide, weh!*" thenceforth become a verbal refrain in all but two stanzas.

In the two published parts of the cantata, the descending motive is heard chiefly in quite subtle variation form, and these variations begin on the very first page of the *Spielmann* prelude:

Ex. 38

FLUTE

The musical score for Ex. 38 consists of three staves: Flute, Oboes, and Clarinets. All staves are in G minor (two flats) and 4/4 time. The Flute part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a breath mark (*A*). The Oboes and Clarinets parts also begin with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a breath mark (*A*). The music features a descending minor scale with a rising fourth upbeat.

This is repeated with a new extension five bars later, at cue 1. Twelve bars after that comes a second variation, likewise involving only a part of the scale; it is repeated verbatim at cue 34+7, and finally, at 60+6, it finds a most impressive harmonic and melodic fulfillment, descending the entire scale:

Ex. 39

*Ex. 31a*

These solemn wind chords forge a kind of fateful link between the original Ex. 12 and the *Dies Irae* chorale. Note the initial rhythm with dotted-quarter rest, derived from the very opening bars of the prelude, and previously cited in Ex. 31.

The third variation takes the form of angry eighth-note scales in C minor leading to the climactic return of Ex 4c (cue 2+4):

Ex. 40

*Etwas drängend*

(Compare the downward-thrusting trochaic figures in the first movement of Symphony No. 2.) The fourth variation (at cue 3-2) serves to conclude the subsiding bass figure which ensues—

Ex. 41

*ff* *mf* *p*

while the fifth is perhaps the *Dies Irae* motive itself (Ex. 30), as an examination of its bass line may suggest. The latter connection is further pointed up when the *Dies Irae* returns, at cue 61, immediately after the impressive variation quoted in Ex. 39.

The sixth variation, for the woodwinds in the major mode (at cue 5), separates the two clauses of the *Dies Irae* theme, and is one of the series of harbingers of the minstrel's music of which Ex. 31 is also one:

Ex. 42

*p*

Note that the inverted bass-line opening (mirroring the top line) also suggests the third and fourth bars of Ex. 8, as does the trill in the flutes. The seventh variation is again in the bass, and is preceded by the second clause of the *Dies Irae* chorale:

Ex. 43

*f* *pp*

This is followed at cue 6 by the main *Spielmann* motive in F major. Based on a jaunty transformation of the prelude's opening bass figure, the well-remembered theme need not be quoted here, since it evidently bears no direct relation to anything in *Waldmärchen*. It brings the prelude to a close.

All the variations thus far have occurred in the prelude to *Der Spielmann!* (excepting the final metamorphosis of the second variation quoted as Ex. 39). Thereafter the descending minor scale becomes asso-

ciated chiefly with the verbal refrains, thus linking the ends of the stanzas together, just as those of the *Waldmärchen* were linked *without* a verbal refrain. However, the descending scale continues to be employed in more varied guises than it evidently was in the *Waldmärchen*. Obviously Mahler was depending upon the original motive's having been thoroughly digested by the time *Der Spielmann* gets under way, one of the several important facts which he chose to overlook in deleting Part I.

At the end of the first stanza of *Der Spielmann* (cue 10), for instance, the tenor soloist sings the straight octave-drop version of the descending motive, but in *dominant* harmony, against an equally interesting harmonic version of the descending scale, first vocal and then instrumental:

## Ex. 44

SOPRANO SOLO

ALTO SOLO 0

Lei - de, Lei - de!

TENOR SOLO 0

HORNS

pp

Lei - de!

This is followed by a beautiful cadence onto the B flat minor chord in the root position, featuring Ex. 36b (clarinet and bass clarinet doubled by violas) with a new, short extension (stopped horns and violas), and an arresting new bass figure:

Ex. 45

*zurückhaltend.*

The bass figure sounds like a curious anticipation of the figure underlying the fourth movement of Symphony No. 3 ("O Mensch, gib Acht"), but upside down, while in the extension, with its little stab on the second note, the instruments themselves seem to be articulately repeating the words "O Leidel!" And indeed, this is exactly what the chorus will be doing later (Ex. 51 below).

In the second stanza, the scale motive appears in the couplet as well as the refrain. Against a veiled, mysterious, and beautifully scored ostinato march-rhythm in B flat minor, the lower half of the divided choral basses "whisper" the phrase

Ex. 46

*pp (flüsternd)*

O Spiel-mann mein, O Spiel-mann, Spiel-mann

mein! O Spiel-mann mein!

—which the rest of the chorus, divided into six more parts, embroiders above. Then the tenor soloist bursts out passionately with the last line of the stanza, the alto joins him in harmony for the refrain (she being obviously influenced by the *Dies Irae* figure), and the low winds and strings provide a new melodic variant of the descending motive:

## Ex. 47

Musical score for Ex. 47. The top staff is for Tenor Solo, marked *p*. The lyrics are: "Das wird ein selt - sam Spie - - - len". The bottom staff is for Horn, marked *p*. The key signature is A-flat minor (three flats).

Musical score for Ex. 47, continuing from the previous system. The top staff is for Alto Solo, marked *sehr ausdrucksvoll* and *ALTO SOLO*. The lyrics are: "sein! O Lei - de weh! O Lei -". The bottom staff is for Horn, marked *f*. The key signature is A-flat minor.

Musical score for Ex. 47, continuing from the previous system. The top staff is for Horn, marked *molto espress.*, *mf*, and *p*. The lyrics are: "del". The bottom staff is for Horn, marked *pp*. The key signature is A-flat minor.

Ex. 45 returns in A flat minor, and then the scale motive is played in virtually its original form for the first time in *Der Spielmann*, but with the upbeat slyly accommodated to the characteristic "hocketing" *Spielmann* rhythm announced in the third bar of the prelude (again compare Ex. 31a):

## Ex. 48

OBOE

Musical score for Ex. 48, featuring four parts: OBOE, TRUMPET, BASS CLARINET, and TROMBONE. The score is in 2/4 time and B-flat major. The Oboe part begins with a *p* dynamic and features a melodic line with a crescendo to *pp*. The Trumpet part starts with a *pp* dynamic and has a similar melodic contour. The Bass Clarinet and Trombone parts enter later in the measure with a *p* dynamic, playing a lower, more sustained line. The score is divided into four measures.

Musical score for Ex. 48, featuring two parts: BASS CLARINET and TROMBONE. The score is in 2/4 time and B-flat major. The Bass Clarinet part begins with a *pp* dynamic and features a melodic line with a crescendo. The Trombone part starts with a *pp* dynamic and has a similar melodic contour. The score is divided into two measures, with a box containing the number 17 above the first measure.

In the third stanza, where the word "Leid" occurs in the couplet as well as the refrain, we have the following variation which is combined with a continuation of the melody from the song *Im Lenz*:

## Ex. 49

22

SOPRANO SOLO

*pp. zart*

Es klingt so trau-rig und doch so schön, Wer's

*pp.*

hört, der möcht' vor Leid ver-geh'n!

ALTO & TENOR SOLOS

*pp.*

O Lei-de, Lei-del

This leads directly to the interlude in which Ex. 5 appears in the major, as described earlier, but which also gives us the following dreamlike transformation of our motive, beginning with solo violin, and settling into Donald Mitchell's "somnolent F major" cadence:

## Ex. 50

HORN

Ex. 8a

Following the portion of the first flute song quoted in Ex. 35, we hear (at cue 27+2) a sweeping series of simultaneously rising and falling scales in A major, which, after so many minor scales, lends a strongly anticipatory and revelatory quality to the sequel in D major. As *Der Spielmann* draws to a close, Ex. 47 is recapitulated (at cue 36+3), in a gradual diminuendo from *ff* to *pp*. To the musical phrase to which the tenor sang "*Das wird ein seltsam Spielen sein*" before cue 16, the three soloists now sing, at full force and *unisono*, the words "*Was soll denn euch mein Singen?*", doubled by flutes, oboes, and clarinets—a shrill interrogative. The female chorus sings the phrase (with the suggestion of *Dies Irae*) which was formerly for solo duet, and the male chorus sings the descending scales, altered as in Ex. 47—

both of these to the refrain "O Leide, weh!". *Der Spielmann* ends with a whispering (again, literally "flüsternd") of the artful instrumental cadence (Ex. 45, this time in C minor) which formerly succeeded both Exx. 44 and 47, but now in the choral version (doubled by low winds and strings) for which it seemed destined:

## Ex. 51

*ppp* (*flüsternd*) *pppp*  $\Lambda$

TENORS

O Leide, Leide, weh! — O Leide

BASSES

*ppp* (*flüsternd*)

O Leide, weh! —

de! —

— O Leide, weh! — O weh! —

*pppp*

During the opening chorus of the *Hochzeitsstück*— at cue 45— we hear another major-mode variation, and one which actually goes back to the *Waldmärchen*:

## Ex. 52

45 *zurückhaltend*  $\text{3}$

*pp*

Was leuch - tet und glänzt —

*pp* Was leuch - tet und

$\text{3}$

— im Kö - nigs - saal?

glänzt — im Kö - nigs - saal?

As may be noticed, this is a rhythmically rephrased version of Ex. 20b. Still another variation *combines* the major and minor modes to excellent effect. This occurs at cue 58, linking the chorus' "Der Königin holde Schöne" to the alto soloist's "Was ist der König so bleich und stumm?". Against a mysterious hush, first the sopranos and then the tenors sing the octave drop. Meantime the flutes, oboes, harp and tremolo violins descend two E-major scales in triads against a rising bass. As the tempo slows a bit, we then continue down a third scale, but this time in empty octaves and in E minor:

## Ex. 53

*Nicht schleppen*

Der Kö - ni - gin hol - de Schö -

Der Kö - ni - gin hol - de Schö - ne.

*pp* *ppp* *f*

*pp* *sempre pp*

58

ne.  
Schö -

*Etwas zurückhaltend* 59

ne.

Obviously this is not only a lovely variation on the descending scale motive, but also on Mahler's favorite major-minor tonic triad change. The subtle scale-variation occurring at cue 54 has already been cited in Ex. 29.

I leave unquoted the choral climax at cue 81— where the scale figure is linked to a chromatic wailing motive (up and down the diminished melodic third D#-E-F) which is to be used with stunning effect in

the finale of Symphony No. 1— and proceed to the closing pages of *Das klagende Lied*. At cue 84 the tenor sings "*Die Lichter verloschen im Königssaal*" — set with ineffable pathos to the first three bars of Ex. 8!— and doubled by a clarinet and bass clarinet. Eight bars later the singer makes the final ironic query, "What now remains of the wedding feast?". As the same clarinets (B-flat and bass) play a last pathetic echo of the fanfare motive Ex. 3a (one of the "nature" motives, as we have seen), the tenor himself echoes it more slowly with a sadly questioning inflection. This seems about to resolve into E major, when the violas and cellos come softly in on G natural— the minor instead of the major mediant tone— and then sink quietly down the E minor scale:

## Ex. 54a

TENOR SOLO

pp  
Was ist es wohl mit dem Hoch - zeits -

CLARINET

BASS CLARINET

pp

Ex. 3a

85

mahl?

pp

VIOLAS AND CELLOS

Finally the descending motive in its original form rounds out the picture: the soprano steals in and brings the music back to the A minor tonality out of which the *Waldmärchen* had arisen—

## Ex. 54b

*Rit.* *Sehr langsam*  
SOPRANO SOLO

*ppp* Ach Lei - de!

OBOE *p*

ENGLISH HORN *p*

*ppp*

and a short, sharp chord dispels the dream with a rude jolt. Again it is seriously to be doubted that listeners to the two-part *Klagende Lied* will experience the precise stab of recognition which this last example ought to bring with it, despite the far-reaching and subtle variations to which the motive has been subjected. Instead of coming full circle, in other words, for them the music has come only half-circle.

By now the grand over-all musical plan of the original three-part *Klagende Lied*, Mahler's "Opus 1," should commence to be abundantly apparent, and to be recognizable as a plan which is as breathtaking in its scope as those in any of the subsequent symphonies. Do those who already love the published and recorded editions of the work need more than that to persuade them that this original version must needs be a still richer musical experience, and, above all, a more viable and moving musico-dramatic one?

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 II MAHLER AND HEINE
 

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In his afore-mentioned *Gustav Mahler—The Early Years*, on pages 127 and 128, Donald Mitchell discussed the two undated song-fragments which were at that time in the possession of Alma Mahler, but which are evidently missing from the collection in New York City currently being catalogued by the late widow's daughter.<sup>45</sup> "There are no dates attached to these fragments," Mitchell wrote, "but I think it probable that they belong to Mahler's early student period. They

<sup>45</sup> As with the Hamburg version of *Das klagende Lied*, the microfilms of these manuscript scores owned by the New York Public Library may be studied on lantern projection in its Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center.

might possibly be earlier than 1876 . . . but I doubt if they are later than 1879, if 1880 may be taken as the year in which Mahler's talent for song-composition bore its first fruits,<sup>46</sup> among which these interesting but very tentative fragments cannot be counted."

Describing the two as widely contrasted, Mitchell continued: "The incomplete setting in D minor of an unidentified text is as diatonic as the attempt at *Im wunderschönen Monat Mai* is chromatic. . . . The D minor fragment discloses a typically Mahlerian rhythmic structure in its melody; and though, in general, a rather indecipherable manuscript, it conveys a faint impression of the style of the early *Wunderhorn* songs which were to be composed after 1888."

Concerning the other fragment, set to the Heine poem associated by most listeners with Schumann's setting, Mitchell wrote that although "it is evidence, no doubt, that Mahler's intense admiration and affection for Schumann's art were part of his early musical life,"<sup>47</sup> nevertheless "Mahler's *Im wunderschönen Monat Mai* has the distinction of being not only his most Wagnerian piece, but also the only one in which we can watch him completely surrender himself to the color, sensuousness, and freedom of typically Wagnerian harmonic progressions, as if fascinated by a quite new realm of sound, while unable to do more than superficially revel in—and imitate—its sonorities. . . . The contours of the vocal line and the character of the harmony . . . place Heine's fragile lyric in an extravagant atmosphere of *Tristan*-esque yearning."

Revealing as the study of this fragmentary score can be, the present writer feels that the "D minor setting of an unidentified text" is an equally intriguing bit of early Mahleriana, both for the choice of words and the choice of music. And so I was much gratified to discover, not so long ago, the source of this text. It is a lower-Rhenish folk song entitled *Weder Glück noch Stern* ("Neither Luck nor Star"), of which two very simple and diatonic musical settings were collected in the 1830s by the same Heinrich Heine who wrote the other poetic object of Mahler's early attention, and which are currently published in Ludwig Erk's *Deutscher Liederschatz*, Volume III.<sup>48</sup>

Both settings published by Erk are in G minor, are marked *Langsam*, and are in three strophic verses. The first setting (first on the page, that is) is in 6/8 time, while the second, headed "*Ältere Volksweise* (1807)," is in 4/8. The accompaniment to the earlier tune (which I personally consider the more interesting setting of the two), and whose top line is identical to the vocal line, is as follows:

<sup>46</sup> This refers, of course, to the three unpublished songs "to Josephine" mentioned earlier, and to the beginning of the series of songs later collected by Mahler and published as *Lieder und Gesänge aus der Jugendzeit*. Considering that 1880 is also the year *Das klagende Lied* was completed in the autumn, the case for an earlier date for the fragments seems definitely understated.

<sup>47</sup> More tangible evidence of this is perhaps to be found in Mahler's Piano Quartet movement of c.1876, in whose opening theme Mitchell discovers "something of Schumann's spirit mingled with Brahms's" (*Op cit.*, p.127).

<sup>48</sup> "*Eine Auswahl der beliebtesten Volks-, Vaterlands-, Soldaten-, Jäger-, und Studenten-Lieder für eine Singstimme mit Piano- oder Fortepianobegleitung*"; C. F. Peters, Leipzig, 1905, pp.46-7.

Ex. 55 *Langsam*

The text for the older setting reads thus:

*Es fiel ein Reif in der Frühlingsnacht,  
Er fiel auf die zarten Blaublümelein,  
Sie sind verwelket, verdorret.*

*Ein Jüngling hatte ein Mägdlein lieb,  
Sie flohen gar heimlich von Hause fort,  
Es wusst's nicht Vater noch Mutter.*

*Sie sind gewandert wohl hin und her,  
Sie haben gehabt weder Glück noch Stern,  
Sie sind verdorben, gestorben.*

The later one, as printed by Erk, differs from this only in substituting "schönen" for "zarten"

Mahler changes a few more lines. He omits the "Er" from "Er fiel," begins the second stanza with "Es hat ein Knab' ein Mägdlein," continues with "weder Vater noch Mutter," and substitutes "hatten" for "haben gehabt" (or else he simply read a different version). But the really fascinating thing about this fragment is that the music stops just one line short of the end of the poem; the last word which Mahler sets to music is "Stern". And having begun in D minor, he breaks off in the region of F sharp major (the exact progression, by the way, of the Tenth Symphony finale!). On paper it almost looks as if the young Mahler himself had "no star" to guide him, and that having modulated to F sharp, he had no idea how to get back (or resolve the thing anyhow) in one line.

But then we see that Mahler has continued to write words on the blank staves below, writing out not only the final line of the poem, but an extra stanza of his own devising. Though the penmanship becomes an increasingly indecipherable scrawl as it proceeds, Mahler's own ending to the story has been tentatively rendered, with the help of Metropolitan Opera conductor Jan Behr, somewhat as follows:

*Auf ihrem Grab blaue Blüm'lein blühen,  
Umschlingen sich wie sie einmal,  
Dem Reif sie nicht welken, nicht dorren.*

Evidently the chromatics of his other Heine setting are not the only "Tristanesque" thing about these early efforts. Mahler actually proposed (whether seriously or not, we cannot know) to bestow something resembling the floral apotheosis of the old Tristan legend upon this stark simple folk ballad of star-crossed lovers, permitting their graves to put forth intertwining flowers!<sup>49</sup>

This is surely as self-revealing in its small way as anything we have just discussed in connection with *Das klagende Lied*. Mahler must have felt a strong identification with these adolescent lovers who fled their homes, unbeknown "to father or mother," who "wandered far and wide," and who—having neither luck nor guiding star— simply, we are told, "succumbed and died." Here again is truly a "song of a wanderer"— whether it be "mankind [who] has driven him forth," as in his fantastic letter of 1879 to Josef Steiner,<sup>50</sup> or "the two blue eyes of my sweetheart [which] have driven me into the open world," as in the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*. If *Weder Glück noch Stern* is a voluntarily abandoned early preparation for anything in Mahler's later output, it is surely for the poem published posthumously in *Der Merker* on March 1, 1912—the "Gesellen" poem which he did not set to music in his song-cycle, dated "Cassel, December 1884," and translated as follows by Gabriel Engel:<sup>51</sup>

The night looks softly down from distances  
Eternal with her thousand golden eyes,  
And weary mortals shut their eyes in sleep  
To know once more some happiness forgotten.

See you the silent, gloomy wanderer?  
Abandoned is the path he takes, and lonely,  
Unmarked for distance or direction.  
And oh, no star illuminates his way,

<sup>49</sup> "And he took their beloved bodies away with him upon his ship to Tintagel, and by a chantry to the left and right of the apse he had their tombs built round. But in one night there sprang from the tomb of Tristan a green and leafy briar, strong in its branches and in the scent of its flowers. It climbed the chantry and fell to root again by Iseult's tomb. Thrice did the peasants cut it down, but thrice it grew again as flowered and as strong. They told the marvel to King Mark, and he forbade them to cut the briar any more." Joseph Bédier: *The Romance of Tristan and Iseult*, trans. Hilaire Belloc and Paul Rosenfeld; Pantheon Books, New York, 1945.

<sup>50</sup> *GMB*, p.9.

<sup>51</sup> *Op. cit.*, p.43.

A way so long, so far from guardian spirits!  
 And voices versed in soft deceit sound, luring:  
 "When will this long and futile journey end?  
 Will not the wanderer rest from all his suffering?"

The Sphinx stares grimly, ominous with question,  
 Her stony, blank gray eyes tell nothing, nothing,  
 No single, saving sign, no ray of light—  
 And if I solve it not, my life must pay.

No wonder, perhaps, that Mahler could not set to music that earlier apotheosis "*auf ihrem Grab*," much as he might have wished to! If there were in his soul "no single, saving sign, no ray of light," he could not manufacture one to order— neither then nor later.

As usual, there are familiar connections and handprints all over the song: a minor scale in harmonic thirds—

Ex. 56

Musical notation for Ex. 56, showing a chromatic alteration in a minor scale. The notation is in 4/4 time, with a treble and bass clef. The melody in the treble clef consists of a sequence of notes: G4, A4, Bb4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5. The bass line consists of a sequence of notes: G3, F3, E3, D3, C3, B2, A2, G2. The key signature is one flat (Bb).

a chromatic alteration—

Ex. 57

Musical notation for Ex. 57, showing a chromatic alteration in a minor scale. The notation is in 4/4 time, with a treble and bass clef. The melody in the treble clef consists of a sequence of notes: G4, A4, Bb4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5. The bass line consists of a sequence of notes: G3, F3, E3, D3, C3, B2, A2, G2. The key signature is one flat (Bb). The lyrics are: "Es fiel ein Reif in der Früh - lings - nacht,".

Fiel auf die zar - ten      Blau - blü - me - lein,

and so on. But even more striking, as we come straight from a consideration of *Das klagende Lied* and its *Waldmärchen*, is to look at the first bar of Ex. 57, note what it grows into by the second stanza—

## Ex. 58

Es hat ein Knab' ein      Mägd - lein, Sie

flo - hen gar heim - lich von      Hau - se fort,

and compare the style, at least, of the result with that of the last four bars of Ex. 8. In the above example, the temptation to change the awkward "Mägdelein" to *Mädelein* is well-nigh irresistible. But beyond that, it is apparent that we have here another significant evolutionary link in Mahler's development, and that, as with the Piano Quartet, this "failure" would have been far more interesting and moving than most student-composers' most hoped-for successes.

————— 2 —————

As for the fragmentary setting of *Im wunderschönen Monat Mai*, whose music works its way through one of its two stanzas, here is an example of its pervasive yet somehow charming chromaticism:

Ex. 59

The musical score for Ex. 59 is presented in two systems. The first system shows the piano accompaniment in 4/4 time, with both treble and bass staves. The second system shows the vocal line in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The vocal line includes the lyrics "Im wun - der - schö - nen". The piano accompaniment features complex chromatic patterns and chords, including a prominent tritone in the bass line.

Musical score for the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a dotted rhythm in the third bar and syncopated octaves in the fifth bar. The lyrics are "Mo - - nat Mai,".

Among the ingredients most immediately recognizable as Mahlerian we have (1) the use of the dotted rhythm in the third bar, which arrives with the same piquancy as that which makes its entry in the fifth bar of the matchless song from Mahler's middle or latter twenties, *Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald*—

## Ex. 60

Musical score for the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is *Trümerisch, durchaus zart.* The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a dotted rhythm in the third bar and syncopated octaves in the fifth bar. The lyrics are "Ich ging mit Lust durch ei - nen grü - nen Wald, Ich hört' die Vög - lein sin - gen."

and (2) the syncopated octaves in the piano in the fifth bar (against the straight quarter-notes of the voice), which have the unmistakable flavor of those lyric syncopations we have discussed in the music shared between *Waldmärchen* (with its willow tree) and *Die zwei blauen Augen* (with its lime tree).

This, I submit, is an exceedingly promising start for a song, although one is inclined to wonder why the music persists in languishing, when the poet's words are filled with energy and *joie de vivre*. The only plausible explanation is the most obvious one: that the words speak of love and desire, and that young Mahler immediately and subjective-

ly begins to express their *unfulfillment*. The two stanzas of the poem are thus translated by Philip L. Miller:<sup>52</sup>

In the lovely month of May  
When all the buds were bursting,  
Then within my heart  
Love broke forth.

In the lovely month of May  
When all the birds were singing,  
Then I confessed to her  
My longing and desire.

It is the first poem of Heine's *Lyrisches Intermezzo* (1822-3), and the first of Schumann's *Dichterliebe* cycle (1840) also. The poem which is *second* in both already speaks of tears and sighs, to be sure, but Mahler clearly "jumps the gun" by sighing and languishing through the first— or rather the first stanza of the first, which is as far as he went.

How differently he handled the second of the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, set to his own poem! Here the first three stanzas fairly sparkle with the music of the morning field in sunlight, the merry finch, the dewdrops and bluebells, while the fourth provides the complete personal contrast of

*Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?!*  
*Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?!*  
*Nein! Nein! Das ich mein',*  
*Mir nimmer, nimmer blühen kann!*

But in the *Wunderschönen Monat Mai*, Mahler was prepared only to languish; and after the following—

## Ex. 61

The musical score for Ex. 61 consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in alto clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "Die Lie - be auf - ge - gan - gen, Da". The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the other two staves. The piece concludes with a 4/4 time signature.

<sup>52</sup> *The Ring of Words*; Doubleday, New York, 1963, p.40.

ist in mei-nem Her - zen

Die

Lie - be auf - ge - gan - gen.

*a*

exquisite though it is, where could he go for his second stanza? Not being Mahlers, it is impossible for us to say, and it is conceivable that Mahler the student didn't know either.

This is notwithstanding another very touching document. In the figure marked 'a' above, by the way, Mahler seems to be rather on his way to the extraordinary chromatic descent with minor-seventh upbeat which crowns the truly purposeful languishing of the Leander setting *Erinnerung* of a year or two later:<sup>53</sup>

<sup>53</sup> H. F. Redlich tentatively dates this as "1879-80 at the latest." *Bruckner and Mahler*; Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York, 1955, p.176.

## Ex. 62

zu mir mit Lie - - - bes - kla - - -

*mf*

*etwas zurückhaltend*

- - gen!

*p*

And that occurrence Donald Mitchell finds, in turn, to be "a little reminiscent of the extravagant soprano shriek that is the climax of *Das klagende Lied*."<sup>54</sup> It may be this strong sense of purpose and unity of style in *Erinnerung* ("rhythmic repetition . . . doleful minor seconds . . . accompanimental triplets which throb insistently") that deters Mitchell from noting, in his brilliant five-page analysis of the song, that its chromaticism is in fact every bit as pervasive as that of the Heine fragment—which is therefore *not* merely an atypical oddity.

<sup>54</sup> *Op cit.*, p.218.

We can then truthfully, if unhappily, say that Mahler's only two musical "collaborations" with Heinrich Heine were abortive. He must surely have felt, however, an emotional kinship with the volatile German-Jewish writer who, like himself, found that conversion to Catholicism was "the admission-ticket to European culture,"<sup>55</sup> but who none the less remained strongly skeptic in temperament— though an eternal seeker— to the end.

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### III BLUMINE AND THE FIRST SYMPHONY

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#### 1

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During the summer of 1967, the musical world was first made generally aware of the rediscovery of the original second movement of Mahler's Symphony No. 1: an *Andante allegretto* subtitled "*Blumine*" which has been deleted from all published versions of the symphony. On June 18 of that year, Benjamin Britten conducted this *Andante* with the New Philharmonia Orchestra as part of his annual Aldeburgh Music Festival. Then on April 9, 1968, the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, under its music director Frank Brieff, performed the movement in its original place *within* the complete symphony for the first time since Mahler's earliest performances, which began in Budapest on November 20, 1889, and continued in Hamburg (1892) and Weimar (1894). This five-movement Mahler First was heard in Woolsey Hall on the campus of Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut.

The events which led to this performance began on December 8, 1959, when Mrs. James M. Osborn of New Haven purchased an original Mahler manuscript at an auction at Sotheby's of London. It turned out to be the earliest known version of the Symphony No. 1, and by courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Osborn it was subsequently used by the Internationale Gustav Mahler Gesellschaft as part of the source-material for the 1967 critical edition of the symphony (Universal Edition). In his Revision Report at the front of the score, the President and chief editor Professor Erwin Ratz refers to the Osborn score simply as "Das Manuskript (Ms.)"— without acknowledging the source of it by name!

The IGMG did not, of course, include the *Blumine* movement in the critical edition, and the Revision Report simply remarks that "the First Symphony, as commenced in 1884 and completed in 1888, originally contained five movements. . . . Mahler later decided to delete the second movement, an *Andante*, as well as the literary designations attached to the various movements, derived from Jean Paul's novel *Titan*."

Now, as it happens, Mr. and Mrs. Osborn,\* who are prominent art-patrons of New Haven and who have deposited the Mahler manuscript

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<sup>55</sup> See H. F. Redlich, *op cit.*, p.128.

\* (Editorial note: Mrs. Osborn died on December 23, 1968.)

in the special Osborn Collection of the Yale University Library, have cited the previous owner to the effect that it was *not* Mahler's decision to delete the *Andante*, but rather his publisher's, as we shall presently see. In any case the performing and publishing rights to the movement have been turned over by the Osborns to the New Haven Symphony as a gesture of community good will. It is now published in octavo score by Theodore Presser, under the title *Symphonic Movement—Blumine*, and in a very short time the parts will be available to all orchestras on a rental basis.

Thus the first five-movement recording of the Symphony No. 1 was made at Woolsey Hall by recording-producer Jerry Bruck (who is also a Director of The Bruckner Society of America) for release by Odyssey Records, less than a month after the première. It is important, however, to point out one crucial difference between the public performance and the recording. In the former instance, conductor Frank Brieff altered the orchestra-parts of the four regular movements to conform to the smaller layout of Mahler's earlier scoring: only three of each woodwind instead of four, and no alternating voice of the English horn, bass clarinet, or contrabassoon; four horns rather than seven, four trumpets rather than five, and three trombones in place of four. He also restored a few other instances of Mahler's earlier scoring in these four movements, such as muted horns instead of clarinets for the opening fanfare, and muted solo cello in unison with the muted solo string bass at the beginning of the funeral march.

He did this, it was explained, simply in order to impart for this occasion a bit of the special "flavor and atmosphere" of the original performances under Mahler's own direction. In preparation for the recording, however, he restored the full orchestration and the revised instrumentation of the published versions. Now it is obvious that a recording ought to be made on the basis of a single authentic scoring, rather than a hybrid scoring, and I shall presently suggest good and sufficient reasons for doing it just this way. Before discussing the pros-and-cons of including the *Blumine* at all, however, I should like to add a further word *about* the published scores and the Critical Edition.

Since no recordings of the Mahler First have yet been made on the basis of the new 1967 Critical Edition of the IGMG, it is a pity that the New Haven recording could not have been the first to do so as far as the four unknown movements are concerned. The orchestra parts for this edition were not yet available to the conductor, although he owned a copy of the score, and he adjusted the performance to the usage of this critical edition wherever he was able.

The difference in the editions is simply this. In his Revision Report, Prof. Ratz cites the following source-materials used by the editors of the IGMG:

1. the manuscript (Ms.)
2. the first edition (EA), published by Weinberger in 1899
3. a second printing of the first edition
4. The copy-model for the final setting, published by Universal Edition in 1906

As he then explains, "a serious complication arises from the fact that a reprint was published by Boosey & Hawkes in 1943— also taken over later by Universal Edition— derived not from the final setting of 1906 (UE), but from the EA of Weinberger (1899), specifically the second printing of EA. Evidently no specimen of the UE setting of 1906 was available in London for the reprint, and so the old Weinberger score was used for the photographic reproduction. It is possible that a subsequent confusion arose as to which setting *was* the final and authentic one, so that what was republished in 1943 was erroneously taken as definitive. From this has resulted innumerable deviations in the commercial recordings of this most frequently performed of Mahler's symphonies."

Besides the usual printing errors and omissions requiring careful searching and pruning (hence the recourse to as many autograph manuscripts as possible), that is just the sort of heedless, wholesale "blooper" in the publishing world which ought to convince every Mahlerite of the prime necessity of the collected Critical Edition. There are hundreds of small differences, and a few major ones— many involving Mahler's striving "for an ever greater distinctness and clarity in the realization of his musical ideas," as Prof. Ratz puts it— between his 1899 and 1906 versions of Symphony No. 1. That the former could come back on him by pure negligence forty-four years later is a circumstance that even the recurrently ill-starred Mahler could not have foreseen.

So then what about *Blumine*? Is that too something which Mahler would not have wished to "come back on him" after sixty-eight years? The manuscript score in which it is contained was put up for auction at Sotheby's by John C. Perrin of Brussels. Mr. Perrin was born in Belgium in 1894. His father was an American sales-executive from Seneca Falls, N. Y. His mother was the former Jenny Feld, a music pupil, singer, and lifelong friend of Mahler.

As James Osborn describes it in his "history of the manuscript," Jenny was "a member of a musically gifted family in Budapest. Her father, the executive of an insurance company, sent Jenny, her brother, and her sister, with their mother to Vienna in 1878, when Jenny was twelve years old. During the following six years they had an intensive education, including the teaching of the best musicians available. Their music tutor was a young student at the Vienna Conservatory named Gustav Mahler. All of them had talents which flowered, leading to prizes in the conservatories they attended, and to concert performances. After the Felds returned to Budapest in 1884 they continued to correspond with their tutor, and to their pleasure Mahler was appointed director of the Budapest Opera in 1889. The intimacy with the Feld family was renewed, and Jenny, who had a lovely soprano voice, appeared in many concerts conducted by Mahler. The family was also in attendance at the initial performance of the First Symphony with the Budapest Philharmonic."

Mahler gave the manuscript of the symphony to Jenny Feld, according to her son John, "in March, 1891, when he left Budapest for his new position at Hamburg." Since that account unfortunately does not gibe with the composer's own inscriptions in the score, which identify

it without question as a revised score of 1893, Mr. Perrin was asked for further comment on the difficult question, and this was his reply:

"My mother told me she returned twice the manuscript to Mahler. Once in 1893, the year he had chosen a Steinway piano for her at the Central European depot of Steinway in Hamburg. A performance of this very symphony took place that year in Hamburg, another one in 1894 at Weimar, after which he returned the manuscript to my mother. This answers the puzzle. May I add that my mother again returned the manuscript to Mahler in 1897 when he had his bitter fight with Vienna editor Weinberger, who imposed alterations. Mahler finally gave in and rewrote for editing as it is known nowadays in this new form. Among other alterations the *Blumine* movement was suppressed; Mahler was furious, and gave in only very reluctantly. . . . [In 1898] Mahler was invited to direct his Second Symphony in Liège, stayed several days with my parents in Brussels, and I understood handed the manuscript to my mother, which never left her since."

Although Mr. Perrin states that "all these data have been carefully checked and cannot be contested," we do know from more than one source that the Hamburg performance took place in the autumn of 1892, not in 1893. Aside from that it all *could*, I suppose, have happened that way, though if Mahler needed this revised score back when he conducted the work in 1894, and again when he took it to the publisher Weinberger in 1897, I marvel how he managed without it when he conducted the symphony in Berlin in 1896. It does seem an altogether laborious way of getting the score into the hands of Jenny Perrin finally in 1898—a very natural date for Mahler to give it away if he were going to give it away at all, *after* he had made another completely new score, namely the final revision for publication.

If Mahler had given Jenny a score of the symphony in 1891, on the other hand, and she had been obliged to return it to him in 1893 (as Mahler could easily have foreseen), it would be a *different* score which he gave her in 1894, unless the repeated inscriptions 1893 on it are spurious. But it is undoubtedly Mahler's hand, and the tangible evidence of what he wrote raises serious doubt that Jenny Feld could have had anything to do with this manuscript as early as 1891. One does not handle active (as opposed to inactive) autographs this way, and Mahler himself is mute witness that he did not.

Now the fact of exactly when she received it is of little significance in itself, since it suffices that it eventually came to her, thence to her son, and thence to the London auction. But the credence to be attached to the statements of Mr. Perrin and/or his mother in general is of vital importance when we come to the specific but unsupported charge that Weinberger imposed the deletion of the *Andante* on an unwilling Mahler. And so, in order to set the background for these disputed events as clearly and knowledgeably as possible, I think it is important to learn everything that we can from this fascinating and revealing 1893 score itself.

lections division of the Yale University Library, is clear and in excellent condition, with Mahler's familiar handwriting evident throughout. The title page (see Plate III) reads as follows:

Symphonie ("Titan")

in 5 Sätzen (2 Abtheilungen)

von

Gustav Mahler

I. Theil: "Aus der Tagen der Jugend"

1. "Frühling und kein Ende"
2. "Blumine"
3. "Mit vollem Segeln"

II. Theil: "Commedia humana"

4. Todtenmarsch in "Callots Manier"
5. "Dall Inferno al Paradiso"

The whole page is crossed out in three slashing strokes, very likely by Mahler himself on some future date, on the evidence of his strong reaction against the earlier provision of a literary program for the work. This is described in a letter to the critic Max Marschalk after the Berlin performance of March, 1896.

"My friends persuaded me," Mahler wrote, "to provide a kind of program for the D major Symphony in order to make it easier to understand. Therefore I had thought up this title and explanatory material after the actual composition. I left them out for this performance, not only because I think they are quite inadequate and do not even characterize the music accurately, but also because I have learned through past experiences how the public has been misled by them."<sup>56</sup>

Some of the titles turn up again in the score itself, however, and there they have not been crossed out. The heading of the first movement is inscribed "*Nro. 1: Frühling und kein Ende*," along with the familiar "*Langsam! Schleppend!*". There are fifteen four-page folders in the first movement, with each folder numbered consecutively in the top corner.

The next movement is headed simply "*Nro. 2: Andante alegretto*" (*sic*); no "*Blumine*" here. (See Plate IV.) The scoring consists of only 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets in C, 2 bassoons, 4 horns, 1 trumpet, harp, timpani, and strings. The movement is contained on only four folders (16 pages), of which the first two folders are copied on slightly smaller manuscript paper than all the rest of the score. The last page is inscribed "*Renovatum 16. August 1893.*"

After this comes "*Nro. 3: Scherzo*," in which the "3" has been altered from a "2" in different ink, and similar alterations (from "3" to "4", and from "4" to "5") are to occur in the heading for each successive movement. The word "*Scherzo*", it will be recalled, does not occur in the published scores. Following the word "*Scherzo*" here, in-

<sup>56</sup> Trans. Dika Newlin: *Bruckner—Mahler—Schoenberg*; King's Crown Press, New York, 1947, p.140.

Symphonie ("Titan")

in 5 Sätzen (2 Abtheilungen)

von

Gustav Mahler

- I. Theil: "aus den Tagen der Jugend"
1. "Frühling und sein Ende"
  2. "Pleurisie"
  3. "Mit vollen Segeln"
- II. Theil: "Comedia humana"
4. Totkumersch in "Callots Manier"
  5. "Dall Inferno al Paradiso"

PLATE III

Crossed-out title-page of Mahler Symphony No. 1 manuscript (autograph version of 1893), showing the original programmatic titles of the two parts and five movements. (From the Osborn Collection, Yale University Library, New Haven, Conn.)

# No 2.

*Andante allegretto*

1. 2. Flöte  
1. 2. Oboe  
1. 2. Clarinet  
1. 2. Fagott  
Violon  
Violoncello  
Trompete  
Horn  
Violin I  
Violin II  
Viola  
Cello  
Bass

## PLATE IV

Mahler Symphony No. 1. First page of second movement ('Blumine') from the Osborn manuscript.

Handwritten musical score for Mahler Symphony No. 1. The score is written on five staves. The first three staves are labeled 'I II cl', '5th tr', and 'Tr'. The notation includes various dynamic markings such as 'molto dim', 'ppp', 'poco a poco dim', and 'p'. The music is in a major key and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

Handwritten musical score for Mahler Symphony No. 1, showing a section that has been crossed out. The score is written on seven staves labeled 'Fl', 'Fag', '5th tr', 'Tr', 'Cl', 'E', and 'D'. The notation is heavily obscured by diagonal lines drawn across the staves. Above the staves, there are markings for 'Molto rit.' and 'Tempo I'. Dynamic markings include 'ppp', 'dim', and 'ppp'.

PLATE V

Mahler Symphony No. 1. Page from finale of Osborn manuscript, showing crossed-out *morendo* leading to the deleted reprise.

Picc.  
 I & II  
 Oboe  
 I & II  
 Clarinet  
 I & II  
 Bassoon  
 I & II  
 Horn  
 I & II  
 Trombone  
 I & II  
 Trumpet  
 I & II  
 Cym.  
 (Nisquam (lyric))  
 5 6

PLATE VI

Mahler Symphony No. 1. Page from finale of Osborn manuscript, showing beginning of deleted reprise into the coda. Note variance from introduction at sixth bar.

stead of "*Kräftig bewegt, doch nicht zu schnell*," we have "*Kräftig bewegt! (Langsames Walzertempo)*." Whereas the *Andante* folders were numbered "1" to "4", we now continue numerically where the first movement left off (ignoring the intervening *Andante*), with folders 16 through 25. The last page is inscribed "*27. Jänner 93 renovatum*."

Next comes a title-page with only "*2. Theil*," and what is evidently the literary title *scratched* out. The next movement is headed "*Nro. 4: Todtenmarsch 'in Callots Manier', ein Intermezzo à la Tempe funbre*" (*sic*). The tempo marking is as we know it ("*Feierlich und gemessen, ohne zu schleppen*"), but with an exclamation point and the last three words underscored. The folders of this movement are numbered "1" through "6". The only inscription at the end is "*folgt sogleich Nro. 5*," with the "5" altered from a "4".

The finale is headed "*Nro 5: 'Dall Inferno al Paradiso!' Stürmisch bewegt*." There are twenty-one folders; these are numbered, however, 1 to 13, 14a, 14b, and 15 to 20. Folder 14a contains 33 bars of music, of which all but the first seven are crossed out. The last bar before the deletion corresponds to bar 508 of the Critical Edition (or cue 44+13). In the deleted portion, the *diminuendo* at that point continues for seven more bars (accompanied by a "*molto rit.*") and then fades out completely. (See Plate V.) Then, after a general pause, the cymbal crash from the start of the movement recurs, followed by a slightly varied reprise of the stormy opening bars. (See Plate VI.) This reprise breaks off at the end of folder 14a. In 14b, the music resumes, just as we know it, at the point before the deleted passage began, with CE bar 509, and so on. The last page of folder 15 stops in the middle of the page, with the notation "*Weiter in der Partitur beim Zeichen Ø*." The first six bars of folder 16 are crossed out; they consist of the six previous bars differently orchestrated. The sign "Ø" follows this, and then the music continues without further interruption to the end.

The most dramatic occurrences in the score are, of course, those connected with the "*Blumine*" *Andante* and the finale. Let us consider the finale first. To begin with, this is obviously a completely re-copied score of the symphony dating from 1893, although (lacking an earlier version with which to compare it) we cannot know to what extent the work was altered in the rewriting. However, the crossed-out bars in the finale dramatically display Mahler *in the process* of doubling back on his tracks to make one major alteration in the music itself, either *after* reaching folder 16, or, more likely, after completing the entire finale.

From this it would appear that the transition from the reprise into the coda beginning at bar 509 was the last part of the symphony (as we know it today) to be written, and that in the previous performances (the 1899 première in Budapest and the second performance in Hamburg in 1892) this part of the finale must have gone quite differently. Strange to think that the finale's crashing entry which is said to have startled one poor lady half out of her wits at the première should have been heard *twice* at that performance! And that a reprise

of the opening pages of the introduction originally linked up with the coda in a manner which is now completely lost to us! (It is easy enough, however, to see how it would have been done around cue 47 or 48.) In the last 19 deleted bars of folder 14a, the only difference from the introduction is the timing of the fanfare for trumpets and trombones. In the reprise, the first half of the fanfare was delayed for eleven bars, evidently to link it up with the second half. (I say evidently, because it is just at this point, corresponding to the end of CE bar 19, that folder 14a ends and the deleted passage breaks off.

There is not the slightest doubt that the substitution, five years after Mahler's completion of the symphony, of the transition passage beginning

## Ex. 63

FLUTES

CLARINETS

VIOLAS

*pp*

*pp*

*fff*

*fff*

*ppp*

*ppp*

*f*

*p*

*pp*

was a major inspiration— a marvelously new and subtle way of entering into F minor for the last time, in place of simply one more F-minor "outburst". And apparently, if Mahler had not decided to spare himself the trouble of copying out again the seven *undeleted* bars of folder 14a, by leaving it in the manuscript, we would know nothing about the alteration. Folders 10, 11, 14b and 15 are written on a different make of manuscript paper than the rest of the finale. The fact that 14b and 15 were substitute folders inserted after the finale had been completed, and ending with the six re-orchestrated bars (CE bars 582-7), is indicated by the notation "*weiter in der Partitur*" at that point. Obviously the original folder "14" was simply changed to "14a" when the substitute pages were added, so as to link up without renumbering every subsequent page. It would appear, then, that folders 10 and 11 were substitutes also, though substitutes for what, we cannot know, since in that case the folders which they replaced were simply taken out of the manuscript. As it is, the deleted reprise in the Osborn score indicates the only instance, of our certain knowledge, of Mahler's having altered the *structure* of a piece after the première!

Now let us try to reconstruct the chronology of the whole revision. At the end of the funeral march there is no date inscription, but the movement is written on the same kind of manuscript paper as the main portion of the finale. I suggest that these two movements were revised first, ending on January 19, and so inscribed at the end of the finale. The folders for the first movement and *Scherzo* share a single numbering system (folders 1 to 25), and the end of the *Scherzo* is inscribed with the date January 27. Some of these folders are written on the same make of manuscript paper (inscribed "Joh. Aug. Böhme, Hamburg") as the substitute folders in the finale. Again, I suggest that Mahler went right back to the beginning after completing the finale, revising and recopying the first movement and then the *Scherzo*.

The continuous numbering of the folders from the end of the first movement directly into the *Scherzo*, along with the numbering of the *Scherzo*, funeral march, and finale as movements 2, 3 and 4 respectively, clearly demonstrates Mahler's deletion of the *Blumine* as of that time, just as the re-insertion of the movement *into* the scheme (inscribed with the date August 16), and the subsequent renumbering of the movements, clearly shows that Mahler had a second change of heart about it during his summer vacation that year. It also shows that he then revised and recopied *Blumine*, just as he had the rest of the symphony.

This means at the very least that the publisher Weinberger of Vienna, who obviously was not at Mahler's elbow in 1893, dictating his actions, could not have been the *first* person in whose head the idea of reducing the number of movements to four had occurred. In all likelihood that person was, rather, the composer himself. If, however, the original decision *was* Mahler's, it was one which he was shortly to rescind by putting it back again. And that was unquestionably the score which was used at the performance in Weimar the following year, if Paul Stefan's description of the program is correct.

And what happened after that? It appears that *Blumine* was out again, for good, as of the 1896 performance in Berlin, along with the

literary program and titles. The performance was nevertheless a complete fiasco, and Mahler was deeply depressed by this as well as by the course of his liaison with Anna Von Mildenburg at that time. Then came the negotiations with Weinberger which Mr. Perrin places in 1897, of which we know virtually nothing of and by themselves, but which did lead to the publication of the First Symphony in four movements in 1899. In the absence of (1) an 1897, 1898, or 1899 autograph, (2) a publisher's copy-model (*Stichvorlage*) for the first edition, or (3) any mention of the matter in question in the known correspondence of Mahler, there is not a shred of documentary evidence to sustain Mr. Perrin's assertion that Mahler even *submitted* the *Andante* movement for publication, either as part of the symphony or in connection with it.

And what were the *other* alterations which Mr. Perrin says were imposed by Weinberger, on which Mahler also "finally gave in" and thence "rewrote for editing"? Except for minor details like the final tutti bars which are twice separated by four instead of two bars of drum rolls, and the closing "snap" which is in eighth notes instead of quarter notes— details in which Weinberger would hardly be much interested— there are absolutely no compositional differences between the 1893 manuscript and the first edition. As for the enlargement of the orchestra to something closer to Mahler's later "standard" ensemble, as described earlier, that is hardly something which Weinberger would have demanded and Mahler would have resisted— quite the opposite, one would think. And as for the other differences in orchestration, if any of these had been imposed against Mahler's will, they would certainly have been rectified when Mahler prepared a wholly new edition for Universal in 1906. Yet I can think of no single instance in which the second edition (UE) goes *back* to the 1893 score in contradiction of the first edition. Again, the very appearance of the score which he has preserved for us bears witness against Mr. Perrin's own charge. In all essentials the first edition is manifestly on the straight route from 1893 to 1906, not a detour.

And lastly, we have no vestige of evidence that Mahler tried to reinstate *Blumine* when he made this completely new edition of 1906 for a new publisher. While I have no doubt that Mr. Perrin was told all the things he has said about the manuscript as well as about *Blumine*, I think he is simply "barking up the wrong tree." Whatever claim the *Andante* has on our attention can only come, not from Mahler's explicit authority— it doesn't exist— but from our looking deeper and with some small degree of insight into the matter. Whatever claim it has to be once more a part of Symphony No. 1 can come only from itself.

What, to begin with, does "*Blumine*" mean? Where does the word come from? Mahler doesn't tell us, and so there has been much speculation seeking to account for the subtitle by linking it directly or indirectly to Jean Paul's *Titan*. But Henry-Louis de La Grange, the inde-

fatigable Mahler researcher and biographer, pointed out in a recent letter that word actually occurs in the title concocted by Jean Paul for a three-volume collection of his magazine essays published in 1810, 1815, and 1820. It seems that after listing and pondering a number of picturesque ideas for the title of that collection—*Naturalienkammer*, *Karthaunenpapiere*, *Sammelsurium*, and so on—the imaginative author had decided to call it *Herbst-Blumine*, a coinage that might be rendered as "Autumn Flora". For according to Kurt Schreinert, in the general preface to the modern Böhlau edition of the work (Weimar, 1942; see Page 86), the hyphenated title (a) alludes to the season in which the original volume was published, and (b) pays homage to C. H. Wolke's Germanization of "flora" as "*Blumine*" (from the *Allgemeiner Anzeiger* of June 28, 1810).

Random attempts to retranslate the unitary sobriquet adopted by Mahler (or alternately the "*Bluminenkapitel*" cited by Paul Stefan from the Hamburg and Weimar programs) have tended to be about as fanciful as Jean Paul himself. If an English translation must be applied, I suggest sticking to "Flora". Besides being a generic word, this also happens to be a girl's name. And I suspect that, for Mahler, "*Blumine*" was above all a familiar nickname, drawn from his favorite author and applied to a specific something or someone. In the musical context, it would appear to have been also associated in his mind with the name of another Jean Paul novel: *Blumen-, Frucht-, und Dornenstücke* ("Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces"—referred to by Bruno Walter, after its protagonist, as *Der Siebenkäs*), which he borrowed as an auxiliary subtitle for Part I of his programmatic Symphony (movements 1 to 3). Thus the emotional connotations are quite clear, without any too-literal recourse to the actual works of Jean Paul.

I also think that Mr. Perrin is on the right track when he couples his story about Mahler and Weinberger with remarks about Mahler and Johanna Richter, the "blue-eyed sweetheart" of the *Gesellen* cycle and the Cassel Opera. "I have written a cycle of songs dedicated to her," Mahler wrote to Fritz Löhr on New Year's Day, 1885.<sup>57</sup> "She doesn't know them, but they cannot tell her more than she already knows. . . . [In them] a man is condemned by his fate to become a wanderer over the face of the earth." According to John Perrin, *Blumine* was also written by Mahler for "her":

"The First Symphony in its original form was considered as a symphonic poem in two parts and five movements. The editor considered it too long, and after a hard fight Mahler gave in very reluctantly (as my mother told me) and, full of anger, suppressed the *Andante*, which expressed his innermost feeling for Johanna."

Well why, it may be asked, should one urge a story uttered in the same breath as a doubtful one? Simply because the second story has other circumstances to commend it, and cogent ones at that. In 1920, Max Steinitzer of Leipzig contributed to a Mahler commemorative is-

<sup>57</sup> GMB, pp.33-4.

Herbst-Blumine  
oder  
gesammelte Werkchen  
aus  
Zeitschriften.  
Von  
Jean Paul.  
\* \* \*  
Erstes Bändchen.

\* Jean Paul Werke. XVII.

A title-page from Volume 17 of the collected works of Jean Paul published by Hermann Böhlau Nachfolger, Weimar.

sue a personal reminiscence<sup>58</sup> in which he quoted from memory six bars from the lost incidental music Mahler wrote in 1884, in Cassel, for a staging of Joseph von Scheffel's narrative poem *Der Trompeter von Säckingen*:

## Ex. 64

TRUMPET SOLO

STRINGS

Though in a different key, this is otherwise almost identical to the opening of the main trumpet theme in *Blumine*. (See Ex. 72 below.)

"Mahler took with him to Leipzig [in 1886]," wrote Dr. Steinitzer, "only this one piece in score, a very appropriate setting of the tableau wherein Werner plays a serenade across the moonlit Rhine toward the castle where Margareta lives. But Mahler found it too sentimental, became annoyed with it, and finally made me promise I would destroy the piano score I had made from it."

*Der Trompeter von Säckingen* was also the title of an abominable but very popular opera by Viktor Nessler which Mahler loathed because he had to conduct it frequently in his semi-provincial surroundings at that time, and even later.<sup>59</sup> On June 22, 1884, Mahler wrote to his friend Fritz: "The other day I had to write, head over heels, incidental music for the '*Trompeter von Säckingen*', which is going to be performed tomorrow with living pictures in the theatre. The opus was ready within two days, and I have to confess that I find it a great joy.

<sup>58</sup> *Musikblätter des Anbruch*, Special Gustav Mahler Issue; Vienna, April, 1920, pp.296-8.

<sup>59</sup> "In Prague it seems that Mahler got so sick of conducting *Der Trompeter* that, to satisfy his mounting aggression, he performed the work with its *Leitmotiv* omitted throughout. No one noticed the loss." In 1892, when he flatly refused to conduct the opera at all at Covent Garden, an English critic remarked: "Herr Mahler is evidently not in sympathy with this work." D. Mitchell *op. cit.*, pp.228-9.

As you can imagine, it hasn't got much in common with Scheffel's affectations, but, of course, goes far beyond the poet's conception."<sup>60</sup>

As Donald Mitchell says in his book: "Mahler's 'great joy' was shared by his public at Cassel, and his *Trompeter* music travelled to Mannheim, Wiesbaden and Karlsruhe, and was acclaimed. But in reporting this news to Löhr in January, 1885, Mahler discloses a change of heart towards the *Trompeter* score. He disclaims that he has had any hand in promoting the music's success outside Cassel, 'for you know how little this, of all my works, matters to me.'" Mitchell repeats Max Steinitzer's suggestion that a score or a set of orchestral parts for the original music might yet turn up "on a library shelf in some German provincial theatre."

So at least we know that the big trumpet theme of *Blumine* had its origin in a unique kind of moonlit serenade or love-song, and the alternately brooding and elegiac middle section of the movement fits well into place with such a romantic conception. The love of Werner the trumpeter for Margareta in the poem might well have been connected in Mahler's mind, through this music, with his current love-affair with Fräulein Richter. But just what sort of love-affair was it? Gabriel Engel writes:<sup>61</sup>

"Their constant efforts to loosen their attachment lent the entire love-episode the semi-comical air of an endless leave-taking. Holidays struck them as best suited to the accomplishment of a permanent farewell. They parted at Christmas of that year (1884). New Year's Eve, however, seemed too significant a date to be neglected." After describing his New Year's parting to Fritz in painful detail, Mahler wrote again on May 28:

"When I wrote you some time ago that our affair had come to an end, it was only the trick of the shrewd theatrical manager who announces 'Last performance!', only to follow it next day with another." Others speak of overt betrayal by Johanna, but it is scarcely necessary to add that too,<sup>62</sup> in order to see that Mahler's emotional state was shot through with feelings of ambivalence and uncertainty about the ecstatic but troublesome episode.

Now let us review again and compare the progress of that trumpet melody which is shared by the *Säckingen* and *Blumine* scores. The incidental music was composed in June, 1884 (the same year that Mahler composed the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* and began composing the First Symphony), and proclaimed "a great joy." By January, 1885, Mahler was writing to his friend: "You know how little this, of all my works, matters to me." In 1886 he took the score of *only* the trumpet serenade with him to Leipzig, where Max Steinitzer became attached to it and made a piano reduction of it. Mahler "became annoyed" about the music again, and enjoined his friend to destroy the piano score. Then he put some of the same trumpet music into his

<sup>60</sup> Trans. D. Mitchell: *op. cit.*, p.226.

<sup>61</sup> *Op. cit.*, pp. 40-1.

<sup>62</sup> It would render much more pointed, however, Mahler's original subtitle characterizing the opening of the finale as "Like the sudden outburst of a deeply wounded heart." But whatever the facts of the tempestuous affair itself, the former lovers remained on good terms after Mahler departed Cassel for Prague.

First Symphony, the symphony which is also thematically related to the *Gesellen* cycle avowedly written for Johanna. After two performances of the symphony he took the music out again; then he wrote it out anew and put it back in for the third performance. For the fourth performance, he removed it once more.

If the music was no good to begin with, was it worth all that trouble? And if it is worth the trouble, does it deserve its ultimate rejection? Obviously Mahler was not rationally reacting to a piece of music *per se*. Through this music, he seems rather to have been unconsciously relieving the emotional trauma of his off-again-on-again affair with Johanna Richter, or something very much like it.<sup>63</sup> The music does appear (in John Perrin's words) to have expressed, or at least to have been trenchantly associated with, "his innermost feeling" about something. And in view of this ambiguous history, it would not have been inconsistent after all if Mahler had inserted the movement once more and then fought for it, "full of anger," when an insubordinate publisher tried to dictate terms about it.

The fact that Mahler, who was normally adamant and unyielding in artistic matters that concerned him, ultimately "gave in" would also be consistent with this ambivalence. It is extremely difficult to accept the idea of other alterations imposed on the symphony, simply because these do not appear. But this alteration does appear, and it is not nearly so difficult to accept the possibility that it was preceded by Mahler's last skirmish with the subconscious memory of Johanna— or that he was inwardly relieved to put the ultimate responsibility upon someone else, even if he did not realize it.<sup>64</sup> Gerald S. Fox, a Mahler enthusiast, has offered the suggestion that "*Blumine*" signified, for the composer, his own pet name for Johanna Richter. As with the mysterious "Rosebud" of Orson Welles' film classic, *Citizen Kane*, I am sure it is nothing less intimate and personal.

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This is the sort of thing perfectly calculated to split Mahlerites right down the middle. But in the long run, I think it simply comes down to a personal preference as to whether one enjoys hearing *Blumine* by itself, or would rather hear it in the symphony sometimes, every time, or never. What, for example, is its proper place in the Collected Critical Edition? I think the IGMG was absolutely right not to publish it in the symphony, but would not have been remiss to have offered it as an appendix. For my own personal taste, I think it belongs in the symphony; and I shall simply state my reasons for this feeling and leave it at that.

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<sup>63</sup> This in turn would, of course, be etiologically related to the traumatism of Mahler's infancy which we discussed before.

<sup>64</sup> And note the significant resemblance to the oblique manner in which the *Waldmärchen* has been preserved. Mahler presented the three-movement *Klagende Lied* to his sister after he was quite through with it. The five-movement Symphony No. 1 he presented to another lady whom he liked.

Long before I ever saw or heard this *Blumine* music, but knew from Stefan and Bekker of its former existence, I felt that the *Scherzo*'s vigorous *Ländler* tune "bumped" against the exuberant coda of the first movement in a wholly uncharacteristic way. I felt the esthetic need for *some* interlude, and I also felt that the macabre funeral march from the darker side of the *Scherzo* needed something lyrical on the forward side to counterbalance it. Not, mind you, the brief "*Auf der Strasse*" episode *within* the funeral march, but a complete movement, if still of relatively small dimensions. Naturally, at that time I had no idea that the lyrical part of the finale was making actual melodic references back to this very *Andante* which I missed. If I had, I would have felt the hiatus even more keenly. The finale itself, which I have always loved dearly, today has yet more meaning for me, now that I am familiar with the music of the *Andante*, and therefore know to what these "flashbacks" are referring.

It seems as if Mahler was divided between a preference for the four-movement and for the five-movement symphony. The Second is a five-movement symphony with the *Andante* placed second, just as the original First Symphony is. And so is the Third, if we will imagine its two short vocal movements to be a unit counterbalancing the *Tempo di Menuetto* (originally titled "*Was mir die Blumen auf der Wiese erzählen*," by the way). The Fourth was originally planned in six movements. We also learn that Mahler once considered deleting the *Andante moderato* of the Second, because it interrupted "the natural dramatic progression of the work." Would that symphony be a better-balanced work without it? And couldn't one say the same of *any* lyric *Andante*? Isn't that its normal function after all, to "interrupt", i.e. to provide an interlude? I for my part instinctively feel that the original First Symphony is a more ideally balanced work than the revised one.

The Fifth and Seventh are five-movement symphonies, the latter with counterbalancing *Nachtmusiken* flanking the *Scherzo*; and in the intervening four-movement Sixth, Mahler had trouble deciding which of the inner movements ought to come first, as though he actually missed the arc-shaped structure even here. Only in the Ninth did he seem to come decisively to terms with a wholly new four-movement conception. Yet the Tenth sketch finds him experimenting with a new kind of five-movement arc form, this time with two counterbalancing *Scherzi* flanking an intermezzo!

Concerning the orchestration of *Blumine* it is interesting to note that, even after revision, Mahler left the movement scored for a much smaller ensemble than the four surrounding movements. This is a precedent for later movements like the Fifth's *Adagietto* for strings and harp, or the Seventh's *Andante amoroso* for mandolin, guitar, harp, and chamber orchestra— both within a much larger and more dynamic canvas. If Mahler perchance *did* submit *Blumine* to Weinberger within his orchestrally augmented symphony as of 1897, my guess would be that he still left *Blumine* just as it was before. That is why I feel it is perfectly all right to present it within the context of the symphony as we know it today, though it might be pleasant and fruitful on some future

occasion to perform the whole 1893 score *as is*.<sup>\*</sup> Things like the unison for solo cello and solo contrabass in the funeral march are well worth hearing.

Is the *Blumine* too sentimental? That again is a question of individual taste. Certainly it is sentimental in part: i.e. the trumpet solo seems to have a deliberate old-worldliness about it, not unlike that of the much longer posthorn part in the Third Symphony, a part which I find extremely sentimental, albeit exactly right in its contribution to the whole. Or similarly, the solo trombone part in the first movement of the Third, which at one point (cue 33) is explicitly marked "Sentimental"! Doesn't the Seventh's *Andante amoroso* have its own special brand of sentimental charm, setting it apart as a distinctive *genre* piece? Aren't the songs all *genre* pieces too, each combining the elements of sentimentality, grotesquerie, pathos, humor, etc., in its own special way? This is the essence of Mahler's musical art; and so any adjective can be an objective characterization, until it is prefaced by "too", when it becomes subjective.

And finally where, if anywhere, does *Blumine* belong in the motivic plan and structure of the symphony? In this respect the symphony's starting point is the *Gesellen* cycle, especially with respect to the interval of the fourth (as Dika Newlin has pointed out), and regarding which we have already discussed the tonic-dominant "tread bass" which stylistically links the symphony, song-cycle, and *Das klagende Lied*.<sup>65</sup> The first three songs all begin with prominent fourth intervals—

## Ex. 65

a

*Langsamer* *Schneller* 3

CLARINETS *f*

Wenn mein Schatz Hoch-zeit macht,

b

*In gemächlicher Bewegung*

FLUTE, PICCOLO

*p* *dim.*

Ging heut' morgens ü-bers Feld,

<sup>65</sup> See footnote 34.

\* (Editorial note: As we go to press the New Haven Symphony has managed to do just that, and Th. Presser may also publish it.)

C *Stürmisch, wild* WOODWIND, VIOLINS I

HORNS *ff* *p*

TROMBONES *ff* *p*

while the last song brings in the tread bass for the second stanza, and restores the melodic prominence of the fourth interval in the third stanza:

Ex. 65d

Auf der Stras-se steht ein Lin - den-baum, Da  
 hab' ich zum er - sten Mal im Schlaf ge - ruht!

All of these stylistic elements, and some of the actual themes, penetrate the symphony. The whole first three stanzas of the second song (100 bars) in slightly altered sequence, beginning with Ex. 65b, form the exposition of the symphony's first movement, but they are made to grow out of the slow introduction's stylized fourth-interval "cuckoo call" and six-note figure built from it:

Ex. 66

*pp*

The horn theme at cue 15 is almost an "apotheosis of the fourth":

## Ex. 67

The Scherzo theme is a  $\frac{3}{4}$  variation of both Exx. 65b and 67, including a literal "Ländlerization" of figure 'a' above—

## Ex. 68

while the very bass foundation gives the same rhythmic treatment to the tonic-dominant tread:

## Ex. 69

The funeral march on *Frère Jacques* of course begins with the bass tread in solemn dirge-tempo, and prominent new fourths are featured both in the last two bars of the main canon theme and in the staccato sequent uttered by the oboe. The latter seems to mock the unchanging bass itself with waggish duplication:

## Ex. 70

The middle section of the movement, I need hardly repeat, is a close-to-literal reprise of the last 30 bars of the *Gesellen* cycle, beginning with Ex. 65d and incorporating Ex. 28.

Fourths are not featured quite so prominently in the finale until the first reminiscence of Ex. 66 occurring at cue 21, and the soft fanfares at cues 25 and 26. They come into their own once again with the renewed fanfares at cues 33 and 34, and with the triumphantly "inevitable" metamorphosis, at cue 35, of the "cuckoo-derived" figure (Ex. 66) into no less than a paraphrase of "And He shall reign for ever and ever" from Handel's *Messiah*—

Ex. 71

TRUMPET 35

*p* *ff*

HORNS  
IN 8ves *ff*

*a* *3.*

—one of Mahler's most brilliantly "surrealist" juxtapositions. (It is a juxtaposition, because the first occurrence of Ex. 71 shortly fades into a pianissimo and is immediately replaced by Ex. 66.)

With this background, there can be little doubt that the Trumpeter from Säckingen feels himself thoroughly at home when he blows his long-silenced serenade at the fifth bar of the *Andante*—

Ex. 72

*pp*

1 2

or when the violins take up the continuation and cadential phrase:

Ex. 73

*poco cresc.*

*p*

*a* *mf* *b*

The first bars of the trumpet tune return here.

\*

This long, winding melody, with its initial rising fourth, its nostalgic, old-fashioned chromatic passing-notes, its rhapsodic scale-fragments and melodic arpeggios, combines in one flowing, embroidered line the separate character-features of many a short thematic figure found in the song-cycle as well as the symphony.<sup>66</sup> (The embellishments, not shown above, are of course a very essential aspect of it.) And in all these respects it is closely akin to the other longest theme in the symphony, the D-flat *cantabile* in the finale, beginning at cue 16. The latter is, however in duple time!

It is Mahler's singular coup in this case to have these two independent but "brothers-under-the-skin" themes run parallel courses for a greater part of the way, permitting them to begin to converge melodically only in their respective cadence-figures. How this is done can be seen from the following, beginning just after cue 18 in the finale:

Ex. 74

*Breit* *3* *Ex. 73a*

*molto espr.* *p*

*rubato* *rit.*

*accet.*

<sup>66</sup> For example, the rhythmic analogy between figure 72a and the trumpet figure 71a is obvious. If 72a were transposed to the key of D (as in Ex. 64), 71a could even follow it quite naturally.

It is the penultimate bar of Ex. 73 shown as figure 'a'—augmented in time value, and with its first note further extended in length—which is lingered over most extensively in the finale. First the augmented phrase is treated in rising sequence, as in Ex. 74; and since figure 73b concludes this same example, the whole of Ex. 74 thus comes as an elegiac extension and elaboration of the erstwhile two-bar *Blumine* cadence (73a/b). Immediately after that, in a kind of after-cadence, figure 73a returns again, in the cellos (cue 19), and is repeated this time in falling sequence. All this seems now to take on that very aspect of "endless leave-taking" cited by Engel in connection with Mahler and Johanna Richter. But that is an esthetic point hardly to be comprehended in listening to the finale, if one knows only the foreshortened symphony, *sans Blumine*.

Immediately after this double cadence comes the reminiscence of Ex. 66 in the clarinets, along with a darkly prowling chromatic theme in the bass, also drawn from the first-movement introduction. And later, at cues 38, 39, and 40, come a whole company of shadowy figures from the first movement, merging at one point with a fragmentary wisp of the finale's own *cantabile* melody. All these cross-references are immediately apprehended, and are meant to be, as is the elliptical reference to *Blumine*. A moment later (cue 41) the *cantabile* is conjured up in a little more substantial form, but with a new continuation which gets lost and trails off inconclusively. But suddenly, at cue 42, the rising sequence on figure 73a reenters in the oboe and picks up the thread again. And now, at the very first mention of the *Blumine* figure in this varied reprise, the strings take over after the third bar with a passionate new rising sequence on *its final bar alone*. This comes to a searing *fff* climax with timpani and cymbals (cue 44), and then falls back again in a syncopated scale-passage, linked in essence to the falling scale-figures of both Ex. 73 and the three bars preceding Ex. 74 (unquoted).

The momentary violence of this passionate upheaval may seem slightly puzzling at this point, unless we realize that it is perhaps close to being Mahler's personal version of the heartbreaking culmination of Wotan's Farewell. Since the deleted "cymbal-crash" (or "thunder-and-lightning") reprise in the pre-1893 version of the symphony would have immediately followed this, we are then in a position to really appreciate how much better Mahler was able to handle this whole section with the help of the new 1893 transition. In view of all that, I cannot bring myself to believe that Mahler's ultimate deletion of

*Blumine* (and it *was* his final responsibility after all) was any more a rational act than his deletion of the *Waldmärchen*.

If I have so far barely touched on the middle section of *Blumine*, it is because the important issue of the movement's direct relevance to the rest of the symphony is concentrated in the trumpet melody together with its string cadence, which dominates and indeed pervades most of the movement, though much less so the middle part. With the latter, another issue confronts us. While the stylized archaism of "Werner's trumpet song" may not be to everyone's liking (just as the great trombone soliloquies in the Third Symphony assuredly are not), I hope I have sufficiently demonstrated that it cannot be simply torn out of the context in which Mahler has (as always) intricately embedded it, with the expectation of coming up with a fully integral result.

The middle section, on the other hand (I suppose we can call it a *Trio*, since the form of the movement is strictly ternary), offers nothing that is burningly significant to a larger understanding of the work. What it offers is music which, with the aid of its subtle instrumentation, seems to beckon us in the opposite direction from the "period" soloism of Säckingen, toward an acerbic and spare counterpoint.

This *Trio* is launched, surprisingly enough, by a delicate octave-glissando effect which Mahler was to employ again at an analogous point in the Sixth's *Andante* (cue 58), but an octave and a half higher in the latter case. Then for a dozen bars the music is haunted by minor-mode fragments from the trumpet's serenade, scored for winds and harp, with muted strings which are very lightly sketched in without bass. From this, I cite the last four bars:

Ex. 75 6

VIOLINS I *ohne Nachschlag*

OBOES

CLARINETS

FLUTES

BASSOON I

HORN

BASSOON 2

After that we hear another ten poignantly singing bars, beginning with the following little dialogue for ultra-Mahlerian horns and oboes:

## Ex. 76

Musical score for Ex. 76, featuring Horns and Oboes. The Horns part is in the lower register with a *pp* dynamic. The Oboes part is in the upper register with a *pp* dynamic. Both parts are connected by a long slur.

Then a hesitant but brooding passage of eight bars, with dissonant horn chords, low plucked strings, and tremolo-like effects in the harp.

Out of this rises a haunting duet for oboe and bowed string basses. The former is heard in a free variant and development of the trumpet theme, starting in A minor, while the latter keep repeating the first five notes of the same phrase in a rising sequence:

## Ex. 77

Musical score for Ex. 77, featuring Oboe and Basses. The Oboe part starts with a box containing the number 9 and a *pp xart* dynamic. The Basses part starts with a *pp* dynamic and an *8va* marking. The score is divided into two systems, with the second system ending with a *poco rit.* marking.

This certainly evokes and matches the best pages of the Fourth Symphony's *Poco adagio*. It is accompanied only by a continuous octave tremolando on A in the cellos. Though not immediately apparent, we have already started on a retransition into the main section. The tempo speeds up slightly, and we hear the loveliest combination of all, an expressive duet for first violins and horn. The latter begins to repeat the rising sequence of the last example, then executes an arched figure, almost meeting the violins in a "reverse arch" at the distance of a poignant major third:

Ex.78 [10] *Etwas bewegter (quasi Allegretto)*

Musical score for Ex. 78, featuring Violins I and Horn. The Violins I part is marked *p espressivo* and includes a dynamic marking *a*. The Horn part is marked *p*.

This example of the essence of Mahler's mature, spare and bittersweet lyric counterpoint is accompanied by a soft eighth-note strumming of the second violins, and by a plucked bass.

The retransition proceeds with a few more bars of elegiac oboe tones:<sup>87</sup>

## Ex.79

Musical score for Ex. 79, featuring Oboe, Violins II, Bassoon, and Cellos & Basses. The Oboe part is marked *p* and includes a dynamic marking *poco rit.*. The Violins II part is marked *p* and includes a dynamic marking *poco rit.*. The Bassoon part is marked *p*. The Cellos & Basses part is marked *p pizz.* and includes a dynamic marking *poco rit.*. The score is divided into three sections labeled *a*, *b*, and *c*. The Violins II part is marked *geteilt* and includes a dynamic marking *p*. The Bassoon part is marked *p*. The Cellos & Basses part is marked *p pizz.* and includes a dynamic marking *poco rit.*. The score is divided into three sections labeled *a*, *b*, and *c*. The Violins II part is marked *geteilt* and includes a dynamic marking *p*. The Bassoon part is marked *p*. The Cellos & Basses part is marked *p pizz.* and includes a dynamic marking *poco rit.*.



## MAHLER RESEARCH AND EDITING IN VIENNA

PARKS GRANT

Professor of Music

University of Mississippi

Regular readers of CHORD AND DISCORD probably know that since 1955 a Vienna organization called the International Gustav Mahler Society has been engaged in the re-publication of Mahler's complete works in an authoritative and definitive "Critical Collected Edition," incorporating post-publication changes made by the composer in some works and weeding out misprints which presses have been faithfully (or rather, unfaithfully) grinding out, year after year, in others.

A sabbatical leave from my music professorship at the University of Mississippi during the 1965-1966 academic year made it possible for me to go to Vienna and offer my full time to the Society in its work on this fascinating project. Thanks to the fact that American universities give half salary to faculty members when on sabbatical leave, I was able to work at no expense to the Society, for like all too many worthy organizations, the I.G.M.S. is not overwhelmed with money. Its support is adequate, but not bountiful. Volunteer workers, if capable and qualified for the exacting work and possessed of the requisite background, patience, and thoroughness, are a boon to the organization, even though they might be able to work only part-time. On the other hand, a person who is not conscientious and painstaking is worse than no one.

President of the International Gustav Mahler Society is Prof. Dr. Erwin Ratz, typically Austrian even to his mode of dress and his accent (and I found the Vienna accent difficult)—a man whose qualifications are unsurpassable for the task to which he is devoted, but who is able to give it only a part of his time. This scholarly, nervous, lovable, erudite 68-year-old man, who never seems to rest, is a professor at Vienna's famous *Akademie für Musik und darstellende Kunst*, a member of the board of directors of the *Konzerthaus*, the author of a textbook on musical form (soon to appear in a new edition), and a former friend of Berg and Webern. As if his present teaching and editorial duties were not enough, he is also currently preparing a new and corrected edition of the famous *Treatise on Harmony* by his teacher, Arnold Schoenberg. He has done or is doing further editorial work with the compositions of Bach, Beethoven, and Schubert.

### *Preliminaries*

At three o'clock on the afternoon of August 31, 1965, the *Orient Express* deposited my wife and me at Vienna's *Westbahnhof*. On September 1 I showed the Society's address to a rental agent and asked him if he knew of anything nearby. A small furnished apartment only three-and-a-half blocks away was on his list, and when I discovered that a large writing-desk was in the living-room we promptly moved

in. On September 2 I reported to Prof Ratz at the Society's headquarters, on September 3 he made a tremendous amount of material from the Society's archives available to me, and on September 4 I commenced work on Project I—the *Second Symphony*.

It might be well to clear up three points before discussing any of the individual projects.

First I should explain what an "engraver's copy" is (in German, *Stichvorlage*). This is a handwritten copy of the composer's manuscript, made by a professional music penman. The engraver's copies are more readily readable than Mahler's often hasty handwriting, which in the case of the *Ninth Symphony* was downright bad. In contrast, the script of the two professional penman who prepared the engraver's copy of this same work (the first movement in a different—and even better—hand than the second, third, and fourth) was always clear and absolutely beautiful, though these men permitted a small number of errors to intrude.

Second, I volunteered with my mind made up to the fact that the Society already had ten years' experience in the Mahler project, that certain routines and practices had been established and found to work well while others had been rejected as inferior, and that anyone aiding in the task, even though working of his own volition and without salary, would still have to be willing to follow the established procedures, otherwise his "help" would only become a hindrance. In short, to be an "individualist" would be all right, just so one was not a "rugged individualist."

Third, the reader must understand the various types of change Mahler made in his compositions. These are:

1. Changes made in the manuscript before submitting it to the publisher.
3. Changes made (other than corrections) while checking the engraver's copy.
3. Last-minute changes (other than corrections) made in the publisher's proof-sheets.
4. Changes and corrections made in the published score after the first edition, but before the final edition (in the case of compositions that went through more than one edition).
5. Changes and corrections made after the publication of the last edition.

Changes of the first, second, and third types would not officially concern anyone listening to a Mahler work—they occur in many people's music—though they often provide a fascinating "glimpse into the composer's workshop" for a curious researcher. I saw many examples of Types 1 and 2. Type 3 examples exist in connection with certain works, though not with those with which I was involved. This leaves Types 4 and 5 as the focal points of the researcher-editor's attention, and what was involved will become clear as the separate projects are described.

The foregoing does not include out-and-out misprints, which of course are the most important of all.

## Procedure

The procedure was a little different for each of the four projects, but in general it was this: I corrected, in red pencil, all obvious misprints. Suspected misprints or places about which there might be some question I kept on a list. These were thoroughly discussed with Prof. Ratz during our periodic conferences, always held in my apartment (and I loved being addressed as "Herr Professor"), at which each item was disposed of in one or the other of four ways:

1. We decided the printed version was perfectly correct.
2. We decided a change was necessary, and made it in red pencil.
3. We decided that the flaw was so slight that the present status could be conscientiously allowed to remain.
4. We were unable to determine exactly what Mahler's intentions really were and earmarked the spot for discussion in the "Revision Report" (*Revisionsbericht*) which Prof. Ratz will prepare for inclusion in the preface to each work as it comes out in the new "Critical Edition."

My list of "questionable places" for the *Second Symphony* runs to 15 closely-written pages, for the *Ninth* to 11, but for the less problematical *Eighth* and *Third* to only 3 and 4, respectively.

It might be well to clear up what comprises a matter of the third type on the foregoing list—something not flawlessly correct, yet also not worth the bother of a change. The forthcoming editions of all four symphonies on which I worked will be made by altering the plates of the present editions, not by engraving the works afresh as was done with the Society's edition of the *Sixth Symphony*. Hence only the genuinely necessary changes were to be made.

And what might be some specific examples of discrepancies which, although observed, could with a clear conscience be allowed to go unaltered?

(1) Certain instruments are sometimes notated with one clef, but for exceptional passages with a different one. For instance, the viola generally uses the alto clef, but changes to the treble for the notes in its high register. Imagine that a certain passage concludes in the treble clef and that a rest of a page or more intervenes before the violas re-enter with the normal alto clef. Composers' accepted procedure is to give warning of the clef-change on the viola staff of the score by placing an alto clef after the last measure of the treble-clef passage or at the end of the affected staff, or by opening the viola staff on the new page with the treble clef but inserting an alto clef just before the violas resume playing. Now, if none of these little "warnings" happened to be given, but the music itself was written correctly and with the correct clef, a change was deemed unnecessary. Few score-readers indeed would notice the absence.

(2) Sometimes a sharp or flat would be written superfluously, as an accidental in front of a note already affected by a sharp or flat in the key-signature. If there was no other mistake, and no likelihood of mis-

interpretation, we did not remove the majority of these unnecessary symbols.

(3) Sometimes Mahler, either through carelessness or for reasons best known to himself, deliberately adopted an incorrect style of notation. For example, on pages 200, 201 and 202 of the *Second Symphony* there is a series of arpeggios for the second harp in a passage written in 2-2 time. Sixteenth-notes are used exclusively. Where the arpeggios consist of irregular groupings of 9, 10, 11, or 13 notes to a measure, the use of sixteenth-notes (rather than eighths) might possibly be justified. But when the arpeggios consist of 8 notes, as three of them do, eighth-notes are absolutely a requisite; yet Mahler writes sixteenths. In effect, he implies that 8 sixteenth-notes equal one whole-note! Yet we are going to allow those measures to stand. To quote Prof. Ratz, "Mahler wrote it that way." He is not the first composer who through error or sheer perverseness insisted on employing, for obscure reasons, a theoretically incorrect style of notation.<sup>1</sup>

Similarly, in the *Eighth Symphony*, on pages 64 and 119 he writes eighth-note quintuplets where sixteenths would be correct. Even though leaving the passage as printed courts confusion with some perfectly correct quintuplet eighths elsewhere, no change will be made.

In compiling my lists of "questionable places" I always included anything that I observed, anything, no matter how slight, that I thought might—just might—need changing. I screened out and ignored nothing, even things I felt positive could be allowed to stand. Some things I thought unimportant seemed important to Dr. Ratz, and some I deemed important needed some arguing before he accepted them. I took no final action without his knowledge. "I am an editor, not a dictator," I told him several times. Similarly, he did not change anything he observed without telling me. Changes were made only when we were both convinced of their necessity.

Some of our conferences lasted as much as three hours. My wife always served coffee and cookies to keep fatigue away. My magnifying glass was pressed into service again and again, particularly in inspecting the manuscript facsimiles. I always felt exhilarated and a-tingle with energy, rather than tired, at the conclusion of a conference. There was no better cure for listlessness or boredom than a vigorous session with "the Professor."

Throughout the project I was able to keep my own hours. When I got tired I broke off at the first good stopping place and did something else for a while. The work was highly detailed and exacting, and even though I would often grow tired I never became bored. Every moment was interesting for I never had to work "against the grain" or when out of the mood. I always had zest for the job.

The work demanded a well-nigh comprehensive knowledge of music—harmony, counterpoint, style, composition, ear-training, orchestration, form, notation, instrumental technique. Most valuable of all was 33 years' experience as a student of Mahler's music, for many slips were

<sup>1</sup> On page 150 of all three editions of the same work some harp arpeggios are written in sixteenth-notes where thirty-seconds would be rhythmically correct. Mahler's manuscript shows thirty-seconds. This change *will* be made.

discovered simply because a passage did not ring true—did not agree with what it would be likely for Mahler to write.

It would never be admissible for the Society's editors to take a "we are God" attitude. Our task is to establish and publish what Mahler actually wrote (or intended to write), not what we think he ought to have written or what we wish he had written. Certain technical problems for the players are embedded in the very notes he wrote, but it is not our province to solve these or to simplify them. The conductor also is occasionally confronted with certain difficulties. He must cope with these, not the editors.

For example: Mahler sometimes writes low B for the flute (in solos in the *Fourth Symphony*, fourth movement and *Seventh Symphony*, second movement), low B-flat for the oboe, low E-flat for the clarinet in B-flat (but never for the clarinet in A), low A for the bassoon. Many flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons do not possess these notes, and almost never does Mahler make provision for their non-availability. He often writes for a type of celesta capable of going an octave lower than the standard instrument. On page 108 of the *Ninth Symphony* there is an unplayable low E for the B-flat trumpet. Some of his harp parts ought to be written in enharmonic notation, for complete correctness. The Society, even though well aware of these matters, would be stepping out of function if it attempted to furnish alternate readings or even to suggest solutions in footnotes.

On rare occasion, however, Prof. Ratz and I felt we would be justified in making an exception to this policy—in taking matters into our own hands. Here are two examples.

(1) On page 154 of the *Eighth Symphony* (in the second movement) a staff marked "Harps 3 & 4" is found, and for the only time in the entire work. The two instruments play in unison. In the same passage, harps 1 & 2 also play in unison, though they have a different part. The new edition will mark this spot Harp 1 and Harp 2, rather than Harps 1 & 2 and Harps 3 & 4. Mahler never writes more than two harp parts, in this work or elsewhere, but often requests that each be doubled or tripled if possible. We reasoned that his real meaning here was "3rd and 4th harpists, playing the 2nd harp part." He surely did not mean to bring in two instruments to play nothing but a few measures in a long symphony.

(2) In the third movement of the *Ninth Symphony* Mahler uses clarinets in A throughout, except for four measures on page 141, where he writes for clarinets in B-flat. The new edition will re-write these measures for clarinets in A. Nothing is gained by changing instrument for such a short time, especially since the players have only one measure of quick tempo in which to change back.

Let me now discuss the projects individually.

### *Project I — the Second Symphony*

#### Materials:

1. Miniature photocopy of Mahler's manuscript.
2. Miniature photocopy of the engraver's copy.

3. Miniature photocopy of the printed score, with changes made by Mahler subsequent to publication.
4. First edition of the score in "full score" size (published by Weinberger, Vienna, 1897; copyright by Friedrich Hofmeister, Leipzig).
5. Second edition of the score, in "study score" size (published by Universal Edition, London, 1952).
6. Third edition of the score, in "full score" size (published by Universal Edition, Vienna, no date, but probably in the early 1920s).
7. A complete set of the orchestral parts.

Items 1, 2, and 3 were very tiny, about the size of 35mm. pictures. However, I had anticipated the possibility of working with miniature materials, hence had tossed the previously-mentioned magnifying glass into my brief-case before leaving home.

The study score is available from several other publishers—my personal copy (which I left at home) is the Kalmus edition—but in any case a study score always represents the *second* edition, not the third, and hence does not correspond to Mahler's final wishes. Observe the recent date of the copy placed at my disposal; yet it does not represent the third edition. This circumstance should be borne in mind by anyone who buys a study score of this important work. The second edition does, however, resemble the third edition much more than the first.

The first edition was printed on excellent white paper; however it was poorly bound in paper covers and fell apart while I was working with it. The second edition was typical of study scores—paperbound. The third edition was sturdily bound in stiff dark-red covers, but the paper, apparently manufactured right after the First World War, was grayish, brittle, and wretched; rag content probably nil.

After a note-by note comparison, I copied all the changed passages of the third edition back into the first, using blue pencil. Then the second edition was also made to conform to the third, and here I made the changes in green pencil. Misprints in the third edition were corrected with red pencil. There were many such misprints. The reason?

Both of the later editions, except for pages 186, 190, and 208 which were newly engraved for the third edition, were made by altering the original plates. Mahler often included corrections of mistakes that were not too serious in the first place—superfluous accidentals, an omitted though perfectly obvious dynamic mark, or the like—and in correcting these the engraver would often carelessly make a new and far more serious mistake in the preceding or following measure, or on the staff just above or just below; in other words, in attempting to repair a "pecadillo" the engraver would commit a "crime." At our conferences the misprints due to such bungling often aroused Prof. Ratz's scorn, and the words *blöd* ("idiotic"), *Schlamperei* ("sloppiness"), and *Dummheit* ("stupidity") often rent the air. Slips of this and other types were numerous. However, I feel the new edition will eliminate as large a number as is humanly possible.

Does this imply that some observed misprints are humanly impossible of rectification? A few are. On some multi-staffed pages there is simply not enough room to repair a not-too-serious error. Anyone familiar with this symphony will remember how full some pages are. And then on page 75 appear in the first flute part, in tiny print, the grace-notes C and D-flat (D and E-flat in the first clarinet, which doubles the flute). Reference to the violin and second clarinet parts and to the parallel passages on pages 57 and 62 strongly suggests that D-flat should be D. The change, however, would be so hard to make that the whole decision will be left to the judgment of Universal Edition, the publishers.

Then, on pages 62 and 76 half of the cellos are first asked to put on the mutes, then to remove them, with no rest whatever—right in the midst of a passage. Although neither indication appears in the manuscript, it does appear in all three editions of the score and in the parts, so there is nothing to do but leave it as it is, fully aware that it calls for the impossible.

A passage that had always puzzled me appears as one goes from page 100 to page 101. Here an important melodic bit begins in the first violins on 100, concluding on 101. On 101 the first violins are divided, written on two staves, but the passage is finished only on the upper staff; the lower has a rest. In other words, half of the first violins simply disappear in the course of the phrase. A clue to how this came about is in the manuscript. Originally, all the first violins completed the phrase, and the sixteenth-note figure which now, after a measure's rest, appears in the lower half of the first violins was originally given to the upper half of the second violins. Between the manuscript stage and the first edition, Mahler changed the distribution of parts. It is now much too late to do anything about the matter; the curious passage must stand.

To give a list of the corrections to appear in the new edition would be long and boring—and would destroy sales! Let me mention only two.

(1) On page 18, measure 1, the first eighth-note for the first clarinet should be D-flat, not D. (In the part this is written enharmonically—and correctly—as C-sharp.)

(2) On pages 24 and 25 the three staves allotted to the horns show the distribution as 1 & 2, 3 & 5, and 4 & 6. On page 26 the distribution is "normal," i.e., 1 & 2, 3 & 4, and 5 & 6. Now, as we turn from page 25 to 26 the voice-leading for the six horns is so barbarous that it would shame any self-respecting conservatory freshman. However, if we back up to measure 6 on page 24 (at the solo cymbal crash) and change the distribution there, the voice-leading works out simply and sensibly, and the intervening material is also more logical. Mahler apparently forgot to write in the re-distribution, but the revised edition will follow what seems to be his true wishes. (More about this matter later.)

Among other things we also corrected Mahler's misspelling of a *cappella* (written "a *capella*" twice on page 186). Incidentally, there is ground for believing Mahler was a poor speller, even in German,

unless the orthography of that language has changed considerably since his day. As many readers have probably observed, he was old-fashioned in his spelling tastes, clinging to *getheilt* for "divided" after *geteilt* became the official spelling, and usually preferring *ClarINETTE* to *Klarinette*.

To conclude the project, I checked the entire set of orchestral parts. Since the "*Resurrection Symphony*," as it is often called, is one of the longest ever written, and requires one of the largest ensembles, it will be apparent that the stack of parts was very high and that the job was far from small. All parts are intelligently edited and clearly printed, the strings on good paper, the woodwind, brass, and percussion on excellent paper. However, the parts do not conform to the third edition at all places; sometimes they do, but at other times they follow the second or even the first. I therefore had to bring all of them completely in line with Mahler's final wishes, as expressed in the third edition. (This is just one more indication of the urgent necessity of the Society's project. During all these years, orchestras have not been playing the right notes!) In addition I of course corrected out-and-out misprints. However, with the exception of one part, there were just a few, though these few were often very serious. The seriously inaccurate (even though beautifully printed) part was that for the fourth trumpet, which was laden with errors. At one point the notes duplicate another of the trumpet parts, and the true fourth trumpet music is given to nobody! I fear the engraver tarried too long in the *Bierstüberl* the night before he did this job, and that the proof-reader loafed on the company's time.

It will be obvious that work on the *Second Symphony* took many days.

Since the huge mass of material involved in the work on this composition was turned over to me on September 3, when we were barely settled in the apartment, from the reader's viewpoint it may look as if I had fallen into the hands of a merciless slave-driver, bent on exploiting me and taking advantage of my good-natured willingness. Quite the opposite! Prof. Ratz made clear that the Society was in no hurry on the project, that the job could not possibly be completed for a long time, that while the weather remained good I should go out and get acquainted with the city, visit the museums, and postpone this work until rainy days. But who could keep his hands off such a treasure, even in lovely September weather and in such a delightful Old World city as Vienna? Nevertheless I must confess that there was a positive correlation between bad weather (incredibly miserable throughout November) and the quickness with which I got work done, on other symphonies as well as the *Second*.

### *Project II — the Ninth Symphony*

#### Materials:

1. Photocopy of Mahler's manuscript.
2. Photocopy of the engraver's copy.
3. Study score (Universal Edition, London, 1952).

One other item was made available later, at a highly opportune moment, and will be mentioned in its proper place.

I began work on the *Ninth Symphony* on December 6, 1965. Originally I was to edit only the third and fourth movements; someone else was scheduled to do the other two. But more about this later.

In contrast to the neatness of Mahler's other manuscripts, the writing in the *Ninth Syphony* is extremely messy, at points practically illegible (for he was in wretched health as well as hurried when he wrote it); there are several points where he seems to have set a new page down on the still-wet notes of the preceding page, resulting in a frightful blur. To make matters worse, the reproduction in this photocopy left much to be desired. The engraver's copy, on the other hand, was beautifully written and the reproduction was perfect.

I had gone only a little way into the third movement when I discovered that the printed score contains a mass of misprints. There is no positive correlation between messiness in the manuscript and misprints in the score, for some of the few clearly-written passages were engraved inaccurately. Certain misprints were nothing short of fantastic.

A rubber-stamped notice on the engraver's copy shows that Universal Edition released it to the engraver on July 11, 1912. Mahler died on May 18, 1911. It is thus obvious that he never saw the proofs. I doubt if anyone ever proofread the work. If anyone did, the job was even less than half-hearted, or there would not be so many inexcusable errors in the published score—at least 112 in the third movement alone. Unless by some miracle the parts are correct while the score is wrong, the world's orchestras have been playing some amazing inaccuracies—some in the chief melodic line!—for more than 55 years.

This is no reflection on Universal Edition of London, for other publishers have used the same plates. My personal copy, which I did not take with me, bears the imprint of Boosey & Hawkes, and is identical, except for some preface pages, with the edition with which I worked.

Later I shall give a few examples of misprints. For the present I shall merely say that there are ten errors on page 164 alone, not counting an unplayable note for the cellos, very clear in the manuscript, which will be put in parentheses in the new edition. The joke, "A fly lit on my music and I played him," comes to mind in a place on this same page where the engraver mistook a spot on Mahler's manuscript paper for a note, and intruded it into the score!<sup>2</sup>

There were fewer inaccuracies in the fourth movement, but two of them are important. In this, as well as all music, the obvious misprints that would be apparent to any musician are not what is serious; rather, what is serious are the slips that *look* as if they were right but are actually incorrect—worst of all when they substitute the trite where Mahler wrote the distinguished.

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<sup>2</sup> On page 123, upper system, measure 7, an overgrown staccato dot in the viola part was mistaken for a note, thus forming the double-stop G-A where Mahler intended only the single note G.

On the night of December 31, with less than an hour of 1965 remaining, I finished work on the *Ninth Symphony*.

Or so I thought. The future was to prove that I was hardly more than started.

### Project III — the Eighth Symphony

Materials:

1. Photocopy of the manuscript.
2. Study score (Universal Edition, London).

Early January of 1966 found me at work on the "*Symphony of a Thousand*," as it is often called. The manuscript, although neat and clear, differed markedly from the printed score. Evidently Mahler made a host of changes between the manuscript stage and printed stage—probably at the time of the work's première in September of 1910 at Munich.

To examine the engraver's copy and have it for reference would doubtless be a most helpful and revealing experience, but if this document still exists the Society has never been able to locate it.

All I could do was read the score note by note, vertically and horizontally, for "sense"—that is, scrutinize everything until I came to a "that's-a-queer-thing-to-write" kind of passage, then examine the manuscript to see if it gave any clue as to whether the printed material was correct or erroneous. Luckily, the manuscript nearly always provided a clear solution. Misprints were nowhere nearly as common as in the *Second* and *Ninth Symphonies*; several of the "queer" things were perfectly accurate.

Mahler writes incorrectly for the organ, manuals and pedals both (he apparently did not understand this most complicated of instruments), but his real meaning is always clear, so no editor should tamper with the notation, unconventional though it sometimes is.

For two selected examples of the infrequent misprints, let me mention:

(1) First movement, measure 151. Last note in first triplet for the solo violin is wrong, as can be proved by later parallel passages and by reference to the manuscript.

(2) Second movement, measure 335. Last violin note should surely be G, not G-flat as the key-signature suggests, even though both manuscript and score agree here.

In this symphony, it looks to me as if the celesta is written at actual pitch up to measure 1270 of the second of the two movements (it is silent in the first), but conventionally (i.e., an octave below actual pitch) from measure 1344 onward.

### Back to Project II — the Ninth Symphony

In early February I finished the *Eighth Symphony* and Prof. Ratz asked me to do the first movement of the *Ninth*. Later he added the second movement, meaning that I eventually edited the entire work. He never explained whether the person originally assigned to the first

two movements had backed out or had to be withdrawn for poor work; and tact and ethics suggested that I should not ask.

Photocopies of the sloppy manuscript and the precise engraver's copy were of course made available, and I began work on February 10. Again, numerous and serious misprints came to light. One was so bad that our adopted policy of making as few changes as possible, and as easily as possible, had to be shelved. This was the curious botch I discovered on page 88, lower system, in the second movement. Here there is a part for a solo violin, yet the engraver placed its staff *below* that for the remainder of the first violins. And when the solo violin joins with the rest of the section, the engraver gives it the music of the *second* violins—and makes a slight misprint in the process! (There are two other misprints on this page.) Prof. Ratz said he would insist on this being corrected so that the staves appear in proper order, no matter how much trouble is involved, for the mistake was unpardonable in the first place.

Of course this will punish the wrong party. The person who will have to make the correction is surely not the same one who blundered back in 1912, for that man must now be in the place where music engravers go when they die (and I think I know where this one went!)

While at work I learned a number of odd things about the *Ninth Symphony*. For example, the printed score calls for two harps, yet only one harp part ever appears; sometimes it is indicated to be played by both instruments in unison ("zu 2"), other times by the first harpist only ("I.") Neither the manuscript nor the engraver's copy makes any mention of two harps. The idea to double this part here and there stems from Mahler's devoted pupil and disciple, the late Bruno Walter, who doubtless remembered the frequent indications in other scores that the harp parts, whether one or two, should if possible be played by two or three instruments in unison. Although Walter's sincerity and good intentions are beyond question, he nevertheless neglected to indicate that the directions "I." and "zu 2" were purely his personal idea, not the composer's. He did certain other anonymous editing, including the insertion of the direction *klagend* ("complaining" or "plaintive") for the trumpet on page 99.

Walter conducted the world première of this work in June, 1912, so it is clear that Mahler never heard it performed. This fact will account for many of the odd things I found.

Still amazed by some of the errors, I finished editing the second movement (and hence the whole symphony) on March 12. That should have ended my work with the *Ninth Symphony*. But it turned out that such was by no means the case.

#### Project IV — the Third Symphony

##### Materials:

1. Photocopy of the manuscript.
2. First edition of the score (Weinberger, Vienna, no date).

3. Second edition of the score (Universal Edition, Vienna and Leipzig, no date; this copy printed 1920).

I was also given a Boosey & Hawkes study score (London, 1943), but since it was identical with the second edition, except that the print was smaller, I almost never used it.

The second edition had again been made by altering the plates of the first, except for nine pages which were freshly engraved. Mindful of the way the engraver of the *Second Symphony* had often intruded fresh mistakes when making one of Mahler's alterations, I minutely examined all changes and the notes that surrounded them. I was glad to see that almost invariably all was well; someone had learned a lesson from the botches in the *Second Symphony*. The newly-engraved pages I of course read carefully "for sense." There were a number of misprints, but only one was really serious: in the first movement, measure 411, the third note for the second trumpet should surely be E, not G.

Three interesting oddities came to light.

(1) The first edition showed that the famous post horn solo in the third movement had originally been given to the flügelhorn.

(2) The manuscript facsimile curiously showed that Mahler had originally designated the key of this symphony as F major rather than D minor.

(3) I had long known that the fourth movement of the *Fourth Symphony* had once been intended for use in the *Third*,<sup>3</sup> but never knew where it was to have fitted in. (The fact that there are themes common to both the *Third* and *Fourth Symphonies* stems from this early plan, as readers probably know.) The manuscript suggests that it would have been the second movement, the present second movement the third, and so on.

#### Once More Project II — the Ninth Symphony

While I was still occupied with the *Third Symphony*, during an idle moment I flipped open the *Ninth Symphony* score to its most mistake-ridden movement—the third—and to my distress within a few minutes found four misprints that had escaped me on the previous reading. There was nothing to do but read through this troublesome movement a second time, scrutinizing every note.

I found out that some previously-suspected misprints in the music for one instrument turned out to be quite correct as given, the queer-ness of the passage being due to the odd relationship caused by a hitherto-undiscovered error in a different instrument's part. The list of misprints and questionable places grew by leaps and bounds—a total of 55 new items. (Some of these, of course, were so slight that we eventually decided to let them stand as printed, though others were very serious.) The questionable places—spots where it is impossible to determine Mahler's real intentions—had by now become so numer-

<sup>3</sup> It was originally composed as a completely independent work, a song with orchestra.

ous as to be embarrassing; there were so many that I was afraid they would jeopardize the value of the new edition. And my allotted eight-month stay in Vienna was almost over!

Help arrived in the nick of time. There are some sketches for the *Ninth Symphony*—a highly incomplete and tentative score—which had once belonged to Alban Berg, whose 82-year-old widow loaned them to the Society so a photocopy could be made. This very clear photocopy was turned over to me on April 14. It contains none of the fourth movement; parts of other movements are missing; the form of two movements was later changed; and there were many changes in content, not to mention orchestration. For all these shortcomings the sketches proved to be a veritable gold mine, and for these reasons:

1. They proved that I had been quite right in making changes that on earlier occasions seemed so obviously necessary.
2. They proved that some of the suspected mistakes were indeed errors.
3. They proved that certain other suspected mistakes were entirely correct as printed.

The result was that the list of "questionable places" shrank dramatically. I am now confident that the authenticity of the new edition should be high.

I shall always be glad that I made a second study of this movement and that the sketches, with all their limitations were made available to me.

Let me conclude discussion of the *Ninth Symphony* by citing four glaring misprints—one per movement.

(1) Page 6, measure 1. Last eighth-note for first violins should be F-sharp, not F. (Note that this error occurs in the chief melodic line!)

(2) Page 99, measure 7. Repeated note for violas should be E-sharp, not E.

(3) Page 144, lower system, measure 1. In viola part between chord of grace-notes and principal note, insert a treble clef, making principal note high A-sharp, rather than B-sharp.

(4) Page 172, lower system, measures 3 and 4. Tied D-flat for second violins should be marked *8va*.

The last conference with Prof. Ratz, devoted to the *Third* and *Ninth Symphonies*, occurred on April 26. A mere four days later this genial scholar said *auf Wiedersehen* to us at Vienna's *Südbahnhof* as our train pulled out for Venice, from which we eventually proceeded home. How reluctant I was to leave Vienna!

It would be dishonest if I left the impression that I edited four Mahler symphonies single-handed. I was simply the only person who was able to give full time to the project. Prof. Ratz checked through these works also, and caught a number of points that had slipped by me, just as I caught many that escaped him—though of course we both caught the majority. In addition, a third person, whom he never identified, went through the thorny third movement of the *Ninth Symphony*.

This man was young and inexperienced, and I judged that his work was deemed, in general, unsatisfactory, for I caught ever so many points that he missed. What counts is that in spite of his limited skill he *did* catch 13 mistakes that had eluded both Ratz and me, five of them important. He proved that three pairs of eyes are indeed better than two, just as two are better than one.

#### Other Items

During my eight months in the Austrian capital I got to see two curiosities which the Mahler Society has in its archives.

One is the suppressed Andante from the *First Symphony*. This work was originally to have had five movements, of which the Andante was to be the second. Mahler's decision to discard it was a wise one, for the movement is entirely too "lightweight" for use in a symphony. The Andante is short, in C major 6-8 time, and scored for a small orchestra.

The other was the symphonic poem *Totenfeier*. It is clearly dated Prague, September 10, 1888. With very few changes in the music itself, but many in the orchestration, *Totenfeier* eventually became the opening movement of the *Second Symphony*; indeed this movement is still often called by that name. It was *Totenfeier* that provided the clue for the solution of the horn voice-leading problem on pages 24, 25, and 26 of this symphony, mentioned earlier.

On the day I reported to him, Prof Ratz turned over to me all the Society's photostatic copies of the manuscript and sketches for the incomplete *Tenth Symphony*. He strongly hinted that he would like to have me whip these tentative, chaotic, and semi-legible sketches into a clear version for publication—not a "completion," just an orderly statement of what music Mahler left. (Rumors that Ratz is opposed to the publication of this material are unfounded.) However, I preferred to confine myself to the compositions already mentioned. Judging from my own experience as a composer, I felt there is a strong possibility that Mahler might have made slight or radical changes in the material he left at his death, extending here, pruning there, transposing certain passages to other keys, interchanging sections, or altering melody, harmony, or rhythm. As readers know, a controversy rages over the *Tenth Symphony*, and for some reason that I cannot quite analyze, I preferred not to get involved in it. Enough "opinionating" has been done already. Some recently-discovered additional pages were turned over to me much later. Although I did not study them closely, I strongly suspect they might not represent genuine additional music, but rather that they are "sketches for the sketches" or even material Mahler had to discard eventually.

At our first meeting Prof. Ratz also gave me the original edition of the *Sixth Symphony* (C. F. Kahnt, Leipzig, 1906), marked in red pencil with all the post-publication changes Mahler made in that work—changes so thoroughgoing that the Society had to republish it completely, from A to Z. There were only seven pages with *no* change whatsoever! On many pages, more material was changed than was allowed to stand, the retouches almost invariably being confined to the

orchestration. The hours of grueling work that were required on the part of Prof. Ratz and his associates, and its difficulty, can well be imagined.

The ruling principle behind the changes in the *Sixth Symphony* is the same that caused the changes in the *Second* and *Third*: greater clarity, more assurance of effect, underlining of the important versus subdual of the accompanying material, and reduction of the likelihood of an inaccurate impression in case the work should fall into the hands of an inferior orchestra or a superficial conductor. I would say a singleness of purpose underlies all of Mahler's retouches.

RARE WORKS BY HUGO WOLF ON  
DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON

*Penthesilea* (original version); *Italian Serenade* (chamber orchestra); *Der Feuerreiter* (choral version), *Gebet, Neue Liebe, Wo find' ich Trost?* (Mörke); *Mignon, Harfenspieler I/II/III, Prometheus* (Goethe). Evelyn Lear (soprano), Thomas Stewart (baritone), Vienna Youth Chorus, Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by Otto Gerdes. DGG stereo discs SLPM-139426/7 (four sides). *String Quartet in D Minor* (original version). La Salle String Quartet. DGG stereo disc SLPM-139376 (two sides).

The above-named recordings arrived from Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft this year, to remind us that Bruckner was not the only Austrian composer who suffered from the "Viennese syndrome" of having his works carved up and redecorated at leisure by various "Praktiker" for posthumous publication as well as performance. For it can likewise be said of Hugo Wolf that, while his *Lieder* with piano have come down to us pretty much as he conceived them, this is not necessarily the case with his orchestral and chamber works. And so Vienna has had to give birth also to an International Hugo Wolf-Gesellschaft, with the ultimate and familiar aim of creating a *Kritische Gesamtausgabe* (or collected critical edition) of Wolf's works, free of all errors, corruptions, and curtailments. The DGG record issues detailed above grew in part out of a Hugo Wolf concert conceived in this spirit and performed in Vienna on September 25, 1968.

They include the first recording ever made of the symphonic poem *Penthesilea* (composed 1883-85), the first recording of the D Minor String Quartet in its fully authentic version, the chamber-orchestra version of the Italian Serenade, the chorus-and-orchestra version of the ballad *Der Feuerreiter*, and the voice-and-orchestra versions of eight other songs of which only *Prometheus* has been so offered on disc before. This welcome broadening of the recorded Wolf repertory ideally *should* have been launched some eight years earlier, since 1960 was the Wolf centennial as well as the Mahler centennial. It is nevertheless a start, belated or not, and I sincerely hope it will be followed up with similar releases in due time.

Wolf and Mahler were themselves both present, as enthusiastic student-supporters of Anton Bruckner, when the latter suffered the most humiliating rebuke of his composing career at the Viennese première of his Third Symphony in the winter of 1877. And just nine years later, Wolf was to endure an even more humiliating experience in the same place. Hans Richter led the Vienna Philharmonic on October 15, 1886, in a trial reading of *Penthesilea*, a work described by the biographer Frank Walker<sup>1</sup> as "an extremely complex and difficult score, and something of a phenomenon in the pre-Straussian era in which it was written." And that reading, the composer believed, was

<sup>1</sup> *Hugo Wolf—A Biography* (London: J. M. Dent & Sons; second, revised and enlarged edition, 1968), p. 186.

deliberately sabotaged either by the conductor or by a hostile clique in the orchestra itself, in order to teach the upstart a lesson in how to behave. Whether or not this belief was justified, *Penthesilea* was reportedly hooted and derided by the musicians who had just struggled through it, and who then proceeded to vote it down, further prompted by some derogatory remarks from the podium.

It was the only hearing of this, his largest orchestral work, Wolf was ever to get. Well aware of certain blemishes in the score, the composer was long determined to make some instrumental revisions. Unfortunately, he did not actually do so until 1897, after his mental breakdown, by which time he was evidently incapable of any rational judgment in the matter. As Frank Walker puts it,<sup>2</sup> "confined in Dr. Svetlin's asylum, he made alterations to the orchestration which actually added to the generally thick and noisy effect of the original scoring." Walker adds that it was a tragedy Wolf did not clarify the texture of *Penthesilea* in 1885 or 1886, making its instrumentation fully "worthy of its magnificent conception and design." One of the most pathetic delusions of Wolf's last clouded years was that he had composed an opera on *Penthesilea*, which he was to produce himself in Weimar, in revenge upon Vienna.<sup>3</sup> "Above all," he wrote, "I should like to make Fr. Sedlmair desert the Vienna Opera. I hope I shall succeed. She will make a magnificent *Penthesilea*."

Regarding its later history, Walker says<sup>4</sup> that "*Penthesilea* was first published posthumously in 1903, after revision by Joseph Hellmesberger the younger, assisted by advice by Ferdinand Löwe and Willibald Kähler." But this revision certainly did nothing to "clarify the texture" either. Rather it had the effect of weakening it, "just as Rimsky-Korsakov 'softened' Mussorgsky's scoring to make it comply with the taste of the time," in words of Erik Werba from the DGG album-notes.

"It was not until 1937," continues Walker, "that the real nature of the 'revision' to which Wolf's score had been subjected became known. In that year a full score was issued<sup>5</sup> which reproduced the work exactly as it stands in the manuscript, and revealed the remarkable extent to which the editors of the earlier version had departed from the composer's intentions. In addition to a thorough overhaul of the orchestration, an enormous and unacknowledged cut was made, 168 bars in length. The original version encourages the belief that in this work, which has been all too often dismissed as a misapplication of Wolf's energies and a secondary offshoot of his genius, we possess one of the grandest romantic conceptions of the 19th century."

The remarkably close analogy here to the case of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony, also published posthumously in 1903 in an unacknowledged "arrangement" by Ferdinand Löwe, and republished in the original version in 1934, some 31 years later, will not be missed by regular readers of *Chord and Discord*. And the editorial "guiding angel" behind the musicological edition of *Penthesilea* is none other than the well-loved, founding co-editor of the Bruckner-Gesellschaft, Robert Haas.

<sup>2</sup> *Idem*, p. 192.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. letter to Heinrich Potpeschnigg quoted in *op. cit.*, p. 450.

<sup>4</sup> *Idem*, p. 188.

<sup>5</sup> Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag, Leipzig and Vienna.

Having silently sequestered this score on my library shelf for some 25 years, I am highly gratified, to say the least, to be able to augment it at last with a recording of the work. With more than a suggestion of Liszt and of the *Zaubermädchen* from *Parsifal*, *Penthesilea* also anticipates something of the Biblical voluptuousness of Strauss, as indeed of the more bardic chromaticisms of Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder*. All this is compounded with the acrid harmonic touches we might expect from the composer of the Italian Serenade and *Der Corregidor*. In short, a highly pivotal work. I leave the record listener to explore for himself *Penthesilea's* program, derived from Kleist's tragedy about Achilles and the Queen of the Amazons.

DGG's lucid sound and Otto Gerdes' sympathetic interpretation of the Original Version are the recording's very welcome attributes. With this release, Vienna has made tangible amends for the painful scene of the early trial-reading of 83 years ago. My only serious reservation about the DGG pressing is the disruptive and quite unnecessary division of this 25-minute performance onto two record sides. Although three main sections (of very unequal length) with subtitles are indicated in the score, Frank Walker points out<sup>6</sup> that these are "not to be regarded as separate movements; the material of the first two short sections is made use of and developed in the long third section." Hence, to separate the first five minutes of this integrated and continuous music from the remaining twenty by a turnover, without a compelling necessity, displays an artistic gaucheness verging on lunacy. It strongly invites a competitive version, coupled perhaps with some of Wolf's mature and still unrecorded score for Henrik Ibsen's *Feast at Solhaus* (1890-91).

The work sharing a side with the beginning of *Penthesilea* is the chamber-orchestra version (1892) of Wolf's eight-minute Serenade in G major, originally for string quartet, of 1887. It was only for the orchestral version that Wolf appended the word "Italian" to the title; but since he had already alluded to the quartet-movement as an *Italienische Serenade* in a letter of 1890, it has been retroactively applied to the original as well. Wolf intended to add further movements, but only brief sketches for a slow movement (1893), a third movement (1894), and a final tarantella (1897) survive. The Serenade has become the most popular of Wolf's instrumental compositions, and the only "concert staple" among them. The best of the more recent recordings of the quartet version, by the Juilliard Quartet, is no longer available (a statistic in the high-mortality rate of the RCA catalogue), but this is closely seconded by the Los Angeles Quartet (Crystal S-103).

Walker expresses the opinion<sup>7</sup> that "the arrangement for small orchestra, with its rich coloring, is greatly to be preferred to the original version for quartet. It brings out all the latent romanticism of the music, concealed beneath its satirically humorous manner." It is undeniable that the delightful astringency of the main theme, scored for solo viola in both versions, stands out in brighter relief against the coloring of woodwinds, horns, and concerted strings. It shows optimal

<sup>6</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 189.

<sup>7</sup> *Idem*, p. 312.

judgment that Wolf, who originally had the idea of rescoring the first and third occurrences of this theme for English horn, reverted to the viola throughout.

The same might be said of the context of the solo cello cues which remain in the orchestral version, at bars 302 and 541. Such bitter-sweet alternations of solo and tutti string color will be readily recalled as the crux of many an analogous Mahler tableau. Highly effective too are the cues for solo bassoon (bar 59) and for the warbling flute (118 and 252), and above all the successive cues in the piquant F# minor-major colloquy (beginning at 342). There is an especially Mahleresque harmonic touch at 504, again in F# minor. Manifestly there is no trace of *Penthesilea's* besetting thickness here. Yet the quartet version has its own special charm, and I cannot imagine why anyone who likes this music would not be exceedingly fond of it in both settings. The new orchestral recording is notably clearer in its articulation and warmer in sound than the only other current version, by William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony (Pickwick SPC-4027). The superior articulation under Gerdes includes both the viola (Siegfried Führlinger) and cello soli.

At the head of the score of the youthful String Quartet in D Minor stands the inscription "*Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren*" ("Renounce! You must renounce!") from Goethe's *Faust*. Frank Walker says of the music:<sup>8</sup> "Some intense Faustian struggle in the young man's soul is here worked out in purely musical terms. . . . It is Beethoven's shadow that is felt to lie heavily over the whole composition; but in place of the unearthly wisdom, joy, and sadness of Beethoven's third period, there is in Wolf's Quartet a turbulent strength and cataclysmic intensity of suffering, such as only youth is able to conceive or support. . . . There had been nothing in the young Wolf's output up to this time to suggest that he was capable of such sustained creative achievement—the epic breadth of the design of this Quartet, the daring freedom of its forms, the sheer mastery over stubborn musical material."

Wolf Rosenberg, the annotator of the DGG recording, points out that this work is exactly contemporary with Mahler's *Das klagende Lied*, and that, like the Mahler cantata, it is "far ahead of its time." If its date of composition were unknown, he writes, "one would assume this Quartet to have been written about the turn of the century." Both the Quartet and *Das klagende Lied* were undertaken in 1878, when both composers were 18. A year earlier they had been fellow students at the Vienna Conservatoire (from which Wolf had been expelled), and less than a year later they were even to share lodgings. Both works were evidently completed by 1880,<sup>9</sup> although Wolf was to substitute (if that is the right word) in 1884 a newly composed finale for his Quartet<sup>10</sup>—a finale which establishes a stylistic link to the Italian *Serenade*—and both were pre-eminently *Sturm und Drang* pieces in the hereditary line of Beethoven and Wagner. After that, the two young

<sup>8</sup> *Idem*, pp. 106-8.

<sup>9</sup> See Frank Walker's chronology of the Quartet in *op. cit.*, p. 106.

<sup>10</sup> The existence of an earlier finale has been inferred from Wolf's later reference to his "Quartet from the year 1880" and from a letter written by him in January, 1881, referring to a "recent" private performance of the Quartet at the home of Natalie Bauer-Lechner; but no score survives.

men went increasingly separate paths. But the youthful works in question were to bear the further common fate of remaining unperformed in public for an entire generation—i.e., until *after* "the turn of the century" indeed.<sup>11</sup>

The Quartet was first published in 1903, in a somewhat re-edited version prepared by Joseph Hellmesberger. Aside from extensive alterations in bowing and phrasing, the editor altered the actual music in five separate if brief instances, and he made the *Adagio* the second movement (as, it appears, Wolf originally conceived it), instead of third as he later rescheduled it. A now-deleted Columbia monophonic recording of the work (ML-4821) was made in New York in 1953, from the Hellmesberger edition, by the New Music Quartet (Broadus Erle, Matthew Raimondi, Walter Trampler and Claus Adam), along with the Italian Serenade.

Later, in 1955, the original manuscript turned up at a public auction and was purchased by the Austrian National Library. The Hugo Wolf-Gesellschaft's critical edition, prepared by Hans Jancik, was duly published in 1960.<sup>12</sup> It is this edition, with the *Adagio* again the third movement and the *Scherzo* the second, which is now recorded for the first time by the La Salle Quartet (Walter Levin, Henry Meyer, Peter Kamnitzer and Jack Kirstein), whose rendition holds the field alone.

Despite the textual improvements, my recommendation would have to be divided between the two if the older recorded version were still obtainable. With slower tempi for the *Grave* introduction and for the *Adagio* movement, the New Music Quartet digs in more impressively. Also, the leading violinist, Broadus Erle, plays the difficult high passages in the *Grave* with better intonation and articulation than Walter Levin, his counterpart in the La Salle. But most of the faster passages are beautifully conceived and executed by the latter group, and the final impression is of a strong and vital interpretation. As for the sound qualities, one attribute stands uppermost in my mind. Frank Walker said<sup>13</sup> that he doubted "whether all the details can ever be made to sound clear in performance," since "the texture of the work is often so close." I think that DGG's spacious and well-placed stereo sound helps enormously to come nearer to that goal, or at least to alleviate the claustrophobia we tend to get in the pre-stereo recordings of such closely contrapuntal works—even the best recordings, and Columbia's is quite good for its time.

The Mörike and Goethe settings heard in the double album were all composed at the height of Wolf's career, during that astonishing year between February, 1888, and February, 1889, when he produced more than 100 songs for voice and piano based on the lyrics of those two poets alone.<sup>14</sup> All are sung here with orchestral accompaniment. Eight

<sup>11</sup> The story of another gratuitous insult in Vienna, *à propos* of the Quartet, is related by Walker, pp. 176-7; this 1885 incident directly foreshadowed the above-mentioned *Penthesilea* disaster.

<sup>12</sup> Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag, Vienna. The Quartet shares a volume with the Intermezzo for String Quartet (1886) and the original version of the Serenade.

<sup>13</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 107.

<sup>14</sup> Virtually all the songs on which Wolf's chief reputation rests were composed in the years 1888-91. As summarized by Eric Sams, these years gave birth to "over 200 songs to words by Mörike, Eichendorff, Goethe, Geibel, Keller and Heyse." *The Songs of Hugo Wolf* (London: Methuen & Co., 1961), p. 1.

of them are drawn from the versions for solo voice and orchestra which Wolf made of some 27 of his *Lieder* in the succeeding years, while *Der Feuerreiter* is sung in his version for chorus and orchestra.

The original song *Der Feuerreiter* was composed on October 10, 1888. The choral version, subheaded "A Ballad for Chorus and Orchestra" and containing some compositional elaboration of the original voice part and accompaniment, belongs to the autumn of 1892. (Mention of the latter year is missing from DGG's album-notes after the words "October and November," implying that this also belongs to 1888.) Eric Sams said of the work:<sup>15</sup> "Eduard Mörike was adept in the poetry of magic and dream. This ballad is all black magic and nightmare. It is remarkable alike for its vividness and its obscurity, like the strange fire-lit scenes it describes. . . . It is Mörike's own per-fervid imagination that has given legendary force to the bizarre narrative by making it seem true and compelling. Wolf's imagination in turn was fired and fused into music of nerve-flaying intensity."

The *Lied* version was notably interpreted by the tenor Helge Roswänge in Volume VI of the old HMV recordings of the Hugo Wolf Society, and also by the baritone Heinrich Rehkemper on a Polydor record. The effect of the chorus is much more coldly impersonal, thus placing more emphasis on the accompaniment than on the human narration—and particularly upon Wolf's grotesque and prophetic orchestration. Again it is above all certain parts of Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder* (*cf.* the choruses of the dead retainers) that are evoked, in anticipation as it were. The closing refrain in each stanza is set to excited reiterations of "*Hinter'm Berg, hinter'm Berg,*" etc., which most unfortunately sound like *Jingle Bells*. The singing of the Vienna Youth Chorus is exemplary withal, and the depth of the recording very effective in its way. I would emphasize that the full dynamic contrast employed here demands a hearing at a high-gain level in order to catch also the smallest whispers. (The sopranos "*Husch!*" is almost non-existent.)

Evelyn Lear sings the other three Mörike settings, whose texts are all intimate and self-searching, and whose music is filled with that devoutness tinged with anguish which is always so moving in Wolf.<sup>16</sup> Although the original compositions were separated in time (one in spring and two in autumn of 1888), the orchestrations were achieved in three consecutive days—September 4-6, 1890—so that they make a rather nice miniature cycle in this form. Sometimes the long-held wind and string chords of the first two (all are slow-moving), along with the solo-violin cantilena heard in the opening song, *Gebet* ("Prayer"), convey a rather Straussian religiosity which tends to repel.<sup>17</sup> But all this falls more convincingly into place as we reach the third, *Wo find' ich Trost?* ("Where May I Find Comfort?"), with its tragic and retro-actively personal outcry:

Lord, Lord, will the night soon be over?  
What shall save me from death and sin?

Miss Lear is at something less than her optimum form in these songs

<sup>15</sup> *Idem*, pp. 83-4.

<sup>16</sup> Hugo Wolf was "a freethinker, like his father before him." F. Walker, *op. cit.*, p. 416.

<sup>17</sup> Richard Strauss' Four Last Songs of 1948, whose lingering sweetness evidently leaves many hovering "between ecstasy and abhorrence," are classically of that genre.

—whether because of insufficient preparation, conflicts of artistic approach, simple fatigue, or what, I would not hazard a guess. She makes up for it in her one other and longest number, the well-known song of Goethe's Mignon—*Kennst du das Land?* Wolf made two orchestrations of this great song, which he originally composed on December 17, 1888. The first one, dating from 1890, was lost in a public conveyance, and so Wolf rescued the song in 1893. The first orchestration was eventually recovered by rare chance and posthumously published, and it turns out to be rather different from the second. The original song with piano is itself so deservedly famous, and so frequently recorded, that it seems incredible neither of the orchestral settings has been put on disc before now. Miss Lear sings the first one, and it would certainly be a pity not to get the second from an artist of comparable eminence—or from Lear herself, perhaps with the other three Mignon songs from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, all of which were set by Wolf.

*Kennst du das Land?* is of course the best-known of these four songs of the waif Mignon, and the finest of the total of ten songs drawn from the pages of *Wilhelm Meister*. The whiff of harp arpeggio in the ritornello of this orchestral version subtly invokes the old harper, who is not physically present, but present in spirit, during Mignon's singing of the ballad to Wilhelm in the novel. This is a subtle dramatic point indeed, since Mignon poignantly appeals to Wilhelm, in her wild and passionate vision, as "beloved", "protector", and "father" in turn. And on the other side of the disc, appropriately enough, Miss Lear's husband, Thomas Stewart, delivers the three *Harfenspieler-Lieder*, or songs of the old harper himself from the same novel, with Wolf's orchestration of December 2-4, 1890.

In these songs, as Frank Walker says,<sup>18</sup> "the composer all the time holds in his mind's eye the figure of the stricken harper, and allows nothing to deflect him from his purpose of tragic portraiture." The orchestral settings look ahead to Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder*, firstly in their sparsely contrapuntal, interwoven lines and chamber-like scoring, and secondly in their tightly controlled inward emotion, breaking out in unrestrained grief only in the third song, *Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass*, which is marked "*Langsam und mit tief klagendem Ausdruck*."<sup>19</sup> I had heard the orchestral settings only once before, in a memorable interpretation by the baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, with the New York Philharmonic under Steinberg. Fischer-Dieskau is, of course, particularly adept in this kind of orchestral *Lied*. So it is no small compliment to say that I received much the same thrilling effect from Thomas Stewart, with his own inner shaping and his own dark intonation of the words "*Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte*" ("He knows ye not, ye heavenly powers").

Finally, in the orchestral setting (dated March 12, 1890) of Goethe's epic poem *Prometheus*, Stewart challenges the long-standing memory of one of the finest achievements of the HMV Hugo Wolf Society series—the performance by the baritone Friedrich Schorr<sup>20</sup>—and of a

<sup>18</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 244.

<sup>19</sup> Compare Mahler's "*Mit leidenschaftlichem Ausdruck*" (*Kind.* I, bar 59) and "*Mit ausbrechendem Schmerz*" (*Kind.* III, bar 55).

<sup>20</sup> In Volume II (c.1932); accompaniment by Roger Heger and the London Symphony Orchestra.

still earlier recording by Heinrich Rehkemper to boot.<sup>21</sup> So, in addition to the inherent gratification of hearing the electrifying orchestra score in up-to-date stereo sound at last, I am happy to say that the bearded Mr. Stewart also acquits himself well, handsomely bearding Hugo Wolf in his own den. Listen to the utter scorn he puts into the words "eure Majestät"! And since this song (or *scena*, as it might be called) dwells more in the pure Wagnerian realm than almost any other of Wolf's works, we ought to expect no less from a leading Wagnerian baritone, of this or any other day.

In any event, I feel that if there is one poem by Goethe that seems destined to be set by either Hugo Wolf or Gustav Mahler at the height of his powers, it is *Prometheus*.<sup>22</sup> Schubert's setting, in the opinion of Frank Walker,<sup>23</sup> "for all its noble qualities, cannot really be compared with Wolf's mighty tone-poem, principally because the requisite notes of burning anger and contempt were not in Schubert's nature." And only the orchestral version of the Wolf song, he feels, fully displays the magnificence of Wolf's conception: "In the opening bars of the orchestral introduction we feel the hero draw himself up to hurl his defiance in the face of Zeus, whose presence is revealed in the lightnings, the thunderbolts, and the menacing growls that follow. Then above the raging storm is heard the voice of Prometheus in proud mockery, as he compares the god's assaults on oak and mountain-top to the idle pastime of a boy beheading thistles. At each fresh climax of audacious defiance the fury of Zeus, the thunders and the lightnings, are renewed, until in the end they are felt only as the expression of the god's impotence in the face of Prometheus's independence."

Could there be any doubt that Wolf had his own works and the Musical Establishment at least subliminally in mind when he set the ringing challenge of Goethe's final stanzas?:

Who aided me  
Against the overweening Titans?  
Who rescued me from death,  
From slavery? . . .  
Have I not been shaped into man  
By allmighty time  
And eternal destiny,  
My masters and thine?

Dreamest thou, perhaps,  
That I should hate life,  
Flee into the wilderness,  
Because all my visions  
Do not blossom?

Here I sit, forming a people  
In mine own image,  
A race even like myself,

---

<sup>21</sup> Reissued on Scale mono LP 809 (a miscellaneous Rehkemper recital), with an unidentified orchestral accompaniment; from acoustic Polydor 66004 of c.1924/5. In recent years Hans Hotter and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau have both recorded the piano version with Gerald Moore accompanying.

<sup>22</sup> Mahler even paraphrased passages from the poem liberally in his much-noted letter of June 17, 1879, to Josef Steiner. See Gabriel Engel's *Gustav Mahler, Song-Symphonist*, p. 25.

<sup>23</sup> *Op. cit.*, pp. 252-3.

*Chord and Discord*

To suffer, to weep,  
To enjoy and to gladden each other,  
And to defy thee,  
As I do!

"The last words, '*wie ich*,'" writes Eric Sams,<sup>24</sup> "are echoed by strong hammering chords, as the forger of mankind with one gesture turns his back on Heaven and resumes his human creation."

JACK DIETHER

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<sup>24</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 157.

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JACK DIETHER is the author of the acclaimed CBC dramatic radio programs *A Portrait of Anton Bruckner* and *A Portrait of Gustav Mahler*, has annotated more than twenty Bruckner and Mahler recordings for RCA, Columbia, Time-Life, etc., and is preparing a major study of Mahler's music and personality. He is a recipient of the Mahler Medal of Honor and a regular contributor to *The American Record Guide*.

PARKS GRANT has contributed frequently to CHORD AND DISCORD since the issue of March, 1934. At present he is Professor of Music at the University of Mississippi at Oxford, Mississippi. He is a composer of note as well as a writer on music.



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Among American artistic developments of recent years the rebirth of interest in the music of Bruckner and Mahler is second to none in significance. When *The Bruckner Society of America* was founded on January 4, 1931, performances of these two composers by our major musical organizations were not merely rare, but also ineffectual, because American music-lovers had no adequate approach to the proper appreciation of the art of either Bruckner or Mahler. Therefore the *Society*, having adopted as its chief aim the fulfillment of this void, published the first biographies of these composers in English and issued a magazine, CHORD AND DISCORD, devoted almost entirely to discussions of their works.

The *Society* solicits the cooperation of all who are interested in furthering this aim. Inquiries concerning membership may be directed to Charles L. Eble, President, Box 1171, Iowa City, Iowa 52240.

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# CHORD AND DISCORD

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THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL

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1998

“MY TIME WILL YET COME”



THE KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL

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# CHORD AND DISCORD

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## IN MEMORIAM

This final issue of *Chord and Discord* is dedicated to the memory of Jack Diether, a frequent contributor of scholarly articles to this journal and its editor at the time of his death. He was the author of album notes for numerous recordings as well as program notes for various symphony orchestras and wrote the scripts for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation for *Portrait of Anton Bruckner* (1967), *Portrait of Gustav Mahler* (1968), *Life of Beethoven* (1970), *Ralph Vaughan Williams* (1972), *Edward Elgar, Portrait of an Enigma* (1973). He was founder of New York Mahlerites in the mid-70s, member of Gustav Mahler Society, USA, Music Critics Association, Musical Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, and Dancing Critics Association. In *Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*, 8th edition, his 1969 *Chord and Discord* article, "Notes on Some Mahler Juvenilia", is given special praise.

# MAHLER'S RÜBEZAHL: AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

by DIKA NEWLIN

In 1958, Donald Mitchell had to write, concerning the manuscript of Mahler's RÜBEZAHL libretto, "There is no account of its fate."<sup>1</sup> Since then, a copy of the libretto—unfortunately, not accompanied by a score—has come to light among the papers left behind by Alma Mahler. A microfilm of this material is available in the Music Division of the New York Public Library. While the libretto as we have it is not quite complete, it gives us a fairly clear picture of what the work was planned to be.

We first hear of the idea of a fairy-tale opera by Mahler in 1879. At that time, Mahler and Hugo Wolf were still good friends. Alma Mahler tells the following story:

One day, . . . Wolf got the idea of writing a fairy-tale opera. This was long before Humperdinck and undoubtedly an original inspiration. They considered many themes and finally hit on Rübèzähl. Mahler was young and impulsive and he began on the libretto that very night and finished it the next day. In all innocence he took it to Wolf for him to see. But Wolf also had made a start and was so put out by Mahler's having stolen a march on him that he threw up the whole idea and never forgave him. Outwardly they remained on friendly terms for some time longer, but they avoided each other's society. Many years later they met on the way to the *Festspielhaus* at Bayreuth and passed by with a curt: 'Hallo.'<sup>2</sup>

This account is not entirely accurate. For one thing, the idea of a fairy-tale opera was not exactly an "original inspiration." Even the Rübèzähl theme, as Mitchell points out, had been used in opera before; works by Joseph Schuster (1789), Wilhelm Würfel (1824) and Friedrich von Flotow (1853) have the mythical mountain spirit as protagonist. It seems unlikely, too, that Mahler wrote the libretto overnight—though admittedly certain flaws in its composition suggest hasty writing. On the basis of available information (Mrs. Mahler's comments, letters to Anton Krisper and Friedrich Löhr, a remark in Natalie Bauer-Lechner's memoirs), we might prepare the following chronology, as suggested by Mitchell: 1879—genesis of idea; 1880 or 1881—preparation of text; 1882—work on music; 1885—abandonment of project. But, many years later, Mahler had still not forgotten the work. He even searched out the libretto for Max Marschalk, the Berlin critic and composer, who, he thought, might want to set it to music. Later, though, Mahler conceded that it might be difficult to do anything worthwhile

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<sup>1</sup> Donald Mitchell, *Gustav Mahler, The Early Years* (London, 1958), p. 57.

<sup>2</sup> Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler, Memories and Letters*, (tr. Basil Creighton, London, 1946), p. 53.

with this "youthful fantasy." Yet it seems that, as Mitchell has convincingly stated, the work, "however defective when viewed dispassionately, still retained for him a certain glamour. It is impossible, despite the frustrating absence of the music, not to feel RÜBEZAHN as a work of special significance in Mahler's early development. He never did, in fact, quite grow out of it."<sup>3</sup>

We know little of what the music of RÜBEZAHN was like. Paul Stefan mentions that the main theme of "Maitanz im Grünen" (March 5, 1880; later known as "Hans und Grethe") was used as a chorus. We find this passage in Scene 4, in the "ring-around-the-rosy" chorus of the Attendants. The text is identical with that of the song:

Ringel, ringel reih'n!  
Wer fröhlich ist, der schlinge sich ein!

Later in the scene, Emma drifts dreamily into further reminiscences of the song:

Und ist doch der Mai so grün  
Und die Lüfte, sie zieh'n—

and:

Wer ein liebes Liebchen küsst,  
Wie glücklich der ist.

Another textural parallel—suggesting, possibly, a musical similarity—may be found in Scene 5. Ratibor, pining for the absent Emma, sings:

In Busch seh' ich ihr Haar nur weh'n—  
am Himmel ihr blauen Augen steh'n  
Und mag ich träumen oder wachen  
Mir klinget immer ihr silbern Lachen!

Compare the following lines from the third song of *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*:

Wenn ich in den Himmel seh'  
Seh' ich zwei blauen Augen steh'n!  
O weh! o weh!  
Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh',  
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar  
im Winde weh'n!  
O weh! O weh!  
Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'  
Und höre klingen ihr silbern Lachen  
O weh! O weh!  
Ich wollt', ich läg auf der schwarzen Bahr,  
könnt nimmer, nimmer die Augen aufmachen!

In more general terms, Paul Stefan states (basing his information on comments gleaned from Mahler's friends), "The bright humour, and the dark, biting perverse style à la Callot, which we know from the

<sup>3</sup>Mitchell, *op.cit.*, p. 139.

lyrical and symphonic works, existed already in RÜBEZAHL. Especially a March of the Suitors (Scene 1: D.N.) is remembered as accompanied in the maddest of moods."<sup>4</sup>

With these few hints, we must be content. The music of RÜBEZAHL is gone forever, but all the more must we appreciate the unique contribution of Julia Morrison, who has made Mahler's drama live again for the modern reader.

## Foreword

BY Julia Morrison

To what extent is one justified in trying to improve a script such as this RÜBEZAHL which Mahler left? I decided that if I were going to work with it at all, I must take the chance of making it as good as its potential would allow but without violation of any of Mahler's aesthetic intentions. His script bears many traces of rapid composition: character development and differentiation, dramatic progression, economy, and diction are not given their due because of this, probably, and it is such flaws that I have tried to lessen.

Neither strict translation nor adaptation, this English work might rather be called a version just as many folk tales, among them FAUST, HALFCHICK, RAPUNZEL and RÜBEZAHL, exist in many forms—versions. Here, my purpose has been to stay as close to Mahler's work as I could but to take liberties where necessary to make a work which is more singable, speakable, believable, economical, etc. Such liberties include:

Differentiating characters via speech patterns of various sorts, having them speak in manners of dissimilar epochs.

Giving *Rübezahl's* character an especial timeless quality, also setting him more apart, by framing his words in a distinctive kind of period English.

Retaining passages crossed out in the original script. Since much of Mahler's work is still missing, all that exists and is unreplaced and useful should be kept.

Revising some verse forms, using rhyme more freely and less frequently, employing occasional prose for variety; and changing punctuation—mainly reducing the number of exclamation points!

Completing stage directions where needed.

Adding twentieth-century American lines to the chant, "Ring Around the Rosy," (page 18), to round it off and add portent.

Altering the sequence of the last pages in Mahler's script; this is indicated here within the English version.

Unfortunately, we have no "Prologue", rather only some tantalizing references to it, as on pages 9, 15, and 17. We know from at least one

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<sup>4</sup>Paul Stefan, *Gustav Mahler, A Study of His Personality and Work* (tr. T. E. Clark, New York, 1913), p. 21.

German form of the tale that Rūbezahl changed himself into a laborer in order to live with human beings and so learn about them: thus, the Charcoal Burner referred to on page 9 is consistent. Also, as on pages 7 and 9, the Princess (Emma) was first seen by Rūbezahl while at play and with her attendants. It is strange that no character, even Emma, ever refers to or addresses Rūbezahl by name until the crowd scene at the end of Mahler's work; in the old tale, in one form at least, no character uses the name at all, and even the narrator is sparing with it. In one version, Emma creates several kinds of messenger: bee, cricket, magpie, and horse.

Mahler quotes his own song exactly on page 21. (See Dika Newlin, "Mahler's RÜBEZAH: AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION," above.) This seems promising as a personal and fitting variation.

All page references in this Foreword refer to my English version, RÜBEZAH, TURNIP COUNT

## RÜBEZAH, TURNIP COUNT

A Libretto by GUSTAV MAHLER

English Version by JULIA MORRISON

### characters

King	Kunigund
Servant	Ratibor
Chancellor	The Shepherd
Court Marshal	Falcon
Prince Alpha	Horse
Prince Beta	Sparrowhawk
Prince Gamma	Ministers
Emma	Courtiers
Rūbezahl	Servants
Brinhild	Elves
Irmentraut	Spirits
Adelheit	Rural People
Edelgard	Wedding Guests

### Scene One

(Throne room in the royal palace. Ministers, courtiers, servants. KING enters in a dressing gown, crown upon his head; in his right hand is the scepter, in his left is the imperial orb.)

EVERYONE  
(hymn-like)

O King! O King!  
To you we homage bring.  
God grant long life to you.  
May good health be yours, too.

KING

Thank you, my dear subjects. I always strive to rule with wisdom and mercy.

(to SERVANT)

Is my daughter Emma up yet?

SERVANT

Early this morning she went down to the forest with her attendants.

KING

What else has been happening in my kingdom? Haven't any widows and orphans been oppressed? Or merchants been plundered? Woe to doers of wrong!

CHANCELLOR

Your wisdom spreads peace and justice among your subjects. A profound calm prevails here.

KING

And another thing: I am informed that lately the spirits of forest and mountains have been haunting the minds of my people. What is this? Are all my scientists and scholars sleeping? I want the newest results of scientific study to be made known in every corner of my realm. If need be, they should be distributed in writing!  
Enlightenment! Enlightenment!

MINISTERS

Our Lord and King, your will  
We hasten to fulfill.

(MINISTERS exit)

(COURT MARSHAL enters)

COURT MARSHAL

Three princes just arrived from Greece, await in hope they may approach your throne, your Majesty.  
Will you receive them now?

KING

Bring them to me. I'll receive them here and now!

(COURT MARSHAL exits.

KING sits on throne.

March-type music.)

The princes, ALPHA, BETA,  
GAMMA, enter)

ALPHA    BETA    GAMMA

Hail, hail, O King!

EVERYONE

Hail!

(music stops)

ALPHA

(stepping forward; with pathos)

Near bright Eurota's waves agleam with swords  
There, where greatest heroes' spirits wander,

I grew up to fight the foe with courage.  
 Loftiest bards for my deeds scarce find words!  
 My father sits upon his country's throne.  
 I am Alpha, his beloved son the first.

KING

Take a rest, after such a long journey. Prince Alpha, welcome to my  
 flourishing land! That speech wasn't long. Do sit down.  
 (indicates a seat next to his throne)

BETA

(stepping forward)

In Arcadia's verdant valleys  
 Where the flowers are sweetly nodding.  
 And the songs of nightingales  
 Flow into the tenderest hearts,  
 Rocked by zephyrs gently smiling  
 Stood my cradle, promise-filled.

Where hearts are all charmed and enchanted,  
 There my victories are willed.  
 Hellas' valleys proudly call me  
 Sweet Arcadia's noblest son.  
 But my father, with affection,  
 Simply call me: Beta-kon.

KING

You just sit down with us, Prince Beta-kon. It's plain to see that you're  
 a worthy son.

GAMMA

(stepping forward)

By nature I'm rather silent and shy,  
 And not very fluent in my speech.  
 My name is Gamma. I've come here from Greece.  
 My royal father sends regards to you.

KING

Be seated, noble Prince. When you return  
 Please lay our thanks at your royal father's feet.  
 Now tell me, worthy princes that you are:  
 Why have you journeyed to us from so far?

ALPHA -

O King, the fame of your daughter's beauty has spread even to Greece.  
 It made our thoughts soar on such mighty pinions that they carried us  
 immediately to the Bohemian Mountains.  
 So here we are, ready to try our luck.

KING

Alas, poor Princes, you simply do not know how hard-hearted against  
 all men my daughter Emma is. Not one has yet succeeded in winning  
 her favor. Each suitor has been driven off in disgrace and ridicule.

GAMMA

Well, leave that to me. Much speechmaking I gladly turn over to others, but when it's a matter of capturing a woman's heart, I know how to hold my own.

KING

All right, try your luck, then!

EMMA  
(offstage)

Father! Father!

KING

Ah ha! Here she comes!

(EMMA storms in wildly. When she sees the princes, she stops short.)

Now, my dear, what's the matter?

EMMA

Oh! Father, there are ghosts in the woods.  
And we            we only wanted—

KING

—You wanted            what?

EMMA

We only wanted            (quickly)            to take a walk.  
Then out of the mountains came a shriek.  
With a scornful sneer and a ghostly squeak  
*It*, *It* chased us around. Then all at once,  
We came flying out of the woods in a bound.

KING

But, dear child, aren't you old enough now to be giving up all this nonsense? Again, you've let yourself be    uh, terrified    or uh, d-d-distressed and uh, f-f-f-frightened by a simple falling rock.

EMMA

But Father! I heard the voice of the Mountain Spirit, and it was perfectly clear.

KING

No. It must have been the wind, or some other natural sound.

ALPHA

In truth, she is a maiden fair.

BETA

I've never seen a lovelier.

EMMA

Who are these dreadful men, anyway?  
They look at me as if I were for sale!

KING

More suitors for your hand, my dear.  
These three are princes, who were lured from Greece  
When they heard the news of your beauty.

Ooooooh! I feel very strange.

EMMA

KING  
(to the PRINCES)

Well, here's your chance.  
So try your luck!

(The PRINCES approach EMMA)

ALPHA  
(with a grand gesture)

The greatest hero of the age  
Approaches, shy, his lovely sweet.  
He who was never overwhelmed  
Now lies quite vanquished at thy feet.

Hot the clash of gleaming swords,  
Hot the spearheads flailed above  
The foemen's heads in a wild affray,  
But hotter yet my fervent love.

EMMA

Well, well, Prince, that's very nice.  
But must you say it twice!  
Let's get on now.

(ALPHA, offended, sits.)  
BETA

Not with slaughter of the foe,  
Not with clang of mighty swords,  
Not with grim and bloody words,  
Will I my beloved woo.

Where the nightingales are singing  
And the zephyrs softly blow,  
Where the flowers are sweetly blooming,  
There I pray my fate to know.

EMMA

Prince Number Two, your words display good will.  
But why should I grant any wish of yours?

(She makes gesture of dismissal.  
BETA, offended, sits beside ALPHA.)

GAMMA

O perfect maiden, fair to see,  
Only my eyes may speak to thee.

(stammering)

My sinful heart with passion throbs,  
My soul is in a fevered daze.

EMMA  
(laughing)

Your words are shortest of all, Prince,  
So you merit the longest praise.

ALPHA  
(insistently)  
Yet now, my Angel, may I hope?

EMMA  
(PRINCES approach, interested)  
Of all the men I've ever met  
I think you three are the most absurd.  
(EMMA laughs uncontrollably.  
PRINCES step back.)

BETA  
Woe! Alack! Are those your final words?

KING  
(softly; to EMMA)  
If you keep talking like this  
You'll drive these suitors away, too.

EMMA  
(stamping her foot)  
So—why didn't they stay in Greece?  
I do not want them here.  
I never sent for them

ALPHA    BETA    GAMMA  
(to each other)  
How very strange!  
How unusual!  
Odd!

(Their voices fade to a murmur.  
Violent commotion offstage.)  
COURT MARSHAL  
(offstage)  
Stand back there! How dare you presume—  
(The door is flung open hastily.  
RÜBEZahl enters. He wears a  
long, fox-red beard and looks exactly  
like the CHARCOAL BURNER in the  
"Prologue." With his club he fends off  
the COURT MARSHAL who follows  
him anxiously.)  
RÜBEZahl

Begone, thou dog.  
(COURT MARSHAL shrinks back in  
fright. RÜBEZahl steps forward.  
Confusion.)

KING  
What is this piece of riff-raff?  
RÜBEZahl  
(looking around in amazement)

Aha! Here see I round about  
 Yet more fayre ladies, flowre harvesters  
 Like as her without in forest wyde.  
 Knew I not this bee the upper world,  
 Yet would I think me in my turnip field.  
 But dallies here that selfsame damzell?  
 How now: what is it with those little men?  
 Meseemeth they bee pyning after lasses!

(spies EMMA; rushes joyfully to her.)

Lo! Her I do espy, the timid fawne!

(taking her hands)

O lovely lady, wilt thou with me come?

(EMMA screams and faints.)

She falls to ground. What ho! Cannot ye stand?

KING

(very upset)

What stupid babblings!

He acts as if this were a stable.

(Everyone moves to attack RÜBEZAHL.  
 He draws himself up tall and laughs vigorously.)

RÜBEZAHL

Haha, haha!

Herewith come the worms, acreeping.

Avast! Withdraw! Else bee your bones abroken.

(All shrink back, terrified. KING flees farthest, followed closely by PRINCES.)

KING

(onstage but hidden)

Now then! Quick! Stop all this!

Throw him in prison. He'll pay with his life.

(Crowd tries to press forward at RÜBEZAHL. He grows more and more angry.)

RÜBEZAHL

Ha! Foolish groundlings. Ha! Ay me!

Drawe abacke, ye cursed miscreaunts!

How like a swarm of flies they buzz about.

(Lifts EMMA in his arms.)

Come thou with me. Leave them to murmur here.

(RÜBEZAHL disappears with EMMA through the ceiling of the great hall. EVERYONE stares after him, motionless and confused.)

curtain

Scene Two

(RÜBEZAHL'S subterranean kingdom. Fantastic splendor, grottoes, arbored walks. EMMA lies unconscious on a couch of flowers. RÜBEZAHL stands shyly beside her, leaning on his club, at a loss as to how to proceed.)

RÜBEZAHL

Alas, she lies all whyte and still.  
How can I help the girl?  
What ails me now—my selfe is straunge  
And swiftly beats my hart, my hart.

Sithens thou didst gaze on me that while  
All courage hath me fled.  
Meseemeth now I bee thy prisoner  
Whylest thou bee lost in heavye sleep.

A prisoner? Yea, now I understand  
What in that Upper World poore men must do.  
For me it is to seeke the fayrest flowres  
Like poor wights I saw sporting in the forest.  
(He looks at his club.)

But lo! Why are ye in my hand?  
Alas, I wote not why yet am I sternly warned.  
Avast! Thou art no prise.  
Begone from me!

(Throws the club away. Bends over  
EMMA.)

Why are so tightly closed her eyes?  
The lips so firmly prest. Bittre my griefe.  
So lies the damzell there in dreadfull sleepe.  
Ay me! Could she be dead?

(Kneels beside her.)

So holie were it now with her to dy,  
Thus for to win the fraile and silent maid.  
(He lifts her head and presses close.  
EMMA opens her eyes.)

EMMA

Oh!

(RÜBEZAHL starts back, then  
stands embarrassed.)

Where am I? Oh!           It seems so strange.  
(She sees him.)

Woe is me! And it's not a dream.  
(She springs from the couch. Bursts  
into tears.)

RÜBEZAHL

What mean these painful teares? What sorrowes?  
 Tell, O tell the cause. Can I thee soothe?  
 Here stands thy slave afyre with eagerness  
 Abold to serve, all wishes to performe.

EMMA

Get away from me! How dare you come so near?  
 O Father, if I'd only listened.  
 You villain, have you forced me from my home  
 Just to kill me with your horrible presence?

RÜBEZAHL

(stepping backward, shy and embarrassed.)

Hast dreadfull hate for me?

EMMA

(in violent rage)

How can you ask that, foul betrayer?  
 You broke into our peaceful fold like a ravenous wolf.  
 Why are you up on our earth anyway, monster?  
 Say exactly now: what do you want from me?

RÜBEZAHL

(disconcerted)

I           What want I           from thee?  
 That truly know I not.  
 But wait: yet can I say!

EMMA

Stupid spirit!  
 So tell me. That is, if you really know.  
 Do I always have to ask you twice?

RÜBEZAHL

I           alas           in truth, it is forgot.

EMMA

O monster. If you are that dense  
 Can't you at least restrain your tongue!  
 O Brinhild, Brinhild, truest friend!  
 And each of my dear sisters.  
 O Edelgard and Irmentraut!  
 Where are you? How can I find you?  
 I'll never hear your songs again  
 and never see you.           Nevermore!

(Weeping, she throws herself on the couch.)

RÜBEZAHL

(with joy)

Must you on your sisters think?  
 Behold: I go to fetch them!

Tarry yet awhile, my noble maid.  
Right speedily am I away and back. An instant more—  
(he rushes out)

EMMA

(on the couch; burying her head)

How could this have happened to me?  
I wish that I were dead  
And free from all these pains.

(cries)

CHORUS OF ELVES

(Offstage. As they sing, the light  
turns to a rosy twilight. EMMA  
ceases weeping as she falls asleep.)

Evening now is softly falling,  
Bathing flowers with dew and stilling  
Pains from days of burning sun,  
Floating in to blossomy bowers,  
Lingering with woodland lovers,  
Stroking them with tender hand.  
Evening's husky wing is spreading  
Over valley, stream and meadow.  
Softly glows the moon's full shine.  
Rose and grape, grown tired of climbing,  
Close their eyes now, gently smiling,  
And forgetting all their pain.

Down your tender cheeks so glowing,  
Bitter tears are swiftly flowing,  
Poor grief-stricken mortal maid!  
Sleep, yet sleep, and have no fearing,  
For the sun has left our mooring.  
Evening brings the mildest tide.  
Heia, heia  
Eia popeia.

(EMMA is asleep. Deep twilight. In  
the background her dream-picture  
suddenly appears glowing: RATIBOR  
lies under trees, gazing up at the sky  
through the leaves. EMMA talks in  
her sleep.)

EMMA

How fine he looks in this rosy light.  
I'm here, beloved Ratibor.  
Come on. Can't you see me?  
Down here in the valley.  
Why can't he find me?  
Here there lower farther now!

Come on! Come! I cannot reach you, dear.  
 Don't you see: I am in chains,  
 Imprisoned here by floral ties.  
 Please come.  
 Won't you lie down with me?  
 But watch out, my darling: there are nettles here.  
 Come, come, please come!

(stretches out her arms as if to  
 embrace him; RÜBEZAHL enters)  
 RÜBEZAHL

Behold: I am returned.  
 But say: bee I not quickly back to take my place?

(The apparition stops abruptly.  
 Stage assumes its former lighting, etc.  
 EMMA, awakened by RÜBEZAHL'S  
 voice, jumps up. Realizing that she  
 has just reached out for him, she  
 turns away blushing, eyes down-  
 cast.)

RÜBEZAHL

Girl, what means all this?  
 Art reft of tongue?  
 Look round about.  
 Here is devise for pleasure, thy tyme to passe.

(EMMA does not look at him.)

Lo verily! thy sisters do appear.

EMMA

(She turns quickly to look, but is dis-  
 appointed.)

Are you trying to make a fool of me now?

RÜBEZAHL

So heare me then!  
 All in this basket rest those thou lov'st deare,  
 To be possest by thee.  
 Onely take this wand  
 And touche the turnips there.

(hands her a wand)

Withal they will arise about thee here.  
 But prithee, lady, touche them not againe;  
 Lest their eyeliddes then be closed  
 And to their graves they reele,  
 Once more turnips to bee,  
 Ere scattered are as dust.

EMMA

(She snatches the wand from him.)

Is this perhaps another one of your jokes?

(She hurries to the basket; touches a  
 turnip.)

O please, dear Brinhild, come

BRINHILD appears. They embrace.)  
(to RÜBEZAHL)

How can I ever thank you?

RÜBEZAHL

It is but well I wote my meet reward!

EMMA  
(to BRINHILD)

Beloved sister, aren't you thrilled?

Now I can summon them all—right here!—to me.

(She runs to the basket, touches one  
turnip after another.)

O Edelgard and Irmentraut,

O Adelheit and Kunigund,

Come, please come. Return to me.

(With each name she says, another  
ATTENDANT appears. Finally all  
are present, just as they were in the  
"Prologue." Embraces, kisses.)

EMMA  
(to RÜBEZAHL)

So, that is good. Very good indeed. Now, you can just go.

Yes! Leave. Why should you have to stay?

(impatiently)

Get out! Leave us in peace. We don't need you.

RÜBEZAHL  
(Depressed, he looks at EMMA in  
surprise.)

Lady, what boots it thee thy soule

With restlesse anguish often so to stir?

EMMA  
(restrained)

Didn't you hear me; why do you just stand there?

Just go on out and pick us some flowers.

RÜBEZAHL  
(bewildered)

But whereto howso flowres, deare lady?

EMMA

Now! To decorate our hair.

RÜBEZAHL  
(to himself)

How I do feel me. No, I wote not how.

EMMA  
(at the very edge of her patience)

Will you get going? And don't keep us waiting!

RÜBEZAHL  
(sighing)

Tender lady, soft! forgive!  
 Skill have I not but yet will lerne  
 That I may serve thy every neede.

(he exits)

EMMA

At last the stupid fellow is gone.  
 Now you must tell me everything.  
 O say: did Father scold because  
 I am no longer at his side?

BRINHILD

At first he was startled and troubled,  
 But then those emotions subsided.  
 And through all his land he gave order:  
 The one who would free you be given  
 His own Princess Emma as bride.  
 Then from every suitor came swearing  
 And oaths he would find you or die.

EMMA  
 (quickly)

And Ratibor?

BRINHILD

What a fool!  
 He sits in the woods, weeping, moaning,  
 And nobody knows what is wrong.

EMMA

If he only knew that I am here  
 He'd speed right now to rescue me.

BRINHILD

Instead, he waits in deathly fear.

EMMA

Oh, how I wish that I were free.

(with sudden decision)

Still, now I'm sure: he'll rescue me,  
 Or else I never could be free.

(hurries to the basket)

Now, dear little wand, grant me this wish:  
 Compose an invocation for my knight.

(She touches a turnip. A  
 SPARROWHAWK flies out.)

Fly, O fly, fly far and free,  
 Free and fast as you can fly  
 To my dear love so loyal and true,  
 Lying under the greenwood tree.  
 Yes! Fly to my dear Ratibor.  
 Alight and whisper in his ear:

Your Emma is a prisoner  
 In the Spirit-King's domain.

She prays that you will rescue her,  
Make her your bride, and still all pain.  
Fly, O fly, fly far and free,  
Lead my knight to victory!

(SPARROWHAWK flies away)

EMMA

(to the ATTENDANTS)

Come on, take hands, and form a ring;  
Let us rejoice and dance and sing.

(EMMA and ATTENDANTS take hands  
and sing the song from the "Prologue".  
As they dance and sing: the

curtain

Scene Three

(This does not exist in the original  
manuscript as it is known now.  
These lines are written at the end of  
Scene Two, however, and might  
have been the germ of the missing  
scene:

Page 25 diagonally in the margin:

A cunning little bee so fine and pert,  
Will be my faithful messenger.

(These lines supposedly belong to  
EMMA.)

Scene Four

(RÜBEZAHL'S subterranean king-  
dom. The stage is empty.)  
CHORUS OF SPIRITS  
(offstage)

(The text is missing)

EMMA

(fleeing across the stage in sudden  
terror; ATTENDANTS trip along  
behind her, and they are now old and  
disfigured)

Help! Help! Spirit, you are master of these witches.  
Exorcise these horrible specters.

ATTENDANTS  
(in confused exclamations)

Why do you run  
With cries of doom?  
We don't pursue!  
Stay here with us.

EMMA

What do you want?  
I don't know you  
With those wrinkled brows  
And cheeks so pale.

ATTENDANTS

Youth must fade.  
Virtue must stay.  
You want to play with us no more?  
We cannot please you further?  
Well then, beware the day when we judge you!  
(They threaten EMMA with their  
crutches.)

EMMA

In heaven's name, leave me alone.

ATTENDANTS  
(scolding)

You must dance and play.  
We will not free you.  
Since you made us, so you now must bear us,  
So out of your life you cannot force us!  
We too had youth and grace. But now we're old.

EMMA

Get away from me, you spooky pests.

ATTENDANTS  
(crowding around her)

Let's all admire her dainty airs and graces.  
This sugar doll can't bear our ugly faces.  
(they hug EMMA)

Stop screaming now. Come here: it's nice and cozy;  
So we can skip to ring-around-the-rosy.  
(they start dancing with EMMA)

Ring-around-the-rosy,  
Pockets full of posy.  
Ashes! Ashes! All fall down.  
A happy girl will frisk with us.  
Come on: dance!

(EMMA screams, frees herself and  
falls.)

RÚBEZAHL  
(entering quickly.  
to ATTENDANTS)

Bee banisht now to lumpes of earth, bee dust  
Forlorne, to sleepe as ere you were created.

(ATTENDANTS, making strange  
sounds, sink to the ground and  
change to a small heap of dried  
turnips. RÜBEZahl bends over  
EMMA and lifts her.)

RÜBEZahl

My deare, have done with dreading:  
Those fearfull hags are vanisht.

(EMMA regains consciousness.)

Thou art nathlesse trembling!

EMMA

Are they really gone?

RÜBEZahl

Look you now. They are as once they were.  
The turnips, too, have gone, returned to dust.  
Becalm ye, sweet fayre childe.

EMMA  
(horrified)

Such a gruesome place.  
Malicious Spirit, you have deceived me.

RÜBEZahl

I acted onely as thou didst demand.  
What is it with thee, then?

EMMA  
(enraged)

Spirit, that was unfair.  
You tricked me horribly.

RÜBEZahl

Thy attendants I brought at thy request.  
A sport for thee made I as best I could.

EMMA  
(sobbing)

And I am left alone again in this ghastly cave.

RÜBEZahl

Tyme hast thou now to think.  
I wait on thy command.  
My Spirit Realm would I transform for thee!  
Behold yon basket, to the brim 'tis filled.  
A word, and any wish is thine anew.

EMMA  
(angrily)

What should I do with these flickering shadows,  
These creatures which have no flesh nor blood,  
These pictures which have no bad nor good,  
That are here today but tomorrow gone?

RÜBEZAHL

What bee here lacking in my lands?  
 Asked I not all my regiments  
 Over thee to hover at all tymes?

EMMA

An empty picture is no good to me.  
 Your magic is most sickening.  
 I have no real life here, only a dream.  
 Free me from this annoying custody.  
 Otherwise I'll die of the privation.

RÜBEZAHL

Before thee fades away my spirit vigor.  
 Helpless then I, like to a childe so feeble.  
 Hast thou not word for me like mine for thee,  
 My goodly workes all proven so sincerely?  
 Before thee fades away my spirit fyre.  
 Helpless then I, like to a childe so faint.

EMMA

Free me from this annoying custody.  
 Otherwise I'll die of the privation.

RÜBEZAHL

This dying—woulde it be so deeply sadde?  
 Meseemeth more 'tis love itself attains.

EMMA

You monster, get away from me,  
 So I won't have to look at you again.  
 You are a total loss to me  
 Because your nature is a mystery.

(violently)

Get out of here. Leave me to myself.

RÜBEZAHL

I wait upon thy merest whim.  
 Though farre I bee, thou hast my thoughts.  
 But now, this while, may I not serve—

EMMA

—Create some earthly flowers for me.  
 I'm loniely for those fragrances  
 That remind me of my homeland.  
 Let them share my sorrow now.

(RÜBEZAHL exits sadly)

(Here there is probably another gap in the script. At the beginning of this scene, an empty stage was called for, but stage directions indicate otherwise now.)

EMMA  
(reclines on her couch of flowers)

Surround me with your bliss,  
Beloved loneliness.  
Bring dreams of earthly suns  
And forest holidays.

(The music leads into a gentle,  
dreamy tune. Pause. EMMA sings to  
herself.)

EMMA  
"But in May the world is green  
And the zephyrs do blow."  
(she sits up)

Will I ever see you again,  
Green country of my home?  
Am I trapped here in the shadows?  
Will I come back to life?

"In the sweetest lover's kiss  
What splendors, what bliss. . ."

O darling love, once mine so dear,  
Have you now forgotten me?  
(after a while)

Or—did my message get lost?  
Could it be my messenger didn't sing it?  
(She jumps up, violently.)

Yes, of course: my message was lost.  
My bird didn't reach the lights of earth.  
I'll send a stronger messenger right now  
To take the information to my love.  
(She hurries to the basket and  
touches a turnip with the wand.)

Falcon clever, strong and white,  
Fly forth with boldest flight.  
Fly to my dear Ratibor,  
Fly and whisper in his ear:  
Your Emma is a prisoner  
In the Spirit-King's domain.  
She prays that you will rescue her,  
Make her your bride, and still all pain.

Fly, O noble falcon, free,  
Lead my knight to victory!  
(FALCON flies off. EMMA gazes  
after it.)

EMMA

Ah, to have wings like those!  
Then I'd soon reach my goal.  
But—could I ride on his back?

(Sudden decision. Joyous.)

But yes! I'll rush to Ratibor. Why not!  
I'll simply make myself a horse. And then  
Let him bear me far from this evil land.

(Hurries to the basket.

RÜBEZAHL enters with a huge bouquet. EMMA is frightened and angry.)

Oh! Monster! Are you here again?  
Such a troublesome thing.

(RÜBEZAHL looks at her in surprise. She brings herself under control.)

I mean to say: uh, your service was quite fast.

RÜBEZAHL  
(very shyly)

Lady, here be as thou not long hath wished  
The fayrest flowres of my purest fields.  
Lest these be fewer than thou hast desired  
Still more remain, full bloomes to fetch for thee.

EMMA

Ha ha ha!

A thousand instead of a small bouquet.

(RÜBEZAHL looks at her, astonished.  
She collects herself.)

Give it here! It's huge, I must admit,  
But still it pleases me nonetheless.

(to herself)

Now, feminine wiles, stand by me.

(aloud)

Indeed, you show great faithfulness.

I know the two of us will get along.

But how much do you love me?:

That is what you'll have to prove.

So go out to your fields

And count each turnip you own,

Missing not a one.

Should you miss even one,

(glances toward basket, laughing)

You will be at the end of your luck.

RÜBEZAHL  
(enchanted)

With brightly glowing fyres I burn for thee.

Shouldst thou command, all mountains would I raise.

(RÜBEZAHL dashes out.)

EMMA

(She goes to the basket, which now contains but one turnip. Joyously.)

And you, my last remaining dear,  
Change to a wingèd horse right now.  
Then take me quickly away  
To the man I love so well.

(She touches the turnip. A small white HORSE appears. She mounts it.)

Fly, you noble steed, fly free.  
Take me from this hellish place.

(She flies off on the HORSE.)

curtain

Scene Five

(An open forest clearing in the Giants' Mountains. In the background, on high cliffs, is a castle. Spring landscape, cowbells, hunting horns, shepherd's pipe.

Pastorale.

RATIBOR enters, in thought.)

RATIBOR

From every side the word resounds:  
Spring has come. The spring is here!  
This message cannot be destroyed.  
But why must my old grief arise?

You call: "Come to my budding fields!"  
Still, could I find oblivion there,  
Since Emma's trace is all around:  
Her white hands beckon me;  
The bush waves like her hair;  
The heavens are her eyes.  
No matter if I dream or wake,  
Her silver laugh is always here.

(He sits by a linden tree. Evening falls. A SHEPHERD passes by with his flock; he waves a greeting to RATIBOR.)

RATIBOR

Farewell, my good shepherd.  
Be watchful! Guard your sheep.  
Count all your precious lambs  
That not a one be stolen.  
The wolf is full of rage and spite  
And will give you only loss.

(Pause. A hunting horn sounds.)

The hunting horn sadly wanders around  
 As if it were helping me seek my love.  
 And all the nearby beechtrees and firs  
 Are telling my tear-soaked adventure.

(The white FALCON flies in.)

FALCON

Ratibor!

RATIBOR

(surprisedly looking up and about)

Who is it calling that unhappy name?

FALCON

Emma!

(pause)

Your Emma is a prisoner.  
 In the Spirit-King's domain.  
 She prays that you will rescue her,  
 Make her your bride, and still all pain.

RATIBOR

(leaping up)

What's this? Can a bird be talking?

Or am I caught in a dream?

Speak on, wingèd messenger,

Let me hear your sweet account

Of my little partner's news.

FALCON

Your Emma is a prisoner

RATIBOR

But tell me where. And who has her in prison?

FALCON

In the Spirit-King's domain.

RATIBOR

What should I do? How can I help her?

How can I find my darling pixie?

FALCON

She prays that you will rescue her,  
 Make her your bride, and still all pain.

RATIBOR

(angrily)

Stop that ceaseless chatter. Only tell me

What's wrong now with my little chicken.

FALCON

Your Emma is a prisoner.

RATIBOR

No more! That song of yours is an outrage.

(FALCON flies away. RATIBOR paces, highly excited.)

This news gives me new life and power.  
O noblest of hours that I have waited for!  
She's alive. She loves me. How can I contain it!  
O, such a blissful Maytime.  
What wouldn't I dare to rescue her!  
My lady, since you've helped thus far,  
Allow me to ask one question — one —  
How should I set out to free you?  
Help me now, dear sweet maiden.

(EMMA enters on the HORSE. RATIBOR rushes to her, helps her dismount. Kissing, embracing, etc., during the following)

EMMA

Thank heaven to be back here again.

RATIBOR

You're safe in my arms now.

EMMA

Oh! Warm me on your breast.

RATIBOR

My queen.

EMMA

My lord and master.

RATIBOR

I can't believe it. A dream, it's a dream!

EMMA

Let's dream in our heavenly room.

RATIBOR

May I never awaken then!

EMMA

This dreamer makes me want to laugh.

RATIBOR

O blue eyes. O round cheeks.

EMMA

Breast to breast. Mouth to mouth.

RATIBOR

Most charmed of figures. Now just let me die!

EMMA

My kiss would resurrect you.

RATIBOR

Ecstatic love. O blissful wooing.

EMMA

Oho! It's time for a merry hunt in the hedges.

(She breaks away and runs off.)

You'd better catch me if you want to have me.

Come forth, brave huntsman.

(leaping over a ditch)  
 Leap over that ditch and come after me.  
 RATIBOR  
 You'll soon see just how *I* can leap.  
 (He is over the ditch and after her.)  
 EMMA  
 (off ahead again; laughing at him)  
 Ha ha. Ha ha. Faster!  
 Or else I'll be flying far from *your* nest!  
 RATIBOR  
 (He swerves so he confronts and catches her while in motion.)  
 Ah, now I have you. And you'll stay right here.  
 (pulls her down to him; they sit.)  
 My dear girl, how I love you!  
 EMMA  
 If you're my sweetheart — kiss me.  
 RATIBOR  
 A thousand times each instant.  
 EMMA  
 I can do that better than you.  
 I will cover you with kisses:  
 Just tell me which kind you like best.  
 RATIBOR  
 Try, then. I'll tell you the kind, and keep count.  
 EMMA  
 How grand it is here, playing man and wife.  
 (KING enters. He looks at them a while, then bursts into deep laughter.)  
 KING  
 Come here! Come here! Everyone come!  
 Something wonderful is here. Come!  
 (The stage gradually fills. EMMA jumps up and embraces the KING warmly.)  
 KING  
 Now for the joyous wedding feast.  
 And all of you will be our guests.  
 EMMA  
 My dear, dear father, I have you again.  
 KING  
 Now I can close my eyes in peace.  
 EMMA  
 Why are your eyelids so swollen and red?  
 KING  
 From all the sleepless nights I've had.

EMMA

And your hair: why has it grown so white?

KING

From the three winters since your flight.

EMMA

Here on your face I see many a crease.

KING

Yes. Those are the three years of your loss.

EMMA

(startled)

Three years, you say?!

KING

Why, didn't you know that?

It really was three years.

EMMA

Dreadful! And it seemed like just three days.

BRINHILD

It's true: three times our meadows have turned green

Since the day you were stolen from us.

We'd begun to think you gone for good,

And now, what miracle has brought you back?

We are most curious to hear your tale.

EMMA

When I awakened from my faint,

I was down in the Spirit-King's world

Among strangely charming splendors.

All his empire was at my command,

And the thief, himself, at my feet

Bashful as any child.

I nearly laughed at the poor bird —

For his wisdom seemed flown in the breeze—,

But instead I mourned.

Then as I wept from all those wrongs

And fearlessly called for my loved ones,

He went out for a short time

And returned with a basket of turnips.

Turnips with curious magical powers;

I simply had to touch them with a wand

And at once each person I thought of

Was produced, alive, for me.

First I created my attendants,

But they lasted scarcely three hours,

For the tender dream was past

When they grew old and disgusting.

Then I made a strong and clever falcon,

And sent him back to earth as messenger.

As I watched him quickly disappear

In boldest flight completely burden-free

I realized that with a little thought  
 I could myself as quickly steal away.  
 So I dreamed up a little tale to send  
 The Spirit out for a fresh turnip count!  
 For me, then, I dreamed up a little horse  
 And steered him on that route the falcon chose.  
 Before I knew it — flash! — I was back here.  
 And the poor Spirit still is counting there!

(Again, there are irregularities and gaps in the manuscript. EMMA, in the speech above, refers neither to BEE nor to SPARROWHAWK. Following this speech are scribbles and the words, COURT MARSHAL. The sequence of the last ten pages — including those numbered but blank — has been changed in this version in order to provide the story with continuity. At this point there are two blank pages.)

EVERYONE

Aha, Rübezahl, where is your bride?  
 Is all of your counting completed?  
 Count them, count with greatest care!  
 Sir Rübezahl, Rübezahl, Rübezahl!

(A severe storm blows up. Total darkness. Then, on a steep and rocky path, RÜBEZAHL appears in his true form,\* surrounded by spirits. Red bolts of lightning flash on the stones.

\*RÜBEZAHL's true form would be ghostly in appearance here, most likely.)

RÜBEZAHL

Here bee I. Ha! What could you want of me?

EVERYONE

(All sink to their knees, horrified.)

Horrors! All of Hell's terrors are releasing here.

RÜBEZAHL

(laughing loudly)

Oho! You field of men. Oho! You broode of turnips.

Bee you in fine to the edges of your courage?

Haha! Aha! But rest you now. Fear not:

O'er only one of ye sit I as judge.

(to EMMA)

And hidst thou in the smallest crack,  
 That would I weene, poore girl. Beware!

Cast off be all my human sense and form.  
Behold me trulie as a spirit selfe.

(EMMA and RATIBOR try to speak, and cannot. Rübezahl stretches out his hand. They stand as though rooted to the spot.)

RÜBEZAHL

Hear me, ye woman: I come not to judge.  
The hart of man is small and dwells alone.  
The spirit bond is great societie.  
Man longs in weaknesse, spendes a lyfe unreaile.

For thee I planned immortal lyfe.  
For thee thou chose to dwell with men.  
Farewell. Assume thy dreary state,  
Joy fully in its povertie.  
Revel in thy small rewards,  
Ne'er dreaming thou art pitifull.

(with deep sorrow)

To my Spirit World I goe,  
From my woundes to steale the sting.  
Farewell, Flesh, forevermore!

(RÜBEZAHL disappears gradually with all his spirits. The stage grows light once more. The moon rises. Quiet. EVERYONE is kneeling. Pause. RATIBOR kneels before EMMA; she gazes down at him, shattered. KING rises and joins their hands. EVERYONE rises now. A procession forms, then wends upward toward the castle. BRINHILD and the other ATTENDANTS crown EMMA and RATIBOR with wreaths.)

KING

It's time to have our wedding feast.  
But where are the minstrels now, after all?

(From the forest comes a throng of MINSTRELS. They move to the head of the procession. During the following choruses of spirits and of people, the procession continues toward the castle. Strong moonlight. The music is played and sung.)

CHORUS OF RURAL FOLKS AND  
WEDDING GUESTS

Blossom out! Blossom out! Wreaths in your hair.  
Cypresses and roses.

March on! March on! March on! You blissful pair.  
 Gone are all distresses.  
 Gone are winter stings and separation;  
 Here are summer laughs and love's devotion.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS  
 (offstage)

Call on us! Please come back home.  
 How sick you are, how tired!  
 Weary wandered, rest. No longer roam.  
 You've tasted worldly fate,  
 Been cut by human spite.  
 Now come into our midst.

CHORUS OF RURAL FOLKS AND  
 WEDDING GUESTS

Play on, play on, O minstrel.  
 Far and wide be heard.  
 Good luck be to the honeymoon,  
 Blessings and Godspeed.  
 In stillest moods we marched along,  
 Now move toward home with wedding song.  
 Good luck!

(The procession has moved into the distance. The singing of the RURAL FOLKS AND WEDDING GUESTS is far off. Empty stage.)

CHORUS OF SPIRITS  
 (Sung offstage, over an empty stage.)

With melodies so sweet and tender  
 We sought in vain to make your heart surrender.  
 Between mere man and spirit  
 There always will be strife.  
 The heart of man dwells in the trivial.  
 The spirit self is noble, bright and clear,  
 Blessed with eternal life.

(Slowly falls the  
*curtain*)  
 THE END

RÜBEZAHL  
by GUSTAV MAHLER

I. Verwandlung

Saal im königlichen Pallaste. Minister, Hofleute  
und Diener. König tritt auf im Schlafrock,  
die Krone auf dem Kopfe, in der Rechten den  
Szepter, in der Linken den Reichsapfel.

*Alle* (hymnenartig)

Herr König! Herr König  
Wir grüssen unterthänig!  
Gott schenk' dir langes Leben  
—Gesundheit auch daneben!

*König* Ich danke Euch, meine lieben Unterthänen!  
Ich will mich bemühen, euch immer weise und  
gnädig regieren. (Zu einem Diener). Ist meine  
Tochter Emma schon aufgestanden?

*Diener* Sie ist schon in aller Frühe mit ihren  
Jungfrauen in den Wald hinuntergegangen.

*König* Was hat sich sonst in meinem Reiche  
begeben? Sind keine Wittwen und Waisen  
bedrückt worden? Sind keine Kaufleute  
geplündert worden? Wehe den Ubelthätern!

*Kanzler* Deine Weisheit verbreitet Frieden und  
Gerechtigkeit unter deinen Unterthanen.  
Tiefe Ruhe ist in deinem Volke!

*König* Noch eins! Es ist mir kund worden,  
dass in neuester Zeit wieder die Wald- und  
Bergeister in den Köpfen unseres Volkes  
herumspuken. — Schlafen meine Naturforscher  
und Gelehrten? — Ich wünsche, dass die  
neuesten Resultate der Wissenschaft in allen  
Theilen meines Reiches kundgemacht, und wenn  
nöthig, sogar schriftlich vertheilt werden!  
Aufklärung! Aufklärung!

*Die Minister*

Wir eilen, deinen Willen  
in Eile zu erfüllen.

(alle Minister /ab/)

*Hofmarschall* (tritt auf)

Drei Prinzen sind aus Griechenland gekommen  
und harren vor der Thür, sich dir zu nah'n!  
Geruh'st du. König, nun sie zu empfah'n?! /empfangen/

- König* Führ' sie herein, sie seien aufgenommen!  
(Hofmarschall ab)  
König setzt sich auf seinen Thron  
*Musik. Marsch.*
- die Prinzen *Alpha, Beta, Gamma* (treten auf)  
Heil! Heil dir! König!
- Alle* Heil! *Musik* hört auf.
- Alpha* (tritt vor). mit Pathos.  
An des Eurotas schwertdurchglänzten Wellen  
dort, wo der grössten Helden Geister wandeln  
dort wuchs ich auf in muthig kühnstem Handeln  
—die grössten es nur scheu erzählen!  
Mein Vater hehr' sitzt auf des Landes Thron  
ich selbst bin Alpha, sein geliebter Sohn!
- König* Nimm Platz, der aus so weiter Fern' gekommen!  
Prinz Alpha, sei in meinem Land willkommen  
Nicht lang geredet! Dorten Platz genommen!  
(er weist ihm einen Platz neben sich an.)
- Beta* (tritt vor).  
In Arkadiens grünen Fluren  
wo die Blumen lieblich spriessen  
und die Nachtigallenlieder  
sich in zarte Herzen giessen  
  
Stand, vom Zephir lau umlächelt  
meine hoffnungsvolle Wiege  
wo die Anmuth Herzen bindet  
feiere ich meine Siege!  
  
Hellas Gaue nennen mich  
stolz nur ihren grössten Sohn  
doch mein Vater, zärtiglich  
schlechthin, kurz, nur Betakon!
- König* Nehmt ihr daneben Platz, Prinz Betakon.  
Ihr seid, man merkt es gleich, ein guter Sohn!
- Gamma* (tritt vor).  
Ich bin von etwas schweigsamer Natur  
und in der Rede Kunst nicht sehr gewandt  
—Ich heisse Gamma, bin aus Griechenland;  
Mein Vater, unser König, lässt euch grüssen!
- König* Nehmt Platz, Herr Prinz, kommt ihr einst wieder heim,  
so legt ihm gütigst meinen unsern Dank zu Füssen!  
  
Nun aber sagt mir, werth' und edle Herrn!  
Was führt euch her denn, aus so weiter Fern'?

- Arion* O König, der Ruf von deiner Tochter Schönheit  
ist auch nach Griechenland gedrunge, und hat  
unsere Gedanken einen so mächtigen Schwung  
gegeben, dass sie uns gar schnell bis in's böhmische  
Gebirge getragen! Da sind wir nun und  
wollen unser Glück versuchen!
- König* Ach, ihr armen Prinzen, ihr wisst  
wohl noch gar nicht, wie hartherzig meine  
Tochter gegen alle Männer ist. Noch Keiner  
hat sich ihre Gunst erringen können.  
Jeder musste mit Schand' und Spott abziehen!
- Gamma* Nun, das lasst nur meine Sache sein  
— das viele Reden überlasse ich gern den  
Andern — aber wenn es gilt, ein Weiberherz zu  
besiegen, da stehe ich meinen Mann.
- König* Nun, versucht euer Glück
- Emma* (Stimme noch draussen)  
Vater! Vater!
- König* Ah! Da kommt sie selbst!  
(Emma stürmt zur Thüre herein, sie ist im Ganzen sehr  
ausgelassen. Wie sie die Prinzen sieht, stutzt sie.)  
Nun, liebe Tochter, was ist gescheh'n!?
- Emma* Ach Vater — es spukt im Walde draussen  
Wir wollten grade — —
- König* Ihr wolltet — nun?
- Emma* Ei nun — wir wollten — (schnell) spazieren geh'n!  
Da schrie es plötzlich vom Berg herunter  
und schnitt uns höhnisch eine Fratze  
und mit einem Satze  
so kunter bunter  
waren wir aus dem Walde draussen.
- König* Aber, liebes Kind, du bist doch nun gross  
genug, um endlich diese Thorheiten zu lassen  
Da hast du dich wieder einmal von einem  
Felsklotz gefürchtet geängstigt schrecken lassen.
- Emma* Aber, Vater! Ich habe doch ganz deutlich  
die Stimme des Berggeist's vernommen!
- König* Nun, das war der Wind, oder sonst  
irgend eine Naturkraft, die Lärm macht.
- Alpha* Sie ist fürwahr entzückend schön!
- Beta* Ich hab' noch nie eine Schön're geseh'n!

- Emma* (zum König)  
Wer sind denn die unausstehlichen Männer?  
Sie gaffen mich an, als wären sie Kenner!
- König* 'S sind wieder einige neue Freier  
3 Prinzen sind's aus Griechenland  
die deine Schönheit hergebannt!
- Emma* O weh! Mir ist schon nicht geheuer!
- König* (zu den Prinzen)  
Nur nicht gezogen! Rasch, ihr Herrn!  
Versucht selbst eu'res Glückes Stern!  
die Prinzen nahen sich ihr.
- Alpha* (Mit grosser Gebärde) /Gebärde/  
Sieh'! Des Jahrhundert's grösster Held  
—er naht bescheiden sich der Süssen—  
—den nicht überwand die ganze Welt  
—er liegt besiegt zu deinen Füssen  
Heiss ist's, wenn die Schwerter toben,  
heiss, wenn sich in grausen Triebe  
der Feinde Speere grimm erhoben  
—Doch heisser noch ist meine Liebe.
- Emma* Sehr gut, Herr Prinz — recht schön!  
Es kann gleich weiter geh'n!  
(Alpha setzt sich verduzt wieder)
- Beta* Nicht der Feinde grimmes Sterben,  
Nicht der Schwerter wüster Klang  
Nicht in grimmen Schlachtgesang  
will ich, Schönste, um dich werben.  
—Wo die Nachtigallen flöten  
und Zephire flüsternd weh'n.  
Ja, im Duft von Blumenbeeten  
will ich um Erhörung fleh'n!
- Emma* Ihr Prinz, bezeiget guten Willen  
—doch sagt—muss ich ihn gleich erfüllen?  
(bedeutet ihm durch eine Geberde, dass auch er enlassen  
sei.  
Er setzt sich, ebenfalls verduzt, neben Alpha)
- Gamma* O Süsse, Holde! ohn' Gebrechen!  
Nur meine Augen mögen sprechen!  
(etwas stockend) Mir wird's im Herzen schon ganz sündig  
von den Gefühlen, die d'rin toben!
- Emma* (lachend)  
Kurzgefasst! Und doch wie bündig!  
Herr Prinz! Fürwahr! Man muss euch loben!

Alpha (drängend)

Nun — mein Engel — darf ich hoffen?

Emma

Von Allen die ich je getroffen  
(die Prinzen nähern sich mit Interesse)  
Seid ihr die lächerlichsten wohl!

(lacht unbändig) (die Prinzen fahren zurück)

Beta

Ha! Ist dies' euer letztes Wort!?

König

(zu Emma leise)  
Du wirst gewiss, sprichst du so fort,  
dir alle Freier noch vertreiben!

Emma

(stampft mit dem Fuss)  
Ei, so sollen sie doch bleiben  
daheim in ihrem Griechenland  
—Hab' ich denn um sie gesandt?!

Alpha

Beta

(zueinander) Höchst sonderbar! Höchst sonderbar!

Gamma

(Ihre Stimmen verlieren sich in Gemurmeln)

draussen entsteht heftiges Gepolter und man hört die  
Stimme des *Hofmarschall*

Zurück, Verwagner!

die Thüre wird hastig aufgerissen, und Rübezahl erscheint mit einem langen, fuchsrothen Bart und überhaupt ganz so wie der Köhler aus dem Vorspiel, und wehrt mit seiner Keule den Hofmarschall ab, der ihm verzweiflungsvoll folgt.

Rübezahl Fort, du Hund!

Marschall weicht  
erschrocken zurück. Rübezahl tritt vor. Alle  
schauen betreten auf ihn.

König

Was ist das für ein grober Gesell!?

Rübezahl

(schaut sich verwundert um).

Haha! Da seh' ich da zur Stell'  
noch einige solche Blumensucher  
wie der dort in dem Walde draussen!  
—Ha wüsst ich nicht, dass dies die Oberwelt  
ich meint', ich wär' in meinem Rübenfeld.  
—Ob ich hier jenes Weib wohl seh'!?  
—Was diese Männlein wohl hier nur treiben!  
Mir scheint, sie suchen gar auch nach Weiben?

(erblickt Emma, und eilt freudig auf sie zu)

Da ist es ja, das flücht' ge Reh!

nimmt ihre Hände

O schönes Weib, willst du mit mir gehn?!

(Emma stösst einen Schrei aus, und fällt in Ohnmacht.)

Jetzt fällt sie gar um! Ei, kannst du nicht stehn!?

*König* (ganz aufgelöst)

Was sind denn das für müssige Schwänke?  
Der thut ja, als wär' er in einer Tränke?

Alle wollen ihm an den Leib. Rübezahl richtet sich erstaunt auf und schlägt eine Lache auf.

*Rübezahl* Hahahaha!

Jetzt kommen die Würmer gar angekrochen  
(hebt die Keule) Zurück! Sonst sind euch die Glieder gebrochen!

Alle weichen in Angst zurück. Der König flüchtet sich am weitesten von allen — nur noch die Prinzen suchen ihm den Vorrang abzugewinnen.

*König* (ruft aus seinem Versteck)

Auf! Werft den Frechen in's tiefste Verliess!  
Den Hohn er uns mit dem Leben büss!

Sie versuchen auf ihn einzudringen.

*Rübezahl* geräth allmählig in Zorn

*Rübezahl* Ha! Dumme Rüben! Wie ihr doch thut!  
Zurück! Verdammte Männerbrut!  
—Wie ein Fliegenschwärm sie mich umbrummen  
hebt Emma in seinen Arm  
Komm mit du Weib und lass sie summen!  
(fährt mit ihr durch die Decke des Saales davon.)

Alle erheben vor Erstaunen ganz ohne Fassung die Köpfe, und starren ihm bewegungslos nach. Während dessen fällt der Vorhang.

— — — — —  
Ende des 1. Aufz.

## 2. Verwandlung.

Unterirdisches Rübezahls. Phantastische Pracht—  
Grotten — Laubgänge. Emma liegt ohnmächtig auf einen Blumenlager.

*Rübezahl* (steht schüchtern vor ihr, auf seine Keule gestützt und weiss sich nicht zu helfen.)

Da liegt sie nun — so blass und stumm  
—was beginn' ich wohl mit dem Weibe?

Wie ist mir denn — Ich kenn' mich kaum  
—Mir bebt das Herz im Leibe!

Seit mich dein Blick da oben traf  
da ist mir aller Muth vergangen  
—mir ist's, als hieltst du mich gefangen  
—und liegt /! ja doch im tiefem Schlaf?

Gefangen? O, ich versteh' es nun  
Was droben die bleichen Männlein thun!  
Jetzt ist's mir, als müsst ich selbst Blumen suchen  
wie der da droben unter den Buchen!

(Er blickt auf die Keule)

Und du — was willst du in meiner Hand  
—Ich weiss nicht — wie es mich bitter mahnt,  
Ha — weg mit dir! (Er schmeisst sie fort)  
was sollst du mir!

Er beugt sich über sie

Warum macht sie wohl die Augen zu?  
Die Lippen schliesst sie — o bittre Noth—  
So liegt sie da in grauser Ruh! —  
—ach — wäre sie todt — ?

Er kniet nieder neben sie

Ach — selig wär's, ihr nachzusterben  
—so stumm und blass sie zuerwerben!

Er hebt ihren Kopf und schmiegt sich an sie.

*Emma* (schlägt die Augen auf)

Ach!

(Rubezahl fährt /! zurück  
und bleibt verlegen stehen)

Wo bin ich? — Ha — ich fass' es kaum —  
(erblickt Rubezahl)

O weh mir! — Es ist kein Traum!?

Sie springt vom Lager auf und bricht in Thränen aus.

*Rubezahl* O — du weinst — was sollen deine Thränen?  
Drückt dich ein Leid — o sag — kann ich es stillen?  
Sieh deinen Sklaven vor Begier entbrennen,  
den kühnsten deiner Wünsche zu erfüllen.

*Emma* Ha, fort von mir — wagst du's zu mir zu treten  
—O Vater — hätt' ich früher dir geglaubt!  
Hast du mich darum, Frecher, nur geraubt  
um mich durch die verhasste Näh' zu tödten?

*Rubezahl* (ist schüchtern und verlegen zurückgetreten)  
(sehr ernst)

Du zürnest mir?

- Emma* (mit aufbrausender Heftigkeit) Ha! Frägst du noch?  
Verräther du — Und brachest doch  
du grimmer Wolf in uns're Heerde  
—Was kamst du, Unhold, auf die Erde!  
Ha sag'! Was willst du denn von mir!
- Rübezahl* (ohne Fassung)  
Ich — was ich will — von dir!?  
—Das weiss ich wahrlich nicht zu sagen  
—Ja doch — (sehr schüchtern) Jetzt weiss' ich's—
- Emma* O dummer Geist!  
Nun also sag's, wenn du es weisst  
Muss ich denn immer zweimal fragen?
- Rübezahl* Ich — ach — jetzt hab' ich's schon vergessen
- Emma* O Unhold! Bist du denn so dumm,  
so bleibe wenigstens doch stumm!  
O Brinhild, Brinhild,—traute Freundin!  
O — meine lieben Schwestern all!  
O Edelgard — o Irmentraut!  
Wo seid ihr — wo soll ich euch suchen!  
Ich hör' wohl nimmer eu're Lieder  
Ich seh' euch nun wohl niemals wieder!  
(wirft sich weinend auf das Lager)
- Rübezahl* (freudig)  
Musst du deiner Schwestern denken!—  
—Sieh', ich geh' sie dir zu schenken!  
Harre Herrin — eine Weile!  
Gleich bin ich da — im Nu — ich eile!  
geht eilends ab
- Emma* (verbirgt ihr Haupt im Lager)  
O wehe, weh' mir Unglücksel' gen!  
O komm, o komm, du süsster Tod,  
befreie mich von meiner Noth!  
(bricht in Thränen aus.)
- Elfenchor* (unsichtbar, während ihres Gesanges breitet sich rosige  
Dämmerung über die Szene, und Emma schläft  
unter Thränen ein.)  
Abend will sich niedersenken  
will mit Thau die Blumen tränken  
die die Sonne hat verbrannt!  
Und er schwebt in Blütenregen  
und er weilt auf allen Wegen  
streichelt sie mit zarter hand!  
Über Wiesen, über Hügel  
breitet sich sein dunkler Flügel  
Mild erblinkt des Mondes Schein!

Und die Rosen und die Veiglein  
schliessen lächelnd ihre Auglein  
und vergessen ihre Pein.

Ach, von deinen zarten Wangen  
laue Tropfen niederhangen,  
O du armes Menschenkind!  
Schlafe, schlafe, lass das Bangen.  
Ist die Sonne weggegangen,  
Kommt der Abend, sanft und lind!  
(Emma ist eingeschlafen)  
Heia, heia  
eia popeia! . . .

Es ist vollständige Dämmerung eingetreten, und im Hintergrund erscheint plötzlich das Traumbild Emmas in lichten Schein: Ratibor liegt unter den Bäumen und schaut durch die Blätter zum Himmel.

*Emma* (im Schlaf)  
Wie weilt er so schön in rosigem Licht!  
hier bin ich — mein lieber Ratibor!  
So komm doch — siehst du mich denn nicht!  
Da unten — in der Schlucht  
—o wie der Dumme sucht—  
Da — unten — weiter — hier  
so komm — ich kann ja nicht zu dir!  
Siehst du denn nicht — ich bin in Fesseln —  
Hier weil ich unter Rosenketten!  
O komm! Willst du dich neben mich nicht betten?  
Ach! Hab' Acht! — Geliebter — Hier sind Nesseln —  
O komm — o komm!  
(sie streckt die Arme aus, als ob sie ihn umarmen wollte; indessen ist

*Rubezahl* eingetreten mit den Worten  
Hier bin ich wieder zur Stell'!  
Sag an! — war ich nicht schnell?

(Sofort ist die ganze Erscheinung verschwunden, die Szene wie früher und Emma, durch die Stimme geweckt hastig aufgesprungen.

Emma bemerkt, dass sie den Rubezahl umarmen wollte, wendet sich unwillig und erröthend und bedeckt die Augen.

*Rubezahl* Nun — was soll das, Weib!  
Bist du denn stumm?!  
Sieh' dich doch um!  
Ich bring' dir was zum Zeitvertreib!

Emma bleibt noch immer abgewendet

Sieh', hier stehen deine Schwestern!

*Emma* (wendet sich hastig und bleibt enttäuscht stehen)  
O — Höhnst du mich noch!

*Rübezahl* So höre mich doch  
Dir ruhen in diesem Korbe die Lieben  
als deine Habe  
berührst du die Rübe  
mit diesem Stabe

(er reicht ihr ein Stäbchen)

So steh'n sie dir auf — da hüben und drüben  
doch rührst du sie wieder  
sie schliessen die Lider  
und wanken zu Grabe  
um wieder als Rüben  
in Staub zu zerstieben!

*Emma* (entreisst ihm das Stäbchen)  
Ist dies' ein neuer Hohn? (eilt zum Korb)  
(berührt eine Rübe)  
O liebe Brinhild — sei bei mir. (Brinhild steht da und  
Ach guter Geist — wie dank' ich dir, liebkost sie)

*Rübezahl* Ich wüsste mir schon den Lohn!

*Emma* (zu Brinhild)  
O traute Schwester, freust du dich nicht?  
—Jetzt ruf' ich mir alle— alle her!

eilt zum Korbe von Rübe zu Rübe

O Edelgard, o Irmentraut,  
O Adelheit — o Kunigund!  
Seid alle — alle wieder bei mir!

So wie das Wort ausspricht, entsteht immer eine  
von ihren Gespielen, bis sie alle vollzählig wieder  
da sind, wie sie im Vorspiel erschienen waren.

Allgemeine Liebkosung.

(zu Rübezahl) Es ist nun gut — Du kannst jetzt geh'n!  
Nun geh' wir brauchen dich nicht mehr!

*Rübezahl* (ganz unmuthig) blickt verwundert auf sie  
O Herrin, will es dir belieben  
sich immer nur so zu betrüben!?

*Emma* (bezwingt sich)  
Nun hörst du nicht — was bleibst du steh'n?!  
So geh' uns einige Blumen zu pflücken.

*Rübezahl* (ganz verwirrt) . . . . .  
wie Herrin Blumen wozu denn die!

*Emma* Nun um damit die Haare zu schmücken.

- Rubezahl* (für sich)  
Mir ist zu Muthe ich weiss nicht wie!
- Emma* (ganz ungeduldig)  
So geh' doch, und lass' uns so lange nicht harren!
- Rubezahl* (seufzend)  
O Holde, verzeih'! In der Frauen Dienst  
Bin ich noch nicht so sehr erfahren!  
—Ich will's nun lernen — wenn Du es wünschst!  
(geht ab)
- Emma* So — endlich ist der Dumme fort!  
Nun müsst ihr mir alles genau erzählen.  
—O sagt — thät wohl mein Vater schmählen.  
als er mich nicht mehr sa /sah/ am Ort?!
- Brinhild* Im Anfang war er zwar erschreckt  
doch als sich die Angst ein wenig gelegt  
da liess er es laut im Reich verkünden  
Dein Retter wird eine Braut sich finden!  
Drauf schrieen die Prinzen und schworen sich's hoch  
Wo du auch seist — sie fänden dich doch'!
- Emma* (schnell) Und Ratibor?
- Brinhild* Der junge Thor?  
Der sitzt in den Wäldern und weint und klagt  
und keiner erfährt's, warum er verzagt!
- Emma* Ach — wusst' es der Gute, dass ich gefangen  
gewiss — er eilte mich zu retten
- Brinhild* Indessen muss er nun harren und bangen
- Emma* O — wie zerreiss' ich doch diese Ketten!  
(mit plötzlichem Entschluss)  
Ach ja — ich hab's — er soll mich befrei'n  
—Sonst will ich ewig gefangen sein!  
(eilt hin zum Korb)  
Nun liebes Stäbchen lass dich bitten!  
Schaff mir einen Boten für meinen Ritter!  
(Sie berührt eine Rübe: ein Sperber fliegt hinauf)  
Fliege Vöglein — fliege frei —  
Flieg' so schnell ein Vogel fliegt —  
Fliege hin zum Knaben treu  
der unter den grünen Bäumen liegt.
- Flieg' zu meinem Ratibor —  
flieg' und flüstre ihm in's Ohr!:
- Emma weilt in schweren Banden  
in des Geisterkönigs Landen:  
sie harret dein, dass du an Ketten

als deine Braut sie wirst erretten!  
 Fliege Vöglein, fliege,  
 sieg' mein Ritter, siege!

der Sperber fliegt fort.

Und nun kommt und schlingt der Reih'n  
 —Lasst uns alle fröhlich sein.

Sie fassen sich in die Hände, und singen das Lied  
 aus dem Vorspiel.

Währenddessen fällt der Vorhang.

— — — — —

Blatt 25 quer am Rand:

Kluges Bienchen, zart und klein  
 sollst mein treuer Bote sein

4. *Verwandlung*  
*Unterirdisches Reich Rübezahls*  
 die Bühne ist leer

*Geisterchor* (unsichtbar)

/leer/

*Emma* (flieht in jähem Schreck über die Szene; hinter  
 ihr trippeln ihre Genossinnen — alt und entstellt—

Ach! Zu Hilfe! Hexenmeister —  
 Weh! Beschwöre deine Geister!

*Weiber* (durcheinander)  
 Was läufst du uns fort  
 mit Weh und Ach!  
 Wir kommen nicht nach!  
 Bleib' doch am Ort!

*Emma* Was sollt ihr von mir?  
 Ich kenn euch nicht!  
 Mit den Runzeln — ihr—  
 im fahlen Gesicht!

*Weiber* · Jugend vergeht!  
 Jugend besteht!  
 Willst nicht mehr mit uns spielen?  
 Gefallen wir dir nicht?  
 Wart' nur! Wir halten Gericht!  
 (drohen ihr mit den Krücken)

*Emma* Lasst mich um Himmels willen!

*Weiber* (keifen)  
 Mit uns spiel und kos!

Wir lassen dich nicht los!  
 Hast uns geschaffen — musst uns leiden—  
 kannst dich nicht mehr von uns scheiden  
 —statt der Jungen — nun die Alten!

*Emma* Weicht von mir, ihr Spukgestalten!

*Weiber* (schaaren sich um sie)  
 Seht doch, wie sie sich ziert—Feinliebchen!  
 Wir sind ihr zu schlecht, dem Zuckerpüppchen!  
 (sie fassen Emma in die Arme)

Komm nur! Kannst noch so schrein!  
 Wir spielen ringel reih'n!  
 fangen an mit ihr zu tanzen)  
 Ringel ringel reih'n!  
 Wer fröhlich ist, der schlinge sich ein!

(Emma stösst einen Schrei aus und fällt um)

*Rübezahl* (kommt eiligst herbei)

Werdet zu Staub, aus dem ihr geschaffen!  
 In die Erde! Weiter zu schlafen!

Die Weiber sinken unter sonderbaren Lauten  
 zur Erde — und man sieht ein Häuflein  
 vertrocknete Rüben.

Er beugt sich zu Emma u. richtet sie auf.

Süsse Herrin! Lass das Bangen!  
 Die dich geängstigt — sind vergangen!

*Emma* (kommt wieder zu sich)

*Rübezahl* Du zitterst noch!

*Emma* Sind sie schon fort!?

*/Rübezahl/* Sieh' dort — sie sind, was eh' sie waren,  
 Die Rüben sind wieder zur Erde gefahren!  
 Sei ruhig!

*Emma* (entsetzt) Grauensvoller Ort!  
 Boshafter Geist, du hast mich getäuscht!

*Rübezahl* Ich that ja nur, was du geheischt!  
 Was ist dir, Frau?!

*Emma* (aufbrausend) Das ist zu viel!  
 Boshafter Geist, du hast mich getäuscht!

*Rübezahl* Deine Gespielen hast du geheischt!  
 Ich that, was möglich — ich gab dir ein Spiel!  
 ich konnt...

*Emma* (schluchzend)  
 Nun wieder allein in dieser Höhle!

*Rübezahl* Du hast ja Zeit zur Überlegung!  
ich warte ja nur auf diene Befehle!  
und setze das Geisterreich in Bewegung!  
Dort steht ein Korb, bis zum Rande gefüllt!  
Ein Wort! und dein Wunsch ist auf's Neue gestillt!

*Emma* (zornig) Was soll ich mit diesen Schattenwesen!  
—Die Menschen ohne Fleisch und Blut—  
—Die Bilder, die nicht schlecht noch gut—  
—die gestern leben und heut' verwesen!

*Rübezahl* Was fehlt dir denn in meinem Reich?  
Bot ich mein Heer nicht auf sogleich  
die dich als Diener treu umschweben?

*Emma* Was ist mir denn der leere Schein?!  
Mir ekelt vor deinen Zauberein!  
Nur Träume lebe ich — nicht wirklich Leben!  
—Befrei mich von der lästigen Haft  
—sonst sterb' ich in diesem Ungemach!

*Rübezahl* Es schwindet vor dir meine Geisteskraft  
—Bin hilflos ach wie ein kind, so schwach.  
Und hast du denn kein Wort für mich  
der ich dir doch so treu ergeben!  
Es schwindet vor dir meine Geisteskraft  
—Bin hilflos — ach — wie ein Kind, so schwach.

*Emma* Befreie mich von der läst' gen Haft  
—sonst sterb' ich in diesem Ungemach!

*Rübezahl* Und ist es denn so schlimm dies Sterben!?  
Mich dünkt — es heisst: sich Lieb' erwerben

*/Emma/* O geh —, du Unhold mir aus den Augen  
dass ich dich, läst' gen nicht mehr seh—  
—was kann mir deine Gesellschaft taugen  
wenn ich dein Wesen nicht versteh'!

(heftig) —O geh! So lass' mich doch allein!

*Rübezahl* Ich bin gehorsam deinem Willen  
—doch bin ich ferne — und denke dein—  
kann ich dir keinen Wunsch erfüllen?

*Emma* So schaff' mir Erdenblumen heut!  
Ich sehne mich nach den süßen Seelen  
die mir von der Heimath Lust erzählen  
—sie theilen ja mein stilles Leid.

(Rübezahl geht traurig ab,)

*Emma* (legt sich auf ihr Blumenbett)  
Und nun umgieb' mich mit deinen Wonnen  
du liebe, traute Einsamkeit!  
—nun will ich träumen von Erdensonnen  
und von des Waldes Lustbarkeit!

Die Musik geht in eine sanfte, träumerische Weise über.

Pause.

—(singt in Gedanken)  
"Und ist doch der Mai so grün  
und die Lüfte, sie zieh'n" —

(sitzt auf) /?/

Kann ich euch nimmer wiederseh'n,  
—ihr meiner Heimath grüne Matten?!  
Bleib ich gefangen unter den Schatten!  
—Ach! Werd' ich nimmer aufersteh'n!  
— — —

wer ein liebes Liebchen küsst  
wie glücklichich der ist,

—O du — mein trauer Knabe mein  
werd' ich von dir vergessen sein!?

—(nach einer Weile)

Ist meine Botschaft denn ganz verklungen  
— — — —oder hat mein Bote sie nicht gesungen!

(spring auf — heftig)

Gewiss — gewiss — er weiss es nicht  
mein Vöglein Bienchen kam nicht an's Erdenlicht  
— — — —

—ich send' einen Stärkern auf zur Erde  
—dass meinem Liebsten die Kunde werde!

eilt schnell hin zum Korbe — berührt mit dem  
Stäbchen eine Rübe.

Weisser Falke, stark und klug,  
Fliege auf mit kühnem Flug.  
Fliege' zu meinem Ratibor —  
Flieg' und flüstre ihm in's Ohr!:  
"Emma weilt in schweren Banden  
in des Geisterkonigs Landen;  
sie harret dein, dass du aus Ketten  
als deine Braut sie wirst erretten!"  
Fliege, Vogel, fliege,  
Sieg mein Ritter siege!

Falke /?/ fliegt davon. Emma sieht ihm nach  
Ja wer wie dieser Flügel hätt  
der streift wohl bald in sein Ziel!/?/  
—Doch wie, säss' ich ihm auf dem Rücken?

(Mit plötzlichem Entschluss) (freudig)

Ach ja — ach ja — zum Knabe schnell  
—ich schaffe mir ein Ross zur Stell  
entflieh auf ihm des Feindes Reiche /?/  
(eilt zum Korbe)

Rübezahl tritt auf mit einem riesigen Bündel Blumen,  
(erschrocken, aber zornig) O Unhold — bist du schon wieder hier?

Du überlästiger . . . . .

Rübezahl blickt sie verwundert an

(sie bezähmt sich)

—Ei — nun — ich mein — du wärest schier  
in deinen Diensten so langsam nicht!

*Rübezahl* (sehr schüchtern)

Hier, Herrin, sind, wie du befohlen  
die schönsten Blumen meiner Flur!

‘S sind ihrer genug — doch wünsche nur  
ich kann dir immer mehr noch holen!

*Emma* (lacht auf) Haha!

Statt eines Sträuschen ein ganzer Stoss —

(Rübezahl blickt sie verwundert an)

(sie erinnert sich wieder)

Gib her! — zwar ist er ein wenig gross,  
doch will er mir d’rum nicht schlechter gefallen.

(zu sich) Jetzt, Weiberschlaueheit steh’ mir bei!—

(laut) —Fürwahr — du zeigst mir grosse Treu!

—ich sehe schon — so wird es geh’n.

—doch soll ich erkennen — wie gross dein Lieben,  
so musst du mir erst eine Probe besteh’n!

Du sollst mir alle deine Rüben

so viel du auch hast, auf den Feldern zählen

—doch darf dir auch eine da nicht fehlen

mit einem Blick auf den Korb — lachend

—sie würde sicher dein Glück dir stehlen:

*Rübezahl* (entzückt)

Ich brenne, Süsse, in heissen Flammen;

Befehl und ich trage die Berge zusammen!

(geht eilends ab)

*Emma* (freudig)

Un/d/ nun komm, du letzte Rübe,

steh’ als Flügelross vor mir.

Führ in Eile mich von hier

hin zu dem, den heiss ich liebe!

berührt eine Rübe, ein weisses geflügeltes Rösslein steht

vor ihr; sie besteigt es.

Fliege, Rösslein, fliege fort,

Entführe mich dem bösen Ort!

fliegt mit dem Ross davon.

Vorhang fällt.

Ende der 4. Verwandlung

— — — — —

## 5. Verwandlung.

Offene Waldgegend im Riesengebirge,  
hinten auf hohen Felsen das Schloss.  
Frühlingslandschaft. Heerdenglocken,  
Hifthorner. Schalmei

## P a s t o r a l e.

*Ratibor* (Kommt gedankenvoll)

Nun ruft es schon aus allen Ecken:  
Der Lenz ist da, der Lenz ist kommen!  
Und nimmer und nimmer will es verstummen,  
O musst ihr denn wieder mein Leid erwecken?

“Hinaus!” Du rufst? — Zur grünen Flur!  
—Ob ich denn da Vergessen fände!  
—Ach über all nur ihre Spur—  
—Es winden ihre weissen Hände  
—Im Busch seh’ ich ihr Haar nur weh’n  
—am Himmel ihr’ blauen Augen steh’n  
und mag ich träumen oder wachen  
mir klinget immer ihr silbern Lachen!

Er setzt sich nieder bei einer Linde.

Es wird Abend. Ein Schäfer zieht mit seiner Herde  
vorbei und grüsst *Ratibor*.

Fahr’ wol du guter Schäfer mein,  
Sei wachsam! Hüte deine Herde.  
Zähl alle deine Lämmelein  
dass dir nicht eins geraubet werde.  
—der Wolf ist voller Grimm und Tück  
und giebt dir keines mehr zurück!

Pause. Man hört ein Hifthorn

Das Hifthorn irrt so traurig umher  
als wollt es mit mir die Liebste suchen,  
und alle die Tannen und die Buchen  
erzählen die thränenfeuchte Mär!

Ein weisser *Falke* kommt geflogen und ruft

*Ratibor*!

*Ratibor* blickt verwundert

Wer rufet den unsel’gen Namen!?

*Falke* ruft noch einmal:/ Emma!

*Falke* Emma weilt in schweren Banden  
in des Geisterkönigs Landen.  
Sie harret dein, dass du aus Ketten  
als deine Braut sie wirst erretten

- Ratibor* (springt auf)  
Was hor' ich? Können Vögel reden?  
hält ein Traum meinen Sinn gefangen?  
—Nur weit /er/ — mein geflügelter Bote  
lass mich zur süßen Kunde gelangen —  
O sprich! — was macht meine kleine Genossin?!  
*Falke* "Emma weilt in schweren Banden"  
*Rat.* O sprich doch — wo — wer hält sie verschlossen?  
*Falke* "In des Geisterkönigs Landen"  
*Rat.* Was muss ich thun? Wie kann ich ihr helfen?  
Wie find ich meinen lieben Elfen!?  
*Falke* "Sie harret dein, dass du aus Ketten  
als deine Braut sie wirst erretten!"  
*Rat.* (zornig) So lass doch endlich dein ewiges Sprüchlein  
—Was ist's mit meinem süßen Kuchlein?  
*Falke* "Emma weilt in schweren Banden"  
*Rat.* Ha fort! Zu viel! Du singst mich zu Schanden!  
(Falke fliegt fort)  
*Rat.* (geht in grosser Aufregung auf und ab)  
Ha — Neues Leben giebt mir die Kunde —  
O hohe heissersehnte Stunde!  
Sie lebt! Sie liebt mich — wie soll ich's tragen!!  
—O wonnevolle Maienzeit!  
—was möcht ich nicht — sie zu retten — wagen!  
—O Herrin, halfst du schon so weit,  
—so lass mir doch noch eines sagen!  
—was aus den Banden dich befreit  
—ach hilf — mein kleines, süßes Mädchen!

Emma kommt auf weissem Ross; Er eilt, ihrem /?/ Ross zu helfen.  
Sie fällt ihm in die Arme, und sie küssen und  
herzen sich unter dem folgenden:

- Emma* Dem himmel Dank! Da bin ich wieder!  
*Rat.* Ich halte dich in meinen Armen  
*Emma* O lass mich an deiner Brust erwärmen  
*Rat.* Meine Königin!  
*Emma* Mein süßer Gebieter!  
*Rat.* —Ich Kann's nicht glauben! Es ist ein Traum!  
*Emma* O lass uns träumen im Himmelsraum!  
*Rat.* O möcht ich nimmermehr erwachen —  
*Emma* Wie will ich über den Träumer lachen!  
*Rat.* O Augen blau! O Wangen rund!  
*Emma* O Brust an Brust — und Mund an Mund!  
*Ratibor* Ach — lieblichstes Bild — ach — lass mich sterben!  
*Emma* Meine Küsse sollen dich wiederwecken!  
*Ratibor* O Wonniges Lieben! O seliges Werben!  
*Emma* Hei, fröhliche Jagd unter grünen Hecken!  
(reisst sich los und läuft vor ihm her)  
Nun musst du mich fangen — willst du mich haben!  
Nun vorwärts muthiger Jägermann!

(springt über einen Graben)

Rat. Nun spring mir nach da über den Graben —  
Sollst sehen — wie ich springen kann!  
(springt hinüber)

Emma (ist schon wieder fort) (lacht ihn aus)  
Haha.

Nur schneller — sonst flieg ich dir weit vom Nest —

Ratib (macht eine Schwenkung, so dass er ihr entgegenkommt u.  
fängt sie auf /?/)   
Nun hab' ich dich! Diebin Lose! Jetzt bleibst du mir fest!

er zieht sie zu sich nieder u. sie sehen /?/ sich

Mein liebstes Mädchen! Wie lieb' ich dich!

Emma Bist du mein Liebster — so küsse mich!

Rat. Ja tausendmal in einen Nu!

Emma Ich kann es doch noch besser als du!

Mit Küssen will ich dich bedecken;

Sollst mir sagen welche —

Rat. Versuch's nur einmal — ich zähle gern!

Emma Wie schön! Nun spielen wir Mann und Frau!

Der König ist herausgetreten, sieht ihnen eine Weile zu und lacht unbändig.

König Herbei! Herbei! Kommt alle herbei!  
Geschehen ist eine Wundermär—

(die Szene füllte sich allmählig)

(Emma springt auf und fällt ihrem Vater um den Hals)

Nun halten wir fröhlich' Hochzeitsfest,  
ihr alle seid gelad'ne Gäst'!

*fehlen 2 Seiten*

Alle (durcheinander)

Ha! Rübenzahlen — Wo ist dein Gemnah?!  
—sind schon alle gezählt Zähl nur genau—

Herr Rübezahl!

Rübezahl! Rübezahl!

(Ein furchtbarer Sturm erhebt sich — und es wird vollkommen dunkel. Auf einem Felssteige erblickt man den Rübezahl in seiner wahren Gestalt, umgeben von seinen Geistern; rothe /?/ Blitze zucken um den Stein.)

Rübezahl Hier bin ich! He! Was wollt ihr von mir!

Alle (sinken vor Entsetzen auf die Knie)  
Entsetzlich, der Hölle Graus ist los hier!

Rübezahl (lacht laut auf)  
Hei Menschenfeld! Hei Rübenbrut!  
Seid ihr zu End mit eurem Mut!?  
—Haha! Seid ruhig! Fürchtet euch nicht  
Mit Einer von euch nur halt' ich Gericht!

(zu Emma)

Und verbärgst du dich auch in der kleinsten Ritz  
 —ich sehe dich, thöricht Weib — du weisst es—  
 Fort warf ich der Menschen Leib und Witz  
 —Nun sieh mich in der Gestalt des Geistes

(Emma und Ratibor machen eine Bewegung, als ob sie sprechen wollten.)

*Rübezahl* (Streckt die Hand aus, worauf sie wie festgebannt stehen bleiben.)

Nun höre mich, Weib! Nicht komm' ich zu rechten  
 —Der Menschen Herz ist eng und klein!

Nicht können mit Geistern das Band sie flechten  
 —ihr Sehnen ist schwach — ihr Leben — Schein!

—Unsterblichkeit — Tugend, wollt' ich dir geben,  
 du wähltest der Menschen ärmlich Leben.

Fahr hin! Du elend' thöricht Wesen!

Sei glücklich in deiner Armlichkeit!

Kost' aus die Freuden, die du erlesen

—und fühle nicht deine Erbärmlichkeit!

(mit tiefem Schmerz)

—Ich will im Geisterreich genesen

von der Wunde — die mich quält — der bösen

—Lebt wohl, ihr Menschen, in Ewigkeit!

(Nun verschwindet er allmählig mit seinen Geistern — es wird wieder licht. Der Mond ist aufgegangen.)

Tiefe Ruhe ist eingetreten

Alle bleiben auf den Knien

Lange Pause

(Ratibor kniet vor Emma — diese blickt erschüttert auf ihn hinunter

Der König gibt ihre Hände zusammen. Der Zug ordnet sich zur Burg  
 hinauf. Brinhild mit ihren Jungfrauen bekränzen sie.)

*König*

Und halten wir nun Hochzeitsfest

—wo bleiben die Spielleut' denn zuletzt?

Aus dem Walde tritt eine Schaar Spielleute u. stellen sich an die Spitze  
 des Zuges. Unter dem nachfolgenden Gesang der Geister u. der  
 Menschen bewegt sich der Zug zur Burg hinauf. Der Mond scheint.  
 Die Spielleute musizieren.

*Chor der Landleute und Hochzeitsgäste.*

2)

Blüh' auf! Blüh' auf! Du Kränzlein im Haar!

Mit Rosen und Cypressen

Zieh' ein! Zieh' ein! du glücklich Paar!

Nun aller Noth vergessen!

Vorbei mit Winter — Trennungsleid!

Nun lacht der Liebe Sommerzeit!

Glück auf!

*Chor der Geister (unsichtbar)*

Kehr ein bei uns! O komm nach Haus!  
 Wie bist du krank und müde!  
 Du müder Wanderer, ruhe aus  
 Bei uns ist süßer Friede,  
 Gekostet hat du Erdenglück  
 dich hat verwundet Menschentück  
 O komm in unsre Mitte!

*Chor der Landl. / eute / u. Hochzeitsgäste*

- 1) Spiel auf! Spiel auf! Du Spielmann mein  
 dass weit und breit es klinge Schelle  
 Glück auf! Glück auf! Zum Hochzeitsreih'n!  
 Viel Glück und Segen bringe!  
 Gar so stillen Muths wir zogen aus  
 Mit Hochzeitsklage wir zieh'n nach Haus  
 Glück auf!

Chor der Geister Der Zug der Landleute ist schon bei der letzten Strophe verschwunden und man hört ihren Gesang in der Ferne. Die Szene bleibt ganz leer und man hört zuletzt nur noch den Gesang der Geister.

Der Vorhang fällt langsam

*Chor der Geister*

Wir wollen dich gar leis und lind  
 Mit sanfter Weis' umschweben:  
 —Ach — Zwischen Geist und Menschenkind  
 kann's keine Brücke geben.  
 —des Menschen Herz ist dunkel — klein  
 —der Geist ist klar wie Sonnenschein  
 und voll vom ew'gem Leben

*Der Vorhand fällt langsam*

l e e r

Emma Lieb Väterchen mein! — Jetzt hab' ich dich wieder  
 König Nun thu ich gern die Augen zu  
 Emma Was sind denn so roth deine Augenlider?  
 König das thaten die Nächte ohn' Schlaf und Ruh'!  
 Emma Und was sind deine Haare denn worden so licht?  
 König Das sind die drei Winter seit deinem Scheiden.  
 Emma Und wast hast du für Falten in deinem Gesicht?  
 Kön. Das sind die drei Jahre aus deinen Leiden.  
 Emma (erschrocken) 3 Jahre sagst du!  
 König Ei weisst du's denn nicht?  
 So lang musstest die Heimath du meiden.  
 Emma Entsetzlich — Mir schienen's 3 Tage nur!

*Brinhild* —Glaub' mir — seit dem du uns warst geraubt  
das dritte Mal schon verjüngt sich die Flur  
—wir hatten dich schon verloren geglaubt!  
—Welch' Wunder gab dich uns zurück!  
Verkünd' uns doch dein seltsam Geschick!

*Emma* Als ich von der Ohnmacht aufgewacht  
—da fand ich mich unten beim Geisterkönig  
umgeben von seltsamster Zauberpracht  
—Sein ganzes Reich war mir unterthänig!  
Und mir zu Füßen lag der Räuber  
und war so schüchtern als wie ein Kind  
—zuerst fast lacht ich über den armen Täuber  
—sein ganze Weisheit war in den Wind!  
dann aber weint' ich  
Als ich nun weinte in meinem Leid  
und rief voll Angst nach meinen Lieben  
—da verschwand er auf eine kurze Zeit  
und brachte mir dann einen Korb mit Rüben.  
Die hatten seltsame Zauberkraft  
—ich brauchte sie nur mit Stab zu rühren  
—gleich war mir jede Gestalt erschafft  
die ich nur mocht im Sinne führen.  
—zuerst erschuf ich mir meine Frau'n  
—doch ach — drei Stunden dauert es kaum  
so war vergangen der zärtliche Traum  
—sie wurden alt und schufen mir Gram!  
Da schuf ich mir einen Falken klug  
und schickt' ihn als Boten hinauf zur Erde  
—als ich ihn nun in kühnen Flug  
verschwinden sah — ohn' alle Beschwerde  
da dacht' ich mir — es wär' nicht schwer  
mich selbst mit List so fortzustehlen,  
schnell sann ich mir aus eine feine Mär  
und schickte den Geist sein Rüben zu zählen!  
dann sehnt ich mir ein Rösslein schnell  
das liess ich den weg des Falken wählen  
—und eh' ich's versah — schon war ich zur Stelle,  
—der Geist wird wohl noch Rüben zählen!

Hofmarschall

/ l e e r /

/Kritzeleien/

## PERSPECTIVES ON ANTON BRUCKNER: AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC, CONNECTICUT COLLEGE. 21-24 FEBRUARY 1994

*Perspectives on Anton Bruckner* was the first symposium in North America devoted entirely to the Music of Anton Bruckner. Organized by Timothy L. Jackson, Connecticut College, and Paul Hawkshaw, Yale School of Music, the conference and its concerts offered a re-evaluation of Bruckner's music, its dissemination, and its reception. An international roster of scholars presented papers at five sessions: *Analytical Issues* (two sessions), *Source and Documentary Studies*, *Bruckner as Cultural Icon*, and *Reception and Influence*. Robert Bailey, Janet Schmalfeldt, Christoph Wolff, Leon Botstein, and Christopher Hailey respectively served as chairpersons. Two programs of music featured Gustav Mahler's and Rudolf Krzyzanowsky's two-piano arrangement of Bruckner's Third Symphony, an arrangement completed in Vienna in 1920 by students of Arnold Schoenberg of the Seventh Symphony for chamber ensemble, *Lieder*, and choral pieces including the modern premiere of the final version of *Du bist wie eine Blume*. The performers were Paul Althouse conducting the Connecticut College Chamber Choir; Paul Phillips directing members of the Connecticut College Faculty and Eastern Connecticut Symphony Orchestra; Soprano, Roxane Althouse; Baritone, Richard Lalli; and pianists, Gary Chapman and Andrzej Anweiler.

The conference was designed to begin to disencumber Bruckner from layers of special interest which have hindered the dissemination of his music since the inception of his career as a professional composer. Generations of supporters who used him and his music for their own political and personal self-interests and, at times, self-aggrandizement, have colored and often negatively impacted the perception and understanding of Bruckner as a person and a composer. The figure of Richard Wagner has, of course, always hovered in the background and often dominated.

The specifics are well-known. As early as 1867, when Johann Herbeck and Eduard Hanslick fought, in the face of heavy odds, to bring Bruckner to Vienna, they thought they had found the contemporary Austrian symphonist who could serve as a suitable counterweight to the pernicious influence of Richard Wagner. The composer's unabashed admiration for Wagner's music soon turned Hanslick into Bruckner's most powerful adversary. For the next thirty years Hanslick and his followers, in a segment of the Viennese press representing a strange combination of political liberalism and musical conservatism, vituperatively condemned what they described as the uncontrolled Wagnerism and decadence of Bruckner's "music of the future." Such a reaction played perfectly into the hands of Viennese Wagnerites. The *Wiener akademische Wagner-Verein* propped

Bruckner up on a pedestal, and he became the darling of the local anti-Brahms, politically conservative, and often anti-semitic press. Young Wagnerites including Mahler, Wolf, Göllerich, Löwe, and the Schalk brothers were among his staunchest supporters and were often responsible for the early publication of his works.

Wagnerian ideology and contemporary politics controlled Bruckner's legacy well into this century. Perhaps realizing that his young editors were not always scrupulous and sometimes even tried to make his music sound more like that of Wagner, Bruckner left the autograph manuscripts of most of his major works to the Imperial Library. If he expected accurate versions to be available for posterity soon after he passed away, he was mistaken. Powerful Viennese with vested interests (not to mention a few skeletons in the closet) intervened, and for forty years, most of the manuscript versions remained relegated to the library shelf.

One of the great ironies of the history of the dissemination of Bruckner's music in our century is that a major impetus for the first important attempt to rectify the situation came as a result of a greater evil. In 1937 Adolph Hitler attended the consecration of a bust of the composer in Regensburg's palace of Valhalla. Bruckner was now a paragon of Wagnerian virtue and prototypical German composer. This native son of Hitler's Oberösterreich and hero of the Viennese conservative press (which Germany needed to support the *Anschluss*) had become a cultural icon of the Nazi party. It was now propitious to publish the pure *Urfassungen* of this German master in a new musically and politically correct *Gesamtausgabe* edited by Robert Haas and Alfred Orel. Any benefits which accrued as a result of the appearance of the new scores, some of which have, correctly, been criticized for questionable editorial practices, were more than offset in many parts of the world by the negative implications of Bruckner's adoption by the third Reich.

After the second world war public sentiment demanded the expurgation of Nazi influences on the preparation of the Collected Edition of Bruckner's works. Leopold Nowak began a new *Gesamtausgabe*. His policy for more than thirty years was to shield the primary sources from outside scrutiny even more rigorously and effectively than his predecessors at the beginning of the century. Only in the past decade have performers and scholars from the international community been allowed consistent access to surviving materials. They have begun the long-overdue systematic investigation of the primary sources for Bruckner's major compositions. Many results of their work were presented at the Connecticut conference.

At the conference the sessions on reception attracted the most attention and stimulated the most discussion. Margaret Notley observed that the roots of later National Socialist thinking on Bruckner can be found in the Viennese press of his own time. Bruckner received much of his contemporary critical acclaim from Wagnerian fundamentalists, many of whom belonged to "the most extreme part of the *völkisch* fringe" of Vienna. Bryan Gilliam considered the importance of the Regensburg ceremony of 1937 and dis-

cussed the reasons Bruckner was particularly suited to Göbbels' propaganda campaign. An Austrian peasant genius victimized by Jewish (i.e. Hanslick's) criticism admirably served Hitler's social and political agenda. In 1937 when relations with the Vatican were disintegrating and Naziism was being promoted as a religion in its own right, the composer's well-known reputation as a devout Roman Catholic was downplayed. Göbbels speech at the ceremony described Bruckner as a German composer whose genius "frees itself of all ties to the Church."

Christa Brüstle illustrated the major role which National Socialist politics played in the inaugural efforts on the Bruckner Collected Works Edition, especially in its publication of the Fifth Symphony, which became a symbol of *urtümlisches Künstlertum*. Benjamin Korstvedt continued the discussion of the *Gesamtausgabe*, pointing out that political ideologies caused the editors to reject valuable evidence in earlier printed scores and ultimately mislead performers and scholars, particularly in the cases of the Second and Fourth Symphonies. Political and nationalistic ideology also controlled theoretical writing, as Stephen McClatchie observed in his study of Wagner scholar, Alfred Lorenz', and his pupils' analyses of Bruckner's compositions.

Editorial and source-critical issues have plagued Bruckner scholarship throughout the twentieth century. William Carragan's and Paul Hawkshaw's studies of the materials for the Second Symphony and F-Minor Mass, respectively, revealed the existence of previously unknown versions of both works. Many of Bruckner's primary sources continue to retain untold secrets. Each of his major works needs a systematic re-examination of the sources, manuscript by manuscript, print by print. Elisabeth Maier presented a fascinating look at the insights Bruckner's personal calendars provide into his private and public life.

Papers on the impact of Bruckner's environment as well as his influence on contemporaries and subsequent generations included Andrea Harrandt's description of the social and musical influence of the male chorus movement on Bruckner's development as a composer and conductor. His devotion to this movement, which was at the heart of German *völkisch* sentiment, lasted throughout his career and culminated in the composition of *Helgoland* in 1893. Robert Wason demonstrated the important contribution of Bruckner's pupil Josef Schalk in updating Sechter/Bruckner theory of harmony to cope with late nineteenth-century chromaticism. His paper dealt specifically with an unpublished study of Josef Schalk, *Aufsatz über die Chromatik*. Marianna Sonntag considered Ernst Kurth's interpretation of the Ninth-Symphony *Adagio* in light of the sketches which survive in Krakow. Morton Solvik presented an iconographic perspective on late nineteenth-century and, specifically, Mahler's perception of anxiety and the "Threatening Side of Nature." Amy Bauer offered thoughts on Bruckner's influence on the composer, Györgi Ligeti.

The analytical sessions provided some new perspectives on Bruckner's music. Timothy Jackson discussed the form of the Finale of the Seventh Symphony. Among other things, the tragic references of its reversed sonata form as well as subtle allusions to the music of Liszt

and Wagner point to the existence of a complex program about the latter's death and its implications for the Art of Music. Edward Laufer applied Schenkerian methodology to illustrate long-range organic prolongations operating in the *Adagio* of the Ninth Symphony. Even the great Austrian theorist, who himself admired the composer very much as a person, did not understand this aspect of Bruckner's music. Joseph Kraus and Thomas Röder used examples from the first four symphonies and the string quintet to debunk the myth that Bruckner's *Scherzi* are consistently four-square and follow a uniform aesthetic and formal plan. They are full of intricate phrase structures of uneven lengths and, within phrases, hypermetrical irregularities are a consistent organizational feature. Contrary to the popular belief that Bruckner's revisions regularized the music into four and eight-measure phrases, they often resulted in the expansion of what was already an unusual hypermetrical structure.

Warren Darcy developed James Hepakoski's theory of "Sonata Deformation" as it applies to the outer movements of Bruckner's symphonies. John Williamson continued the discussion of this work by considering the rhetorical implications of Bruckner's juxtaposition of learned contrapuntal styles—Chorale and Fugue—with the nineteenth-century process of symphonic development. Of particular interest in this regard is the relationship between the opening thematic group in the first movement and the Chorale and Fugue in the Finale. Stephen Parkenny considered the contrapuntal aspects of the same symphony in light of the composer's application for a post at the University. In his semiotic analysis of the Fourth Symphony, Robert Hatten pointed out Bruckner's reference to recurring nineteenth-century topoi including the Pilgrims' March from Berlioz' *Harold in Italy*, Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony* and, of course, Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.

One unanimous view emerged as the meetings proceeded: that Bruckner remains cloaked in an almost exclusively Wagnerian mantle is no longer justifiable. There is no question he admired Wagner and often made references to his music; the *Meister aller Meister* certainly influenced his harmonic language and orchestration. Yet aesthetically, politically, and philosophically the two men could not have been further apart. Wagnerism has clouded the more pervasive traditional roots of Bruckner's symphonic and sacred styles. He was well-versed in the Viennese classics—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert—and spent considerable time with the music of more contemporary figures such as Berlioz and Schumann. All surviving evidence indicates that, during periods of self-analysis, he turned to these composers—not to Wagner.

*Perspectives on Anton Bruckner* raised an enormous number of interesting, often controversial, and always stimulating issues. Some of the papers presented at the conference will appear in a volume published by Cambridge University Press.

Paul Hawkshaw  
Yale School of Music  
Timothy L. Jackson  
Connecticut College

JOSEPH BRAUNSTEIN (1892-1996):  
A VOICE FROM THE BRUCKNERIAN PAST  
(A Tribute and an Interview)

BENJAMIN M. KORSTVEDT  
with DAVID H. ALDEBORGH

The name Joseph Braunstein may not be a very famous one, but it is likely to be familiar to Bruckner aficionados, especially collectors of Bruckner LPs. In the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s Braunstein wrote fascinating liner notes for a number of recordings of Bruckner symphonies.<sup>1</sup> These notes offer some remarkable glimpses of a lost epoch in the history of Bruckner's music. Born in Vienna in 1892, Braunstein was active in Viennese musical life during the first four decades of this century.<sup>2</sup> He both heard and played Bruckner's music under Franz Schalk and Ferdinand Löwe in the 1920s. In addition, in the 1930s Braunstein discussed Bruckner editions with Robert Haas, who prepared the first collected edition of Bruckner's works.

Braunstein's writings on Bruckner are not extensive, but they are notable for both their historical soundness and their musical acuity. Consider Braunstein's comments on the Ninth Symphony, which are brief yet make some important points often missed even in lengthier accounts. For example, although it was not common knowledge at the time, Braunstein stressed that not only had Bruckner definitely conceived of the Ninth Symphony in four movements, but had in fact sketched most of the Finale before his death. Braunstein also neatly dismantled the frequent misconception that Löwe was guilty of duplicitously publishing his own posthumous edition of the Ninth Symphony (1903) as Bruckner's original by quoting Löwe's preface to the score, which is quite clear in identifying the editor. Braunstein also explained the musical logic of Löwe's substitution of flute and bassoon for the pizzicato violins in the Scherzo: pizzicato is very difficult at Bruckner's fast tempo and Löwe was apparently concerned to facilitate proper performance of the piece.<sup>3</sup>

In other essays, Braunstein offered a fresh view of the much-discussed textual issues surrounding Bruckner's music. For example, about the Eighth Symphony he wrote:

The very intricate question as to whether the original versions [i.e., Haas's and Nowak's editions] or the first editions [i.e., those published during Bruckner's life-

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<sup>1</sup> See the bibliography for a complete list.

<sup>2</sup> For a brief biography see Allan Kozinn's obituary in the *New York Times*, 13 March 1996, p. B12.

<sup>3</sup> See Braunstein, notes to Anton Bruckner, Symphony no. 9, Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, cond. Eugen Jochum, Decca DX 139 LP (1956) and review of Anton Bruckner, Symphony no. 9, Pro Musica Symphony Orchestra, Vienna, cond. Jascha Horenstein, Vox PI 8040 LP, *Musical Quarterly* 40 (1954), pp. 286-89.

time] should be used for performances is by no means conclusively answered yet. The present writer, who in his students days not only had the opportunity of hearing Bruckner's compositions under the direction of Löwe and Schalk, but was privileged to play them when they first presided over the orchestra, is not prepared to accept the first editions as [unauthorized] arrangements and accept the original versions instead.<sup>4</sup>

Braunstein was refreshingly skeptical about the prevailing orthodoxy—and refreshingly free from the biases and hidden agendas that so often mar Bruckner criticism.<sup>5</sup> Indeed, his comments are a welcome tonic to the generally unreflective, and often poorly informed, stance taken by so many writers of program notes. And in view of Braunstein's personal involvement with a pivotal period in the history of Bruckner's music, his statements have a degree of authority that cannot be dismissed lightly.

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Early in 1992 I idly glanced through the directory of the American Musicological Society and was surprised to run across the name Joseph Braunstein. My interest was especially keen because at that time I was in the early stages of a dissertation on the textual history of the first printed edition of Bruckner's Fourth Symphony. Like Braunstein, I was skeptical about the old stories impugning the authority of this text, and for this reason I was eager to contact him; he seemed sure to have a uniquely valuable perspective on the matter.<sup>6</sup> Although it seemed unlikely that the Joseph Braunstein listed in the 1992 AMS Directory was the same man who had played under Schalk and Löwe in the 1920s, I nonetheless sent a letter to him. A couple of weeks later I received a most remarkable reply: a single-page letter, typed with evident, painstaking care, and signed by a venerable, if shaky hand. It read in part:

I am a centenarian and your letter has catapulted me into my past. I grew up musically with performances of Bruckner symphonies based on the first editions. As an orchestral musician from 1919 to 1924 I played only the first editions. I became acquainted with the problem of the original versions in conversations with Robert Haas and I was somewhat involved in the events [in 1935] which surrounded the tryout of the original Finale of the Fifth Symphony.

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<sup>4</sup> Notes to Anton Bruckner, Symphony no. 8, Vienna Symphony Orchestra, cond. Jascha Horenstein, Vox Turnabout THS 65090/91 LP (1970); reissued as Vox Box CDX2-5504 CD. The quotation is taken from the latter source, p. 11.

<sup>5</sup> It is worth noting that Werner Wolff, another Bruckner critic born in the nineteenth century, shared Braunstein's doubts about modern dismissals of the editions of Bruckner's music published in the nineteenth century; see his *Anton Bruckner: Rustic Genius* (New York, 1942), pp. 261-70. Indeed, the belief that the original publications of Bruckner works are corrupt arose only after Bruckner's death, primarily during the 1930s.

<sup>6</sup> Ultimately my research led me to conclude that by any reasonable standard the version of the symphony published in 1889 is fully legitimate and must be considered authentic. See my forthcoming article, "The First Published Edition of Anton Bruckner's Fourth Symphony: Collaboration and Authenticity," *19th-Century Music* 20 (1996), pp. 3-26.

A follow-up letter went unanswered. But in 1994, with the mediation of Carol Marunas of Essex Entertainment, a personal friend of Dr. Braunstein, I did successfully reach him by telephone. In the following months we had several fascinating conversations on the telephone. Finally, on 29 April 1995, David Aldeborgh of the Bruckner archive in Poughkeepsie, New York, and I visited Dr. Braunstein at his residence on East 96th Street in Manhattan. In Dr. Braunstein's small apartment, which was crowded with books, scores and recordings, we talked for some two hours about his career as both a performer and a scholar in the Vienna of the 1920s and 1930s, and of course, about Bruckner's music. We found Dr. Braunstein to be remarkably energetic and clear-headed, and to have astonishingly sharp memories of his musical experiences in Vienna. Indeed, he recalled many of the leading Bruckner scholars of the time with real vividness, and showed considerable curiosity about our work. With Dr. Braunstein's permission we taped the conversation; it is transcribed below.<sup>7</sup>

\* \* \*

Ben Korstvedt: You knew Robert Haas quite well didn't you?

Joseph Braunstein: Yes. When he came to Vienna from Dresden he gave up a musical career and then took up an academic career.

B. K.: He had been a conductor in Dresden?

J. B.: He was never a conductor. He was what we call a *Korrepetitor* [i.e., a répétiteur]. He was a *Korrepetitor*; he was a [vocal] coach. And then he took up the academic career: he was first what was called a *Privatdozent* [i.e., a lecturer] and then he acquired a professorship. And it seems to me, that he was always in sympathy with the Nazis. He was, I would say, somewhat active in that movement. His newspaper was the Nazi paper, the *Völkische Beobachter*—it was on his desk in the National Library! It shouldn't have been, because that was actually a step against the government which paid him. But we'll leave that aside for the time being.

Nowak was very modest and didn't have any connection with the government. But Haas was different. Haas immediately showed his sympathy with the Nazi movement, and then, when the Nazis actually came to power, it was his time. But actually, I had a very good personal relationship with him. I could never complain about any strong intentional declaration on his part that he was a friend of the Nazi movement; he avoided that in our personal relationship.

Then after the collapse of the Nazi regime, Haas lost, naturally, his positions, and his successor was Leopold Nowak. Nowak was more on the side of the Catholic party. The Catholics had a very important power in Austria politically. And he was, I believe, in his student years, a member of a Catholic organization. I still believe that he was a *decent* man; that I must say. As I mentioned before, with the collapse

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<sup>7</sup> It has been edited slightly in interests of clarity.

of the Nazi regime, Haas's power came to an end, and Nowak was appointed Director of the Music Division of the National Library. And so he also inherited the Bruckner business; that was a matter of course. And then he started to publish . . . I don't know. I must confess, I have never had a very intense knowledge of his Bruckner publications; maybe you have more than I. After all, that was a time when I had to be concerned about survival! The Bruckner matter became secondary. I had to survive: I was married, and my bride was very ill—multiple sclerosis. So, I had enough problems, and I could not immerse myself in Brucknerian matters. I was more at the fringe.

B. K.: When did you leave Vienna and come to New York?

J. B.: I left Vienna on April 15, 1940. Yes, I lived under Hitler. I had some experiences as far as life under Hitler is concerned. Oh, yes! Oh, yes! The Gestapo came to me—actually in order to go after a sister-in-law. But they also interrogated me a little bit. There was one fellow; he said: "You are writing about music. I cannot understand how a Jew can write about German music." I kept silent, oh yes. I did not say anything. He left. He didn't go after me; he went after my sister-in-law, because my sister-in-law lived with an "opulent" Jew. The Gestapo were after his money. So, I left my country in a boat. It is very hard to describe: I was sad and I was glad.

But as I said before, I had a good personal relationship with Haas and with his assistant, Dr. Schneider. He too had the Nazi paper on his desk! [Striking chair for emphasis.] In spite of the fact that he was an employee of the Austrian government. He [Schneider] was formerly an officer in the Austrian army; he came from Salzburg.

And then I came to New York and all I had to do was to survive. That took some time. Now I can look at that period as an analyzing historian. Ask me what you want to know.

B. K.: You mentioned to me that when Haas was making his edition of the Fifth Symphony, he spoke with you about it.

J. B.: Actually he was somewhat—in a certain sense—an enemy of Schalk. He maintained that Schalk was responsible for . . . [pauses while searching for the right word] manipulating the Brucknerian manuscripts. He [Schalk] had access to them; because as conductor of the State Opera, Schalk had access. When he went to the Nationalbibliothek, the National Library, every door was open. Someone once said, "Schalk is not a musician, not a conductor; he is an Austrian institution!" Yes, that he was! And in that capacity he had enormous power. I remember that when he was conducting the Fifth Symphony, in the newspaper there was some allusion to the idea that he was tampering with the score. A statement was issued by his wife, that he was going to conduct the symphony exactly as it was put down on paper by Bruckner; that was, I should say, the gist of the statement. Actually, Haas convened interested people in the National Library to speak about the tampering with the Brucknerian manuscripts. He said that Bruckner was subjected to sanctions. Do you know about that? [general assent] I heard it; I attended this gathering. The moderator of the gathering, a gentleman who was a very fine man, didn't want the

memory of Löwe and Schalk to be muddied by Haas. And then came Haas with his "Sanktionenstheorie."<sup>8</sup>

B.K.: When I was in Vienna, in the Nationalbibliothek, last year, I saw the papers of Lili Schalk there. And in them are many newspaper articles from that time, in which people debated whether Haas's "Sanktionenstheorie" was true. And it seems that many Viennese felt that it was an unfair accusation.

J.B.: Yes, against Schalk or Löwe. As I say, the moderator—I have forgotten his name, in spite of the fact that when I was in military service he was my commander—didn't want the names of Löwe and Schalk to be muddied by Haas.

Haas was a small man, I mean physically. But nevertheless, he must have been very . . . Hah! [trails off]. . . Now I believe Haas is forgotten, except his books. His books were *good*. One on Mozart, I believe. He knows something, there is no question about it. He was a scholar, actually he was a scholar. But he was also an *Intrigant* [i.e., a schemer]. He combined his scholarship with very unfair, unfair actions. Absolutely. I don't know how he was judged abroad.

David Aldeborgh: Generally speaking, Haas has had a lot of sympathy around the world for his scores. Two people, Doernberg and Redlich, both wrote books which were very critical of Nowak.<sup>9</sup> They praise Haas as being the one who saved the Bruckner tradition. I don't agree with that conclusion. . .

J.B.: [Interjecting in agreement] No, no, no! I say, Haas had his partisans. Absolutely. I talked with him very often: he was always talking about Schalk, and Schalk, and Schalk.

B. K. I have been studying the history of the Fourth Symphony, and I have concluded that the so-called Löwe/Schalk edition is actually Bruckner's own edition: he revised it and he prepared it for publication.

J. B. Yes, that was one of the symphonies in which, I would say, his signature was on the papers.<sup>10</sup>

D. A. Did you ever play under Schalk?

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<sup>8</sup> For a discussion of these events and the debates surrounding them see Korstvedt, *The First Edition of Anton Bruckner's Fourth Symphony: Authorship, Production, and Reception* (Ph.D. diss., University of Pennsylvania, 1995), pp. 99-143.

<sup>9</sup> Erwin Doernberg, *The Life and Symphonies of Anton Bruckner* (London, 1960; rpt. New York, 1968) and Hans T. Redlich, *Bruckner and Mahler, The Master Musicians* (London, 1955). See also Deryck Cooke's influential, albeit crucially flawed, essay "The Bruckner Problem Simplified," in *Vindication: Essays about Romantic Music* (Cambridge, 1982), pp. 43-71 and his equally problematic article "Anton Bruckner" in *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (London, 1980), vol. 3, pp. 352-71; rpt. in *The New Grove Late Romantic Masters.*, ed. Stanley Sadie (London, 1985), pp. 1-73.

<sup>10</sup> This is not quite accurate: Bruckner did not actually sign the copy of the score used to prepare the printed edition, but he did revise it extensively. He also signed a contract authorizing its publication. For a full accounting of these details see Korstvedt, *The First Edition of Anton Bruckner's Fourth Symphony*, pp. 296-314, and "The First Published Edition of Anton Bruckner's Fourth Symphony," pp. 7-16.

J. B. [quite merrily] Oh, I have played under Schalk in the concert hall and much in the opera. Oh, yes. *Meistersinger*, *Götterdämmerung*, and et cetera. Almost all of Wagner which Schalk conducted. In my time there was a division between Schalk and [Bruno] Walter. Walter conducted *Rheingold* and *Walküre*; Schalk conducted *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*.

D.A.: What instrument did you play?

J.B.: In the orchestra, mostly viola.

D.A.: What did you think of Schalk as a conductor and as a person?

J.B.: [Earnestly] I had the highest regard for him; I had the highest regard for Schalk. I still remember with greatest pleasure when there was a memorial concert for Schalk and when a critic—Robert Konta [?] was his name—said that Schalk was not a conductor but was an Austrian institution. And it was true. He was officially the conductor of the concerts of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, and the programs ranged from the *Messiah* up to Bruckner. Sometimes he was invited to conduct at the Court Chapel at Masses, in the Hofkapelle, actually during the Mass—strictly Catholic Mass, naturally. He was invited, so to speak, as a guest conductor to conduct the D Minor Mass of Bruckner.

B.K.: Did his interpretations of Bruckner's symphonies differ from modern day styles?<sup>11</sup>

J.B.: Most certainly, most certainly. The idea was, I would say, religious—it was religious. I remember, we played mostly from the parts issued by *Breitkopf & Härtel*, and sometimes the bowing was indicated. And he was very critical: "Leipziger Stricharten! [the Leipzig manner of bowing!]" [Laughter]

D.A.: Did you ever play the Fifth Symphony under Schalk, or did you ever hear him do it?

J.B.: Wait a minute, let me see. I heard him do the Fifth Symphony; I was in standing room.

D.A.: Do you remember anything about the tempi? Did he open slowly or rapidly?

J.B.: That was now sixty years ago. What do you want from me?

D.A.: The reason that I ask is that Leon Botstein<sup>12</sup> feels that Bruckner should be played more quickly than we usually hear him.

J.B.: No, I think that the tempi of Schalk's were rather on the slow side. I would call them Bayreuth tempi, Wagnerian tempi, on the slow side. But it was wonderful, for instance, in *Götterdämmerung*, the transformation from night to day in the first act; it was really, really very moving. He also did the little things, he was always intent. . . . I

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<sup>11</sup> [B.K.] During our first telephone conversation, I asked Dr. Braunstein if he could compare Schalk's Bruckner interpretations to those of any later conductor, whether Karajan, Klemperer or Walter. He answered in his inimitable manner: "Furtwängler! Furtwängler!"

<sup>12</sup> The conductor and scholar who had on 13 January 1995 led the American Symphony Orchestra in a performance of the Schalk edition of Bruckner's Fifth Symphony in Lincoln Center.

have the best recollection of Schalk, as everything: as a conductor in the concert hall, and as an opera conductor!

B.K.: You do not believe Haas's idea that Schalk . . .

J.B.: [Interjecting] No, no. I don't believe that, no.

B.K.: Did you know Alfred Orel?

J.B.: Oh, oh! [Laughs with recognition.] Alfred Orel! That is also an interesting case. Orel was also involved politically; he was employed by the City of Vienna, but nevertheless he was a Nazi. He worked in the *Stadtbibliothek* of the City of Vienna. He was an employee of the city government, and the city government was socialistic [and thus opposed to Nazism].

B.K.: Is it true that he and Haas became enemies?

J.B.: In a certain sense, yes. Orel became critical of Haas's editions, and he tried to make [his point] very diplomatically. He would not come out rabidly, but he showed his opposition very smoothly.

B.K.: Haas did not take kindly to that sort of opposition.

J.B.: No, no. It was interesting, when this all took place they were both coming out of the music institute of Guido Adler. Both were becoming rabidly anti-semitic, and they were students of Guido Adler. [Adler was Jewish.] It was an *impossible* situation, impossible.

D.A.: Who was Guido Adler?

J.B.: Guido Adler was the head of the Austrian musicological school. He was a professor, full professor and had an interesting [life]. He was one of those who attended the first Bayreuth Festival in 1876.

B.K.: You were a student of Guido Adler's also.

J.B.: Yes. Actually, my book on *Leonore* is dedicated to him.<sup>13</sup> Oh, yes!

D.A.: Did you know Löwe at all? Did you ever have any experience with Ferdinand Löwe?

J.B.: With Löwe, oh yes! I played dozens of times with him, most of the Bruckner symphonies. I remember, at that time in Vienna, the symphony orchestra went to Linz and did a program, naturally, with a Bruckner symphony—ah, [correcting himself] at that time Schalk was conducting.

B.K.: Was Löwe as good a conductor as Schalk?

J.B.: He was different. Löwe was more sedate. Löwe conducted everything: as Concert Director of the Wiener Konzertverein, he had so many subscription concerts a year: he conducted *Concerti Grossi* by Handel and had to go up to Bela Bartók—an enormous work load—enormous work load. He was a nice man, a nice man. I remember a concert in Pressburg and on the train I was sitting very close to him. Interestingly enough, in spite of his strong attachment to Bruckner, Löwe was an excellent interpreter of the Brahms chamber music with piano.

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<sup>13</sup> He refers to his dissertation, which was published as *Beethovens Lenore-Overtüren* (Leipzig, 1927).

B.K.: He was a pianist?

J.B.: Yes! And he was an *excellent* interpreter of Brahms chamber music with piano. After his death, it fell to me to do the eulogy, and I mentioned that. And then I got a letter from Löwe's son, and he was delighted to see that I had a great understanding of his father's interpretation of Brahms.

Löwe, Löwe. . . Actually, [chuckles] in the orchestra, he was spoken of only as "The Ferdinand." You see his first name was Ferdinand; he was only "the Ferdinand." Nobody would have dared to say of Schalk, "The Franz" . . . I am delving into my past today . . .

D.A.: Did you ever know a conductor named F. Charles Adler?

J.B.: Adler? Charles? No.

D.A.: He apparently knew Löwe. He made some recordings of Bruckner: he made the only commercial recording I know of the Löwe edition of the Ninth. He did that with the Vienna Symphony—the Wiener Symphoniker. He also made recordings of the Third Symphony and the First.

J.B.: The name is new to me. Of conductors who were programming Bruckner I knew only Löwe and Schalk. Oh, I remember in the Philharmonic concerts in Vienna, Weingartner conducted the Third Symphony. His tempi were too quick. It must be slow: [sings a bit of the *Gesangsperiode* of the first movement at a properly flowing tempo].

B.K.: Did you ever hear Furtwängler?

J.B.: Hoy! I played X times under Furtwängler, X times under Furtwängler! Let me tell you a story. One day in the morning mail I got a card from the Vienna Symphony Orchestra that I should come immediately to a rehearsal for a subscription concert; that was all. So I came: Fourth Symphony of Schumann. I didn't know who the conductor was. Of course, I had to be concerned first of all with my part. But, after a few measures I thought: "Who is that on the podium? He is extraordinary; who could that be?" I had no idea. The symphony was rehearsed. We had a break, and I went to several members of the orchestra whom I knew: "Who is the conductor?" "Furtwängler."

I played for instance with Furtwängler, Bruckner's Ninth Symphony, Schoenberg's *Verklärte Nacht!*

B.K.: Under Furtwängler?

J.B.: Yes, ah yes. I remember once—I was not playing, I was only listening—he did a splendid performance of a Haydn Symphony, I've forgotten which one. It was *really* splendid; it went like a mountain stream. I also heard *Tannhäuser* under Furtwängler. So many, many years have passed, that many details cannot be kept in mind. But he was an extraordinary conductor—extraordinary conductor, be it Haydn, be it Brahms, be it Bruckner. Never Mozart! I cannot recall any Mozart under Furtwängler—no.

B.K.: Not even *Don Giovanni*? No operas?

J.B.: No, never. Never, never.

D.A.: Did you ever play under Knappertsbusch?

J.B.: Ja, yes. [Pauses to think.] I may have played under Knappertsbusch in the symphony orchestra. But the details I have

*vergessen* [forgotten]. He was strictly, I would say, a Wagnerian conductor, Wagnerian tempi. But he knew his business, oh yes, and he was liked by the orchestra because he was not a stickler. He was light on the orchestra—ha, ha—he was not a stickler.

So, what else have you to ask?

D.A.: I would be interested in anything that you could tell us about both Schalk and Löwe, in terms of the type of people they were. You've already indicated that you thought that Schalk was a very fine man, and the same thing about Löwe.

J.B.: Yes, personally they were both very fine men. Schalk was also a chess addict. Oh, yes. I attended the first performance of *Parsifal* in the State Opera—at that time it was already the State Opera. It cost me twelve hours, mostly standing. But I was young. It is said that at the dress rehearsal of *Parsifal* [that due to technical difficulties with the scenery (during the gradual transition from the forest scene to the Grail Hall towards the end of the first act) there were a number of prolonged interruptions, during which Schalk, to pass the time, became engrossed in a chess game from which he had difficulty separating himself, and that he would alternately conduct or return to the chess game as the situation allowed.]<sup>14</sup>

D.A.: Would you say the Schalk had an intense personality? His photographs seem to show a great intensity around the eyes.

J.B.: That is true, yes. [Pauses.] It was an intense personality. I have the greatest respect that he was capable of conducting the Fifth Symphony in Graz, with an orchestra in which maybe nobody had heard a tone of Bruckner! [Braunstein refers to the first performance of the work under Schalk in 1894.] He succeeded.

D.A.: Do you have any particular opinion about the editions, the first editions of the Bruckner symphonies, such as the Fifth, such as the Ninth? Do you have any particular feeling about them?

J.B.: The edition of the Ninth Symphony was entrusted to Löwe. I don't know what happened behind the scenes. I believe that he tried to be true to the text as it was written. I don't think that he made any changes. . .

D.A.: What I've read is that when Löwe planned to mount the premiere performance in 1903, during the rehearsals certain things struck his ear that didn't sound right to him. So he was making little changes in the course of the rehearsals. In any case, the types of changes he made are the very same type of changes that were made in the Fourth Symphony. For example, in the first edition of the Fourth Symphony you have a first and second ending on the Scherzo; he did the same sort of thing now for the Ninth. So in other words, I think that he might have felt that he had permission from Bruckner, spiritually, to do the sort of things that Bruckner himself had permitted for the Fourth. That's my theory.

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<sup>14</sup> The bracketed portion of the transcription contains the gist of what was said while the tape cassette was flipped from Side A to Side B.

J.B.: I see, the practice of the Fourth was applied to the Ninth. In any case, what you said must point to a very delicate ear. There cannot be substantial changes; it must be little things. The structure was not touched! It was not Löwe's intention to improve Bruckner, no, no, no. He was too sincere a man.

D.A.: My first experience with the so-called "Löwe" Fourth was a concert by the New York Philharmonic conducted by Joseph Krips [on 5 March 1964]. That was the first time that I had heard that edition of the Fourth, and at the beginning I didn't know it was anything different from what I had heard before. But then every once in a while a little something would happen and I would say: "Isn't that a wonderful conductor; he just brought that out so beautifully." Actually these are details that were written into the score of that edition, but I didn't realize that. It wasn't until the chorale in the first movement [mm. 305-32], where the violas play pizzicato instead of arco—that's when I knew it was the Löwe edition. And that was the first time I had heard it. I was so impressed by the beauty of the sound; there was a radiance that pervaded the sound throughout the entire piece. And it impressed me so much. This is when I said to myself, "these first editions deserve a review; they should be reevaluated." They had been nothing but condemned by the critics—by the so-called scholars—up until that point. And I said, "wait a minute, my ears tell me that this is beautiful." That was my reaction.

J.B.: I know what you mean. I don't think that Löwe tampered with the scores. No, no, no. Actually the task which fell to him, to bring out the Ninth Symphony, that is superhuman—that is really almost superhuman. Always, as often as I heard the Ninth Symphony, I was struck by the enormous power, which here in the space of a few measures is brought to real sound. It must have been a tremendous task for Löwe to bring out the first performance of the Ninth Symphony. Tremendous.

D.A.: As I mentioned to you, I have a recording of this symphony conducted by F. Charles Adler, with the Wiener Symphoniker. This is a very old recording from about 1952. I will make you a copy of it on cassette and send it to you. I think you might be interested in hearing it—the Löwe edition of that symph. . . .

J.B.: [Interrupting] Listen, I cannot reconcile myself to the expression "Löwe edition."

D.A.: Well he was the editor. That's what I mean by the "Löwe edition." One could simply call it the "first edition."

J.B.: I suppose that Löwe and Schalk got together and decided who was going to do that. Schalk was at that time already a conductor at the Vienna Court Opera. . . . [thinking out loud] So who is going to do that? . . . ah, ah . . . now you see . . . Löwe . . . Löwe . . . Ferdinand . . . [trails off].

B.K.: I hope that we haven't tired you out too much.

J.B.: No, no, some times came back to me that I had almost completely forgotten. In that respect, I am a living monument . . .

. . . a living monument! It sometimes seems that I am living too long!  
[laughter]

D.A.: Did you ever hear the name Cyrill Hynais [accenting second syllable]?

J.B.: No.

D.A.: He was one of the early editors of Bruckner. He was a pupil of Bruckner.

J.B.: Who? [D.A. writes name.] Ah! Cyrill *Hynais*! [pronouncing the C of Cyrill as "Ch" and strongly accenting the first syllable of the last name] Cyrill *Hynais*! Oh, yes! He was one of Bruckner's students.

D.A.: Can you tell us anything about him?

J.B.: Actually, he was a conductor at a Viennese Church. Cyrill Hynais, yes. . . . You might find something about him in a [musical] dictionary. [He starts to look through his library.]

D.A.: Was he Austrian?

J.B.: Yes, *Viennese* [with emphasis]. Viennese. Cyrill Hynais, Cyrill Hynais [He continues to search, but without success].

B.K.: Vienna must have been a very wonderful city back in the 1920s and 1930s.

J.B.: No comparison with today. The best thing is not to think about it, and to keep to the memories you have. So, is there anything else you want to know?

B.K.: I don't think so. You have told us many, many fascinating things. It has been a great honor to meet you.

J.B.: Don't exaggerate! I am very grateful that you made the trip. I didn't think I would have had the opportunity to talk of these things with somebody who is well-versed in these matters. As you know, I am a hundred and three.

D.A.: You are doing very well for a hundred and three! You are remarkably clear.

J.B.: My mind is absolutely clear. If necessary, I could still go on the podium and give a lecture, oh yes, about something about which, I would say, I have been an expert.

[After discussing some unusual items in his library, notably his own collected writings, we said goodbye. His parting words to us were, "It was really a most pleasant afternoon."]

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On 10 March 1996, Joseph Braunstein died. This article is dedicated to his memory, in gratitude for his cheerful hospitality and willingness to share with two relative strangers personal memories of what, for Bruckner-lovers at least, are truly historic experiences. We salute his remarkable spirit.

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### JACK DIETHER COLLECTION

In 1996 the Music Research Section of the Lincoln Center Library for the Performing Arts, New York City, started a "Jack Diether Collection" which includes the Diether letters, including correspondence with Alma Mahler Werfel, Joe Wheeler, Dimitri Shostakovich, Theodore Reik, Donald Mitchell and many others, and various writings of Diether, published and unpublished. The collection will be available to scholars and others doing research or interested in the subject matter.

## MAHLER'S FINAL ILLNESS\*

NICHOLAS P. CHRISTY AND BEVERLY M. CHRISTY

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The relation of physical and mental illness to the work of creative artists remains a mystery. Critics and musicologists have tried to trace the connections between the sufferings of composers and what they have written. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, Bruckner, Mahler, Schoenberg — all have been the subjects of retrospective medical and psychological investigation. In no case have these researches been genuinely productive of insights into the music. Monteverdi, Vivaldi and J. S. Bach (but not Gesualdo) have generally escaped this kind of research, perhaps fortunately, because they are ancient enough so that the external and emotional facts of their lives are not well enough known to provide "data" for the construction of elaborate explanations of how and why they wrote what they did.

Gustav Mahler has been less fortunate. He is sufficiently "contemporary" so that people who knew him, corresponded with him, served as players under him, have all left reminiscences, copious but more or less inaccurate, giving a variegated, confused picture of Mahler as a hypochondriacal, obsessive, difficult man, torn apart by early traumas and crippled by doubts and fears. As de La Grange has pointed out, Mahler's widow has been a major contributor to public misconceptions about him.<sup>1</sup>

Mahler's work was initially rejected by critics because it was judged to be undisciplined and morbid. Curiously, the current critical acceptance and great popularity of his music are sometimes also ascribed to his "neuroticism"<sup>2</sup>. The theory is that he was a great composer because he was a great neurotic; that because this is an age of pain, the musical public is in tune with Mahler because he was in such pain himself:

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\*Revised version of a paper that originally appeared in the *Transactions of the American Clinical and Climatological Association*, 82:200, 1970. The authors acknowledge with thanks the help of many people. For general advice we are grateful to Dr. Sanford Farrer, the late Dr. Arthur I. Hutner, Miss Anna Mahler, Mr. Winthrop Sargeant, Dr. Eugene Schorr, Dr. Barry G. Wood and the staff of the library of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Many items of specific information were obtained from Dr. Louis Bergmann, Mr. Jack Diether, Dr. Edward Reilly, Dr. Gerhart Schwarz, Dr. Laurence Taylor, and Dr. G. Fruewirth of the Austrian Institute in New York City. Particularly valuable were the detailed notes on Mahler's endocarditis communicated to us by Dr. George Baehr.

<sup>1</sup> de La Grange, H.-L. Mahler: a new image. *Saturday Review*, March 29, 1969, p. 47

<sup>2</sup> Schonberg, H.C. With malice toward Mahler. *New York Times*, March 2, 1969, p. D21

"He's a sufferer who forces man to look into a mirror. He exposes naked nerves"; "Mahler was a high-strung genius who speaks today to a high-strung generation."<sup>3</sup> It is true that Mahler suffered a great deal but to claim that he wrote great music because he was greatly afflicted is equivalent to Macaulay's notion that James Boswell was a great author because he was a great busybody.<sup>4</sup>

In this paper we propose that Mahler's much-publicized neuroses have been misinterpreted by early biographers and later theorists and we present a new, precise diagnosis of his terminal cardiac disease never previously defined in medical terms.

All the biographical accounts indicate clearly that Mahler was a robust, vigorous, active man, fond of long walks, mountain-climbing and swimming. In the 1880's and 90's he began to be troubled with two ailments that plagued him much of his life: migraine headaches and hemorrhoids, the latter requiring at least three operations and once causing a near-fatal hemorrhage. (It is noteworthy that the textbook characterization of the migrainous patient fits what we know of Mahler: "anxious, striving, perfectionalistic, order-loving, rigid. . .", traits also compatible with the "normal" behavior of hard-working, successful people.) He was in generally good health until 1907, which was a catastrophic year. His harsh methods had created powerful enemies at the Vienna Opera and at Court. This, together with a virulent anti-Semitic campaign, was enough to oust him from the Opera Directorship. In July of that year, his elder daughter, Maria Anna died at age 5. In the same month a casual physical examination of Mahler by a general practitioner, a Dr. Blumenthal, disclosed valvular heart disease, a diagnosis later confirmed by cardiologists according to a letter from Mahler to his wife (September 30, 1907):

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<sup>3</sup>'The man who speaks to a high-strung generation'. *Time*, June 23, 1967

<sup>4</sup>It should have been clear even to the earliest critics that Mahler was a forceful and unique personality in order to have coped efficiently with practical affairs, to have succeeded notably as a practicing musician and theatre director, and to have attracted as his enthusiastic admirers such people as Thomas Mann, Anton Webern, Gerhart Hauptmann, Arnold Schoenberg, Alban Berg, Ferruccio Busoni, Richard Strauss, Bruno Walter, Willem Mengelberg and Otto Klemperer. Mann had almost unlimited admiration for Mahler. In a letter to the composer written in 1909, after the first performance of the Eighth Symphony, Mann characterized Mahler as ". . . the man who. . . expresses the art of our time in its profoundest and most sacred form". In another letter (*Briefe*, 1889-1936, vol. 1, ed. Erika Mann, Frankfurt-am-Main, S. Fischer Verlag, 1962 p. 184) Mann described the powerful effect the news of Mahler's death had had on the genesis of *Death in Venice*. In Mann's novel, *Doktor Faustus* (1948), the hero, Adrian Leverkühn is a composite of many real (Schumann, Mahler, Arnold Schoenberg, Nietzsche) and imaginary people; there are several resemblances to Mahler's life and work. Leverkühn's teacher was an organist and polyphonist; Mahler was an informal pupil of Bruckner. Leverkühn wrote 13 songs to words by Brentano; Mahler wrote several songs to folk-poems collected and revised by von Arnim and Brentano (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*). Leverkühn's early style was a "travesty of innocence"; Mahler's work is often characterized by deliberate naiveté. Both wrote vast orchestral-choral works on universal and religious themes. Leverkühn lost a nephew, Mahler a daughter.

<sup>5</sup>Beeson, P. B. and McDermott, W. (eds). *Cecil-Loeb Textbook of Medicine*, 12th edition, Philadelphia, Saunders, 1967, p. 1477

"Dr. Hamperl. . .<sup>6</sup> found a *slight* valvular defect, which is entirely compensated and he makes nothing of the whole affair. He tells me I can certainly carry on my work just as I did before and in general lead a normal life, apart from avoiding overfatigue".<sup>7</sup> According to Mrs. Mahler's biography, however, a Dr. Kovacs "confirmed the verdict. . . [but] forbade him to walk uphill, bicycle or swim; indeed he was so blind as to order a course of training to teach him to walk at all; first, it was to be five minutes then ten and so on until he was used to walking; and this for a man. . . accustomed to violent exercise! And Mahler did as he was told. Watch in hand, he accustomed himself to walking—and forgot the life he had lived up to that fatal hour."<sup>8</sup> Mrs. Mahler says further that in that winter, "Mahler was so shattered by the verdict on his heart that he spent the greater part of the day in bed. . . he got up only for rehearsals or for the performance. . . if he was conducting".<sup>9</sup> And again, to confirm the suspicion that Mahler was made unduly "heart-conscious" by his doctors: ". . . we avoided strenuous walks owing to the ever-present anxiety about his heart. Once we knew he had valvular disease. . . we were afraid of everything. He was always stopping on a walk to feel his own pulse; and often asked me. . . to listen to his heart to see whether the beat was clear, or rapid, or calm. I had been alarmed for years by the creaking sound his heart made—it was particularly loud at the second beat—and I had always known that it must be diseased. . . he had a pedometer in his pocket. His steps and pulsebeats were numbered and his life [was] a torment."<sup>10</sup>

The picture painted by Alma Mahler is not in harmony with the vigorous conducting and composing activities of his remaining years, 1908-1911, when, in order to earn enough money to support his family and retire exclusively to composing, he came to New York City to conduct a part of the Metropolitan Opera season and to lead the Philharmonic Society orchestra. The story is told that after rehearsals and performances in New York he was bundled up and taken off home like an invalid. Yet he had enough energy to work hard at composition. He completed the orchestration of the *Eighth Symphony* in the disastrous summer of 1907, wrote *Das Lied von der Erde* and the *Ninth Symphony*, both immensely complex scores, in 1908 and 1909; sketched the 5-movement *Tenth* in 1910; and thoroughly revised the *Fourth* and *Fifth Symphonies* in 1910-11. He also kept busy conducting; he led the first performances of the *Eighth Symphony* in Munich

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<sup>6</sup>Dr. Louis L. Bergmann, late Professor of Anatomy at New York Medical College and a native of Vienna, recalls that Hamperl, who lived near the Mahlers in Heiligenstadt, was extraordinarily kind and an "uncanny diagnostician". A beloved local figure, he died in 1918 or 1919; his funeral procession was two kilometers long. By the standards of today, only Hamperl gave Mahler correct medical advice.

<sup>7</sup>Mahler, A. *Gustav Mahler: Memories and letters* (transl. B. Creighton), New York, Viking, 1946

<sup>8</sup>Ibid, p. 110

<sup>9</sup>Ibid, p. 124

<sup>10</sup>Ibid, p. 129

on September 12 and 13, 1909, and had then and there his only unqualified popular success as a composer—the work was received with ovations. In America, he conducted 46 concerts in several cities in the winter of 1909-10, and in his last winter, 1910-11, completed 48 of his 65 scheduled performances. This record of achievement and activity is less in keeping with the biographer Specht's statement that "*Er war ein arger Hypochonder*"—"he was an utter hypochondriac" for whom "to be sick was frightful" and is more in tune with Mahler's own often-repeated joke, "*Krankheit ist Talentlosigkeit*"—"sickness is a lack of talent,"<sup>11</sup> and with the stoicism of his conversations with Bruno Walter: "Now he spoke of the serious consequences of the discovery of his illness and of the revolutionary change in his life and work which would result from the precautions he would have to take. . . he had now to restrict all bodily movement as much as possible which entailed not only a heavy sacrifice, but anxiety about his work. . . the tone of our talk was unsentimental and realistic. . . 'I shall', he said, 'soon get used to it'"<sup>12</sup>. The photographs of Mahler about this time show him worn, but he does not appear beaten.

Rich as they were in accomplishment, the record of Mahler's last years is bleak. Bearing the news of his presumably fatal cardiac lesion with anxious fortitude, he worked hard through the summer of 1910, when there occurred a crisis in his marriage. The story has been told many times, by Alma Mahler herself,<sup>7</sup> by the psychoanalyst Theodor Reik,<sup>13</sup> by Ernest Jones in his life of Freud,<sup>14</sup> and most recently by Henry-Louis de La Grange<sup>1</sup>. Briefly, Mrs. Mahler adored the image of her husband as a great man ("You are married to an abstraction", friends told her) but resented the fact that his work took precedence over her<sup>1</sup>. Mahler felt guilty about this, already feeling guilty about having married a much younger woman, and although he was domineering in his home, he was more solicitous of Alma's welfare than he has been given credit for<sup>1</sup>. When Mahler discovered Alma's liaison with the young architect, Walter Gropius, he not only feared the loss of her, but became deeply concerned about his own emotional state, and sought the advice of Sigmund Freud, with whom he had a one-day "analytic" session in Leiden. From this single interview and Freud's brief account of it has emerged the standard psychological view of Mahler as suffering from a mother-fixation, a "Holy Mary Complex", and an obsessional neurosis<sup>13</sup>. We cannot know now whether this view is correct or not, but Mahler's distress of 1910 seems quite adequately provoked on a reality level when we consider that he was 50, that he lived with the assumption that he had a poten-

<sup>11</sup> Specht, R. *Gustav Mahler*, Berlin, Schuster and Loeffler, 1918, p. 53

<sup>12</sup> Walter, B. *Gustav Mahler*. New York, A. A. Knopf, 1968 (first published in America, 1941), p. 61

<sup>13</sup> Reik, T. *The Haunting Melody: Psychoanalytic Experiences in Life and Music*, New York, Grove Press, 1962 (first published in 1953)

<sup>14</sup> Jones, E. *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*, vol. 2, New York, Basic Books, 1953-1955, p. 79

tially fatal heart disease, had lost his honorific post at the Vienna Opera, had lost his elder child, and now had discovered that he was, perhaps, about to lose his wife. This accumulation of disasters rather than failing physical or mental health sufficiently explains why he never finished the *Tenth Symphony*.

The most probable diagnosis of Mahler's cardiac ailment is rheumatic heart disease with superimposed subacute bacterial endocarditis. The evidence is this (see Table 1). Mahler's mother and perhaps siblings had "heart disease", not further defined. Rheumatic heart disease sometimes runs in families. Mahler is said by at least two biographers to have had St. Vitus' dance (a manifestation of active rheumatic fever) in childhood. He had had many bouts of pharyngitis throughout life, some with visible tonsillar exudate. There were two bouts of sudden weakness and "heart consciousness" that might have been arrhythmia; the dates are uncertain. A heart murmur, said to denote a "compensated slight valvular defect" was discovered when he was 47. The fact that it was virtually asymptomatic before that is entirely consistent with rheumatic valvular disease.

The alleged angina (pain in the chest) is rather uncommonly associated with certain special forms of rheumatic valvular disease. This "angina" may have been misinterpreted in the English-speaking world as "angina pectoris", the cardinal symptom, chest pain, of coronary artery disease, when, in fact, the original references to Mahler's illnesses meant simply "pharyngitis" or sore throat. Mahler was known to have had several bouts of pharyngitis or tonsillitis, one or more shortly before his incapacitation of February, 1911. German speaking physicians generally mean "pharyngitis" when they use the term, "angina". (See, for example, the several forms of "Angina" listed under the heading "Diseases of the Pharynx and palatal tonsils" in the table of contents of Brugsch, T., *Lehrbuch der inneren Medizin*, Vol 2, Berlin-Vienna, Urban and Schwarzenberg, 1932.)

A possible example of such a misinterpretation is found in Paul Stefan's biography (*Gustav Mahler, eine Studie über Persönlichkeit und Werke*, 4th edition, Munich, Piper, 1912), as translated by T. E. Clark (New York, G. Schirmer, 1913): "his old heart disorder reappeared. . . then came another attack of angina. . . ill with fever he conducted on February 21. . . then broke down. . .". Fever is not associated with angina in the sense of "angina pectoris". Far more likely, he had a bout of pharyngitis and either a reactivation of rheumatic fever or the onset of bacterial endocarditis, both febrile illnesses.

The evidence for endocarditis is presented in non-technical terms in Alma Mahler's biography.<sup>7</sup> The authors are able to give here an accurate technical recital of this evidence based on the detailed recollections of Dr. George Baehr, formerly Chief of Medicine at Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City, who was in 1911 Fellow in Pathology and Bacteriology in Libman's laboratory. Dr. Baehr's vivid account follows:

"Some time in February, 1911, Dr. Emanuel Libman was called in consultation by Mahler's personal physician, Dr. Fraenkel, to see the famous composer and director. Apparently Dr. Fraenkel had suspected that Mahler's prolonged fever and physical debility might be due to subacute bacterial endocarditis and therefore called Libman, Chief of the First Medical Service and Associate Director of Laboratories at the Mt. Sinai Hospital, in consultation. Libman was at that time the outstanding authority on the disease. At the time of the consultation, the Mahlers were occupying a suite of rooms at the old Savoy Plaza (or it may have been the Plaza) at Fifth Avenue and 59th Street overlooking Central Park. Libman confirmed the diagnosis clinically by finding a loud systolic-presystolic murmur over the precordium characteristic of chronic rheumatic mitral disease, a history of prolonged low grade fever, a palpable spleen, characteristic petechiae on the conjunctivae and skin and slight clubbing of fingers. To confirm the diagnosis bacteriologically, Libman telephoned me to join him at the hotel and bring the paraphernalia and culture media required for blood culture.

"On arrival I withdrew 20 c.cm. of blood from an arm vein with syringe and needle, squirting part of it into several bouillon flasks and mixed the remainder with melted agar media which I then poured into sterile Petri dishes. After 4 or 5 days of incubation in the hospital laboratory, the Petri plates revealed numerous bacterial colonies and all the bouillon flasks were found to show a pure culture of the same organism which was subsequently identified as *streptococcus viridans*.

"As this was long before the days of antibiotics, the bacterial findings sealed Mahler's doom. He insisted on being told the truth and then expressed a wish to die in Vienna. Accordingly, he and his wife left shortly thereafter for Paris where the diagnosis and prognosis were reconfirmed, and then proceeded to Vienna"<sup>15</sup>.

There he died on May 18, 1911.

Mahler's death has been seriously attributed, at least indirectly, to psychosomatic causes<sup>16-18</sup>. We do not believe such attributions are medically valid.

Diether<sup>16</sup> like Stefan and others, falls into the natural error of interpreting Mahler's "angina" as "angina pectoris" (see above). He says ". . . in 1907, the disclosure of his own heart condition (angina pectoris) put the conflict on a different plane. . . " The "heart condition" was not "angina pectoris" but rheumatic valvular disease. Later Diether refers to the well-known capacity of emotional upsets to trigger attacks of angina pectoris: "Again we read concerning his heart disease: 'Any emotion may bring on an attack, but especially anger, grief or worry'", etc. But we contend that angina pectoris is not the disease Mahler had, so that Diether's further statements are not applicable: "This very heart condition, a functional disease, was possibly psychosomatically induced as a final means of escape from the unbearable. . . dilemma"; and "the final

<sup>15</sup> Baehr, G. Personal communication to the authors: Letter dated November 17, 1970

<sup>16</sup> Diether, J. Mahler and Psychoanalysis. *Psychoanal Rev.* 45:3, 1958-1959

<sup>17</sup> Mooney, W.E. Gustav Mahler, a note on life and death in music. *Psychoanalyt Quart.* 37:80, 1968

<sup>18</sup> Still, R. Gustav Mahler and Psychoanalysis. *American Imago* 17:217, 1960

illness was of course not an attack of angina, but a streptococcus infection induced by the functional condition of which the angina was one aspect". There is no recognized connection between emotional disturbances and exacerbation of rheumatic heart disease or its complications.

In an attempt to define the effect of Mahler's awareness of his cardiac ailment upon his psyche, the psychiatrist, Mooney<sup>17</sup>, says: "the diagnosis of serious heart disease was the beginning of the end for Mahler. It brought into consciousness his life-long fear of death. . .the fantasy of invulnerability. . . was destroyed. Mahler never recovered from this narcissistic injury—it led slowly, but directly, to his death"<sup>17</sup>. But we have already seen how much work, both composing and conducting, Mahler was able to accomplish after being told of his valvular disease, and even after his physicians had made him over-concerned about it. It is hard to see how Mahler's attitudes toward illness, or how partly hypothetical emotional sufferings would favor, or indeed would affect in any way, his chances of acquiring a streptococcal infection.

Finally, the musicologist, Still<sup>18</sup> paraphrases Alma Mahler as follows: ". . . although officially he died of a 'streptococcal infection', Professor Chvostek. . .gave it as his opinion that if Mahler had survived, his whole nervous system would have collapsed, and that the rest of his life would have been spent in a wheelchair. Thus it would seem that he was psychologically consumed from within"<sup>18</sup>. First, in 1911, almost nobody recovered from the disease Mahler had, bacterial endocarditis. The disease had a virtually 100% mortality, so that the question of "survival" does not arise. Second, one cannot tell from Alma Mahler's account whether Chvostek's gloomy prognosis was meant to refer to Mahler's physical or psychological condition. The endocarditis, predictably, incapacitated Mahler, but there is certainly no evidence that either his rheumatic valvular disease or his awareness of it had any deleterious effect on his creativity<sup>19-22</sup>.

This analysis of psychological studies<sup>16-18</sup> on Mahler's last years and the evidence given in the present study force the conclusion that Mahler's death was owing entirely to organic causes.

This paper has attempted to define accurately Mahler's cardiac disease and to suggest that many earlier writers have tended to over-

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<sup>19</sup> Mitchell, D., Gustav Mahler: prospect and retrospect. *Chord and Discord*. 2 (10) :138, 1963: "It is clear from. . . the sketches of the finale of the Tenth Symphony that the work was by no means Mahler's last word. Far from giving, or cracking up, we have every reason to suppose that he would have launched out on yet another project"

<sup>20</sup> Mitchell, D. Some notes on Mahler's Tenth Symphony, *The Musical Times*. 96:656, 1955

<sup>21</sup> Cooke, D. The facts concerning Mahler's Tenth Symphony, *Chord and Discord*. 2 (10) :3, 1963

<sup>22</sup> Roy, K. G. The creative process and Mahler's Tenth Symphony, *Chord and Discord*. 2 (8) :17, 1968.

emphasize its effect upon his work, as well as his "neuroses". Attempts to explain various aspects of Mahler's music on the basis of the existing fragmentary evidence we have concerning his medical and psychological difficulties are harmless exercises, but the conclusions drawn are bound to be inaccurate because the evidence is necessarily incomplete. As with other creative artists, how Mahler translated his experience into what he wrote continues to be the elusive thing<sup>23</sup>.

### TABLE 1

*Evidence for Rheumatic Heart Disease with Superimposed  
Subacute Bacterial Endocarditis*

Mother and possibly siblings had "heart disease"  
 "St. Vitus' dance" in childhood  
 Frequent sore throats in childhood and as an adult  
 Findings of heart murmur at age 47 (1907) and "loud second sound"  
 "Angina" 1908-1911  
 Streptococcal bacteremia found twice, New York City and Paris, February-April, 1911  
 Intermittent fevers, February-May, 1911  
 Pallor (anemia), weakness, March-May 1911  
 Arthritis, uremia (?embolic phenomena), "pneumonia" (or heart failure); died May 18, 1911

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<sup>23</sup> Christy, N. P. and B. M. Christy. Letter: "Arguing Mahler". *New York Times*, Section 2, p. 14, May 6, 1973.

## THE DIAGNOSIS—TERMINAL BUT NOT FINAL: A COMMENTARY ON THE CHRISTYS' PAPER

STUART FEDER, M.D.

With the publication of Dr. Nicholas and Mrs. Beverly Christys' scholarly and medically well-documented papers on Mahler's final illness there can be little doubt that the final clinical diagnosis was Subacute Bacterial Endocarditis and no doubt at all that the bacterial pathogen responsible was *Streptococcus Viridans*. While one could quibble with certain of the data (for example, the question of whether Mahler indeed suffered from rheumatic chorea as a child or whether his apparent St. Vitus' dance had quite different origins) the medical evidence marshalled by the authors support their scientific conclusions to a degree that makes their contribution a significant one in that special corner of medico-historical study—the mortal ills of the artist.

Such painstaking work may readily seduce one to extend what would be a justified respect for highly technical medical expertise into the fields of musicology, aesthetics and that branch of psychology which concerns itself with the mental life of the creative individual. Certainly, it would hold out promise for guidance through the borderland of psychosomatic medicine. Therefore, when it is suggested that psychosomatic factors are beside the point in considering the terminal illness of Mahler, one may be inclined to uncritically respect the opinion of writers of so authoritative a presentation.

Presumably, had an autopsy been performed on Mahler's body, it would have revealed the characteristic sclerosed heart valves of chronic rheumatic heart disease upon which was superimposed the clumping of bacteria and consequent inflammatory reaction diagnostic of bacterial endocarditis. (Here, again, the medical quibbler might cite cases originally described by the very consultant called in by Alma's Dr. Fraenkel, Dr. Emanuel Libman, in which despite a characteristic clinical picture, the confirming pathological evidence is lacking, frustrating definitive diagnosis. However, such cases were rare enough at the time to be medical curiosities.) The Christys then invite us to consider that this is the *whole* story of Mahler's death—that emotional factors would not exert an influence on either clinical course or final outcome in any significant way, and conversely, that the entire pathological process could exert no influence upon the mental processes of the man or upon the content of his mind in any but a very general way.

What would the *psychological* equivalent of an autopsy reveal—a study of the terminal phase of Mahler's life? With specific reference to the Christys' paper, how would the documented medical facts appear within this context? Weisman and Kastenbaum (1968), who have described the use of such a psychological assessment state:

...the somatic autopsy does not answer all the questions. Autopsies do not always disclose the cause of death, nor do they invariably demonstrate why patients die when they do. What people die *with* is not the same as what people die *from*... Furthermore, what prompts a person to become ill, enter the preterminal phase, and die at a particular time and in a particular way cannot always be ascribed entirely to a disease process. The final illness is a psychosocial as well as a medical event, in the same way that the person's complete biography is something more than the sum total of medical and nursing notes made during his lifetime.

Such an approach beckons us to draw back our gaze from its narrow focus on the laboratory petri dishes in which volcanoes of streptococci are visible to the naked eye, and to take in a broader panorama. Such a view would include Mahler's life's experiences with fatal disease and with death itself. It would also include his characteristic mode of coping with the fact, the threat and the imminence of death throughout his lifetime and in particular during the pre-terminal state. Among the specific questions Dr. Christy's paper might raise would be whether there is any evidence that Mahler's mental state could have affected the precipitation of his terminal illness, its duration or the timing of his death. Such a viewpoint would also permit us to consider the quality of Mahler's death. Was it, to use Weisman's term an "appropriate death"? He defines this as "one in which there is a reduction of conflict, compatibility with the ego ideal, continuity of significant relationships and the consummation of prevailing wishes. In short, an appropriate death is one which a person might choose for himself had he an option. It is not merely conclusive, it is consummatory." Or, failing to achieve this admittedly ideal state, did he die in conflict, guilt, panic and isolation?

Before a consideration of the details of Mahler dying, a word about data would be appropriate since the data appropriate to such a study as the above are so considerably different in method and content from that which permits the establishment of the bacterial pathogen. If one is considering the emotional state of the dying person, one cannot dismiss any content of his mental life. In Mahler's case, it would not suffice to include the usual materials of biography, such as personal accounts and letters, and to leave out his own most characteristic mode of conceptualizing and realizing that which was in his mind—namely the form of thought we know as music. Its appropriate interpretation is, of course, a major one but basically a technical one. The music is as much a part of the psychological record as the laboratory reports are of the pathological. During the period under consideration Mahler composed *Das Lied Von Der Erde* (1907-1908), his Ninth Symphony (1909-1910) and the near-completed sketches for the Tenth Symphony (1910). Our inquiry into the more immediate antecedents will take us back to 1901. This is the time of the Fifth Symphony, but more relevant to our topic, the *Kindertotenlieder*. The first of these songs were written in the summer of 1901, a few months before he first set eyes on Alma and only a short time after his first terrifying experience of being tapped on the shoulder by Death. These are some of the data which will be considered in the companion article to this commentary, *Mahler, Dying*.

The Christys' description of Mahler's character, which their study soon plunges us into, attempts to establish the authentic Mahler as a robust, vigorous, active man, fond of physical exercise, etc. Its aim appears to be to set the stage for a man "in generally good health" to be struck down in his strength by a bacterial disease which ultimately killed him. Character features which must be considered to be neurotic are felt to be distortions of what "biographical accounts indicate clearly." In fact, biographical accounts do indeed reveal this robust side. At the same time, they reveal equally clearly an anxious, phobic, depressed and hypochondriacal side. Similarly, while they bring to light features of generosity, love and high standards, they disclose at the same time narcissistic preoccupation, intense rage and, at times, frank cruelty. In short, Mahler was an extraordinarily complex person by any standard, which is one of the reasons we all find him so interesting and are writing about him in the first place!

The mysteries of such a person do not yield to simple explanation. The authors, however, treat his terminal illness as if it were an affair between bacteria and cardiac muscle. Yet this particular disease happened to have been contracted by a particular complicated person and we may glimpse the intricate interaction between person and disease at any point in time. At very least strong psychological reactions may ensue after a disease sets in, those of fear and anxiety tinged by past experiences and with past conflicts. Questions commonly asked are, "Why me; why now?" and fantasy rushes in with the answers. An even more interesting although elusive aspect of this relationship between physical disease and psychological state is the question of predisposition to illness. While it is well-documented that physical host factors play a role in the eventuation of illness, the *evidence* for such psychological host factors has been in the past anecdotal and only recently rigorously studied. A third way in which disease and host psychological factors may interact is in the determination of the course of disease—the course of development, fulmination, exacerbation and remission; and perhaps in the timing of recovery or even death itself. Perhaps these considerations are omitted by the authors because the *evidence* for them both in general and in Mahler's case is not of the same order as the evidence they do cite. While this is true, in their paper the authors appear to extend the evidence that he died of subacute bacterial endocarditis to the conclusion that therefore, we don't have to bother ourselves at all with his psyche!

With regard to Mahler's general health, it is unlikely that if a medical history were taken from Mahler even at age 35, he would have considered himself to be in good health. To begin with, as noted, he had two chronic diseases, migraine and hemorrhoids which are ordinarily disabling to a greater or lesser degree. For example, it is difficult for a man suffering from hemorrhoids to consider himself to be in good health because of periodic pain and bleeding, which are regularly aggravated physiologically. While a physician may tend to consider this a minor problem, certainly not a problem of life-threatening proportions, the patient usually does not. Certainly not when, as was the case with Mahler, a life threatening episode did in fact occur. This

happened in 1901, at which time he had a hemorrhage which his surgeon told him involved a terrible risk. A week later he was operated on by the famous Hohenegg. It is rare for a patient to exsanguinate from this condition but possible with neglect, even though effective surgery had been developed by the turn of the century. More significant however was Mahler's firm belief that he could have died. He communicated this to those close to him and, as we shall see later, this episode was to have an enduring effect on his subsequent life. There had been another scrape with death earlier in 1894 when at the age of 34 he was stricken with cholera. His sister Justine came to nurse him and was so alarmed at his condition and what she believed to be the imminence of his death, that she ate from the same spoon in a sisterly *Liebestod*. Among the many psychological vectors that went into the shaping of his musical thought of that time, this experience was among those which led him to modify his concepts of "brotherhood" in the direction of "resurrection" in the working out of the Finale of the Second Symphony. (Feder, 1990)

Everyday life was filled with complaints that we would now term "functional"—medical problems for which there is no detectable physical cause at the moment and therefore presumed to be psychophysiological. These included various gastrointestinal disturbances, occasional vertigo and periodic fatigue. While the latter might possibly have resulted from blood loss, it more likely draws our attention to a common somatic concomitant to the chronic depression to which Mahler was prone. He experienced this in various shadings ranging from the "Sehnsucht" he occasionally wrote of to friends, a strongly nostalgic sadness, all the way to work-inhibiting despair. Then, of course, there were the migraines which could strike at any moment and indeed often did at unpropitious times.

That Mahler himself did not feel he was in good health is also supported by the various diets and regimens he undertook from time to time as well as occasional visits to Ischl to take the waters. Finally, in addition to the depression noted above and its sequellae, there were, of course, several symptoms of a frankly psychological nature which cannot lightly be passed off. Although at times he suffered from disabling attacks of anxiety which would usually occur while he composed in his usual isolation and send him fleeing from it, more often overt anxiety was circumvented, making its appearance in another symptom. The one that was most important and most constant throughout his adult life was a thanatophobia about which we will have more to say later. This review should perhaps be wound up with an account of the psychological symptom which brought him to Freud, but the delicacy of existing accounts makes definitive diagnosis impossible. There were probably elements of impotence, depression and anxiety.

That Mahler was able to be so productive in time of illness tells us more about his character than it tells us about his health. The authors of the *Final Illness* return repeatedly to the point that his "record of achievement" is not in keeping with the picture of a man beset by illness, real or imagined. I would suggest the opposite. It was precisely

in response to illness and threatening death, in fact, in the very mastery and denial, that Mahler was so driven to produce. Keeping in mind his double professional life of conductor and composer, this is more cogently seen in the latter. Mahler's comment, "Krankheit ist Talentlosigkeit", which is cited, is a good epithetical summary of a function of his creative life and is perhaps best understood by its reverse form: The exercise of talent is health-giving, life-giving, death-vanquishing. His correspondance frequently reveals his fantasy of creativity in composition being related to birth.

A related function of composition touches on a frequent feature of the classical migraineous character, if there can indeed be said to be one, namely chronic states of rage. I have discussed elsewhere Mahler's proclivity, even knack of binding his frequently experienced anger in musical conception. Thus for Mahler, to be creative was the opposite, in denial, of any feared tendency to be destructive. Moreover, in some magical way, creativity might ward off destruction, illness, threat to body integrity, and the harbingers of death were linked to this feared destructive force. Thus Mahler's achievements in the face of illness make a certain sense, but it is not "common sense".

The "theory" cited, that "he was a great composer because he was a great neurotic" is quoted from an anonymous journalist in *Time* magazine, is in its context, a straw-man. Nevertheless, there may well be common sources in the psyche of both neurosis and creativity. This is not to say that these elements in common are all there was to Mahler's creativity. This would be too polar a statement going beyond what we know and more important, lacking in respect for what we as yet do not know. In any event there are undoubtedly multiple stages of creativity.

Against the background of either-or statements, it is difficult to follow the mutual modification of emotional and physical factors. The authors hew closely to traditional medical thinking in seeking a definitive diagnosis. According to the law of parsimony, one seeks to single out the most likely diagnosis, which is exactly what Dr. Christy does. Likewise, according to the method of differential diagnosis, he attempts to rule out other possible causes. Thus emotional factors are "ruled out" on the basis of shaky evidence (Still, Mooney, Diether), or error in medical interpretation (Diether). Another factor leading to the weeding out of the emotional is lack of confirmation in the literature: ("There is no recognised connection between emotional disturbance and exacerbation of rheumatic heart disease or its complications."). However, in ruling this out Dr. Christy substitutes common sense for any particular expertise in this area ("...Mahler's distress of 1910 seems quite adequately provoked on a reality level"). His answer then to those who say, "there is more to it" is simply, "there isn't"!

The error of the understanding of the term "angina" is presented with all the force of a cannon levelled against a poacher when actually any medical dictionary would set the record straight. While it is straightforward to point out the error, it does not mean Diether is all wrong. One of the things that draws scholars with psychological interest to Mahler is that Mahler specifically invites it. He lets us know

*biographically* that there are connections in his awareness between his inner and outer life and his music, something many sense from the music itself in any event. While what the Christy's say about the "recognized connection" between emotional states and the particular illness is absolutely correct, it is *too* absolutely correct, i.e., the statement is put too literally interpreted for our current state of knowledge. It is certainly known that emotional factors do modify both normal physiology and physical illness. Even more specifically, there is growing evidence that individuals are increasingly prone to disease when in particular emotional states. Briefly, these are helpless, hopeless states related to loss. On the other hand there is much that is generally unknown, much less applicable to an individual, and some psychological writers have invited criticism by drawing conclusions too specific for the available psychological evidence, method and biographical material.

Incidentally, Freud did not fall into this error, and the so-called, "standard psychological view of Mahler" cited as stemming from him is a distortion fostered by quoting from work to work. Freud specifically narrowed the scope of his interpretation saying, "It was as if one would dig a *single shaft* through a mysterious building". He was quite careful to avoid *pars-pro-toto* thinking.

A few other details of the paper merit comment. The summary of evidence (Table 1) lists St. Vitus dance in childhood. While there is little firm evidence for it, there is considerable evidence that Mahler had a gait disturbance as an *adult* and rheumatic chorea, St. Vitus's dance characteristically runs its course earlier. This gait disturbance, almost always commented upon in descriptions, has intrigued many the more so since his mother also had an abnormality, being lame in one leg. I cite this as well as the history of heart disease and history of frequent sore throats because they are part of the family history as well, which may not only ultimately affect *physical* health but at the same time modify attitudes and feelings toward illness. Mahler's "heart consciousness" is mentioned and his doctors are held responsible. But Mahler was only too aware of the heart disease in his family; it had claimed both father and mother when he was 29, and earlier, an infant brother, Alfred and his most beloved brother Ernst, when Mahler was 14 years old. These were factors which were to affect his attitude toward his own illness and lend specificity and immediacy to his fear of death.

It would indeed be interesting, if Dr. Christy is correct that the rheumatic heart disease was diagnosed in 1907, because it would throw light on the very connections he is seeking, lending credence to the effect of an arduous year events on the clinical emergence of a physical illness which was long in developing. That year saw increasing aggravation at the Opera, the illness of both children and an operation for Alma and finally, the death of his most beloved child in July 1907. However, it seems likely from several sources that Mahler was well aware of the rheumatic problem earlier. Alma is quoted to this effect, ("I had been alarmed for years by the creaking sound his heart made.") and two letters which are possibly misdated would also

tend to support this if dates are accurate. More likely, Mahler *psychologically* dated the beginning of the end to his elder daughter's death, and this very term (cited as being from Mooney) was the exact term Alma used. While it is true that there are often errors in her writing on Mahler, quite often they tend to be in direction of Mahler's own distortions dictated by his fantasies and beliefs.

However, it is just such details that are waved away with the Christys' ruling out psychological factors, substituting common sense for psychological investigation and winding the whole affair up with how the inadequacy of the latter "force the conclusion that Mahler's death was owing *entirely* to organic causes." Yet an interesting direction is suggested by the admission, "It is hard to see how Mahler's attitudes toward illness, or how partly hypothetical emotional sufferings would favor, or indeed would affect in any way his chance of acquiring a streptococcal infection." I am in full agreement as it is indeed hard to see. But let us attempt to approach this difficult and interesting question in the context of Mahler's last years of life.

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## MAHLER, DYING

STUART FEDER, M.D.

George Engel, a medical educator and psychoanalyst, once had occasion to review the scientific papers of his uncle, Dr. Emanuel Libman (1872-1926), the eminent physician and bacteriologist, and noted that case histories prior to 1899 often began with references to life settings associated with the illness and presumably felt to be associated with its development. Such observations, usually psychological in nature, yielded to the fascination with new scientific methods around the turn of the century, particularly those in bacteriology. After 1900 such clinical psychological observations tended to be omitted. Indeed a backlash was observed, which is in part understandable for a lack of a comparable scientific framework within which such observations could be integrated. By an extraordinary coincidence, it was this very Dr. Libman who was called in consultation by Dr. Frankel, Mahler's physician, to see Mahler in February of 1911. He sent his assistant at the time, Dr. George Baehr, later Professor Emeritus at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, to draw the blood which revealed the fatal diagnosis. It is to Dr. Christy's credit that he tracked down Dr. Baehr, who provided the most interesting letter which is quoted. Alma, too, gives an account of the event, although she is mistaken in the hospital affiliation of the resident in question.

In a recent interview, Dr. Baehr presented the case history as he recalled receiving it from Dr. Libman as part of the normal exchange of medical information. True to the nineteenth century medical heritage of both, it starts with a statement of the relevant antecedent life events and psychological state of the patient.

Dr. Baehr: As I understood the history from (Dr.) Libman, Mahler had lost a daughter from scarlet (fever), a streptococcus infection of the more acute type. As I understood the history of the case I got from Libman, he became very depressed and rightly or wrongly, that made me believe that his depressive states were due to the memory of this daughter. I also learned that he had been told by his doctor long ago he'd had a heart lesion and that he must not tax it and get rest. So that I didn't know to what degree his depressive states were involved.

There is no question that Mahler died as result of subacute bacterial endocarditis superimposed upon a chronic rheumatic heart problem. My purpose in this section is to spell out and to amplify modifying and contributory psychological factors, the very ones the nineteenth century physicians were so attuned to. While this intuitive clinical sense did not disappear from medical practise, it was displaced in medical writing by more "scientific" evidence and scholarly style. However, a growing body of knowledge from the fields of psychiatry, psychoanalysis and epidemiology make it now possible for us to examine these contributory factors more closely. At the same time there is more biographical data available which enables us to begin to understand what all of this has to do with the life of a man who was a creative genius, how he lived his final years, and how he died.

The year 1907 was the turning point in Mahler's life: it marked the beginning of the end in both his physical health and psychological equilibrium. The spectre of death, ever latent, and his constant companion in life heretofore, frighteningly materialized and, in turn the mental activity of preoccupation was necessarily reflected in the mental activity of composition. Even prior to the fateful summer of 1907 premonitions of "the end" had already begun to gain force with the gradual breakdown of whatever hard-won stability Mahler had gained in economic and social spheres of life. His position as conductor and director of the Vienna Court Opera had been secured a decade earlier with a *coup d'état* which involved among other things an anticipatory conversion to the Catholic faith in 1896 in order to clear the way. He conducted his first performance in May of 1897. The following year he added the burden and the honor of the directorship of the Vienna Philharmonic to his duties, an alliance which lasted only three years. The innovative dictator of the opera failed to flourish in the critical climate and democratic structure of the orchestra and ultimately Mahler used the excuse of the burden of work and the occasion of impaired health to tender his resignation in February of 1901. This was the first time Mahler, who would conduct through the fiercest of his migraines, ever yielded to considerations of health. While it may have served a convenient excuse, there was a deeper meaning in his emotional life for he had just experienced his first personal skirmish with his long-familiar adversary, death.

Lofty encounters often occur under mundane circumstances. Such was the case, as Mahler firmly believed he came close to losing his life as a result of uncontrolled rectal bleeding from a long-existing hemorrhoidal problem. He had had surgery before and there is some suggestion of neglect, but neither Alma's account nor that of de La Grange's provide us with enough data to assess the actual danger. Dr. Albert Lyons suggests such a possibility existed then as even now under certain circumstances. In any event it was Mahler's firm belief that he narrowly escaped death in February of 1901, and there is some evidence that his physicians explicitly led him to this conclusion. Lying in bed a few days later he jokingly drafted his obituary: "Gustav Mahler has finally met the fate that his many crimes desired."

It was during the summer of that year that his musical thought shifted from the optimistic and classical simplicity of the Fourth Symphony, relatively free of the conflict torn quality of its predecessors, to a mood and style which was to be the emotional prelude of the works of his last period. Its harbinger was the first of *Die Kindertotenlieder* written in the summer of 1901. Mahler's songs had always been the barometer of his emotional life, and these as well as the other Rückert songs of this period served as emotional pedal-point through the completion of the Fifth Symphony and the composition of the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth. This underlying mood develops to full statement only in the summer of 1907, to which we will come presently, with the composition of *Das Lied von der Erde*.

Another emotional current accompanied that which gave forth *Kindertotenlieder*, a sudden, dramatic interest in Alma Schindler,

whom Mahler met shortly thereafter on November 10, 1901. According to Alma's account, within a week marriage had become a foregone conclusion. On his first visit following their meeting she writes, "He kissed me and went on to talk of a speedy marriage." The marriage occurred four months later and their first child was born on November 3, 1902, less than a year after they first set eyes on one another and eight months after their marriage. This must be considered a remarkable performance for an obsessive bachelor of 41 years! The intriguing question of what lay behind this extraordinary sequence of events will be considered later. For the moment, these were the events contributing to the picture of Gustav Mahler in the dawn of 1907—a mature artist in both his chosen spheres, conducting and composing, a husband and father of two (the second child born in June 1903) and a prominent although controversial figure in Viennese society, against whom considerable criticism was beginning to mount.

By the end of the year events had conspired to create a quite different picture: arriving in New York in December of 1907 he was a man who had given up the achievement he had so fervently aspired to—no longer the "god of the southern zones" of Vienna, he had been bereaved of his elder and favorite child and at the same time he was aware that he would soon face death himself. Maria had died of scarlet fever on July 5, 1907, and Alma specifically but probably inaccurately dates the diagnosis of Mahler's heart condition to a few days later. Perhaps she sensitively reflects Mahler's perception in this as she so often does in error. He had requested release from his contract at the Opera by Dec. 31, 1907, and by that time was on his way to the New World.

The very decision to spend the last musical seasons, of which there were four, in New York is of interest since there were many determinants. Mahler had already been negotiating a tour with Conried of the Metropolitan Opera during the period when criticism mounted in Vienna. It had been characteristic of Mahler all his life to have his next move shrewdly in view even as his temperament was contributing to the disintegration of his current position. With the death of Maria and the clarification of his own illness the move took on a new significance: a new life in a new world! Mahler was a chronically depressed person. Exacerbations of this mood were often most apparent in behavior which served as attempts to ward it off in one or another way. The quest for the new world was a denial of and a restitution for the preceding disasters and its depressing potential. It was also rooted in the future in another way. Alma tells us that they could have lived on his retirement stipend and thus he could have devoted himself to composition exclusively. However, he was much concerned about the financial future of the remaining family. He was no stranger to this as it recapitulated his assumption of family responsibility after the death of both parents in 1889 with one exception. It was now his way of anticipating his own death just as it would be for less gifted men. However, as we shall see, Mahler had a complex relationship to the post-life of his fantasies.

In NY, Alma doesn't at first speak of depression but rather frenzied activity; he was like "a motor" she said. I suggest Mahler's long

standing sense of guilt both drove him relentlessly and masked depressed feelings. The latter nonetheless are revealed poignantly and elegantly worked out in the music of this period, in particular, *Das Lied*. But behavior revealed a long standing pattern of resentfully experienced hard work conducting and delaying composing until summers. In this sense composition bore the same relationship to conducting as play to work and could be engaged in exclusively only after the penance of hard labor.

The new world had still another meaning. Even as Mahler's own end was approaching, this was a repetition of one of the very first important experiences in his own life. Mahler had had an older brother, Isadore, who died in infancy as a result of an accident sometime in 1859, possibly even before Gustav was conceived. Frequently, children born under such circumstances as Mahler was on July 7, 1860, are perceived by the parents as replacements. This was a psychological burden Mahler carried all his life and one that often underlay his sense of duty and perhaps even was one factor in his creative drive. At his birth Mahler's father, Bernhard, obtained a permit to move and when he was three, a move to a new and better life, from Kalisch to Iglau, was made. These elements—a new world, a fresh start, the identification of sorrow with its locale and restitution for loss, were all very likely part of Mahler's fantasy of coming to America. It is only surprising that Alma did not once again become pregnant, and one cannot help but wonder whether there was not a miscarriage at some particular points during the ensuing four years. In any event, Mahler's eldest, like Isadore, was also now dead and in the above context one catches a glimpse of the way in which he was coming to terms with this fact. The bereavement cast a shadow over the remaining years and, as we shall see, took its toll physically as well as emotionally. His trips to America were thus related to this loss and indeed, his final voyage home as well. When Dr. Baehr drew the blood for the test, Mahler, who was otherwise resigned and cooperative, made it a condition that he be told if the diagnosis was fatal. When Dr. Libman, who was also present, asked why, Mahler replied that he wished to return to Vienna to die. It was his wish to be buried with his daughter—Alma writes, "in the same grave." Thus Mahler ultimately yielded his denial and fantasy of resurrection to the likelihood of death and wishes for reunion. "Likelihood" is stated because like everyone else Mahler did not quite believe in his own death. Finally, on another level, the object of his wishes was his mother for whom Maria had been named. A view of Mahler's life reveals clearly etched identification with both parents and resulted in human qualities which were often quite useful in their amalgam in the tasks he undertook. But toward the end of his life a yearning for his mother revealed itself. Among other places, it became manifest in his increasingly childlike attitude toward Alma and in the exceedingly close and meaningful relationship he developed at this time with her mother, Mrs. Schindler. Tragically, this attitude of regression rendered him all the more vulnerable when Alma turned her interest toward others.

The central theme of this portion of the study is concerned with the effects on Mahler of his bereavement in its broadest influence and his attitude toward death. In the matter of death, Mahler was well experienced, perhaps a virtuoso, even for his time. In evaluating the attitude of the man one must consider the experiences of the child. For such is the nature of human development that each preceding phase and its associated experiences modifies those to come. Isadore's death, hardly mentioned in the Mahler literature, must have cast a long shadow over Gustav's life, kept alive by his parents' memories and their expectations of the replacement. When Gustav was five, the first of several sibling deaths occurred with that of the 1 1/2 year old Karl and a few months later the death of the 6 month old Rudolph. Again, Gustav was the survivor and it was about this time that Mahler, who had by now had his first piano lessons, wrote his first composition. It was called *Polka mit einem Trauermarsch als Einleitung* (Polka with an introductory Funeral march). It has been remarked (de La Grange) how consistent this is with Mahler's later characteristic mixture of gaiety and sadness. It is also characteristic of children of this age to react to death in idiosyncratic ways which do not resemble adult grief. Children, for example, are intolerant of sustained painful moods and will often appear to be either callous to a loss or denying it, appear to be gay while at times harboring the fantasy that it had not occurred at all (Wolfenstein). Such a propensity also facilitates the expression of ambivalent feelings which the child may have had toward the lost object.

What is most noteworthy in Mahler, is his extraordinary ability to begin at this age to conceptualize such a mixture of feelings in the language of the composer. Thus even as musical skills were developmentally unfolding they were soon linked to a particular kind of content. One might say Mahler was a born memorialist in music. There is a remarkable persistence and development of a memorializing style into his adult life. During his last period of musical composition, starting with *Das Lied* and heralded by the first of *Die Kindertotenlieder* in 1901, he turned his attention to himself as the object of memorialization. The closing measures of both, for example, may be as close as music comes to a certain kind of epitaph, the kind that makes a statement not on the person's life but on his afterlife.

But by this time, Mahler had already had ample reinforcement of these early five-year-old trends. He experienced repeated sibling deaths at ages 11, 13, and 14. The last was the death of his younger brother (by a year or less), Ernst. The story of Ernst is a chapter in itself and will not be detailed here except for one aspect which has an important bearing upon Mahler's characteristic way of dealing with bereavement and loss. This was the memorializing of Ernst in the unfinished opera project, *Ernst, Herzog des Schwabens*. In the play upon which it was to have been based (by Ludwig Uhland 1782-1862), which is a drama of fidelity and brotherly love, Ernst is idealized as a hero by the fifteen (?) year old Gustav. Any mixed feeling he may have had about Ernst were filtered out, although soon he was to embark

upon the writing of the first work he considered, "Mahlerian", *Das klagende Lied*, a saga of fratricide.

Death, grief and loss then were constant stimuli to master as the child composer developed into the man. As he wrote in *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, "Mein gesell war Lieb und Leider", my companions were love and sadness. The potential pun in this line could not have escaped Mahler's interest in irony: *Lied*, which means song, is changed to *Leid*, the root for pain or suffering with the transposition of two letters. Each person seeks to cope in terms of his own style and characteristic strengths. In Mahler's instance, coping and mastery always occurred in terms of his most characteristic and readily available mode of thought and behavior; namely: musical thought, musical behavior. It would be our expectation that with the imminent threat of his own death his attempt to come to terms with it would in some way be revealed in his music. The memorialization aspect of this is commented upon above. Others, especially Diether and Walter, have commented upon the "expressive content" of his last works, especially its valedictory quality.

Against this background, let us return to Mahler at age 41 in 1901. By this time only tattered remnants of the nuclear family remained. His parents had been dead for eleven years and of the fourteen children born, only four now survived: Alois and Justine, like black and white, the former mentally disturbed and an emotional strain on Mahler, and the latter devoted to him; also the young Emma, and finally, Gustav himself. His brother, Otto, the object of much concern, effort and aggravation after the death of his parents, had suicided in 1895.

A question must be raised before going on to considering in more depth the effect of Maria's death on Mahler and his own dying period. What motivated him to marry? Again, the consideration of his relationships with women and his sexuality would merit a chapter. But by the time he reached 41 he considered himself a confirmed bachelor and already in "the autumn of my life". The answer I would propose in brief has all the limitations of a brief answer, i.e., it is too oversimplified, yet at the same time I believe it cuts to the heart of the matter: he married in order to have children. It was an act continuous with his previous coping with death and memorialization and thus had its roots in the same pockets of his inner life as his music itself. The imminence of death which he experienced in February of 1901 abruptly thrust his preoccupation with death from the world of philosophy, fantasy and music to reality. He actually could have died! Each word in this proposition had special meaning to him. In a typically counter-phobic manner he "wondered whether it would not be better to have it done with since everyone must come to that in the end". (de La Grange)

Prior to this, Mahler had found himself briefly and mercifully in the most conflict-free period of his life. Gone temporarily were the family worries, strife, and financial struggle with which he had contended for so long. The death of Otto and his subsequent relationship with the singer Von Mildeburg in 1895-96 had thrown his life into a disorganizing emotional turmoil. Now there was a hard-won equilibrium and

he was in the midst of his most creative and productive period. But now death reared its head and directed its gaze toward him re-evoking all the associated conflicts of his antecedent life. Thus in the midst of this creative period a macabre mental current insinuated itself as he was at work on the Fifth Symphony. That summer, the bachelor Mahler started work on *Die Kindertotenlieder*. Indeed certain thematic similarities have been noted between the two works (DLG 79). Mahler considered these songs among certain other works "a child of sorrow". Reik believed that Mahler had been considering marriage for over a year (without giving any supporting evidence) and that this evoked parental anxieties. I believe a more accurate formulation would be that anxieties about death, ever latent, now became more conscious and led to a wish to counter death with immortality in having offspring who would embody him into the future. This is, of course, only a recapitulation of a theme already elaborated musically in the Second, (Resurrection) Symphony. That the wish to have children should be represented by their death is intriguing, and one is tempted to add it could only happen with such a person as Mahler. There are many psychological vectors which can be teased out in his life's experiences and the character it helped form. To begin with there was the unconscious connection and equivalence of life and death, the seeds of which were planted with Isadore's death and his own birth and which were nurtured by the repeated experiences of both death and birth in his home during childhood. Another factor relates to the fact that only the person who *has* can lose. Parkes puts this very well when he speaks of bereavement as "the cost of commitment". Finally, for the moment, Mahler's entire orientation in life was to be invested in the past—in lost objects, past memories and ancient longings. Love was experienced the more for its distance in time and in the quality of memory. His interest in memorialization was part of this trend. So that to represent *the wish* to have a child in *the form* of a parent in mourning would be entirely in keeping with Mahler's character and inner life. Its relationship to his identification with his own parents is of course, immediately obvious.

Prior to the summer's work of 1901 Mahler underwent the operation which had been recommended, with the understanding that he might not survive another hemorrhage such as that of the preceding winter. It was performed by the eminent surgeon Hohenegg on June 4. It was on November 7 that he met Alma at a dinner party at the Zuckerkandls, mutual friends. By November 27, when he first called upon Alma he spoke of marriage, and their child was conceived, as noted, even before the marriage could take place on Mar. 9, 1902. Thus Gustav Mahler was most certainly potentially a father sooner than he was a husband! . . . If the child they conceived was in fact born at term on November 3, 1902, we can date back conception to February. This would have been about the time of the anniversary of Mahler's own near death, as he believed it, and two of the most critical events in his life; these were the death of his father on Feb. 18, 1889 and Otto's suicide on Feb. 6, 1895.

There was a sense of urgency for the 41 year old bachelor to marry, which may also have come from a powerful contemporary historical event: the turn of the century. Few comparable external events could appeal to the mind as a stimulus for fantasy about the passage of time and one's past and future life. Indeed, that very summer, Mahler set another Rückert song, *Mitternacht*. In the creative logic of the unconscious, after "autumn" could only come "midnight". Interestingly, its rhyme and formal patterning are reflected in a poem Gustav wrote to Alma the very night he met her (DLG 669). The relationship of this song to Mahler's fantasies about the turn of the century is further underscored by an error in the dating of the manuscript, a parapraxis. de La Grange who owns the manuscript points out that it is mis-dated by Mahler retrospectively to 1900!

Although there is no direct evidence at this time, it would be difficult to imagine that Mahler did not wish to have a son. His intense narcissistic interest in his post-life is legendary. His favorite motto was "my time will yet come." He was, with the exception of the deranged Alois, who had by now wandered off into obscurity to Mahler's relief, the only surviving brother of ten. Thus only he could pass on the family name. Mahler's attachment to his mother has become apocryphal since Freud noted his "Mutterbindung", mother fixation (Jones, Reik). But his close attachment to Bernhard remained ever alive in his strong identification with his father in character. It is of interest that the only piece of furniture Mahler salvaged from Iglau had been his father's chair which he had in his study and would sometimes point out with nostalgia. Given these details and Mahler's urge to memorialize, one might wonder whether the child's conception during the anniversary month is more than mere chance, considering the other circumstances of that unusual year of Mahler's life.

The child, however, turned out to be a girl and was named after Mahler's mother, Maria. From the above it will be clear what burden of parental fantasy and expectation she bore. From the first Mahler had a "special" relationship with the child and even after the birth of a second child, Anna, 20 months later, Maria remained his favorite. The family stories and anecdotes reported by the various biographers, while interesting in themselves, would not do justice to the depth of Mahler's attachment to this child nor to its content, for Mahler was always more involved with himself in the personal *meanings* people and events had for him than with the people or occasions themselves. A good example of this was his abstract love of animals as expressed in both letters and programs of musical works (e.g., the Third Symphony). But he did not really *like* animals; or at best, it was a truly platonic relationship, that he had with them. Likewise, the *idea* of being married was of critical importance to him, particularly since it was, I believe, the gateway to immortality for him. But this hardly would make him a devoted husband to the real person his wife was nor a devoted father. In fact, when Maria was actually dying he could not bear to be with her, and Alma reports, "he hid himself in his room each day" and slept through the operation which had been performed to relieve her breathing. During

the course of an earlier illness he had been convinced that it had been he who "called her back to life." Such was the grand level of his notions of fatherhood. Alma makes it a point to quote an observation made to her, "You have an abstraction for a husband, not a human being." Yet the very abstractions that so preoccupied her husband were very human indeed, those of life and of death.

It is only against this more extended background that we can begin to understand what the death of this child meant to Mahler. All his life he had struggled with ambivalence about birth and anxiety about death. He had paid dearly for the loss of the few he really cared for, and, psychologically, never quite gave them up. Even after his parents died in 1889 his behavior *in loco parentis*, assuming responsibility for the remaining family, served to preserve their memory within him but at a sacrifice of work and health. He had overcome the self-imposed tasks of this phase of his life, discharging what he felt had been his obligations to family and ultimately achieving the position in Vienna which he called, perhaps only half in jest, "the god of the southern zones". Now, in his forties his position and health both faltered. Ever creative in his solutions both conscious and unconscious, he made his next bid for stability in marriage and fatherhood. In 1907 the world toppled. Circumstances forced him to resign his position in the opera (circumstances in which he was of course an active participant); health failed and death threatened, this time in actuality; and finally with the death of Maria and all she meant to him, he lost his passport to immortality. To be sure, composing remained, but at this point of his life, his future esteem as composer was far from assured. His "my time will yet come" was in good measure wishful thinking and whistling in the dark. But as ever, some of the functions composing served were those of conceptualizing, organizing and externalizing inner anxiety and conflict. Therefore, the much written about expressive content of the last works by critics responsive to the music comes with little surprise. They are often intuitive accounts, and I would suggest that some of them about psychobiographical data would serve to amplify and support such accounts. Equally important it would provide a certain specificity of detail.

In a related way, while the common sense view of the Christys that this triple assault of fate would make anyone depressed, it fails to reveal to us the specific way in which Mahler was depressed and the meaning these events had for him. It is only a consideration of this that enables us to link his reaction and state of mind to his final illness.

In recent years a number of investigators have studied the circumstances under which physical illness occurs. Thus, science has come full swing from those nineteenth century observations cited earlier which were later omitted. The circumstances themselves have become legitimate subject for investigation. The interested reader is referred to several such studies.

The thrust of these studies is that psycho-social events also interact among the many factors that determine disease. A corollary would be that associated events, such as, for instance, Dr. Libman's comments on Mahler's bereavement and depression in the context of his final ill-

ness, are not random events. To be sure, some psychological phenomena may be a result of physical illness. However, others may be clearly shown to precede its onset and therefore participate among etiological factors. There has been particular interest and success in demonstrating that bereavement is one human experience that tends strongly to antedate the onset of illness. One pair of investigators, Engel and Schmale, look to the particular state of mind which certain life stresses engender. Starting from the frequently made observation that "psychological factors appear to influence the time of onset and exacerbation, as well as the course, of many diseases in man and animals", they proceed to examine the kinds of circumstances which predispose to physical illness. They particularly focus upon the setting and onset situation of the illness and the state of mind induced in the patient. They have thus delineated a characteristic mood of helplessness and hopelessness which they refer to as the "giving-up-given up complex."

There is ample evidence that the triple loss of 1907 left Mahler in a depressed state. The vicissitudes of this state up to the winter of 1911 make a fascinating story in themselves and we will follow some of them here. It is very largely a story of how Mahler more or less successfully dealt with this state until failing physical, weakened psychological defenses and a particular *coup de grace* from the outside world unmasked this chronic underlying depression and ushered in a hopeless and helpless psychological state which immediately preceded the onset of the Subacute Bacterial Endocarditis.

Mahler's first reaction to the child's death had not been shock or grieving but stark, unmitigated fear! Alma describes how upon the arrival of Mrs. Schindler, "We all three slept in his room. We could not bear being parted for an hour. We dreaded what might happen if any one of us left the room. We were like birds in a storm and feared what each moment might bring—and how right we were."

Fear of this nature cannot be long sustained and it was soon supplanted with a variegated form of denial. Frank fear was thus staved off with a single exception, until nearly the end when, as already noted, he was to turn to Mrs. Schindler for motherly solace. The exception was the panic state of the summer preceding Mahler's death, the summer of 1911 after he heard of Alma's interest in another man, when he wrote the verbal expostulations on the manuscript score of the Tenth Symphony. But earlier, within two weeks of the child's death one can still perceive Mahler's denial in a note written to Alma from the restaurant car of a train en route to Vienna. He speaks here of the "obligatory traveller's appetite", while one of the most constant features of both mourning and depression is the loss of appetite. This attitude of denial is also reflected in his entire point of view about the "New World" which has already been mentioned: A new life is substituted for the old. Likewise, several who knew him that first season in New York described a state of near-hysterical euphoria (Wessling).

This picture of the wiry, eccentric, exacting dynamo was the picture of Mahler, the conductor. Mahler, the composer, gave mourning its due, for the time between the child's death and Mahler's departure for New

York was spent in Schluderbach in the Tyrol, where he attempted to come to terms with bereavement in his characteristic way, in musical creativity. It was here that he recalled the poems of *The Chinese Flute*, a translation by Hans Bethge which he had put aside some time before, perhaps as a *memento mori*, to be drawn out at just such a time. By the time he left Schluderbach he had sketched out *Das Lied von der Erde*. The theme of farewell is explicit in both words and music, perhaps more richly so in the latter. As in the *Kindertotenlieder*, the composer-singer is apparently identified with the bereaved. Careful analysis reveals an emotional background too complex to be detailed here. One element is particularly noteworthy. That is Mahler's own growing fear of death as it shows itself in his broad conception of this work. Musically, as many feel, it has the structure of a symphony. But Mahler did not yet wish to commit himself to the naming of a Ninth Symphony since several composers, namely Dvorak, Schubert, Bruckner and, especially significant to Mahler, Beethoven, did not live to write a Tenth. He thus dealt with his dread by a superstitious act compounding it later after he had completed his Ninth by considering it really to be his Tenth.

It is not by coincidence that Alma calls the chapter in which she describes the death of their child and the immediate events following, "Sorrow and Dread". Although at times historically inaccurate, she had a near uncanny knack of reflecting Mahler's own feeling and beliefs in her very distortions. At such times, historical error may stand as if in the relationship of interpretation to unconscious material. Thus Alma clearly relates the onset of Mahler's heart disease to the death of their daughter although it is very unlikely to be historically accurate. As she relates it, the day after the child's death when Dr. Blumenthal came to examine Mrs. Schindler, Mahler, "thinking to make a cheerful diversion" (sic!) invited the doctor to examine him. "Well, you've no cause to be proud of a heart like that", he said in that cheery tone doctors often adopt after diagnosing a fatal illness. This verdict marked the beginning of the end for Mahler" (Alma 122). It is unlikely that the murmur of the underlying chronic rheumatic heart disease would not have been previously detected in Mahler's repeated earlier medical examinations. Moreover, Alma herself notes her earlier anxiety as the murmur had been audible to her as she lay next to him! The most significant element here is that Mahler and Alma connected the illness to the bereavement. Mahler believed his daughter's death heralded the beginning of the end just as he believed he himself nearly died in the winter of 1901. While beliefs in general do not kill, they can often take part in the emotional background which affects disease.

In a paper entitled, *Life Setting Conducive to Illness*, Engel reviews typical life settings in 100 anecdotal accounts in which sudden death followed some important life event. In half of these, the stress was the news of the death of a loved one. Other more rigorous studies of bereavement strongly suggest that individuals suffering bereavement are more at risk for the development of physical disease during the ensuing year than a group of controls (Parkes). It is in this sense that I believe Mahler to have been "at risk" during this period of his life despite his prodigious attempts to ward off the significance to him of his loss.

The ensuing months saw a gradual erosion of Mahler's physical health and *pari-passu*, a weakening of his psychological defenses. Despite his energetic if not frantic pursuit of work during the four "American seasons" the strain he was under and his increasing yielding to it were apparent to many. Alma, for example, speaks of the "stress" he was under and his increasingly apparent "inner tension". She said "he was a motor". But she perceived "inner changes-, he was somewhere else. . . more sensitive." He gradually became more child-like: "Did I do it well, Almschi?", he would ask her (Wessling).

By 1909, during the summer of which he worked on the Ninth Symphony, others had noted his increasing distractibility and depression. For example, Prince Troubetsky observed the "emptiness" of his face and noted that while seemingly involved in conversation, he was beating time with his finger, involved with inner, musical thoughts (Wessling). It was about this time that he would lie very still, as if playing at death, telling Alma, "When I lie like this, I am no longer myself. My soul leaves me and floats above my poor old body which will soon be dust". (Wessling)

We may perceive then a gradual weakening against which the conductor valiantly strove to continue an arduous schedule and the composer, awaiting his turn, took up the pen each summer. When does the end come for a person such as this? I believe that there is evidence that an event occurred in the summer of 1910 that served as the psychological *coup de grace* and that it was this blow that plunged Mahler into the mental state that preceded the development of the S.B.E., a state of anxiety approaching panic and a state of helplessness and hopelessness which proved intolerable. The stimulus was Alma's affair with Walter Gropius.

While some might judge Alma for setting this state of affairs in motion, it is far more instructive for a psychologist to study the web in which Alma and Gustav were enmeshed at this time in their lives. Mahler sought the gratification of some very particular needs in his marriage and was ever much involved with himself. He made these narcissistic needs and expectation clear in many ways, both obvious and subtle. For example, quite early in their relationship he forbade her from composing. The message was clear: she was to be a mother and a wife, the very order in fact in which they occurred. Likewise, during his very first visit, he suggested that she burn her edition of Nietzsche who was one of Mahler's favorite authors. Alma, on her part was a woman who was gifted and ambitious. It could not have been easy for her to live the rest of her life in the fading shadow of a great man. It is not without significance that she began to emerge as his power weakened. While she was devoted to Mahler in behavior it was difficult for her to tolerate the illness and attendant regression. She too depended upon her mother for help in this regard and at the same time, sought her mother's encouragement in a continued sexual life as being "good for your health". She was, after all, "in her best years, chained to a broken, oversensitive man." As early as 1908 he looked old enough to be her father and a customs inspector made the *faux pas* on the return from the first American season. With regard to their physical life together,

one also wonders about the effect of the mutual recriminations, spoken and unspoken, which is so commonly seen after the death of a child and what if any stresses this may have put upon their marriage. In any event, by the summer of 1910 it was clear to Alma that "my marriage was no marriage and that my own life was unfulfilled."

For Mahler's part, perhaps this aspect of the relationship is best characterized by Freud's tactful comment in a letter to Reik, "he withdrew his libido from his wife, thus, probably designating an impotence problem. This would be entirely consistent with Mahler's depression as well as his increasingly debilitated physical state. As for his emotional investment in his wife, another aspect of "libido", this was stronger than ever but its character was markedly altered as he looked to her for support and strength.

Alma's liaison with Walter Gropius, the details of which are not immediately relevant, came to Mahler's attention in a shocking way, namely through a love letter to Alma mistakenly directed by Gropius to him! It is precisely here that the true "beginning of the end" started from a psychological point of view. There is every evidence that Mahler panicked at the prospect of losing Alma. She by now represented a great deal to him and moreover, in his current state such an abandonment represented a foretaste of death even as he clung to her for sustenance. *Der Abschied* (the Farewell of *Das Lied*) notwithstanding, Mahler had on more than one occasion in his life reacted to farewells, losses and perceived abandonment with panic-induced mental disorganization. In this sense, the finely controlled masterpiece of valediction in *Das Lied* may be viewed as a mastery in the materials of music of one of the most frightening of human situations, separation and death. Indeed, Mahler already had a long history of experiences of this nature and characteristic ways of coping with them. One of the more dramatic instances occurred in 1893 as his affair with the soprano Anna Von Mildeburg came to an end. This relationship, too, had started with Mahler very much the master of the situation, reducing Anna to tears during the first rehearsal in which he met her. After she became unresponsive to him he was in a depressed and frantic state for months. This entire experience had occurred against the background of the suicide of his brother Otto, who Mahler had never forsaken despite his growing rage at Otto's continued dependence upon him into his early twenties.

Returning to the Gropius letter, to detail such a stress at this time in his life without emphasizing Mahler's extraordinary strengths and capacity for mastery would be to miss something essential in the man. However, now, in a physically weakened condition, already depressed, still under the effect of bereavement and having already started to face the reality of his own death, the blow of Alma's abandonment was more than Mahler could cope with. He was plunged deeper into depression and his behavior became uncharacteristically disorganized. On one occasion, he fainted on the stairs.

Alma describes what came after the Gropius letter as guilty behavior on the part of Mahler as he frantically tried to make amends to her. But her account reveals something much different and she was well

aware that he was "shaken to the depths" (Alma, *And the Bridge*, p. 53) by the whole experience. He began to write letters and poems to her of adulation, entreaty and terror of separation:

My breath of life!

I've kissed the little slippers a thousand times and stood by your door with longing. You took pity on me, glorious one, but the demons have punished me again, for thinking of myself and not of you dearest. I can't move from your door; I'd like to stand there until I've heard the sweet sound of your living and breathing.—But I must leave! My queen has sent me into exile below. I bless you my beloved—whatever fate awaits me at your hands. Every beat of my heart is for you.

Thus he spelled out for her *in italics* the meaning of abandonment at this time. At the same time overtones of old themes occur of the banished, the wanderer and the adorer of some feminine, perhaps maternal ideal which are so clear in the earliest works such as *Das Klagende Lied* and *Songs of a Wayfarer*. Nothing can so change a man's behavior as the threat of a severe sentence, and Mahler was already under sentence of death. Mahler became suddenly devoted to Alma. He would give her anything. He dedicated his Eighth Symphony to her, something he had shunned doing before. Even Alma thought he might later regret it. He even rediscovered her compositions crying, "What have I done! These songs are good. They're splendid! . . . we'll have them published. I'm not going to rest until you start working again. My God, was I blind?" (Alma, *And the Bridge*, 54). The tone of Mahler's report of his August 1910 consultation with Freud has the very same tone of admonition. "Apparently," relates Alma, "Freud managed to calm him down by a stern approach. 'How can a man in your condition tie a young woman to him?' he chided Mahler." (Alma, *And the Bridge*, 53). Neither of the two brief letters of Freud about this consultation reveal this admonishing quality although it is not impossible.

However, it is in the music itself that one can trace the full impact of this experience of Mahler. In the summer of 1910 he was at work on the Tenth Symphony, which along with the Ninth and *Das Lied*, comprise the final trilogy written between 1907 and his death in 1911. There is a striking general agreement among listeners of every degree of experience, that the mood of "farewell" permeates these scores even without the verbal cues of *Das Lied*. This is partially due to the use of allusion and quotation in the music such as, for example, the reference to the Beethoven *Les Adieux* sonata with its "Lebe wohl" motive in the Ninth. Diether has enlarged upon this in his article on the Ninth Symphony. (*The Expressive Content of the Ninth, Chord and Discord*, Vol. 2 No. 2, 1963). Another example of quotation in the Ninth is that of Johann Strauss' *Freud Euch des Lebens*, an unlikely quote for Mahler whose musical taste led him to eschew such trivia. In fact, Alma relates how early in their marriage in a rare evening out they heard Lehar's *Merry Widow*. On the way home trying to reconstruct the music they stopped in a music shop where Mahler engaged the proprietor while Alma sneaked a look at the music. She said "both of us were then too 'high brow' to consider buying such music". A note of regret is

conveyed in the Ninth in the context of this quotation. Interestingly, in the short score of this movement as Redlich points out (Redlich 219), Mahler wrote the legend "O vanished day of youth, O scattered love." (Cue 8). This work was written in the Summer of 1909. It is perhaps not insignificant that the musical quotation is from the final section of an obscure Strauss waltz. Characteristically, the form was that of a string of five waltz tunes and this was the last waltz.

Working on the sketches of the Tenth Symphony in 1910 Mahler was in the distraught state already described. These sketches are peppered with verbal expostulations which betray his state of mind better than either the accounts of Alma or of Freud. These are dated by Alma to those weeks early in August following the Gropius affair. The symphony was conceived as being symmetrical with two outer slow movements and two inner scherzi, themselves separated by an intermezzo entitled, "Purgatorio"—a total of five movements. Following is a condensed listing of the verbal material inscribed upon the score:

Third Movement: ("Purgatorio") Death! Transfiguration! (page 4)

Compassion! O God! O God, why hast thou forsaken me? (page 3).

Fourth Movement: title page: The devil leads me in a dance . . .

Madness seizes me. Accursed! Demolish me that I may forget my being! that I may cease to exist, that I may. . . End of movement: None but you know what it signifies! Ah. Ah. Ah. Fare thee well my lyre!

Farewell. Farewell. Farewell Ah well — Ah Ah

Fifth Movement (Finale): To live for thee! To die for thee!

Almschi (page 10)-(repeated again at close of movement.)

Manifestly these outcries reveal Mahler's preoccupation with abandonment and betrayal. Their tone is valetudinal but hardly resigned. Despair breaks through in suicidal wishes frankly revealed and anxiety over loss of control in psychosis. A deep sense of guilt going far beyond that which Alma detected is betrayed in the title of the central movement, Purgatorio. "Inferno" had been written next to it and was crossed out. Perhaps Mahler thus sought some meaning to his suffering in Dante-esque purification preparatory to paradise and reunion with Beatrice, the eternal Mother. In fact, there is rich free-associative allusion in these fragments. For example, the quotation from Matthew (XXVII,46) is related to Mahler's interest in the Bible which he quoted, often ironically, as well as a life-long identification with Christ. The reference to Alma's understanding of what a particular musical passage signifies is in itself an interesting example of a memory conceptualized in musical tone which would need only to be pointed out to the responsive listener. There are many such examples in the music of Mahler. This particular one refers to an experience the two of them had in New York during the first season there (1907-08) when they watched a funeral cortege of a fireman alongside Central Park from their eleventh floor window in the Hotel Majestic. A stroke on a muffled drum was followed by complete silence as the procession moved. The experience had brought tears to Mahler's eyes.

But the most important thing these verbal fragments tell us about

Mahler's state of mind is the helpless and hopeless condition to which he had by now descended. Christ on the cross had been left to die alone and only death lay in the future. The only possible hope was in the latent fantasy of resurrection and reunion after death. For at base, as all mortals, Mahler did not believe in his own death.

But what of the music itself to which these remarks might be seen in Klaus Roy's words as "extreme program notes"? Roy: Creative Process in Mahler's Tenth Symphony (*Chord and Discord*, Vol. 2 No. 8, 1958). The single most striking fact is that the music is intact and cogent for its state of completion! Roy, among others, is struck by the contrast between the thoughtful musical organization and the freely emotional, illogical annotations. Deryck Cook, who reconstructed a performing version, likewise points out that the Adagio and Purgatorio, the two most frequently performed sections, are intact in the sketch except for orchestration. Many have speculated on the above. I would suggest that this is only one example of many that can be drawn from Mahler's life and work of the function of musical composition in his life. In my judgement, it served an organizing, integrating and mastering function to the composer's life experience. Music was one of Mahler's earliest modes of thought and had developed *pari-passu* with language. It acquired an autonomous function in his life which remained to the last. Mahler's behavior and verbal productions show evidence of disorganization. For all intents and purposes, the music does not. One may argue about the merits of this work relative to his others, whether it is as inventive or esthetically pleasing, etc. But the ability to conceptualize musically is basically intact.

Nevertheless we would speculate that the "content" of this music must have something to do with its scrawled verbal associations. These are difficult to come by and the whole process invites subjectivity. However, there is one example of a connection which also throws some light on Mahler's mental state and therefore the fundamental interest of the study, that state of mind which preceded the S.B.E., which we are by now becoming increasingly acquainted with.

Redlich points out the centrality of the Purgatorio movement not only because of its position in the symphony but because of the reappearance of its motive in the final movement (Redlich-p, 230). The theme in Purgatorio is accompanied by the words, "Have mercy, O Lord, Why hast Thou forsaken me." Its reappearance as a reminiscence in the last movement bears the legend, "Almschi, to live for thee, to die for thee." In Redlich's musical judgement, the Purgatorio is "a disappointment for the true Mahler lover because of the utterly derivative character of its principal motive. It is pervaded by a restless figure re-echoing the spookish Wunderhorn song, *Das irdische Leben*, just as the oboe's chief tune seems to re-echo the world of the early symphonies and their scherzo-like middle movements." To hark back to an earlier time may well reflect a failure of invention. It may also reflect a wish for earlier creative days: the days prior to the writing of the Ninth after which, musically, Mahler wrote on borrowed time. . . It had been on the score of the Ninth that he'd inscribed, "O vanished days of youth". Mahler always acknowledged the autobiographical sources of

his music. In one such reference about this time, one tinged with regret, he said, "Ich habe Papier gelebt." (I have lived paper, literally).

His song, *Das irdische Leben* is unique in many respects. For one thing it was never self-quoted in any subsequent work either literally or in spirit. For another its thematic topic is unique among all of Mahler's songs. Separations, partings, reunions, heavenly life, sarcastic portraits—all were subjects for the Wunderhorn songs, but this song was about starvation. Mahler himself considered it one of his finest works. (Walter p108) In the verse a child repeatedly implores his mother for bread. She chillingly suggests he wait as the grain is successively harvested, threshed and finally baked. "Tomorrow," she says as the child begs with increasing urgency. The ostinato figure in the music and skillful key changes serve to heighten the urgency of the child's needs and the desperate pain of delay. Likewise the return to the same key each time the mother "speaks" emphasizes her alarming unresponsiveness. In the end the child dies, reflected in a brief coda, in which the motive descends and motion ceases.

It is surely no coincidence that what might be properly called mental associations while engaged in the composition of the Tenth Symphony drew him back to the musical and verbal content of *Das irdische Leben*. The essential theme is that of starvation leading to death. In the poem as well as in early human life, only one person can satisfy the urgent need. If she fails, the giver of life becomes the bearer of death. Mahler's behavior toward Alma, his letters and poems likewise suggest such an awesome view of Alma in Mahler's last year of life. He began to idealize her often in lavish terms which even made her uncomfortable. He attempted to propitiate her as if she were some capricious goddess whose decree could go either way and who could be favorably influenced with offerings. There is no evidence, of course, that Alma bore him any malice, quite to the contrary, as she continued to be deeply in love with him. But such was the web into which life experiences and the needs of each drew them. Both, feeling equally helpless in Mahler's last year of life, turned increasingly to Alma's mother, Mrs. Schindler. Just as she had been summoned on Maria's death three years before, she was immediately called after the Gropius incident and remained an important figure to both during Mahler's dying days. It was she who had been immediately sent for from Vienna when it was decided in February 1911 that Mahler must return home via Paris where he would consult another bacteriologist. She cared for him tenderly throughout the trip and in Paris. Of the relationship among the three Alma writes, ". . . he was always right in her eyes, even if sometimes it made things awkward for me. It was the utmost happiness when we were all three together alone" (Alma 192). Thus Mrs. Schindler became the good, nurturing mother of both, and perhaps Mahler's greatest comfort. At times now he would spurn members of his own remaining family for fear of any rift with Alma. As she perceived it, "Mahler was no longer blind. On the contrary he now watched feverishly whether or not I was shown enough warmth and respect."

In November of 1911 they had made the final voyage to America. It was this season which was cut short when Mahler became weak and

febrile and the diagnosis was made. A final insult had been a recurrence of difficulty with his orchestra and a confrontation during which certain accusations were made and his powers restricted. It was following this that his constitution finally yielded. He conducted until he no longer could. His strength ebbing, he programmed what he must have known would be one of his last New York concerts. It included Busoni's *Berceuse Elegiaque*. The program notes (H.E.K.) relate how Busoni returned to an earlier piano piece after the death of his mother and had developed it in a larger work, something incidentally Mahler had done on several occasions. The score bore the verse:

Schwingt die Wiege des Kindes,  
 Schwingt die Waage seines Schicksals,  
 Schwingt der Weg des Lebens,  
 Schwindet hin in die ewigen Fernen.  
 (The child's cradle rocks, and so do the scales of fate.  
 The course of life also swings and dwindles in the endless  
 distance.)

Mahler himself could not have found a more characteristic text to set, combining as it does the lyricism of the *Wunderhorn* and gravity of *Das Lied*. Busoni said of this score, from which Mahler conducted, "The title page bears a picture of a mother at the cradle of her child and, in the background, a man following a coffin. The man sings to his dead mother the same song which he had heard from her as a child and which had followed him through a lifetime and undergone a transformation." Mahler conducted the concert on Tuesday, February 21, 1911, but on the program of the following Friday afternoon it is noted that the concertmaster would conduct "owing to the indisposition of Mr. Mahler."

It was from this point that the final struggle with death began. Mahler varied in attitude. Alma reports, "Often Mahler was convinced of his recovery; more often he was despondent and afraid of death." (Alma, *And the Bridge*, 58) In a characteristically counter-phobic fashion, he made jokes about his coming death. He would say to Alma, "You'll be quite a catch if I die now. . . -well, who is going to land you?" He would actually make lists humorously rejecting one suitor after another. These macabre jokes reveal still another side of Mahler's attitude toward death: namely his intense interest in his post-life, of which his wife's second husband would of course be a part. We know now he was correct that this would remain a part of his own history. But Mahler had long had a strong interest in this as reflected in his words: "My time will yet come." Incidentally, this too is a reference from the New Testament, words spoken by Jesus to the disciples: "My time is at hand." (Matthew XXVI,18)

Mahler's interest in his post-life extended, as is often the case, to interest in his burial. It was to Mrs. Schindler that he gave directions "to have him buried beside his daughter at Grinzing, in a simple grave, with no pomp and ceremony, and a plain headstone with nothing but "Mahler" on it. 'Any who come to look for me will know who I was, and the rest do not need to know' "(Alma 197). Later Alma notes his wish to be buried "in the same grave" as their daughter. When he told

this to Alma he had also asked her to promise never to desert him. In this is reflected Mahler's wish to be reunited in death with his beloved daughter. This was a wish Mahler had been aware of for some time. When he had demanded of Frankel that he be told if his condition was fatal and the latter asked him why, Mahler had answered that if so he wished to return to Vienna to die.

Yet the fantasy of reunion after death is not death at all but another state of living. This was one of the ways Mahler never believed in his own death. Another comes from a detail provided by Mahler's biographer, de La Grange, (personal communication) who relates that one of Mahler's final requests was that after he died his heart be pierced with a sharp instrument. Ostensibly he had the fear of being buried while he still lived. Behind this lay his belief that even after the doctors said he was dead, he would remain alive.

When the final moment came Alma tells us "there was a smile on his lips and twice he said, "Mozart". She also noted that with a finger, Mahler was conducting on the quilt. During his last days he was often preoccupied with the history of Mozart's illness and death (Wessling). It clearly gave him comfort. He said, "He had to endure it so, why should I not bear it likewise." In a terminal, hallucinatory state he died while conducting and listening to the music of Mozart.

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## THE BRUCKNER SYMPHONIES IN PERFORMANCE

by HANS-HUBERT SCHÖNZELER

It is always an invidious task for a conductor to discuss essentials of a performance, and this perhaps applies to the performance of Bruckner symphonies more than to any other works. It may therefore be of use to outline the particular problem facing the conductor in general terms and then apply them to the specific case under discussion.

With the exception of drama, of the theatrical stage, no other art form labours under the same handicap as that which confronts the composer: the painter paints his picture and the viewer looks at it; the writer writes his book and the reader reads it; and at a pinch even the play, the creation of the dramatist, can be read by the uninitiated. But the number of people outside the professional world of music who can read (and hear with an inner ear) the printed notes of a score is relatively small. For this reason the composer always has, and presumably always will have, to rely on a mediator, a go-between, an interpreter. In the case of a work for piano, for voice, for a chamber group of instruments, at least the interpreter is a direct mediator inasmuch as the performer familiarizes himself with the score and then presents it to his audience directly through the medium of his instrument. When we come to symphonic music, however, the complexity to the problem takes on yet another dimension: The conductor studies his score, yet he does not produce a single sound. It is up to him to communicate what he considers (objectively or subjectively!) the score should sound like to a large assembly of musicians, whose task it then is to translate the conductor's intensions through the medium of their instruments into the living sound which finally reaches the ears of the audience.

The first stage in discussing the role of the conductor in general with regard to his attitude is, of course, an intrinsically personal one: Does Mr. XYZ want to open the ears of his audience to the greatness and beauty of Bruckner, or does he merely want to show off - 'this is how XYZ conducts Bruckner!?' If the latter is the case, it is evidently superfluous to pursue the matter any further. But let us assume the former case: A conductor, a serious and honest musician, has studied his score *à fond*, has familiarized himself with the composer, and wants to do his utmost to present to the public what he sincerely and honestly believes the composer intended his music to sound like when he committed it to paper. For let us face it: Our musical notation is but a very rough and ready shorthand which furnishes the interpreter with the bare bones of a skeleton, with the most general indication as to his intentions, and it is up to the interpreter to invest this skeleton with flesh and blood and to breathe life into it. Needless to say, it is at this juncture that the innate integrity of the interpreter plays such an overwhelming part.

The next problem arises once the conductor has 'done his homework' and stands in front of the orchestra to rehearse the score he has studied. Here the problem is a technical one, that of obtaining the right notes, achieving a clean ensemble, seeing to such matters as phrasing and dynamic balance, and obtaining all these results in an easy, friendly rapport with his orchestra without losing respect. In the case of Bruckner he is faced with yet another difficulty: There are probably few works in the orchestral repertoire which are as tiring for the musician as Bruckner symphonies, and more than one orchestral player has frankly admitted that, whereas he loves to listen to Bruckner, he hates playing his music. There are various reasons for this attitude: The strings often have interminable passages of *tremolo*, the woodwinds at times spend what seems to be hours counting bars rest, and the brass (when they have almost reached exhaustion point) are required to make big *crescendos* and produce one of those enormous climaxes which we all know so well in Bruckner's symphonies. This is no criticism of Bruckner's mode of composition: He *had* to write in this way in order to achieve the result and the effect he intended. But it cannot be denied that they put a supreme demand on the resources of any orchestra, and this a conductor has to bear in mind when rehearsing a Bruckner symphony in order not to overtax his players and be faced, on the night of performance, with an orchestra which is exhausted and 'played out'.

The other hurdle to be overcome in the preparation of any symphonic work is a much more subtle one and is very difficult to define. Having thoroughly familiarized and identified himself with the music he is about to perform the conductor must communicate his conception of what the music should convey on a spiritual, esoteric plane to his orchestra in such a way that they are convinced enough as a corporate body to pass on this conviction to the audience. It is one of the mysteries of musicmaking how this process takes place. We have all fallen under the spell of men like Furtwängler and Toscanini, Bruno Walter and de Sabata, and we know full well that if a lesser man chose the same tempi, the same dynamics, the effect would not be the same. And in the end we take refuge again in such terms as 'personality', 'personal emanation', 'genius' and the like—terms which basically do not mean anything and yet mean everything because they are vague attempts to explain the inexplicable.

In the main, the foregoing has been a rough outline of the various difficulties and problems which confront the true conductor in the performance and interpretation of any great work of music. In a small way particular reference has already been made to Bruckner; but let us now apply these several points to Bruckner symphonies in particular. And it is strange that, taking these points one by one, a circle appears to close, beginning in the spiritual and ending in the spiritual, just as is the case in any Bruckner symphony. It is obvious that the first step in performing, in interpreting one of Bruckner's symphonies is not only a thorough, professional study of the score, but it also means that the conductor has to submerge himself in the peculiar

spiritual—one might almost say rarified—world in which Bruckner lived and composed. It is not intended to suggest that only a conductor who is a devout Roman Catholic can possibly attempt to perform a Bruckner symphony. As is well known Bruckner's faith in the Holy Roman Church was deeply rooted, was so much instilled in him that he never questioned it for one moment throughout his life. But when he gave utterance to it in the wordless *Credo* of his symphonies, through the very nature of music itself, it became more than interdenominational, for it achieved an intensity of spirituality which transcends the orthodoxy of organized religions. It is the feel of a Supreme Being, no matter what it be called, this undoubting belief in an ultimate salvation which must somehow be shared, in all humility, by anyone who wants to perform a Bruckner symphony in such a way that it communicates to those who listen that message which is so intensely Bruckner's own. For in Bruckner we have the unique case—a romantic free from eroticism.

From these spheres of sublimity we come to the next stage which is an anticlimax: The problem of realizing those intentions through the medium of the orchestra. This spells 'rehearsals' and they, in turn, imply technicality and sober, matter-of-fact hard work. Almost every Bruckner symphony starts off with either a *tremolo* or some basic rhythm, *pianissimo*, in the strings. What Bruckner meant by *pianissimo* is perhaps best illustrated by the episode in Linz when he was rehearsing a work by Schumann with the *Frohsinn* choral society: He kept repeating a certain *piano* passage over and over again, exclaiming with annoyance, "It still sounds like a trumpet!" until the members of the choir got tired of the procedure and decided that at the next rehearsal they would not sing at all in the passage in question. When it came to the point, the choir fell silent, and Bruckner, hearing the music with an inner ear, went on conducting, smiling blissfully and saying, "Now it's right!". The only term which probably expresses the beginning of a Bruckner symphony is the German prefix 'Ur-' for which there is no equivalent in English: It is the very beginning, the primordial, the feel which we experience when, with full consciousness, we read that opening phrase of the Gospel According to St. John: "In the beginning was the Word". In the same way a Bruckner symphony must well forth from the void, must give the experience which Halm once described by saying that in the opening bars it is not a symphony which starts, but the very beginning of music itself. How to achieve this? There are tricks of the trade, and every conductor has his own, but the basic necessity is complete and utter conviction.

Next come the rhythmic complexities. Enough has been said and written about the famous 'Bruckner Rhythm' of duplet against triplet, and basically this seems simple enough. But when they are superimposed and especially when this results, as it does particularly in the 5th and 6th symphonies, in the triplet figuration occurring simultaneously with a dotted duplet rhythm, the strictest attention to rhythmic clarity becomes essential. Let it never be forgotten that, despite his romanticism and the supposed Wagnerian influence, Bruckner was basically

an organist who had gone through the stringent school of that disciplinarian contrapuntalist Simon Sechter, which makes it imperative that even in the apparently most lush passages of his symphonies linear clarity is still of supreme importance, and rhythmic pregnancy must never be sacrificed to a wallowing in orchestral sound.

While on the subject of precision a timely word might be said about Bruckner's General Pauses. Most Brucknerians will know about the fact that when his 2nd Symphony was first performed it earned itself the name of *Pausensymphonie*, 'Symphony of Pauses'. When asked about this matter, he said with his typical naiveté: "But look, if I have something important to say I must first take a deep breath". Nor must it be overlooked that Bruckner was precise to the point of pedantry in the periodicity of his scores, numbering them bar by bar—perhaps a remnant of the numeromania with which he was afflicted in 1867. The general pauses in a Bruckner symphony are part and parcel of a well thought-out and well balanced scheme, and any conductor who does not adhere to these pauses in the strictest metrical sense commits a crime against Bruckner and the form which he mastered to perfection (despite all those who accuse him, of all people, to formlessness).<sup>1</sup>

Like the general pauses, Bruckner's treatment of dynamics is both intensely personal and of utmost importance in the shaping of his symphonies. There is hardly another composer who so consistently changes his dynamic levels with such utter abruptness, and it would not be too far-fetched to assume that this particular treatment also has its roots in Bruckner the Organist: One can virtually see him, sitting on the organ bench, pulling out his stops and changing over from one manual to the other. It is in this respect, incidentally, that Bruckner has been most sinned against by those enthusiastic 'editors' of his, Ferdinand Löwe and the brothers Schalk, particularly Franz. Granted, nothing could be worse than the huge cuts they inflicted particularly on the 4th and 5th Symphonies and the large-scale re-orchestration of Nos. 5 and 9, but with these cuts they damage the form of Bruckner's work in such a blatant way that it is immediately obvious to all and sundry. It is by their alterations of Bruckner's dynamic concept that they violated the spirit of the music in an insidious and subtle manner. Bruckner erected his symphonic structures largely in enormous blocks of sound, hence the sudden and often violent changes of volume; not only did this treatment go against what people were accustomed to in those days: Above all it did not fit in with the convenient and desirable (though mistaken) notion that Bruckner was the 'Wagnerian

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<sup>1</sup>This statement regarding the metric and formal necessity of general pauses in principle applies to live concert performances only. In the case of gramophone recordings and radio broadcasts, where we are dealing with an artificial medium in any case, it may be modified. In a live performance any conductor worth his salt can hold the tension over protracted periods of silence and make them eloquent (*vide* Aldous Huxley's magnificent essay "The Rest is Silence"), whereas such a silence in the event of mechanical reproduction is apt to lose its tension and result in a meaningless gap. For this reason a shortening of some of Bruckner's general pauses in an artificial reproduction medium may be justified.

Symphonist'. For this reason Lowe and Schalk assiduously ironed out Bruckner's dynamics, smoothed and glossed them over and adapted them to Wagner's *idée fixe* that music is the 'art of transition'. Without wishing to cast aspersions on the basic honesty of these men, who were devoted to 'their' Bruckner and had only his welfare at heart, we now realise clearly how wrong they were.<sup>2</sup> When Bruckner wrote a long *pianissimo* passage and then came crashing in with the full orchestral *tutti*, he knew full well what he was doing, why he did not precede his *fortissimo* with a *crescendo*: he was piling blocks of granite on top of each other, not shaping a landscape garden! For the conductor these huge dynamic changes present a difficulty, for there is an inherent tendency in all orchestras to lead into a *fortissimo* with a *crescendo* and similarly to fade into a *pianissimo* with a *diminuendo*. These tendencies the conductor has to counteract with utmost intensity, and in my own personal experience I have found it expedient to go to the other extreme and ask the orchestral players to mark a *diminuendo* in their parts immediately prior to one of Bruckner's *fortissimo* outbursts or conversely a *crescendo* before one of his sudden drops into *pianissimo*. This procedure, however, though effective from the dynamic point of view holds a great danger. Just as Hans von Bülow fought all his professional life along the famous line: "*Crescendo means pianissimo, diminuendo means fortissimo!*" in order to counteract the natural, agogic tendency of his orchestral players and achieve a gradual, graduated rise or fall in dynamic level, in the same way the conductor of a Bruckner symphony, adopting the method outlined above, must beware of falling into the trap of involuntarily coupling such a *crescendo* or *diminuendo* with an *accelerando* or a *ritardando* respectively. BRUCKNER'S BASIC TIME-RHYTHM MUST GO ITS INEXORABLE WAY, otherwise the entire intended effect is spoilt or, at the very least, watered down. In connection with this discussion on dynamics it is, incidentally, interesting to note that, contrary to the opinion generally held the orchestra which Bruckner requires for his symphonies (and with which he can achieve such an overwhelming volume of sound) is by no means bloated. In his ten symphonies (Nos. 0-9) he never uses any woodwind instrument such as Piccolo, Cor Anglais, Double Bassoon etc., and what is more, restricts himself to double woodwind in all but the last two (Nos. 8 & 9) where he uses triple woodwind. Harp and Percussion only come into No. 8 (if we discount the famous cymbal clash in No. 7). For the rest he makes do with one timpanist. Nos. 0-6 have four horns and three trombones; Nos. 0-2 have two trumpets which are increased to three

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<sup>2</sup> It is not proposed to go into the question of the 'versions' within the scope of this article. The matter has been elucidated in detail in an excellent series of five articles by Deryck Cooke entitled "The Bruckner Problem Simplified" in the *Musical Times*, London, (Jan., Feb., Apr., May, and Aug. 1969) and I have also dealt with it in an appendix of my own BRUCKNER (Calder & Boyars, London, and Grossman, New York). Suffice it to say that for present-day performances only the original versions edited by Robert Haas, Leopold Nowak, Fritz Oeser and Alfred Orel can lay claim to validity.

from No. 3 onwards, and from No. 4 onwards the score also includes a bass tuba. Totalling up the number of players we find that up to and including No. 6 the orchestral complement required for a Bruckner symphony never exceeds that needed for a Brahms symphony, and it is only in the last three symphonies, Nos. 7-9, that the inclusion of the quartet of Wagner Tubas increases the orchestral apparatus to somewhat more unusual proportions. The fact that Bruckner is able to achieve such a magnificent volume of sound is partially due to his manner of scoring, but the basic secret is one of contrast, and for this reason also it is essential that his original dynamic markings are punctiliously observed.

Much has already been said on the subject of form, and perhaps this may seem excessive. It certainly would be so in the case of many other composers, but in Bruckner the problem of form assumes such paramount importance that it must be considered in the greatest detail, also with regard to interpretation. His symphonies are conceived on such an immense canvas, and although the very tight thematic inter-relationship (about which so much has been written and which, for this reason, it is not proposed to discuss in detail in this article) serves to a large extent to preserve coherence, there is nevertheless the danger that in performance his symphonies may 'fall apart'. Bruckner's basic principle is the sonata form which he adapts to his own personal needs. The use of general pauses to clarify the subdivisions of his vast movements has already been mentioned. There remains the other facet which is far too often ignored for the simple reason that it is the pauses, the sudden breaks, which are infinitely more characteristic of Bruckner than that other important factor: his transitions. It has been said earlier that Bruckner did not subscribe unconditionally to the Wagnerian 'art of transition' creed when enlarging on his dynamic principles. Nevertheless, when he did want or need to write a transition, he could do so with complete and utter mastery. Perfect examples of such transitions can be found in the first movement of his Symphony No. 4, where one could almost say that he 'floats' from exposition into development, from development into recapitulation, and there are many other instances. But perhaps his own personal mode of transition is most striking at another juncture which is necessitated by his formal concept. The number "Three" has always occupied an important place in music, and somehow or other it seems to be a natural thing for a movement to fall into three main sections. This was the case in the classical sonata form, which consisted of the three distinct major sections: Exposition—Development—Recapitulation, with a short little Coda added as a concluding 'tail-piece', a general rounding-off. As Bruckner extended his Codas to completely unprecedented proportions (taking as his example the Beethoven of the 3rd and 9th Symphonies) this tri-partite structure was endangered. In order to restore it he resorted to a procedure which is nothing short of genius. In some of his first movements he lets the climax of his development section coincide with the beginning of the recapitulation,

thereby fusing these two sections into one enormous central span which has its apex at the very moment of junction. Added to this Bruckner invested climactic transitions of this nature with a series of harmonic tensions which cannot but have a shattering impact on any listener who is truly listening. Let us examine this process in the case of the 6th Symphony.<sup>3</sup> Having begun his development on a *piano* and *pianissimo* level after the third thematic group of the exposition has died away, he slowly builds up his orchestral volume by means of a development of the second group of themes, until at bar 95 (letter M), he reaches a *fortissimo* in E flat major on the opening subject—a key removed from the symphony's tonic of A major. From here he moves through G flat major to A flat major—and now comes the unforgettable moment. Whilst the A flat root is thundered out in the basses in the rhythmic pattern of the opening of the symphony, the timpani enter at bar 207 with a *forte* roll on the low E. The human ear will never admit the timpani as a transposing instrument—it will therefore hear this E as the root of a chord in E. Thereby the A flat of the basses becomes enharmonically changed to a G sharp, the harmonic feel alters from flats into sharps, the chord is accepted as the first inversion of a seventh chord on E—which is the dominant to A Major, and it is on the tonic A major that in bar 209 (letter N) the climax of the development is achieved simultaneously with the beginning of the recapitulation. It may seem to be off the subject that such analytical particulars are discussed here, but they bear very vitally on the interpretation and performance of each and every Bruckner symphony although, of course, the details of such harmonic tension vary from instance to instance and never adhere to one cut-and-dried scheme. It is not to be expected that the average, educated music lover studies a score with such care before attending a concert, yet the principles discussed above, and in particular that of the harmonic tensions,<sup>4</sup> is of supreme importance to the structure of all Bruckner symphonies. It is therefore one of the conductor's tasks to familiarize himself to the utmost with these details so that he can bring them out in performance with perfect clarity and utter conviction. Only in this way will the listener intuitively sense the complete cohesion of the whole while listening to a Bruckner symphony without, as often as not, being able to put his finger onto why the entire long span of the movement appears to stand firm without danger of collapse.

This now brings us to the last and greatest problem—doubly great because unavoidably it touches on regions of the spiritual. It is the

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<sup>3</sup>All bar numbers and rehearsal letters are based on the score of the original version as published by the Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag, Vienna (ed. Haas or Nowak).

<sup>4</sup>The question of these harmonic tensions, which in this article has been merely touched upon briefly, forms the basis of an excellent and detailed study by Robert Simpson, "The Essence of Bruckner" (Victor Gollancz, London 1967).

problem of Bruckner's time scale. Again, this problem has two sides to it, of which one is technical and can be clearly defined, whereas the other goes into regions of feelings and emotions, and is therefore infinitely more difficult to express and formulate. On the technical side the matter is relatively simple. There is no need to tell anyone who has some inkling of Bruckner that his tempi are basically slow and that a Bruckner *Allegro* is something vastly different from, say, a Tchaikovsky *Allegro*. In fact, it would hardly be an overstatement to say that whereas one might easily play Bruckner too fast, it is almost impossible to play his music too slowly. But where the greatest mistake is being made is not so much in the basic tempo itself, but rather in changes of tempo within one movement. True, Bruckner often puts markings in his score such as 'Langsamer' or even 'Bedeutend langsamer' ('slower' or 'considerably slower'). If these instructions are taken too literally or even exaggerated, the resultant effect is one of disjunction, of breaking the flow, which is in direct antithesis to the very essence of Bruckner. Fortunately we are provided with a guide in one of the very, very rare occasions that Bruckner put a metronome marking into one of his scores, in the Finale of his 8th Symphony. At the beginning of this Finale ('Feierlich, nicht schnell'—Maestoso, non troppo allegro) he gives the metronome marking  $\text{♩} = 69$ ; later, at bar 69 in the Haas score (letter D) and again at bar 567 (letter Mm), he accompanies the instruction 'Langsamer' ('slower') with the metronome marking  $\text{♩} = 60$ . The difference between these two tempi is relatively small, which justifies the assumption that in Bruckner's mind the conception of a tempo for a given movement was not a line, but rather a band with an upper and lower limit: Everything within these two limits conforms to the basic tempo, and the variations which he indicates should take place WITHIN THOSE LIMITS. The interpreter thereby has the licence to vary his tempo both according to Bruckner's instructions and the demands of his own artistic conscience without ever breaking the broad flow, the main stream of the music or making the listener consciously aware that the basic pulse has been altered—and thus the grand overall unity of the movement is preserved.

But whereas these hints and suggestions may help the performer on the purely technical plane, they really beg the main question. The problem of allowing an essentially 'right' time evolution in a Bruckner symphony is far more complex and demands a devoted and complete involvement on the part of the performer in what is the world of Anton Bruckner—and this applies equally to the listener. Bruckner was a romantic inasmuch as he lived during what historians describe as the romantic epoch in music, and his harmonies were affected and conditioned by his time and by the composers who lived and worked immediately before and around him. But in the true sense of the word he was *not* a romantic—for this he was far too conscious of the classical form and of the heritage of Beethoven and Schubert (not to mention the Italian polyphonic school, Bach and Händel, Mozart and Haydn). And even Wagner, whom he adulated, only added a final harmonic gloss to what was essentially already set and formed. It must

always be remembered that Bruckner's first contact with Wagner's music only came about when he had reached the age of 38, when he had completed seven gruelling years' study with Simon Sechter followed by two years' study with Otto Kitzler, and that in later years he paid no attention whatsoever to the texts and plots of Wagner's *Gesamtkunstwerk*: It was only the harmonic texture which enticed and attracted him. Nor are there any 'romantic' traits in his works: None of his symphonies bears a title with the exception of the 4th, and here the description "Romantic" is far too vague to count as such, he never wrote any of the programme music so dearly beloved by romantic composers. When he tried to invent some sort of 'programme' for his symphonies in order to please his friends, his inventions border on the ludicrous, and in the vocal field, apart from sacred music, he only wrote a handful of choruses, mainly for male choir. That other field which is so important in the romantic era, the *Lied*, he never touched on at all.<sup>5</sup> On the other hand Bruckner has often, and equally mistakenly, been described as a mystic. This again is far removed from the truth, for this son and grandson of Upper Austrian village school teachers had far too clear an eye for the realities and at the same time a whole-hearted appreciation of the joys of life to qualify for the epithet 'mystic'. The secret of Bruckner's time concept lies in other aspects of his character. One of these is his almost limitless patience. It is well known how he strove for perfection (and, let it be admitted, to him personally 'perfection' often meant the acquisition of certificates and diplomas) and would not commit his first fully valid symphony to paper until he had reached his 41st year. This innate patience is reflected in his symphonies, and in order to come to a true understanding and enjoyment of his music this same patience is a prerequisite, not only in the listener, but also in the performer. It is strange, but again and again one has the experience—be it as listener or as conductor!—that a Bruckner symphony, taken at a slow and regular pace, appears infinitely shorter than a performance which is rushed, although in the matter of actual duration it is the latter which is the shorter. We come again to something which has been said earlier on: This feeling of "In the Beginning. . .". Bruckner was a visionary, and although these visions had their origin in his unquestioning faith, it is a feeling which can be experienced by every one of us, irrespective of our beliefs. It has been said that 'whereas Beethoven and Brahms, in their symphonies, are scaling the mountain side, Bruckner stands on the summit and serenely surveys the vast horizons around him'. This may perhaps, in a feeble way, explain the emotive effect of a Bruckner symphony, this romanticism without eroticism, without hustle and bustle—a romanticism which is most intrinsically Bruckner's own and

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<sup>5</sup> Let me hasten to add, before the admonishing finger of the critic be raised against me, that I am aware of the five-odd songs which he composed between 1851 and 1868, but they are far too trivial to affect the argument as such.

which cannot be adapted to OUR every day conceptions, but to which we have to adapt ourselves. The essence of performance is communication, communicating to the listener the message which Bruckner had for the world. This message comes out of Bruckner's spirituality, and no matter what metamorphosis this message may undergo in the process of interpretation, it must bear the stamp of both serenity and tranquility on the one hand and a certain amount of awe on the other, the sort of awe which probably every one of us has felt when looking up to the stars on a clear night and realizing our own insignificance within the immensity of the cosmos. Bruckner is the pendulum beat of that cosmos.

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#### KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDED TO JAMES CONLON

In appreciation of his efforts to create greater interest in and understanding of the works of Gustav Mahler, the Directors of the Bruckner Society of America, Inc., awarded to James Conlon the Mahler medal designed by Julio Kilenyi for the exclusive use of the Society. James Conlon has performed works of Mahler on numerous occasions with many different orchestras. Presentation of the award was made to Mr. Conlon by the President of the Bruckner Society, Charles L. Eble, following Mr. Conlon's performance of Mahler Symphony No. 1 with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra at Orchestra Hall in Chicago, November 19, 1991, the fourth of four performances.

## A NEW GUIDE TO THE BRUCKNER SYMPHONIES

*The Essence of Bruckner—An essay towards the understanding of his music* by Robert Simpson. Victor Gollancz Ltd., London, 1967, 206 pp., ind., 38/-.

“What next—B flat? There is a crescendo in that direction, but if there is any key with which this section will have no truck, it is B flat. Look what it did to D flat last time! so with the deftness of a child evading a rough Playmate, the music slips away into C Major. . . .”

“And then? ‘Now,’ says the composer after a mere 222 bars, ‘we can begin!’ By this time Bruckner is well out of earshot of the enemy’s blasphemy, and if we wish to enter his world and taste its rewards we must also leave the enemy to grind his teeth in solitude. So now the finale can ‘go’ . . .”

Few Brucknerites, I trust, need to be told what finale *that* must be. With just such harmonic and structural metaphors—and with a nod toward Tovey<sup>1</sup> his great predecessor (at least for the Fourth and Sixth Symphonies<sup>2</sup>)—Robert Simpson, composer and hitherto the author of the fascinating *Carl Nielsen, Symphonist*,<sup>3</sup> just as lucidly traverses the Bruckner nine in 167 pages and 154 musical examples in his newest book. In addition to the allocation of a chapter for each of the nine, there is an introductory chapter dealing collectively with the so-called *Nullte* Symphony, the String Quintet, the masses and *Requiem*, the *Te Deum*, and other works.<sup>4</sup> Dr. Simpson’s personal metaphorical style is already familiar to past readers of CHORD AND DISCORD through his analyses of the Seventh and Eighth Symphonies,<sup>5</sup> of which the present Chapters VIII and IX are an expansion.<sup>6</sup>

“The essence of Bruckner’s music,” he concludes in a summarizing chapter, “lies in a patient search for pacification. . . . I mean its tendency to remove, one by one, disrupting or distracting elements, to seem to uncover at length a last stratum of calm contemplative thought. . . . I am sure the characteristic Brucknerian process is essentially the reverse of the kind which raises the tension until it explodes into a finale.

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<sup>1</sup> Sir Donald Francis Tovey, Reid Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh, 1914-39.

<sup>2</sup> *Essays in Musical Analysis*, Vol. II (London: Oxford University Press, 1935), pp. 69-84.

<sup>3</sup> London: J.M. Dent and Sons, 1952.

<sup>4</sup> The author does not try to discuss the individual motets, but puts in an eloquent word for the part-song *Abendzauber*, for baritone solo, male chorus, and four horns—“a ravishing piece, written in 1878, and breathing the same atmosphere as the opening of the Fourth Symphony.”

<sup>5</sup> Issues of 1963 and 1950.

<sup>6</sup> To those who doubt the fact that honest structural analysis (metaphorical or otherwise) must be harmonic, I would commend the following pertinent statement on page 85: “The average listener who neither knows nor cares what key the music is in must be assured that it is these very events that are, if he is enjoying the music, keeping his ear engaged, whether he realizes it or not.”

Human tensions in Bruckner are usually gradually pacified, and this a positive, not a negative process." That is a very plausible over-all view, in the light of Bruckner's emotional instability and frequent mental breakdowns, and cries out for a psychological study in the vein of the great Sterba<sup>7</sup> and Squires<sup>8</sup> monographs on Beethoven, or the several such studies of Mahler from Reik<sup>9</sup> onward.

This is by far the most detailed analysis of Bruckner's symphonies we have had in English, including that which appeared in 1960 by Erwin Doernberg,<sup>10</sup> to which Dr. Simpson himself wrote the preface. Simpson's style is wittier than Doernberg's; and, as an additional boon, readers who happen to be admirers of Bruckner and Mahler are spared the sarcasm gratuitously bestowed on the latter by Doernberg.<sup>11</sup>

For a comprehensive and unified discussion of the still bothersome textual problem in Bruckner, Doernberg's single chapter devoted to this subject is still without a peer. At any rate, Simpson, like Doernberg, reveals in the long run a clear preference for Robert Haas among Bruckner editors. He simply discusses the major points as they arise, though his general feeling toward Haas and Nowak, in respect to their successive "Critical Editions," emerges fully in the summing-up chapter: "It is a pity that there are still those who are prepared to perpetuate the confusion by using musicological pedantry where only insight will do; as we have frequently seen, the facts are often impossible to find out by normal scientific research methods."

By "the facts," he means, of course, the extent to which Bruckner was actively coerced or cajoled into altering things in his own hand, against his better judgment and his true artistic intent. In the crucial case of the Eighth Symphony, of which Nowak issued (in 1955) the precise "autograph revision" of 1890, whereas Haas prepared (in 1939) a "compromise" between the 1887 and 1890 autographs, Simpson admits that "from a purely musicological point of view, Nowak's position is unassailable," though for practical purposes he finds that some recourse to Haas is indispensable. He might have added that the Haas edition is in fact a performing version, based on an intuitive combination of two autographs, not a critical edition at all in the accepted sense. And the only thing that can balance and fulfil Nowak's techni-

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<sup>7</sup> *Beethoven and His Nephew* by Editha and Richard Sterba, M.D. (New York: Pantheon Books, 1954).

<sup>8</sup> *The Problem of Beethoven's Deafness* by Paul C. Squires, Ph.D. (*The Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, April-June, 1937).

<sup>9</sup> *The Haunting Melody* by Theodor Reik (New York: Farrar, Straus and Young, 1953).

<sup>10</sup> *The Life and Symphonies of Anton Bruckner* (London: Barrie and Rockliff). See Dika Newlin's review in CHORD AND DISCORD, 1963, p. 186.

<sup>11</sup> When Simpson criticizes an aspect of Mahler's music, as he does on page 97, he is equally critical of the same aspect in Bruckner's. He does not, as Doernberg so unconvincingly does, pit Bruckner's expressive "spontaneity" against Mahler's "typical conscious exertion" over the same kind of melody!

cally correct but incomplete scholarship is the engraving of the *other* autograph he has promised for thirteen years.<sup>12</sup>

"Perpetuating the confusion" naturally refers to that confusion originally inaugurated, in large part, by the partisan championship (in both good and bad senses) of the Schalks, Loewe, Oberleithner *et al* — potentially good insofar as these men were enthusiastic Brucknerites (and Bruckner was a hopelessly poor advocate for himself), but functionally bad insofar as they were also staunch Wagnerites. Simpson contributes some valuable critical asides on that score, *viz*:

"Their conception [of Bruckner's intentions], though lucid to themselves, was a complete misunderstanding based on what they found in Wagner. Their championship of Bruckner antagonized many who might have understood him better than they, and their copious advice, far from reassuring the timid composer, threw him into agonies of uncertainty and protracted bouts of revising, without which he might have written much more music."

"Brahms, whatever antagonism he may have expressed, understood Wagner; Bruckner, whatever adoration he showed, did not. Bruckner was bowled over by the sound of Wagner's music, but did not know what it really meant, whereas Brahms, resisting its heady appeal, knew and resented its significance. . . Their attitudes to Wagner divided them; yet they had more in common with each other than either had, in truth, with his own supporters in the feud. There is evidence that Brahms came at last to an inkling of this, for he was seen to applaud vigorously a performance of Bruckner's F Minor Mass, and afterwards persuaded the conductor, Richard von Perger, to perform the *Te Deum*. This is more than Bruckner's beloved Wagner ever did for him."

Here is controversial and thought-provoking writing, and there is much more. Especially interesting at the present juncture is Dr. Simpson's evaluation of the sketches for the Ninth finale:

"I must confess to more than skepticism about attempts to complete the Ninth Symphony, not only because the final coda is altogether missing (and it would be a bold, not to say impertinent, man who would try to compose Bruckner's greatest climax for him), but because the sketches do not provide the momentum to support such a coda. Alfred Orel has skillfully assembled a conflation of them into a more or less continuously written four-stave score, and others have made full scores 400-odd bars long, relying in part on the instrumental indications shown by Bruckner. But from the sketches one can divine only broad outlines; it is possible to identify developmental and recapitula-

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<sup>12</sup> In the unique instance of the Third Symphony, both of whose pertinent autographs have been engraved (by Oeser and Nowak respectively), Simpson unhesitatingly states and develops his thesis that the compositional defects are Bruckner's in the first place ("He has entered a new world, but has not yet found his way about it")—with the clear inference that it would require a super-Haas and more to remedy the problems raised by this great ground-breaking work.

tory elements, but there is no real inner continuity perceptible as an organic process, no genuine coherence, and often a total absence of those inner parts that normally mean so much to the growth of a Bruckner movement. . . I do not believe that anyone will ever succeed in doing for this movement what Deryck Cooke has done so magnificently for Mahler's Tenth Symphony. There is no doubt that Mahler saw his Tenth whole. Bruckner was still trying to conceive the exact form and nature of his finale."

This feeling on Simpson's part is related to that "search for pacification" which (as mentioned above) he finds to be indeed "the essence of Bruckner." At first, he writes, "I used to think that the completed movement would have resolved the tensions of the symphony by revealing an essential calm and majestic mind behind all the emotional disturbance of the rest; but the more familiar are these sketches, the more marked does the impression become that the subjective elements are still overwhelmingly there, that Bruckner's condition was not such as to be able to exorcise them."

This is a fascinating theory in view of the fact that, as we know, Bruckner spent the last two years of his life in a state of only intermittent lucidity, during which periods he continually strove to complete this finale. It makes an ironic complement to Mahler's musical *dénouement*. In his sketches for the Tenth, Mahler worked his way through to what Cooke regards as the state of "benediction" expressed in the final pages,<sup>13</sup> but then rejected the whole thing (at least temporarily) by locking it away in its fragmentary state; and his illness and death the following spring made it permanent. Bruckner, according to Dr. Simpson's musical diagnosis, was still struggling to "exorcise" that selfsame demon, perhaps, of which Mahler wrote when he said "The Devil is dancing it with me!"<sup>14</sup> —and Bruckner failed completely in that effort.

If present plans materialize, we will soon be able to test Simpson's hypothesis in the actual performance of various realizations of this finale,<sup>15</sup> analogous to those of the Mahler Tenth prepared by Cooke, Wheeler, and others. Contrasting the prospects in each case, Simpson speaks of what Cooke has "done so magnificently"; but in fact these post-Mahlerian efforts too have been frowned upon by some leading musicians. Nevertheless, the decisive point in favor of hearing them is that there have already been extant, for many years, truncated (*i.e.* one or two-movement) versions of the work which were invariably put forth as "the Mahler Tenth," and which thereby constituted much more of a perversion of what Mahler wanted to say *in toto*, in his final work, than any conscientious and competent five-movement

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<sup>13</sup> Others, like Wheeler, find the parting "sigh" to be far removed from one of fulfillment or contentment!

<sup>14</sup>"*Der Teufel tanzt es mit mir,*" part of the inscription on the title page of the fourth movement of No. 10 (four stave sketch).

<sup>15</sup> Presented by Arthur D. Walker, Ernst Märzendorfer, etc.

“performing version of the sketch” (proffered as exactly that and no more) could be.<sup>16</sup>

The prevailing situation is very much the same with Bruckner’s Ninth today as with Mahler’s Tenth prior to 1963. We have a fragment or torso universally presented as “the Bruckner Ninth” which, by Simpson’s own Brucknerian definition, cannot properly be so designated in any sense. Nor can this version be logically regarded as the final word even on the given portion of the work, for Simpson also warns: “We must never forget, in criticizing the Ninth, that the whole of what is extant is only its first draft, and that Bruckner would certainly have gone over it all again.” So we have three movements ending with a “final” E-major “resolution” which is actually, in Brucknerian terms, no resolution at all—only a temporary stopping-place. Assuming, then, that Dr. Simpson is correct about the state of the finale, would it not be a lesser perversion to present in performance (as what the composer left us) *three and a half* movements, completely unresolved? That would be more painful, if the author is right—but, to the same extent, also more accurate.

*The Essence of Bruckner* is dedicated “to Jascha Horenstein, who interprets Bruckner with love and authority.”

JACK DIETHER

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RECENT KILENYI MAHLER MEDAL AWARDS

LOUIS LANE  
JERRY BRUCK  
CARLO MARIA GIULINI  
BERNARD HAITINK  
PIERRE BOULEZ  
CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
ZUBIN META  
STANISLAW SKROWACZEWSKI  
DR. R. L. ERNST  
GEORG SOLTI  
MAURICE ABRAVANEL  
HAROLD BYRNS  
WYN MORRIS  
BENJAMIN BRITTEN

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<sup>16</sup> See *The Facts Concerning Mahler’s Tenth Symphony* by Deryck Cooke, CHORD AND DISCORD, 1963.

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# The Life of Anton Bruckner

BY GABRIEL ENGEL

from CHORD AND DISCORD

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Like Franz Schubert, Anton Bruckner springs from a line of Austrian schoolmasters. In the pleasantly situated village of Ansfelden, not far from the town of Linz, Bruckner's grandfather Joseph and his father Anton had both devoted their lives to the drab duties of rustic pedagogy, at that time still considered a hereditary occupation among provincials. Hence the arrival on earth of Anton himself on September 4, 1824, meant in the normal course of things merely a fresh candidate for the abundant miseries of schoolmastership.

As early as his fourth year the tiny "Tonerl," like Haydn a century before him, showed his undeniable musical bent, for even then he could bring forth intelligible music from a little fiddle and (to quote an old Ansfelder's naive characterization of these first signs of composer's fancy) "could often be heard humming or whistling unknown tunes."

With the dawn of schooling the child showed a hearty dislike for all classroom activities, except the "Singstunde," an hour which seemed for him filled with irresistible enchantment. Of course, he received many a whipping for his backwardness in all extra-musical studies.

As tradition demanded of the village school-teacher, Father Bruckner had also to play the organ in church, and it is doubtless owing to his efforts that Anton at ten knew enough about the organ to attract the attention of a good musician in a nearby village. Under this man Weiss, a cousin of the family, the boy then earnestly studied musical theory and organ-playing for two years. Remarkably enough, the organ preludes he composed during that period exhibit a freedom of expression which deserted him all through his subsequent decades of theoretical study not to return again unimpaired until his years of maturity as a symphonist.

The death of his father in 1837, leaving eleven children (Anton being the eldest) rendered it imperative for his mother to accept the refuge offered the gifted boy as Saengerknabe in the sacred music school of St. Florian. The four impressionable years he spent there learning how to play the organ, piano, and violin, and mastering the elements of musical theory doubtless stamped his entire character, musical and otherwise, with a fervent piety which no later influence ever dimmed. Even when the conflict of suffering and passion rages highest in his monumental symphonic first and last movements, a sudden naive appeal direct to heaven through austere trombone chorales points back to the influence of those early years of unquestioning devotion and zeal at St. Florian.

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Yet at this time the idea of music as a life-work seems hardly to have entered the boy's mind. His father had been a schoolmaster; he too must become one. To further this aim he added to his arduous music courses private studies in academic subjects, finally gaining admission to the teachers' preparatory school at Linz.

Though even a brief ten months spent in learning what a pious child must not be taught proved trying to so human a soul as young Bruckner, he passed his examination for a position at seventeen and set out for the first scene of his teaching career, the world-forsaken mountain-village of Windhaag. Here, as assistant village teacher and organist, he was to receive the munificent monthly

wage of two gulden (less than eighty cents). Additional attractive features of his work were that he must help in the field during "spare" time and breakfast with the maid servant.

In spite of these crushing handicaps the youth seems not to have been altogether unhappy, for he found the village-folk friendly. An especial joy was the folk-life and dancing, with its opportunity for a new, fascinating kind of music making. In this pleasant life the youth gladly joined, playing the fiddle at dances and absorbing those rustic, rhythmic strains which the Midas-touch of his genius later turned into incomparably vital and humorous symphonic scherzos. The ancient calm of the village church services was frequently interrupted by the new organist whose marked leaning towards dramatic harmonies was irrepressible. His experience with the startled villagers in this respect was much like that of the great Bach himself, who was once officially reproved for his fantastic modulatory interpolations during the ritual music.

Yet Bruckner's innate musicianship must have dawned even upon the ignorant villagers, for this word has come down about it direct from the lips of an old Ansfelder, "Yes, that fellow Bruckner was a devilish fine musician!" Then, as an afterthought, in the light of a teacher's unhappy lot, "I wouldn't let any son of mine become a teacher. No, sir! Much better be a cobbler!"

One day Bruckner, who was absent-minded, forgot to attend to some menial chore in the field and for punishment he was transferred to the still smaller village of Kronsdorf.

The teacher's demotion proved the musician's promotion, however, for the little "nest" lay only an hour distant from two historic towns, Enns and Steyr. The latter was noted for its fine organ and soon became the object of the youth's frequent pilgrimages. In Enns, moreover, lived the celebrated organist von Zanetti, a fine musician, who now became Bruckner's new master of theory. All his compositions during this period bear the modest character of occasional church music.

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Completely humbled in the face of superior knowledge the zealous student was content to obey implicitly the so-called laws of music. Infinite thoroughness, the sole path to perfection, became an obsession with him. Trustingly he allowed the incredibly long veil of years of academic self-suppression to fall over his genius.

Meanwhile he had been preparing himself for the final examination for a regular schoolmaster's license. At length, in May 1845, he passed the test, and experienced the good fortune of an immediate appointment to St. Florian, the happy haven of his earlier youth.

The texts and dedications "to the beautiful days of young love" of several of his songs and piano pieces in those days tell us that Bruckner met his first "flame," young Antonie Werner, soon after his appointment as teacher at St. Florian. Yet sentiment was but short-lived in the heart of this youth whose insatiable yearning for musical knowledge swept aside all other considerations. At this time, too, there began to unfold that magnificent gift of his for free improvisation on the organ, the gift with which he in later years held audiences spellbound, even as Beethoven and Bach had done before him.

In 1851 the post of organist at St. Florian was declared vacant and Bruckner, who had for some time been occupying it as substitute, was officially appointed thereto. By then he had reached the comparatively affluent state of eighty gulden per year, plus free rent, and one of his dearest wishes had at last been realized: he was master of the finest organ in the world. Determined to become a virtuoso of the keyboard he made it a habit to practice ten hours a day on the piano and three hours on the organ.

At St. Florian in 1849, he composed his Requiem in D-minor, the only early work

deserving classification with his mature accomplishments.

Desiring to obtain a license to teach in "main schools" he continued his academic studies, stressing Latin, and in 1851 successfully passed that examination as well.

In 1853 he had made his first trip to Vienna in the hope of laying the ghost of doubt that would ever loom up in his soul as to the lifework he had chosen. This doubt had even led him to consider giving up music altogether, for he once applied for a clerical position in Linz, claiming in his letter that he had been preparing himself for several years for such a vocation. Fortunately, wise counsel induced him to forget such thoughts and to apply himself anew to theoretical studies. From this decision date his amazing years of self-imposed confinement in the contrapuntal chains forged by the famous Viennese musical grammarian, Simon Sechter. There is this to say for the almost incomprehensible devotion of the superannuated schoolboy Anton to his text-book lessons, that only such hard prescribed work could dispel the torturing doubts which lurked grimly at the threshold of his consciousness.

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In January, 1856, having been persuaded to take part in an open competition for the vacant post of organist at the Cathedral in Linz, he easily carried off the honors, astonishing all by his incredible powers of improvisation on given themes.

During the first few of the twelve years he served as organist in Linz, Bruckner made practically no efforts at original composition, burying himself heart and soul in the contrapuntal problems heaped upon him by the pedantic Sechter. During the periods of Advent and Lent, the Cathedral organ being silent, Bishop Rudigier, who greatly admired Bruckner's genius, permitted him to go to Vienna to pursue (in person) the studies which throughout the year had to be left to the uncertain benefits of a correspondence course.

One may get some inkling of the stupendous physical and mental labor involved in "studying," as Bruckner interpreted the term, if one believes the evidence advanced by eye-witnesses, who assert that the piles of written musical exercises in the "student's" room reached from the floor to the keyboard of his piano. "For those who think this incredible there is the written word of the unimpeachable Sechter himself to the following effect. Upon receiving from Bruckner in a single installment seventeen bookfuls of written exercises, he warned him against "too great an intellectual strain," and lest his admonition be taken in ill part by the student, the teacher added the comforting, indubitable assurance: "I believe I never had a more serious pupil than you." Eloquent of Bruckner's Herculean labors in the realm of musical grammar and rhetoric during those years is the list of examinations to which he insisted upon subjecting himself (after typical Bruckneresque preparation). After two years of work, on July 10, 1858, he passed Sechter's test in Harmony and Thorough-bass. Of the text-book he studied (now a treasured museum possession) not a single leaf remained attached to the binding. Then on August 12, 1859, he passed Elementary Counterpoint; April 3, 1860, Advanced Counterpoint; March 26, 1861, Canon and Fugue. Thereupon he remarked, "I feel like a dog which has just broken out of his chains."

Now came the crowning trial of all, one without which he could not be sure of himself. He begged for permission to submit his fund of accomplishments to the judgment of the highest musical tribunal in Europe, a commission consisting of Vienna's five recognized Solons of musical law (today all turned to names or less than names). The request was granted and Bruckner accorded the grace of choosing the scene of "combat."

Such final tests of "maturity," not uncommon in Vienna, were usually of a somewhat stereotyped nature, but in the case of this extraordinary candidate the

occasion assumed an epic cast.

Bruckner had chosen for the scene of his grand trial the interior of the Piaristen-Kirche. Had Wagner been present, he might have been reminded of the examination of Walter by the Meistersinger, which he was even then planning. The customary short theme was written down by one judge and submitted to the others for approval; but one of these maliciously doubled it in length, at once changing a mere test of scholarship to a challenge of mastery.

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The slip- of paper was then passed down to the expectant candidate seated at the organ. For some moments he regarded it earnestly, while the judges, misinterpreting the cause of delay, smiled knowingly.

Suddenly, however, Bruckner began, first playing a mere introduction composed of fragments of the given theme, gradually leading to the required fugue itself. Then was heard a fugue—not such a fugue as might be expected from an academic graduate, but a living contrapuntal Philippic, which pealed forth ever more majestic to strike the astonished ears of the foxy judicial quintet with the authoritative splendor of a lion's voice bursting forth from the jungle.

"He should examine us!" exclaimed one judge enthusiastically. "If I knew a tenth of what he knows. I'd be happy I"

Then, being asked to improvise freely on the organ, Bruckner exhibited so fine a fantasy that the same judge cried: "And we're asked to test him? Why, he knows more than all of us together!"

This man's name was Herbeck, and he was from that moment Bruckner's greatest musical friend. Unfortunately he died too soon to be of much help to the struggling composer.

Of great advantage to Bruckner during his Linzian years was the opportunity afforded him for the first time to try his hand at "worldly" music, for church-music had monopolized his attention ever since his earliest boyhood. The choral society "Frohsinn" chose him as director in 1860. Through this association, on May 12, 1861, Bruckner made his first concert appearance as composer with an "Ave Maria" for seven voices.

He struck up a friendship with the young conductor at the theatre and was appalled at the realization that all his earnest years of academic study were mere child's play beside the practical musical craftsmanship of this brilliant young exponent of the "modern" school. Eagerly he gave himself into the care of this new teacher. Otto Kitzler. From the regaling analysis of Beethoven's sonatas, Kitzler led his enthusiastic disciple to the study of instrumentation, introducing him to the beauties of the Tannhaeuser score. Here Bruckner was given his first glimpse of a new world of music, the very existence of which he had scarcely suspected. In 1863, finally convinced that he was ready to face the musical world alone, he took leave of Kitzler and the last of his long years of preparation.

Those years are perhaps unique in the annals of mortal genius, at least in those of Western civilization. The naive modesty of a great artist already within sight of middle age burying himself more desperately than any schoolboy in the mass of antiquated musical dogma prescribed by a "Dr. Syntax" would be at once labeled in these psychoanalytic days as a sample of the workings of an inferiority complex. But Bruckner's had been a church-life, his language a church idiom, and in the light of this, is it illogical to claim that his particular preparation had to differ from that of other symphonists as the architecture of a cathedral differs from that of a palace or villa?

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In short, without those drab years of study mistakenly termed "belated," the

tremendous symphonic formal concepts of Bruckner might never have been realized.

Of significance in the contemplation of his spiritual affinity to Wagner is the fact that an Overture in G-minor (composed by Bruckner in 1863) closes with the still unknown "Feuerzauber," not that either master plagiarized the other, but that the caprice of nature which set two such gigantic figures side by side in the same generation must not be ignored. It is truly a cause for human gratitude that sublime accident granted the one the faculty it denied the other. Epic as is the expression of both these Titans, Wagner's helplessness in the field of the symphony is as notorious as Bruckner's in that of the music drama. The future will simply have to regard the two composers as kindred in spirit, but supplementary in achievement.

The music of Tannhaeuser sang into Bruckner's ears a veritable proclamation of independence. Thus, Wagner, whom he had as yet never seen, set him free at a mere spiritual touch, spurring him to unrestrained self-expression. With the very first effort of this new-born Bruckner, the glorious Mass in D, the world was endowed with an initial major work surpassed in-depth and brilliancy perhaps by no other in the entire range of music. Inspired by Tannhaeuser, if you will, yet sounding not the slightest echo of its strains, the Mass abounds in fine passages, unjustly dubbed Wagnerian, for they could not as yet have had any prototype. The opening Adagio, built up on the theme of the Liebestod (a year before the first performance of Tristan), the music accompanying the settling down of the dove at the end of Parsifal (nineteen years before the first performance), the "Fall of the Gods" and the "Spear-motive" from the Ring (twelve years before Bayreuth), these anticipatory touches should, injustice, be viewed, not as Wagnerisms, but rather as forerunners of the new epic spirit that was just rising in music.

The composition of this masterpiece took only three months. After the first performance, in the Cathedral at Linz, November 20, 1864, the Bishop Rudigier was heard to remark: "During that mass I could not pray." Indeed, so profound was the impression the work made, that it was given a "concert" performance by general request Shortly after, achieving a veritable triumph. Bruckner's success was proudly reported in the Viennese papers, for it was good publicity for the "home" conservatory of which he had been "one of the best pupils."

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Elated by his success Bruckner at once began working on his first symphony. That year (1865) May 15 had been set aside in Munich for the greatest musical-event of the century, the initial performance of Tristan. Naturally, Bruckner made the trip to the Bavarian capital and when, owing to the illness of Isolde (Frau Schnorr), the event was postponed till the tenth of June, he decided to await the great day in the city. There he had the fortune to be presented to Wagner himself, who at once took a liking to the serious, honest Austrian, inviting him to spend many an evening in the famous Wagnerian "circle." Von Buelow became Bruckner's first confidant when the latter shyly showed the great pianist the first three movements of his growing symphony. Von Buelow was so astonished at the splendor and freshness of the ideas in this new score that he could not refrain from communicating his enthusiasm to the great Richard, much to Bruckner's embarrassment, for when Wagner asked in person to see the symphony, so great was the awe in which the younger composer stood of the "Master of all masters" that he could not summon up the courage to show it to him. He shrank from such a step as though it had been a sacrilege. So naive was his hero-worship of the master that he could not even be induced to sit down in Wagner's presence. No wonder, then, that after the Tristan performance Wagner became for Bruckner a veritable religion. Yet for this faith the younger man was condemned to suffer such abuse as has fallen to the lot of no other in the

annals of art. He was to write nine mighty symphonies, ad majorem Dei gloriam, for from man he was destined to receive not reward, but neglect, scorn, and spiritual abuse beyond measure.

On April 14, 1866, Bruckner's first symphony was complete, ready to announce to a skeptical world that the supreme instrumental form had not culminated in Beethoven. True enough, it was from the immortal Fifth of Beethoven, that Parnassus of musical classicism, that this new master drew the spiritual motto for all his symphonic efforts. Each of his symphonies might be described as an ascent *per aspera ad astra*. Through the logical order of the four movements he unfolded the panorama of the trials of the human soul as hero. Beginning with (first movement) the drama of inner conflict, then (adagio) returning from the prayerful communion with God to the (scherzo) joys of life in nature, at length (finale) with unconquerable energy and determination entering upon the battle with the world, culminating in the final triumph over all opposition, he laid down the permanent spiritual foundation for all his symphonic labors. That the first performance of this symphony, 1868, technically the most difficult that had as yet come into existence, was not a total failure, is scarcely short of a miracle, for the best string and brass sections the town of Linz could provide faced the allegedly "impossible" score almost hopelessly. Yet Bruckner conducted the numerous rehearsals with such desperate zeal that the result was at least musical enough to call forth respectful comment from the critics, though they could have gleaned but the scantiest notion of the true significance of the work from such a performance.

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Even the noted critic Hanslick, on the strength of this favorable report, congratulated the Viennese conservatory, hinting approvingly at a rumor that its faculty was soon to be augmented by so valuable an acquisition as Bruckner. The rumor came true, though only after long, long hesitation on Bruckner's part. He feared to give up his modest but secure post in Linz for a miserably underpaid and insecure chair in theory at the noted music school of the capital, but his friends, understanding his timidity and realizing the tremendous artistic advantages of the proffered position, urged him to accept it. At length, after Bishop Rudigier assured Bruckner that the organ at the Cathedral in Linz would always be waiting for him, he decided to risk the chance. The date upon which he officially assumed his title of professor was July 6, 1868. Just about this time, in his forty-third year, he was made the unhappy victim of a great spiritual shock. The parents of the seventeen-year-old Josephine Lang with whom the composer had fallen in love refused him the girl's hand because of his age. In Bruckner's many cases of platonic affection for young girls (this continued till his seventieth year) there is enticing food for the modern psychologist's or psychoanalyst's formulizations. Now began for Bruckner a slow and cruel martyrdom. His very first Viennese attempt, the newly composed Mass in F-minor, was refused a hearing on the ground that it was "unsingable." After this two new symphonic attempts were suppressed by the nerve-racked composer himself with the bitter comment: "They are no good; I dare not write down a really decent theme." Discouraged, he decided to stop composing for a while and set out on a concert tour through France. The newspaper reports of this series of recitals were so jubilant that Europe soon rang with the name of Bruckner, "the greatest organist of his time." Returning to Austria, in better spirits, he experienced "the most glorious day of his life" when his Mass in E-minor (composed in 1866) was given its initial hearing (Linz, 1869) midst unqualified enthusiasm. The astonishing reports from France about Bruckner's organ-improvisations had so aroused the curiosity of many Englishmen that the virtuoso was offered fifty

pounds for twelve recitals in London to be given within a week! Out of this "munificent" fee he was expected to pay his own travelling expenses! Nevertheless August 2, 1871, found Bruckner seated at a London organ dutifully improvising on the appropriate theme "God save the King." Phlegmatic John Bull, quite impressed by the grandeur of these improvisations, nevertheless remarked judiciously that the performer showed his weakness in a Mendelssohn sonata, as had been expected. After one of these recitals a London lady advised Bruckner through an interpreter to learn English before his next visit to Britain. He never visited England again.

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Back in Vienna he doffed the hated mask of virtuoso and determined at his own cost to give the shelved F-minor Mass the hearing he felt sure it deserved. The performance took place in June, 1872. He had hired the world-famous Philharmonic orchestra for the occasion at a cost of three hundred gulden (eight months' wages to the Professor of Counterpoint) but the favorable report of the famous Hanslick about the work (though he declared it reminded him in spots of Wagner and Beethoven) was alone worth the price. Could Hanslick, Wagner's most powerful and bitter opponent, only have dreamed that the simple Bruckner was destined to receive at the hands of the great music-dramatist the heavy legacy of critical abuse he had gathered through two score years of stormy travel from Dresden to Bayreuth! Bruckner, only two years before this (1869), humbly as any music student, had sat with rapt attention at the feet of Hanslick, then lecturer on "Musical History" at the Viennese conservatory.

Meanwhile, during his London experience, he had launched upon a new symphony, determined to make it from the viewpoint of technical playability totally acceptable to the easy-going world of musicians and critics among whom fate had cast his lot. Conviction would not let him abandon the titanic skeletal structure of his First, the symphonic "wagon" to which he had "hitched his star." After long pondering he hit upon the unusual idea of punctuating the longer movements of the work with general pauses in the whole orchestra. This striking device at once caught the knowing ears of the musicians during the rehearsals for the first performance and resulted in the fabrication of the sarcastic nickname, "Rest Symphony," by which the work was thereafter known in Vienna. The description "Upper-Austrian," later applied by the noted Bruckner biographer Goellerich, is far more appropriate, for the opening and closing movements, and particularly the scherzo, are thoroughly saturated with the atmosphere and song of Bruckner's rustic "home country" surroundings. Upon being once more refused an official hearing for his new work on the ground of "unplayability," Bruckner again dipped deep into his yawning pockets and invited Vienna to hear his Second Symphony to the tune of four hundred and five gulden literally borrowed on a "pound of flesh." Speidel, a prominent critic, had the honesty to say in his report of the occasion: "It is no common mortal who speaks to us in this music. Here is a composer whose very shoe-laces his numerous enemies are not fit to tie." Hanslick, still no outspoken Bruckner opponent, expressed discomfort at the titanic dimensions' of the work, and lauded the "masterly manner" in which the orchestra played the "unplayable" score. (October 26, 1873.)

Although Brahms, whose First Symphony was still uncompleted, had nevertheless been firmly seated on the world's symphonic throne (for had he not been crowned by all critics as Beethoven's heir?) court-conductor Herbeck could not refrain from making the following remark to Bruckner after hearing this work: "I assure you if Brahms were capable of writing such a symphony the concert-hall would rock with applause."

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Bruckner did not enter upon these huge personal expenses because of a thirst for

public applause. That the joys of symphonic creation were sufficient spiritual exaltation for him, is clear from the zeal with which he began work upon his Third at the very moment his Second was unconditionally rejected by the Vienna Philharmonic. In the production of this new score he gave up all thought of mollifying friend and foe, who alike had complained about the length and difficulty of his previous orchestral efforts. The heroic defiance that stalks proudly through every movement of this work, making it sound much like a huge declaration of independence, has caused many to label it "another Eroica," implying a definite community between Beethoven and Bruckner.

That it was Bruckner's original intention to make this Third a "Wagner" symphony is clear from the actual note-for-note quotations from the already widely discussed Ring. He had apparently, by now, summoned up the courage to go to Wagner and ask him for his artistic approval. Fortunately his arrival at Bayreuth, armed with his last two symphonies, caught the Master of Wahnfried in most friendly humor. Bruckner's own description of his emotions as Wagner examined the scores is eloquent: "I was just like a schoolboy watching his teacher correct his note-book. Every word of comment seemed like a red mark on the page. At last I managed to stammer forth the hope that he would accept the dedication of one of the symphonies, for that was the only and also the highest recognition I wanted from the world." Wagner's answer, one of the few happy moments in Bruckner's tragic life, is surely recorded by the angels. "Dear friend, the dedication would be truly appropriate; this work of yours gives me the greatest pleasure."

After that, Bruckner went on, "We discussed musical conditions in Vienna, drank beer, and then he led me into the garden and showed me his grave!" They apparently spent a most delightful afternoon together. On the authority of the famous sculptor Kietz, who was present part of the time, we have it that a most amusing sequel developed on the two following days. Bruckner had had not only some, but in fact so much beer, the hospitable Wagner continually filling his mug and urging him to empty it (for a whole barrel had been ordered for the occasion), that the next morning found the Austrian quite muddled and at a loss which of the two symphonies the master had preferred. Ashamed to return to Wagner, he sought out the sculptor and appealed to him for help in this dilemma, but the latter, highly amused, pretended not to have paid attention to the discussion, saying he had heard some talk about D-minor and a trumpet. Now in the sculptor's own words, "Bruckner suddenly threw his arms about me, kissed me, and cried, 'Thank you, dear Mr. Councilor (I don't know to this day how I came by the title) thank you! I know it's the one in D-minor the Master has accepted! Oh, how happy I am that I know which it is!'" Next day, however, he was once more doubtful, for he sent the following message to Wagner on a slip of blue paper (now a treasured museum possession): "Symphony in D-minor in which the trumpet introduces the theme. A. Bruckner." The same leaf came back to him promptly with the following addition: "Yes, yes! Hearty greetings! Wagner." Thus came Bruckner's Third to bear the name Wagner Symphony. Whenever Wagner heard Bruckner's name mentioned thereafter, he would exclaim, "Ah! Yes, the trumpet."

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The report of this incident with its clear implication of Wagner's regard for Bruckner's genius proved the death-knell for whatever chance the symphonist may still have had for Viennese recognition during the Hanslick regime. Up to that moment his work had been neglected mainly because the musicians of the city had little ear for such "modern" harmony and dramatic orchestration, but the leaps and bounds Wagner's music-dramas and Liszt's Symphonic Poems were making in the world of art had brought about a complete revolution in musical taste. The new era was one of bitter personal hatreds between musicians and critics of two opposing factions. No political enemies have ever used more poisonous epithets

than the Wagnerites against the Anti-Wagner-ites and vice-versa. A lion for punishment, both taking and giving, Wagner could easily weather the storm of unspeakable abuse, but away from his scores and classes Bruckner was a mere child so simple and shy that the merciless critical boycott of his works, which now followed, all but crushed his spirit. It was inconceivable to him that human beings could be as cruel as Hanslick and his snarling myrmidons were to him, merely because he had gained Wagner's friendship and recognition. His only solace was that he had become reconciled to composing work after work without the encouraging incentive of public hearings, The Fourth, already in the making at this time and bearing the title Romantic, was finished November 22, 1874. Although the description Romantic is no less fitting than that of Pastorate in the case of Beethoven's Sixth, there seems little doubt that the detailed "program" or symphonic plot communicated to his circle of friends by Bruckner was a post-analysis influenced by no other than Wagner, who had even published a rather fantastic pictorial description of Beethoven's Ninth. It is at any rate silly to dilly-dally over the fitness of its details, for the Romantic has so clear and effective a tale to tell that it has become the favorite vehicle for the introduction of Bruckner to a new audience. That the composer did not regard the "program" seriously is evident from his remark concerning the Finale: "And in the last movement," said he, "I've forgotten completely what picture I had in mind." Yet the work possesses an unmistakable unity hitherto without precedent in absolute music, for all four parts spring from the main theme in the first movement. So logical and masterly is the development of this theme in the course of the work that the climax is not reached until the closing portion of the Finale, making the Romantic symphony from the point of view of perfection of form perhaps the last word that has yet been spoken by man.

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At this time, thanks to the zeal of his enemies his material condition had become almost hopeless. To quote from one of his letters, January 19, 1875: "I have only my place at the Conservatory, on the income of which it is impossible to exist. I have been compelled to borrow money over and over again or accept the alternative of starvation. No one offers to help me. The Minister of Education makes promises, but does nothing. If it weren't for the few foreigners who are studying with me, I should have to turn beggar. Had I even dreamed that such terrible things would happen to me no earthly power could have induced me to come to Vienna. Oh, how happy I'd be to return to my old position in Linz!" The Viennese musical "powers that be" had conspired to make life unbearable for the avowed Wagnerite. One of the highest officials at the conservatory, in answer to an appeal by Bruckner, gave him the following generous advice: "It's high time you threw your symphonies into the trash-basket. It would be much wiser for you to earn money by making piano arrangements of the compositions of others." The same man, with equally kind intent, went so far as to say, "Bruckner can't play the organ at all."

The warlike Wagner's arrival in Vienna in the spring of 1875 drew more hostile attention to the timid symphonist. Of course, it did him more harm than good. The music-dramatist's reiterated praise of Bruckner's work was like a signal for the Viennese authorities to redouble the cruelty of their method of torture. Dessoff, conductor of the Philharmonic, promised to perform the Wagner Symphony, invited Bruckner to several rehearsals, and suddenly (after two months of preparation) declared he could not find room for it on a program. Later the orchestra took hold of it again, but rejected it finally (only a single musician opposing the move) as "absolutely unplayable."

Just as the persecuted Wagner set to work on his Meistersinger, pouring his sufferings out through the lips of Hans Sachs, Bruckner plunged into the tragic

depths of his Fifth. Only in the construction of his colossal symphonies was he able to play the hero against fate. Over two years in the process of composition the Tragic symphony was compelled to wait eighteen years for its first hearing. That was not to be in Vienna, nor was Bruckner ever to hear the work at all. In 1876 Wagner invited him to the inaugural Ring performances at Bayreuth and the two giant musicians once more discussed the Wagner Symphony. Perhaps as a direct result of this conference Bruckner now set about simplifying the condemned score and again appealed to the Philharmonic for a hearing. The prompt refusal then given his request must have convinced even him that a relentless hostility due to Wagner's praise made his cause impossible so far as that organization was concerned. Into this spiritual state of almost total eclipse there suddenly broke a ray of light. Herbeck, old friend of sunnier days, conductor of the fine, though less-famed, orchestra of the Society of the Friends of Music, became so disgusted with the unjust persecution that he determined to brave the wrath of critics and musicians by espousing tile Bruckner cause. Hardly had he announced the first step of his campaign, a production of the tabu Wagner Symphony, when he died. had not, at this juncture, an influential government representative named Goellerich (father of the noted Bruckner biographer) stepped into the breach, the Third Symphony would have been taken off the Herbeck program and the unhappy composer, poisoned with a cup of misery worthy of a Job, would probably have gone mad.

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The performance itself which took place December 16, 1877 was one of the saddest in the history of music. Since no conductor dared to wield the baton upon the occasion, Bruckner himself was compelled to direct the orchestra. Early in the course of the symphony. Director Hellmsberger, spokesman of the conservatory, burst out laughing. Promptly another "director" followed suit. Upon this the apish students joined in. Then, of course, the public began to giggle. Soon some people rose and left the hall, indignant that the cause of music had been offered so great an insult as the performance of a Bruckner work in Vienna, the sacred musical metropolis. When the symphony came to an end there were hardly ten people left in the parquet. The few faithful occupants of the "standing room," a handful of Bruckner-pupils, among them Gustav Mahler, rushed down to the heartbroken master, from whom even the musicians of the orchestra had fled, and attempted in vain to cheer him with consoling words. At this moment an angel approached, in the guise of the music publisher Rattig, described the symphony as wonderful, and declared himself ready to risk the expense of publishing it. Under such a black sky was the Wagner Symphony given to the world.

To return to the Viennese critics for whose Wagner-gobbling appetite it had been a gala evening, the director Hanslick (intending it, of course, only as a joke) for once told the absolute truth, namely, that he "could not understand the gigantic symphony." He said there had come to him, while listening, "a vision in which Beethoven's Ninth had ventured to accost the Valkyr maidens, only to be crushed under their horses' feet." As a sarcastic climax he added that he "did not wish by his words to hurt the feelings of the composer, whom he really held in great esteem."

A little before this time, through the good graces of the previously mentioned Goellerich, the University of Vienna had announced! the creation of a "chair" of music and the inclusion of harmony land counterpoint in the regular curriculum. Despite the firm opposition of Hanslick, Bruckner, who had ten years before appealed to the faculty that some such step be taken in his behalf, was now appointed lecturer. From the opening address, April 30, 1876, which was attended by so great a number of students that the occasion might well be compared to the first of Schiller's lectures at Jena, the younger generation embraced the Bruckner cause enthusiastically. To the academic subjects taught by

Bruckner, with Goethe's words as motto: "Gray is every theory. Green alone life's golden tree," were added those glorious improvisations for which he was so noted and the inspiring message of which endeared him to the hearts of his "Gaudeamus," as he lovingly called his students. The open enmity of Hanslick towards their beloved professor gradually assumed for them the proportions of a political issue and a life problem. In the years to come the Bruckner cause in Vienna was to attain such strength through the loyalty of these University students that the combined enmity of critics and musicians would have to bow before it in the dust. This was actually realized ten years later, when the Philharmonic was finally compelled, owing to the force of public opinion, to program the already world-famous Seventh Symphony (1886).

As the result of the frigid reception accorded the Wagner Symphony Bruckner spent the next two years (1878-80) in a radical revision of the instrumentation of the Second, Fourth, and Fifth symphonies, including the composition of a totally new movement, the now famous Hunting Scherzo, for the Fourth or Romantic. However, the changes he made in the scores are not of the nature of compromises between the artist and the world, for the themes of the symphonies remained unaltered, only unnecessary rhythmic and technical complications being abandoned.

To this interval also belongs the composition of the (Quintet for strings, Bruckner's sole contribution to chamber-music, but a work so deep and mighty that those who have heard it proclaim that in the whole range of chamber music only the last Beethoven string-quartets attain such spiritual heights. The Quintet was composed by the symphonist Bruckner and has the sweep and grandeur of his best symphonic creations.

The interval of rest from major composition saw him frequently attending the many colorful formal dances of Vienna. It seems psychologically consistent that one whose mind was always engaged in tragic inner conflicts should seek recreation in the halls of festivity and laughter. Bruckner had always been fond of dancing.

A severe attack of "nerves," doubtless due to overwork, drove him to seek relief in Switzerland during the summer of 1880. In August of that vacation period he visited the Passion Play at Oberammergau and fell head over heels in love with one of the "daughters of Jerusalem," the seventeen-year-old Marie Barti. He waited for her at the stage-door, obtained an introduction, and escorted her home. After spending that evening and most of the next day in the Barti family circle he arrived at a temporary understanding which left the love affair on a correspondential basis. There followed a lively exchange of letters between him and Marie, lasting a year, but the time came when the girl no longer answered him. Thus the now fifty-six-year-old lover found himself again refused entrance into the halls of matrimony. One is here involuntarily reminded of the love of the thirty-seven-year-old Beethoven for the fourteen-year-old Therese Malfatti, though nowadays we have ceased to gasp at such things. The solitary silent remnant of this romance of Bruckner's is a photograph of his bearing the inscription: "To my clearest friend, Marie Barti."

In these gloomy days when, following the deplorable fiasco of the Wagner Symphony, no one in Vienna dared or cared to lift a hand in favor of the Romantic and Tragic symphonies, now long finished and still unperformed, a malady affecting his feet compelled Bruckner to take to his bed. There, in spite of depressing circumstances, he summoned up the spiritual strength to work on his Sixth Symphony. As if his misfortunes had merely been trials sent from Above to prove his faith, while Bruckner was still busy with the last movement of the new work, Hans Richter, the Wagner disciple, visited him and was so struck with the beauties of the dormant Romantic Symphony that he at once programmed it and invited the composer to a rehearsal. Richter's own words describing the occasion reveal Bruckner's naive character: "When the symphony was over," he related, "Bruckner came to me, his face beaming with enthusiasm and joy. I felt him press a coin into my hand. 'Take this,' he said, 'and drink a glass of beer to my health.'" Richter, of course, accepted the coin, a Maria Theresa thaler, and wore it on his watch-chain ever after. The premiere of the Fourth took place on February 20, 1881 and proved a real triumph for Bruckner, who was compelled to take many bows after each movement. On the same program, however, the symphonic poem, the "Singer's curse" by Buelow, met with utter failure. Buelow, now a deserter from the Wagner camp, and turned to a staunch Brahmsian could not contain his jealousy and asked sarcastically, referring to the successful symphony: "Is that German music?" From Buelow, at any rate, the most devoted of Wagnerians could expect no praise. In time the insults Bruckner had to endure from that source grew vile beyond description. Even seven years later, with musical Germany at the composer's feet, Buelow still stood by the sinking ship, saying: "Bruckner's symphonies are the anti-musical ravings of a half-wit." At last in 1891, the patient composer experienced the gratification of hearing that Buelow had finally relented and was promoting Bruckner's *Te Deum* as a splendid work well worthy of public performance,

In July, 1882, he made a flying trip to Bayreuth to hear the opening performance of *Parsifal*. To him these few days were a beautiful idyll. He would stroll along the road with a black frock-coat on his arm, ready to don it hastily should Wagner come along by chance. It made no difference to him that people said this was an unnecessary act of homage. Sometimes he would stop at "Wahnfried" and gaze at its windows long and reverently. Mornings he would visit Wagner. The Master would come out to greet him, offering him the hand of the little Eva, while he said laughingly: "Mr. Bruckner, your bride!" Then Wagner would deplore the disappointing state of contemporary music, exclaiming: "I know of only one who may be compared to Beethoven -- and he is Bruckner!" One evening, grasping the Austrian's hand, the aged Master cried: "Rest assured, I myself shall produce the symphony [meaning the Wagner] and all your works." "Oh, Master!" was all Bruckner could answer. Then the question: "Have you already heard *Parsifal*? How did you like it?" Bruckner sank upon his knees, pressing Wagner's hand to his lips, and murmuring: "Oh, Master, I worship you!" Wagner was deeply moved. When they bade each other good night that evening, it was the last greeting they ever exchanged on earth, for the call of Valhalla for the "Master of all Masters," as Bruckner called him, was soon to sound. This is the premonition that took hold of the younger composer, then already deep in the creation of his Seventh Symphony. No more majestic tribute to the greatness of one mortal has ever been paid by another than in that glorious, soaring Adagio of Premonition. It is an appeal direct to the soul of the mighty music-dramatist, spoken in its own dialect, consummately mastered by a kindred soul.

The death of Wagner was a stupendous blow to the whole musical world and especially so to Bruckner. The latter, now approaching his sixtieth birthday, was still humble Prof. Anton Bruckner to the world about him. The field of musical fame, suddenly deprived of its solitary gigantic tenant, seemed to yawn for a new Titan. The psychological moment was at hand.

On the twenty-ninth of December, 1884, Hugo Wolf wrote: "Bruckner? Bruckner? Who is he? Where does he live? What does he do? Such questions are asked by people who regularly attend the concerts in Vienna." The Viennese were destined to the shame of soon basing taught by Germany the greatness they had been ignoring in their midst for a score of years.

When on December 30, 1884, young Arthur Nikisch, Bruckner pupil, gave the Seventh Symphony its first hearing in no less modest a hall than the celebrated Gewandhaus at Leipzig, it was as if a divine Voice had burst forth from total darkness crying, "Let there be light!" As the last note ceased there was enacted a scene of unparalleled enthusiasm, the applause lasting fully fifteen minutes. Bruckner appeared on the stage dressed in his simple manner and bowed repeatedly in answer to the unexpected ovation. One of the critics present spoke of him as follows: "One could see from the trembling of his lips and the sparkling moisture in his eyes how difficult it was for the old gentleman to suppress his deep emotion. His homely but honest countenance beamed with a warm inner happiness such as can appear only on the face of one who is too goodhearted to succumb to bitterness even under the pressure of most disheartening circumstances. Having heard his work and now seeing him in person we asked ourselves in amazement 'How is it possible that you could remain so long unknown to us?' " On New Year's Day, 1885, the whole world knew that a great symphonic composer whom snobbish Vienna had for years held bound and gagged was at last free to deliver his message to all mankind.

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The performance of the Seventh Symphony in Munich under Hermann Levi proved an even greater triumph. The conductor called it the "wonder work," avowing its interpretation was the crowning point of his artistic career. Perhaps Levi, famous Wagnerian chieftan as he was, intended to annihilate Brahms with a word when he also added, "It is the most significant symphonic work since 1827!" Into the performance at Karlsruhe (the work was now making its meteoric way through all Germany), Felix Motti, gifted Bruckner pupil, threw so much spiritual fire that even the white-haired Liszt, sitting among the distinguished audience, became from that moment a staunch Brucknerite. This conversion was all the more remarkable since the great pianist had long remained cold to Bruckner's music, although he had been for two score years one of the chief marshals of the Wagnerian camp. Liszt as a Wagnerian had secretly nursed the notion that the Liszt Symphonic Poems could never be properly understood by the people until they had learned to appreciate his son-in-law's music dramas.

Despite the recognition of the whole of Germany, Vienna and the Philharmonic continued to maintain a dogged aloofness. Still fearful, Bruckner anticipated any possible desire on the part of the famous orchestra to play his work by entering a formal protest against such a move, on the ground that "the hostility of the Viennese critics could only prove dangerous to my still young triumphs in Germany."

For diplomatic reasons, no doubt, the Quintet was now given, for the first time in its entirety, by the Hellmesberger aggregation. One of the most prominent reviewers wrote about it as follows: "We cannot compare it with any other Quintet in this generation. It stands absolutely alone in its field." Even Kalbeck, Brahms' biographer and one of Bruckner's bitterest enemies, said: "Its Adagio radiates light in a thousand delicate shades – the reflection of a vision

of the seventh heaven."

Apparently the dawn of recognition was at hand, even in Vienna. Yet the conspirators were determined to die hard. Another critic, on the same occasion, after paving the way by admitting that the Quintet was perhaps the deepest and richest thing of its kind, warned the public on ethical grounds against Bruckner as "the greatest living musical peril, a sort of tonal Anti-Christ." His argument follows: "The violent nature of the man is not written on his face—for his expression indicates at most the small soul of the every-day Kapellmeister. Yet he composes nothing but high treason, revolution, and murder. His work is absolutely devoid of art or reason. Perhaps, some day, a devil and an angel will fight for his soul. His music has the fragrance of heavenly roses, but it is poisonous with the sulphurs of hell."

Meanwhile, for the benefit of his Viennese friends, whom he did not wish to disappoint, the composer personally prepared the initial performance of his recently finished *Te Deum*. This, a semi-private affair, took place in a small concert-hall. Two pianos were used in the absence of an impartial orchestra.

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Suddenly Germany and Holland began clamoring for other Bruckner compositions, but only the Wagner Symphony had appeared in print. That work had even penetrated to America where the noted Wagner disciple, Anton Seidl, had given it a hearing at the Metropolitan Opera House, December 6, 1885. When Bruckner heard about the favorable report in the New York Tribune, he was as happy as a child, and exclaimed: "Now even America says I'm not bad. Isn't that just rich?" These successes, however, did not turn his head. He was far from ready to rest on his laurels. During the summer of 1884 he began work upon a new symphony. His sister, in whose house in the little town of Voecklabruck he was vacationing, says he would show her a stack of music-paper covered with pencil marks, saying that these scribblings would become another symphony. In order to be able to set down undisturbed the ideas that came to him during frequent walks) in the surrounding woods, he rented a room with a piano in a house nearby, "just for composing."

When he heard that the owner of this house had a young and pretty daughter, he said, "I'm glad. Now I'm sure I'll be able to compose here." Every day he would bring this girl, a Miss Hartmann, a bouquet of flowers. The presence of the younger fair sex seems to have been always a source of happiness to the composer. He was then over sixty years old.

At this time, like Balboa when he first stood upon the hill overlooking the mystic expanse of the Pacific, Bruckner stood at last in the halo of his belated and hard-earned fame looking back with calm melancholy upon the bitter trials of his artistic career. Beneath this retrospective spell his Eighth Symphony unfolded itself. As a colossal structure of spiritual autobiography in tone it is a sequel to his Fifth or Tragic Symphony, which it excels in depth of expression. It has been called the "crown of nineteenth century music." It is useless to attempt to give any idea of it in words, but its message in brief is: (First movement) how the artist, a mere human, like Prometheus, steals the sacred fire from heaven and, daring to bring the divine essence to earth, is condemned to suffer for his temerity. (Scherzo) how his deed is greeted with scorn and ridicule by his fellow-men, and he finds solace only in the beauty of nature. (Adagio) reveals the secret of his creative power, communion with the Supreme Source. (Finale) the battle all truth must fight on earth before it attains recognition and the final victory and crowning of the artist. '

In Bruckner's physical appearance at this time there was! no hint of senility. He was a little above the average in height, but an inclination to corpulency made him appear shorter. His physiognomy, huge-nosed and smooth-shaven as he was, was that of a Roman emperor, but from his blue eyes beamed only kindness

and childish faith. He wore unusually wide white collars, in order to leave his neck perfectly free. His black, loose-hanging clothes were obviously intended to be, above all, comfortable. He had even left instructions for a roomy coffin. The only thing about his attire suggestive of the artist was the loosely arranged bow-tie he always wore. About the fit and shape of his shoes he was, according to his shoe-maker, more particular than the most exactly elegant member of the fair sex. As he would hurry along the street swinging a soft black hat, which he hardly ever put on, a colored handkerchief could always be seen protruding from his coat-pocket.

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In the summer of 1886 he arrived in Bayreuth just in time to attend the funeral of Liszt. As Bruckner sat at the organ improvising a "Funeral Oration" in his own language out of themes of Parsifal, it was as if he were saluting the passing of that golden age of nineteenth-century music, which had endowed the world with the titanic contribution known as the art of Wagner. Now he was leader of the glorious cause, its highest living creative exponent, but he stood alone, he and his symphonies, while the enemy still held the field in great numbers,

The Seventh Symphony continued making new conquests. Cologne, Graz, Chicago, New York, and Amsterdam paid tribute to its greatness. When it reached Hamburg the aged teacher of Brahms said it was the greatest symphony of modern times. Brahms, however, continued to shrug his shoulders, and remarked: "In the case of Bruckner one needn't use the word 'Symphony'; it's enough to talk of a kind of 'fake' which will be forgotten in a few years."

Then young Karl Muck, Bruckner pupil, came to Graz with the same symphony, and following upon this really Austrian triumph, Vienna was compelled at last to capitulate, much to the annoyance of the Hanslick coalition. Hans Richter conducted the hostile "King of Orchestras" on March 21, 1886. The Seventh Symphony, after hunting for the "blue bird" all over the world, had come home at last to bring happiness to the "prophet in his own country." Hanslick's review the following day was a sort of brief apologia pro vita sua. "It is certainly without precedent," complained he, "that a composer be called to the stage four or five times after each movement of a symphony. To tell the truth the music of Bruckner so rubs me the wrong way that I'm hardly in a position to give an impartial view of it. I consider it unnatural, blown up, unwholesome, and ruinous." Kalbeck, his aide-de-camp, picked on Richter for having shown personal homage to Bruckner and alleged that it was done purely for popular effect. Concerning the music itself he said: "It comes from the Nibelungen and goes to the devil!" Dompke, another member of Hanslick's staff snarled: "Bruckner writes like a drunkard." Richter, at the banquet of the Wagner-Verein held to celebrate the occasion, declared that many members of the Philharmonic orchestra had changed their minds about Bruckner and that there would be no difficulty about producing his works in Vienna from that time on. As a matter of fact, the next symphony, the Eighth, was introduced to the world by the Philharmonic. Heroic Richter now carried the banner into the British Isles, in spite of Brahms' reproving earning, "You surely are not going to perform Bruckner in England!"

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The triumphant journey of the Seventh continued, Budapest, Dresden, and London next being conquered. To be sure, Berlin, in the hands of the Brahms marshals, Buelow and Joachim, only gave it a timid welcome. A prominent writer said of the occasion: "It was like offering a roast to a table of mules." Another said: "I considered Brahms a great symphonist until to-day, but how the little 'Doctor'

seemed to shrink when he was programmed beside this giant, as was the case in this concert!"

It was still impossible for Bruckner to find publishers for his colossal work. Time after time his manuscripts were called for by different firms, but always returned to him with regretful apologies. Then Suddenly, New York through Anton Seidi threatened to publish the Romantic, whereupon Hermann Levi for the second time made a collection of the required sum in Munich and thus saved Europe from the imminent disgrace.

In the autumn of 1880 personal friends of Bruckner and Brahms, hoping to end the quarrel between the two masters, agreed to bring them together in a Viennese restaurant. Bruckner, quite amicable, had arrived early and had already had two or three portions of Nudel-soup before Brahms put in an appearance. "Stiff and cold they faced each other across the table," related one of those present. It was an uncomfortable situation and the well-meaning conspirators were highly disappointed. Finally Brahms broke the silence and called for the bill-of-fare. With a forced display of good-nature he cried out: "Now let's see what there is to eat!" He glanced along the list of courses, suddenly looked up, and ordered: "Waiter, bring me smoked ham and dumplings!" Instantly Bruckner joined in, crying, "That's it, Doctor! Smoker ham and dumplings. At least that's something on which we can agree!" The effect of this remark was instantaneous. Everybody shook with laughter. The ice was broken and the remainder of the evening proved to be friendly and jolly.

A real understanding between the two was, of course, impossible. It was a case of temperaments diametrically opposed, conceptions of art basically at variance, in short, an apt illustration of Kipling's phrase "And the twain shall never meet."

Bruckner explained the situation thus: "He is Brahms (hats off!) ; I am Bruckner; I like my works better. He who wants to be soothed by music will become attached to Brahms; but whoever wants to be carried away by music will find but little satisfaction in his work." Brahms himself had declared before joining the Hanslick camp: "Bruckner is the greatest symphonist of the age." Once after listening to a Bruckner symphony Brahms approached the composer, saying: "I hope you won't feel hurt about it, but I really can't make out what you are trying to get at with your compositions." "Never mind, Doctor," answered Bruckner, "that's perfectly all right. I feel just the same way about your things."

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In 1890, warned by repeated attacks of laryngitis and general nervousness, he begged leave to spend a year free from conservatory duty. His request was granted, but with no pay. He now drew the long-dormant First Symphony from its dusty shelf and set to work polishing it. Several years before, Hans Richter, happening to be present when two of Bruckner's pupils played a four-hand arrangement of the work, in his enthusiasm snatched up the orchestral score and wanted to run off with it, when Bruckner called out anxiously, "But the ragamuffin has to be cleaned first!" From that time the First Symphony was known in Bruckner circles as the "Ragamuffin"— an apt nomenclature, indeed, when one remembers the impudence of the opening bars.

Hermann Levi, already familiar with it, was particularly worried that the aging master might make radical changes in the process of revision and wrote to him: "The First is wonderful! It must be printed and performed—but please don't change it too much—it is all good just as it stands, even the instrumentation. Please, please, not too much retouching." An eloquent tribute to the genius of the early Bruckner is this, verdict from the lips of the greatest of Wagnerian conductors and certainly one of the finest musicians of his time.

During these vacation days the master would review with longing the happy days

before his Viennese trials began. Wondering what had become of the pretty Josephine Lang with whom he had fallen in love twenty-five years before, he decided to look her up. She had married long before and he was delighted to find in her beautiful fourteen-year-old daughter the living replica of her mother whom he had loved so long ago. Kissing the girl, he called her: "My darling substitute." In her company all reckoning of time past or present was lost for him and his heart beat once more as swiftly as the vacation moments flew by. On December 21, 1890, the first and second printed versions of the Wagner Symphony were performed consecutively in Vienna. Hanslick admitted that here and there four or eight bars of exceptional and original beauty might be heard, but that the bulk of the work was "chaos." One wonders whether the man was really so old-fashioned that he could only read confusion out of the super-order which the world now knows as Bruckner's symphonic form, as vast and as centripetal as a great empire.

About Hanslick there seems ever to be popping up a ghost of doubt, "Was the man, after all, sincere?" If so, he certainly deserved the immortality Wagner gave him in the figure of Beckmesser. It is good for us to keep in mind that Beckmesser or Hanslick, the stubborn reactionary, is an eternal type to be found in every generation and in every field of activity.

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On the above occasion the critic Helm, long faithful Hanslick assistant, left the opposition and stepped over to Bruckner's side beating his breasts for his past sins. The valiant Kalbeck still stood firm and incorrigible. He offered this recipe in lieu of criticism: "Stand the Allegro of Beethoven's Ninth on its head and see the Finale of this Bruckner Symphony tumble out."

Vienna was by then thoroughly convinced of Bruckner's quality. A group of wealthy Austrians met to take financial measures necessary to free the composer from his arduous academic duties. Though pride at first led him to misunderstand the motive for this, the master soon realized that nothing but regard for his genius had prompted it and gratefully accepted the offer, deeply moved. Thus he was set free to do with the last five years of his life as he wished. His new found leisure permitting, he would often make trips to Germany to hear his works performed.

Once a chambermaid in a Berlin hotel pressed a note into his hand on his departure for Vienna, in which she expressed great concern for the bodily welfare of her "dear Mr. Bruckner." Naturally, he responded at once, but insisted (this was a matter of principle with him) upon being introduced to the girl's parents. With them an understanding was quickly arrived at and a lively correspondence entered upon, until Bruckner, despite the admonition of his horrified friends, had made up his mind to marry the girl. He insisted, however, that she be converted to Catholicism and this proved in the end the only stumbling block to one of the most curious matches on record. Fortunately, the girl would not sacrifice her faith even for the privilege of nursing her beloved Mr. Bruckner." He was seventy-one years old when this adventure with Ida Buhz, the solicitous maid, came to an end.

Then there was also his "affair" with the young and pretty Minna Reischi. Add to a pair of roguish eyes a thoroughly musical nature and it is easy to see why the aged lover lost his heart to this girl. She, of course, must have been merely amusing herself at Bruckner's expense, because when she went as far as to bring the composer home to her parents, these sensible people of the world at once awakened him out of his December dream. When he came to Linz shortly after, his acquaintances guessing the truth, teased him, saying: "Aha! So you have been out

marrying again!" With Minna, however, who afterwards married a wealthy manufacturer, Bruckner remained very friendly until the end. In the autumn of 1891 he was created "Honorary Doctor" of the University of Vienna, a distinction which gave the ingenuous composer much happiness. Not long before this he had received from the emperor Franz Joseph an insignia of which he was inordinately proud and which he was very fond of displaying, much as a child will a new toy. This weakness of his for glitter, a characteristic as a rule incompatible with true greatness, is yet easily to be reconciled with his childishness and the long years spent in a land where titles and decorations were regarded as the highest marks of honor.

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The summer of 1803 saw him the central figure at the Bayreuth Festspiele. His arrival was enthusiastically greeted by a host of musicians and music-lovers. In the confusion of welcome the trunk containing the sketches of the Ninth Symphony disappeared, but after many anxious hours it was located at the police-station, to the composer's great relief. Daily he made his pilgrimage to the grave of the "Master of all Masters." The critic Marsop, once an enemy of his, says he saw Bruckner! approach Wagner's grave reverently, fold his hands and pray with such fervor that the tears literally streamed down his face. Perhaps, Bruckner already felt that this visit to Wahnfried might be his last.

In the consciousness of the more enlightened Viennese his name now occupied a place beside the great masters who had lived in the "city of music," and as he passed along the street, voices could be heard whispering with awe: "There goes Anton Bruckner!"

He lived in a small, simple apartment of two rooms and kitchen, tended by an old faithful servant, Kathi, who for twenty years had spent; a few hours each day caring for the bachelor's household. In the bluewalled room where he worked stood his old grand piano, a harmonium, a little table, and some chairs. The floor and most of the furniture were littered with music. On the walls hung a large photograph and an oil painting of himself. From this room a door led to his bedroom, the walls of which were covered with pictures of his "beloved Masters." On the floor stood a bust of himself which he was pleased to show his friends, who relate that he would place his hand upon its brow, smile wistfully, and say: "Good chap!" Against the wall stood an English brass bed presented to him by his pupils. This he called "My one luxury." At home he would go dressed even more comfortably than on the street, merely! donning a loose coat whenever a guest was announced. Kathi knew exactly at what hours guests were welcome. If the master was composing no one was permitted to disturb him. At other times he went in person to meet the caller at the door. Bruckner worked, as a rule, only in the morning, but sometimes he would get up during the night to write down an idea that had suddenly! come to him. Possessing no lamp, he did this night work by the light of two wax candles. When the faithful Kathi saw traces of these in the morning she scolded him severely, warning him to be more careful about his health. When she insisted that he compose only in the daytime, he would say contemptuously: "What do you know about such things? I have to compose whenever an idea comes to me."

Sometimes, other answers failing him, he tried naively to impress her with his importance, crying: "Do you know whom you are talking to? I am Bruckner!" "And I am Kathi," she retorted and that was the end of the argument. After his death she said of him: "He was rude, but good!"

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On the eighteenth of December, 1892, occurred the most impressive performance of his career, when the Philharmonic played his Eighth Symphony. Realizing the

unprecedented depth of this work, a profundity which only movements of the most colossal proportions could cope with, Bruckner had been much worried concerning the welcome it would receive from the public. The performance, however, was superb and aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Just before the Finale the exasperated Hanslick rose to take his leave and received an ovation such as only the consummate villain of the play is given upon a particularly effective exit. Bruckner's condition at this time was already causing his doctors much concern and it was only owing to the extreme importance of the occasion that they permitted him to be present.

At the close of the symphony, which had been the sole number on the program, the applause was tremendous and threatened never to end. Bruckner, after countless bows to the audience, turned and bowed to the famous orchestra which had at last been won over to his side. It was a true triumph, the first unqualified victory he had ever gained in Vienna. The critics called it the "crown of nineteenth century music," "the masterpiece of the Bruckner style." Hugo Wolf wrote: "The work renders all criticism futile; the Adagio is absolutely incomparable." Even the "holdout," Kalbeck, at last admitted, "Bruckner is a master of instrumentation," and "the symphony is worthy of its sole position on the program."

Bruckner was most unhappy that increasing illness often made it impossible for him to hear his own works, the performances of which were becoming ever more frequent. He had been put on a strict diet. "Even my favorite Pilsner beer is forbidden me," he complained to his former teacher Kitzier. His badly swollen feet rendered organ playing out of the question and he had to remain in bed most of the time. Nevertheless it was this same suffering Bruckner who wrote the rollicking Scherzo of the Ninth' Symphony, perhaps the most vital of all his lighter movements.

The end of 1893 saw such an improvement in his condition that he was even permitted a trip to Berlin. This change for the better was, alas, only temporary, for the following days brought such an enduring relapse that he could not attend the first performance of his Fifth Symphony in Graz, under that young eagle of the baton, Franz Schalk, April 8, 1894. A devoted pupil of Bruckner, Schalk had fervently embraced the enormously difficult undertaking of love involved in the study and production of this mighty work, with its irresistibly inspiring climax. Only the presence of the ailing master was lacking to render the occasion as happy as it was musically important.

During the summer Bruckner was sufficiently recovered to return to the rustic surroundings of his earlier years, but his seventieth birthday was celebrated quietly, by order of the Viennese doctor who had accompanied him. Telegrams of congratulation and best wishes streamed into the little town of Steyr from all corners of the earth. Articles about him and his work appeared in all the newspapers. The people of Linz bestowed on him the key of the city; he was elected honorary member of countless musical organizations. In short, not a single sign of esteem the earth might show its kings of tone was now withheld from the ailing genius. The glory he had richly earned twenty years before now came to him when the greatest joy he could reveal at the realization of his universal recognition was a wistful smile in which life-long spiritual pain lurked behind the ghost of a belated happiness.

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Unexpectedly, what seemed a swift recovery, in the fall of 1894., found him once more ascending the platform at the university to resume his lectures on musical theory. Only a few such days of grace were granted his shattered body by relentless Fate, for two weeks later he stood for the last time before his beloved students. From then on his health declined steadily and even his mental condition suffered from erratic spells. He was compelled to abandon his Ninth

Symphony at the close of the third. movement, an Adagio which, he told friends, was the most beautiful he had ever composed. From sketches found among his posthumous effects we know it had been his intention to add to this glorious work a purely instrumental finale, perhaps in the manner of the closing portion of his Tragic Symphony.

Yet, little though he realized it, when the last note of this Adagio dies out there is no expectation unfulfilled. It is as if he has confessed all, poured out his very soul in this music, so that the work he despaired of ever finishing, the work he died thinking incomplete, now strikes the listener as a perfect symphony-unit needing no prescribed finale.

On January 12, 1806, he heard his Te Deum, its performance in Vienna having been recommended by no other than Brahms himself, who at last seems to have changed his attitude towards the man he had opposed for years. This was the last time Bruckner ever heard one of his own works. The very last music he listened to in public was Wagner's Liebesmahl der Apostel. It was much like a musical farewell-greeting from the Master he had esteemed above all others in his lifetime. During the summer of that year Bayreuth was prepared for the worst, for a strong rumor was afoot that Bruckner was dying. Yet his gigantic vitality outlived the season. Not till October 11 did the dreaded moment come. It was a Sunday. In the morning he had occupied himself with the sketches for the Finale of the Ninth Symphony. There seemed nothing alarming about his condition. At three in the afternoon he suddenly complained of feeling cold and asked for a cup of tea. A friend who was with him helped him to bed, but no sooner did he appear comfortable, when he breathed once or twice heavily and all was over. At the burial service Ferdinand Loewe conducted the Adagio of the Seventh Symphony. Hugo Wolf was refused entry into the church on the ground that he was not a member of any of the "Societies" participating. Brahms, a very sick old man, stood outside the gate, but refused to enter. Someone heard him mutter sadly: "It will be my turn soon," and then he sighed and went wearily home. In accordance with Bruckner's implicit wish his remains were taken to St. Florian where they lie buried under the mighty organ that had been his best friend and into the golden majesty of which he had on innumerable occasions poured the troubled confessions of his tragic life.

THE SYMPHONIES  
of  
ANTON BRUCKNER

by  
GABRIEL ENGEL



**THE KILENYI BRUCKNER MEDAL**

THE SYMPHONIES  
of  
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by  
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To

MARTIN G. DUMLER, Mus.D., LL.D.

## PREFACE

The publication of this book marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of *The Bruckner Society of America, Inc.*

The author, the late Gabriel Engel, was the editor of the Society's magazine *Chord and Discord* from its inception to the date of his death on August 1, 1952. He contributed numerous essays of lasting value to the magazine and also wrote the articles on Bruckner and Mahler contained in the *Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians* as well as two monographs: *The Life of Anton Bruckner* and *Gustav Mahler — Song Symphonist*.

He analyzed the symphonies and *Quintet* of Anton Bruckner in the hope that his effort would aid in clarifying the message of the Austrian master.

The dedication of this modest volume to Dr. Martin G. Dumler, President of *The Bruckner Society of America, Inc.*, whom the late Gabriel Engel held in great esteem, is in accordance with the oft expressed wish of the author.

## FOREWORD

The aim of this concise monograph is to present Bruckner's symphonies as a unified artwork logically evolving. While analyzing the symphonies separately, it stresses the principal features determining their common individuality.

The controversy over the relative validity of the "original" and "revised" versions is not entered upon. Instead there are set forth in a brief preliminary discussion the origin and nature of Bruckner's orchestral language, involving what is perhaps the most decisive (yet hitherto neglected) internal evidence in that fascinating case.

A new grouping of the symphonies is suggested. An analysis of the *Quintet* is appended because it is Bruckner's sole instrumental work in a larger form generally regarded as worthy of a place beside his symphonies.

## INTRODUCTION

Bruckner's *First Symphony* is the awakening cry of the spirit of a giant symphonist. Though he was already forty at the time of its composition, the unbridled enthusiasm of an ambitious first opus infuses the work with convincing sincerity. His *Mass in D Minor*, composed a year earlier, proved him not only a master in the field of ritual music, but an adept orchestrator with strikingly progressive tendencies. The resourceful instrumental idiom revealed in the prelude to the "Et Resurrexit" in that work is an eloquent symphonic prophecy. Examination of over a dozen Bruckner compositions penned in the course of the two preceding decades reveals that the dominant features of the orchestral language of his entire symphonic cycle were firmly rooted in his own fantasy. They show him to have been from the outset an orchestrator of linear tendencies, a tonal draughtsman, whose ideal of orchestral tone prescribed the rigid economy of instrumental volume and coloring indispensable to the framing of a fundamentally polyphonic message.

Already in his early twenties Bruckner, steeped in the composition of sacred music, was laying down the idiomatic foundations of his future symphonic labors, as yet mere hopes and resolves, quickened by rare, reverential hearings of his great forerunners, especially Schubert. Instinctively, he recognized the broad vistas of harmonic progress they had laid bare. Marking the vivid effect of their most novel usages, he ventured an

even more daring application of some of the principles involved. Thus to the harmonic richness of Schubert's lightning transformations from major to minor (and vice versa) he added a wealth of subtle enharmonic nuances scarcely glimpsed by his short-lived "romantic" countryman.

In his "Amens" he recreated the charming melodic cadences of Haydn and Mozart, clothing them with fresh interest through frank dissonances. How disturbing these "Amens" seemed to his contemporary publishers (who "corrected" them for public consumption) may readily be seen by comparison with the original manuscripts, which still display Bruckner's grammatical "errors." Many melodic and harmonic features characteristic of his symphonic idiom were nurtured in his early church music. Particularly noteworthy among these are the impassioned sixth and octave leaps in his melodies. Ascending, they spread an air of fervent aspiration; descending, they suggest prayerful humility, literally mirroring the act of a penitent sinking to his knees in worship. From the same source also Bruckner drew those step-wise, parallel progressions of the outer voices in their gradual, resolute rise to a climax; those moments of full major tonic grandeur bursting out of fortissimo unisons; those broad-winged melodic flights in sixths above sustained organ-points; even that typical rhythmic characteristic, the division of a measure into alternate two and three-note phrases, so prevalent in his symphonies that it has come to be widely known as "Bruckner Rhythm."

## THE MINOR TRILOGY\*

- I Symphony, C Minor (1866)
- II Symphony, C Minor (1872)
- III Symphony, D Minor (1873)

\*The validity of this grouping is attested by the fact that all of Bruckner's outstanding compositions during this period were also in minor. These include the three Masses: No. 1, D Minor (1864); No. 2, E Minor (1866); No. 3, F Minor (1867).

## FIRST SYMPHONY (C MINOR)

### I. ALLEGRO. (2/2).

Often subtitled "Storm and Stress" the *First Symphony* reflects a powerful conflict between the individual message of a symphonic genius and the traditional means available for its expression. The highly characteristic nature of the opening theme, skipping with carefree abandon over a stubbornly punctuated tonic bass, caused Bruckner to call the work "Das kecke Bese!" (The Saucy Maid), a nickname that has clung to it ever since.

*Allegro. (molto moderato) ♩ = 60.*

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The first system begins with a half rest in the treble staff, followed by a series of eighth notes. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The second system continues the melody in the treble staff, with some notes beamed together. The bass staff continues its accompaniment. The third system shows the melody continuing, with some notes marked with accents. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment. The key signature is C minor (three flats) and the time signature is 2/2.

A burst of spontaneous song, marked by rugged rhythm and sharply etched orchestral setting, this

melody at once evidences Bruckner's inventive genius. Eluding all expectations of cadence it leaps tauntingly on and speedily rears itself to a towering climax. In the virtually self-evolving growth of this very first theme into a larger thematic structure (usually called theme-group) is revealed the dominant principle of Bruckner's symphonic melody-treatment.

A brief heroic episode (a series of stirring fanfares over a rapid, blustering motif in the basses) marks the attainment of the first peak of power.

Viol.  
Horn.  
Cell.

The leading motifs here presented become the chief driving forces of the whole movement.

A subtle interlude, drawn from the opening theme, descends like a narrow mountainpath winding down to a sunny Upper Austrian valley. In this calmer atmosphere is born the second theme, a song of ardent love in the violins above a transformed fragment of *Laendler* melody.

Etwas langsamer.

1. Viol.  
*p dolce*  
2. Viol.



The artist who glimpsed this vision of beauty is clearly the same who penned the celebrated "Zizibee" double-theme of the *Romantic* a decade later.

The third subject, a daring trumpet theme heralded by an exultant march motif, proves especially surprising as the sequel to a love theme.

**Breit.**



In later years, pressed for an explanation of the precipitant nature of this music the composer merely said with a sigh, "I was head over heels in love in those days." Yet in all respects, save its careful observance of smooth transitions between contrasted passages, this first section displays the chief features of Bruckner's individual symphonic style.

The development section, despite a brevity sprung from an over-anxious subservience to traditionally sanctioned proportions, sets forth an abundance of familiar

thematic life in fresh guise. The tale unfolded in this concise first development section is a spiritual forecast of those told in lavish detail in the corresponding sections of the later symphonies. Already here Bruckner treats the recapitulation as more than a formal restatement of the principal themes. He senses the peril to artistic integrity lurking in the traditional recapitulation of themes. In his later symphonies the recapitulation is to assume a revolutionary significance as the actual climax of the development section. In the *First* he strives to make it a logical sequel familiar, yet surprisingly fresh in its wealth of supporting thematic detail.

Like a skillful novelist, reserving his most telling utterance till the last, Bruckner purposely denies the end of this initial opening movement conclusive character. The tale of the symphony itself is far from ended; it has but reached a moment of high suspense, during which it must remain poised until the turbulent air is calmed for the profound, soul-searching revelation of the coming *Andante*.

## II. ADAGIO. (4/4). ANDANTE. (3/4).

The "Adagio Composer", some called him twenty years later, when instant acclaim greeted the premiere of the slow movement of his *Seventh* at Leipzig. Yet the moving qualities of that grand *Adagio* were already richly present in the slow movement of the *First*. Bruckner, in despair at the unhappy outcome of his life's chief love-episode, here poured out his sorrows in the sustained melodic language for which he was to

become universally famous. Far more than the other three movements of the *First* it was an expression impelled by inner necessity, a fervent prayer for solace, rising out of the abject confession of the sufferings of a stricken soul. Its noble message is the wresting of ultimate spiritual triumph from deep, personal tragedy. Traditional form, employing two contrasted song-themes, is eminently suited to the framing of such a message.

Adagio.  $\text{♩} = 76$

The musical score consists of four systems of staves. The first system features Horns (Horn. *pp*), Violins (Vl.), and Celli (Cell. *pp*). The second system includes Horns (Horn. *pp*), Violins (Vl. *p*), Celli (Cell. *pp*), Oboe (Ob. *breit*), and Strings (Str. *pp*). The third system shows Horns (Horn. *mp*) and Strings (Str. *cresc.*). The fourth system includes Horns (Horn. *pp*), Violins (Vl. *f*), Celli (Cell. *pp*), and Strings (Str. *pp*).

A song of warm consolation follows upon the gloomy first subject.



Out of this, in turn, issues a melody of childlike joy, its spontaneous charm enhanced by the new rhythm in which it is framed.



III. SCHERZO. (3/4). *Lebhaft* (Lively); TRIO. (3/4). *Langsam* (Slow).

The Scherzo reveals Bruckner an instinctive master of that concise form quickened and perfected by Beethoven. A shadow hovers over the opening theme, qualifying the merriment inherent in its dancing rhythm.



A boisterous unison-passage provides the element of

contrast in the first portion. The graceful, placid, purely Austrian theme of the *Trio* at once proclaims the composer a countryman of Schubert.

A musical score for Violin and Horn. The Violin part is on the top staff, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The Horn part is on the bottom staff, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score shows a melodic line in the violin and a harmonic accompaniment in the horn.

IV. FINALE. (4/4). *Bewegt und feurig* (With life and fire).

The stern opening notes of the *Finale*, thundered forth by the full orchestra, blot out completely the scene of the dance.

**Bewegt und feurig. ♩ = 126**

A musical score for the Finale section. The score is in 4/4 time and features a key signature of two flats (Bb). It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The music is marked with a forte (f) dynamic and a tempo of 126 beats per minute. The score shows a complex, rhythmic accompaniment in the bass and a melodic line in the treble.

They are an ominous reminder that the path of victory, barely glimpsed in the heroics of the opening movement, is beset with a world of hostile elements

still to be overcome. As in the first movement, here also, three contrasted themes are presented.

**Ruhig.**  $\text{♩} = 84$

1. Viol.

*p dolce*  
Str.

*mf deutlich hervortretend*

*ff*

Brief, sharply defined, these contain felicitous motifs for Bruckner's predominantly contrapuntal style of development.

*fff*

The impressive closing hymn of triumph and the long-delayed return to the tonic key are especially daring features. In later years Bruckner himself, commenting upon the abrupt nature of this sudden conclusion set down in a moment of sweeping inspiration, remarked, "I didn't care what anybody would say; I just composed as I wanted to."

## SECOND SYMPHONY (C MINOR)

The six years separating the creation of Bruckner's first two symphonies brought the most radical changes of his career. During this period he ventured to seek his fortune in Vienna, then the world's acknowledged musical metropolis. He even sought as organ virtuoso to gain the applause and riches usually denied to all musicians save master pianists and fiddlers. It was at London, whither a futile concert tour had taken him in the summer of 1871, that he began his *Second*. Musical experts of the Austrian capital had passed adverse judgment on the score of the *First*, pronouncing the thematic material too free, the instrumental coloring too coarse, the dynamic contrasts too violent, the symphony, in short, "unplayable". The effect of their criticism upon the shaping of the *Second* is best summarized in Bruckner's own words: "They frightened me so, that I feared to be myself." Though now generally regarded as a work inferior to the *First* in emotional appeal, the *Second* proved, as a result of that very criticism, a more plastic creation.

### I. MODERATO. (2/2).

The opening theme marks the first appearance in Bruckner of those broad-winged, songlike melodies characterizing his later symphonies.

**Moderato.**

Viol. *p*  
*mf* Celli.  
 Horn.  
 Horn.  
 Horn.  
 Fl.  
 Cell.  
 Horn.  
*cresc.*  
 Cell.  
*mf*

An expressive dialogue between cello and horn beneath a soft *tremolo* in the violins, it is imbued with a centralized power, bearing within it the seeds from

which springs the varied musical life of the entire movement.

In place of the customary smooth transitional passages Bruckner in this section employs the novel device of setting off the successive theme-groups from each other by full pauses. "This ought to be called the 'Rest Symphony'," remarked one of the musicians contemptuously at the first rehearsal. The nickname caught on at once, to become a permanent sneer among the invectives heaped upon Bruckner by his detractors. Pressed to explain these pauses the composer naively said, "When I want to present a new, momentous idea I must stop to catch my breath."

This opening movement reveals a definite intensification in the polyphonic nature of Bruckner's ideas. The double-theme which introduces the second group is a deeper-voiced, more impassioned expression than the corresponding *Laendler*-haunted song-theme in the *First*.



In the development, remarkable for its resourceful, effortless counterpoint, familiar thematic fragments attain full exploitation in a world of ingenious combinations. Hitherto subordinated motifs blossom into full-blown melodies. An abrupt pause at the very summit of power; a last moment of introspection reflected in

the initial motif framed in tender woodwind and cello tones; then the coda, a brief, blustering, dynamic passage, dominated by the pointed rhythm first marked by the trumpets in the opening theme-group.

## II. ANDANTE. (4/4).

The *Andante*, a radiant song of inner communion, begins with a yearning theme ardently voiced by the strings.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system features a single staff for the 1. Violin and a grand staff for strings (p Str.) with dynamics *p* and *dim.*. The second system features a grand staff for cello (cel.) and horn (Horn) with dynamics *p* and *mf*. The third system features a grand staff for strings (Str.) with dynamics *p*. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is characterized by a yearning, melodic theme in the strings and woodwinds, with a plucked string accompaniment.

This melody is enhanced by an accompaniment itself of almost independent song-like nature. The second theme, a highly individual Brucknerian concept, is a duet between plucked strings and a solo horn. Unusual harmonies clothe it with mysticism.

Alternate variations of the two themes, amid increasing harmonic richness and rhythmic variety, mark the unfolding of the movement. Appropriately, the ecstatic "Benedictus" theme of the *F Minor Mass*, in symphonic garb, dominates one of the most eloquent moments, devoted to the soul's contemplation of super-earthly things.

### III. SCHERZO. (3/4). *Maessig Schnell* (Moderately fast).

Sudden and violent contrasts sway the *Scherzo*, which alternates between a vigorous, stamping motif and a sinuous, rather lyric phrase.

The *Trio* is a gracefully swinging *Laendler*, sprung from the very heart of Bruckner's rustic homeland.

This was the movement that prompted his delighted adherents to call the symphony the "Upper-Austrian". Bruckner here again proved himself an instinctive mas-

ter of the *Scherzo*-form. In it he had found a ready, perfect vehicle for the expression of some of his life's most vivid experiences, the landscape, the songs, and folk-dances of his native countryside.

#### IV. FINALE. (2/2). *Ziemlich schnell* (rather fast).

Formally, the *Finale* is a somewhat unusual combination of sonata and rondo, sprung from the composer's desire to develop each of his themes. Not content with espousing the generally impetuous character of traditional symphonic *Finale*-form, Bruckner effected a clear relationship between the thematic material of the opening and closing movements. Thus he achieved a true symphonic summing-up, immeasurably strengthening the unity of the entire work. That this was one of the principal tenets of his artistic creed is witnessed by the increased care with which he constructed similar summations in his subsequent symphonies.

Drawn from the opening theme-group of the first movement, three distinct motifs, ingeniously welded into a polyphonic unit, introduce the *Finale*.

The image shows the beginning of the musical score for the Finale. It consists of two staves of music. The top staff is labeled '1. Viol.' and the bottom staff is labeled '2. Viol.'. The tempo is marked 'Ziemlich schnell.' and the dynamics are marked 'p' (piano). The music is in 2/2 time and features a complex polyphonic texture with overlapping rhythmic patterns.

At first sounded with the utmost restraint, all the pent-up forces of conflict are gradually loosed as the music ascends toward a summit of rhythmic and tonal

power. From the *Scherzo* itself stems the ensuing theme, a resolute outburst by the full orchestra eloquent of a determination to sweep aside all obstacles.



Moments of comparative calm, based on a reminiscence of the swaying figure in the second theme of the opening movement, relieve the grim atmosphere of battle.



Throughout the composition of the *Second* the mood of his then recently completed *E Minor Mass* was still strong upon Bruckner. Most dramatically, after an extended passage in the *Finale* marked by violent, exhausting conflict, the orchestra is suddenly hushed—and like the very voice of Faith (for Bruckner devoutly believed Faith the soul's only hope of eternal salvation), the *Kyrie* theme of the *Mass* sounds the promise of surcease from earthly trial and tribulation.



The song-theme group is introduced by a Brucknerian double-theme, a *Laendler*-inspired melody in "Bruckner Rhythm" shedding its sunshine over an expressive song in the viola.



An air of firm resolve sways the third theme-group. The heroic burden of fanfares is tempered with the more gracious strains of a devout chorale. "Bruckner Rhythm" remains an influential factor. Especially majestic in its promise of ultimate triumph is the sudden reappearance of the initial theme inverted in the trombones.



While Bruckner's first two symphonies retain, in all essential respects, classic lines and dimensions, examination of the score of the *Third* reveals a form broadened far beyond the utmost dimensions of the sonata structure employed by Beethoven. The soundness of this magnification is attested by its integral origin. In place of the classicist's brief contrasted themes, skillfully bridged by interludes, Bruckner sets forth in straightforward fashion three independent theme-groups, each consisting of well-contrasted motivated portions. Yet it

is Bruckner's broadening mode of thematic development in the *Third* that is mainly responsible for the unprecedented length of the opening and closing movements. Here, for the first time, he grants each motif the full expression which its individual nature justly demands. The result, a huge development section, acquires convincing unity through the mastery with which the separate paragraphs are gradually reared aloft towards a towering climax, doubly surprising and impressive because it proves to be the recapitulation itself!

In this, as in all the Bruckner symphonies that followed, the opening and closing movements must be regarded as logical sequels, indispensable and supplementary to each other. Conflict, triumph, and apotheosis constitute their content, while invincible faith, supporting the heroic soul through its every trial, cloaks the whole in the spirit of affirmation which fore-ordains the ultimate victory. Hence the first movement closes, as does that of Beethoven's *Ninth*, in the midst of conflict. There follow interludes setting forth the communion of the soul with God (*Adagio*) and a retrospect of the joys of existence (*Scherzo*). As the opening movement ends, the central theme, at first sounded mysteriously out of infinite distances, has arrived at the heart of the battle scene, to stand revealed as a mighty warrior armed for the decisive fray yet to come.

## II. ADAGIO. (4/4, 3/4), (Quasi Andante).

This is the first of Bruckner's celebrated long slow movements. In place of the tragic bitterness characterizing the *Adagio* of the *First* and the mystic, contem-

plative quality dominating that of the *Second*, this section is swayed by an air of soaring, unquestioning faith. It begins with a deep, noble song of communion, suggesting a prayer uttered by one worshipping on bended knee.



The answering theme, a consoling melody framed in a new, quickened rhythm, is like a message of encouragement from Above.



So subtle is the initial re-creation of the opening theme in a fresh rhythmic pattern that it might at first be mistaken for a wholly new idea.



Yet it is but the first of the varied thematic restatements which constitute traditional *Adagio* framework.

The melodic and harmonic magnificence of this section reflects the decades which Bruckner spent in the baroque splendor of ancient cathedral surroundings. More overwhelming with each symphony grows this air of grandeur, suggestive of the mighty, domelike structures of the Houses of God which nurtured and mirrored Bruckner's lofty spiritual aspiration.

III. SCHERZO. (3/4). *Ziemlich schnell* (Rather fast).  
TRIO. (3/4).

The *Scherzo*, a delightful expression of every phase of the *Laendler* spirit, is full of Bruckner's typically naive humor and laughter. Prominent in the melodic line is a motif drawn from the initial (or central) theme of the symphony.



A swinging *Laendler*-melody provides a happy contrast to the whirling, leaping abandon of this beginning.



The Trio, also a sunny *Laendler*-melody especially



### Langsamer.

The image shows a musical score for two instruments: Violin and Trumpet. The tempo is marked "Langsamer." (Ad libitum). The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The Violin part (top staff) is marked "dolce" and features a melodic line with a long, sweeping phrase. The Trumpet part (bottom staff) is marked "mf" and "p", playing a more rhythmic accompaniment with some melodic fragments. The score is written in a standard musical notation with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

(Goellerich) asked him to explain the glaring incongruity of these two melodic lines. Pointing to the crepe-decked doorway of a house they were just passing Bruckner said, "From the mansion opposite comes the sound of dance-music and merrymaking; here on this side lies a man on his deathbed. Such is life. That's the thought behind my theme."

Not until the whole epic plot of the work has been unfolded and the heroic soul has emerged victorious on the final reutterance of the opening or central theme amid the full splendor of massed instruments, does one realize how masterfully Bruckner planned every detail of this symphony before proceeding to set it down. A true mystic, for him this theme was to tell the beginning and end of all. Its component elements were to govern every episode of the gigantic drama performing through four movements, attaining apotheosis in a final expression, like a revelation of the Prime Source framed in the utmost tonal majesty.

## THE MAJOR TETRALOGY\*

- IV Symphony, E Flat Major (1874)
- V Symphony, B Flat Major (1876)
- VI Symphony, A Major (1879)
- VII Symphony, E Major (1883)

\* Bruckner composed only two other outstanding works during this period, both in major. They are: The Quintet, F Major (1879) an analysis of which appears at the end of this book; the Te Deum, C Major (1881).

## FOURTH SYMPHONY (E FLAT MAJOR) ROMANTIC

Toward the close of his arduous career Bruckner, at length become famous, was awarded an honorary degree by the University of Vienna. He was puzzled by the Greek word "Melipoeos" inscribed upon his diploma. Scholars whom he asked to interpret the term were divided between "tone-poet" and "tone-craftsman". Bruckner preferred the latter, though more prosaic translation, insisting that the former smacked too much of "program" music.

It is likely that the few touches of realism (bird-calls, wood-murmurs, etc.) in the *Romantic* were influenced by the sensational apparition of Liszt's symphonic "poems" in the concert world. Yet Bruckner was no more a romanticist than Beethoven, who warned against a too literal story-background interpretation of the *Pastorale*, his lone symphonic venture beyond the strict borders of absolute music.

### I. RUHIG BEWEGT. (2/2). (*Tranquillo, con moto*)

As the solo horn sounds the opening theme midst an ecstatic tremolo in the strings, it seems as though the very lips of Nature open in fervent, hymn-like song.

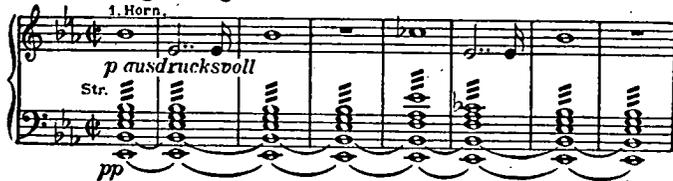
Ruhig bewegt.

1. Horn.

*p* ausdrucksvoll

Str.

*pp*



This simple, superb melody, created out of a single interval (a fifth), is one of the most expressive of Bruckner's thematic inspirations. Veiled in deep mystery by the distant murmur of strange, supporting harmonies, it breathes the grandeur of a majestic *adagio*. The veil lifts as new voices (woodwind, strings) take up the theme in imitative dialogue. With broad pulse unaltered, it rises to a summit of sonority, generating fresh motivation as it rises. This ascent, portrayed in gracious melody, framed in "Bruckner Rhythm", forms the second portion of the opening theme-group.



Quickened by successive recurrences of this rhythm the pulse of the music speedily approaches *Allegro* character. There ensues a veritable burst of jubilation amid a wealth of melodic fragments rising and falling as though sounded antiphonally from heaven above and earth below.



The whole universe seems to glory in this sunrise!



## II. ANDANTE. (4/4).

The *Andante*, as usual with Bruckner, presents a typical adventure of the spirit on earth, involving ever-present pain and suffering. A song of unrequited love, one of the most wistful of symphonic slow movements, it remains nevertheless fundamentally an expression of affirmation. Even the deep melancholy of the opening theme, eloquently voiced by the cellos, is relieved by a motif of hope and surcease, whispered by the violins.

Andante.

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system shows the piano accompaniment with a treble clef and bass clef. The treble clef part starts with a *pp* dynamic and features a series of chords and eighth notes. The bass clef part starts with a *p (gesangvoll)* dynamic and features a melodic line. The second system continues the piano accompaniment, with a *cresc.* marking in the treble clef part. The third system shows the first violin part, labeled "1. Viol.", starting with a *pp* dynamic and playing a melodic line.

The plaintive tale of love continues in a series of song-paragraphs, much like a recitative against a background of plucked strings. Bruckner's genius for instrumentation unerringly selects the poignant voices of the violas for a telling role in this section.

mp (deutlich hervortretend) *cresc.*

Str.(pizz.)

Str.

pp

tr

tr

The final, irrefutable promise of surcease is expressed in a lofty revelation midst nobly mounting utterances by the trombones.

### III. SCHERZO. (2/4). *Bewegt* (Con Moto). TRIO. (3/4). *Gemaechlich* (Leisurely).

Strikingly romantic in its vivid descriptive quality is the Scherzo, marked by stirring fanfares of hunting horns framed in irresistible merry melody and harmony.

*Bewegt.*

*p*

3

3

3

3

3

A second subject, ingratiating with its touch of chromaticism, provides a happy contrast.



The gracefully winding *Trio* is an idealized Upper-Austrian peasant dance, fragrant with delicate harmonic turns, executed in the magic spirit native before Bruckner to Schubert alone.



This *Scherzo*, in reality the second composed for the *Romantic*, was substituted for the original in order to heighten the romantic air of the symphony. A delightful creation, perfect in every detail, it is a universal favorite.

IV. FINALE. (2/2). *Maessig bewegt* (Moderately lively).

It seems almost superfluous to warn listeners not to give too literal attention to Bruckner's own explanation of the content of the *Romantic*. The tones in which the symphony is set are far too vast and deep for any such naive picturing as: "A citadel of the Middle Ages — Daybreak — Reveille is sounded from the tower — The gates open — Knights on proud chargers leap forth — The magic of nature surrounds them." This is but childish afterthought on the part of a man whose creativeness was purely musical, whose delvings into literature scarcely ventured beyond Gospel and the prayer book.

Particularly in the *Finale*, framed in elaborate sonata-structure, is revealed the superficial inadequacy of the description "Romantic" for this work. The grim conflict which it presents is the decisive struggle in which the spirit, beset with earthly dangers, overcomes all obstacles on the path to ultimate triumph.

Against a weirdly pulsing background in the lower strings a brief motif whispered by a horn suggests dire forces rousing.



Fanfare echoes of the "Hunting Scherzo" intensify the air of growing portent. Suddenly all the pent-up elements of strife burst loose with savage power in the giant-paced main theme.

Breit. (Hauptzeitmaß)  $\text{♩} = 66$

*ff*

*(breit)*

After a powerful climax this tempestuous mood gives way to one of wistful retrospect framed in a novel melodic recreation of the opening theme of the *Andante*.

Sehr mäßig.

*pp*

*srf.*

*p*

*zart hervortretend*

*pp*

*3*

*3*

A cheerful, reassuring melody scatters the impending shadows.

*3*

*3*

The dread spirits of conflict, still unvanquished, once more rear their dread heads out of the grim-voiced trombones.

*ff*

Bruckner's *Romantic* is a symphony of Nature — as viewed by a true mystic. Perhaps no composer has

given this concept of Nature clearer verbal shape than the Bruckner disciple Gustav Mahler. The devout Bruckner might have shrunk in horror from Mahler's pantheistic doctrine of the spiritual union of Nature with Man, but essentially it was the same as his own.

Mahler said: "That Nature embraces all that is at once awesome, magnificent, and lovable, nobody seems to grasp. It seems so strange to me that most people, when considering Nature in Art, think only of flowers, birds, woods, etc. No one seems to give thought to the mighty underlying mystery, the god Dionysos, the great Pan."

## FIFTH SYMPHONY (B FLAT MAJOR) TRAGIC

The first notes of Bruckner's *Fifth* are played by plucked strings; the second theme is tinged with the same instrumental color; in fact, plucked strings play a notable part in so many salient moments of the work that it was nicknamed the "Pizzicato Symphony". Many know it as the "Church" or "Faith" Symphony because of the abundance of its choral passages. Bruckner sometimes called it the "Fantastic", but fearful of programmatic misinterpretation, preferred to speak of it merely as his "contrapuntal masterpiece". Perhaps no name describes the symphony more aptly than the "Tragic", proposed by Goellerich, the composer's authorized biographer.

Better acquainted than anyone else with the circumstances surrounding the origin and execution of the work he was able to penetrate beyond such externals as style and color to its spiritual roots. He saw the *Fifth* as the deeply personal expression of a genius doomed to utter loneliness by the scorn and neglect of a misunderstanding world. He caught in the *Adagio* the true spiritual keynote of the work. Its brooding main theme was the despairing utterance of abandoned genius. Through the mighty blare of triumph trumpeted forth by redoubled brass in the *Finale* he saw the transfigured image of the man who found the strength to wrest peace from his agonized soul through renunciation.

In the *Fifth* the characteristics generally regarded as typical of Bruckner's symphonic style find their most convincing expression. Far more than any of his other symphonies it is a polyphonic work, the composer's proud description, "my contrapuntal masterpiece," testifying to the extraordinary care with which he had fashioned its many-voiced strains.

Double-themes previously employed by Bruckner as separated incidents of only local significance assume in this work a progressive, cyclic role. From the first and second theme-groups in the opening movement he has drawn two sharply contrasted motifs and united them to form the remarkable double-theme which begins the *Adagio*. The pulse of the upper melody (4/4) conflicts with that of the lower one (6/4). The result is more than a bit of subtle rhythmic counterpoint; it is an unforgettable tonal portrait of spiritual desolation. In the *Scherzo* the two motifs part once more, each assuming the leading role in one of the two divisions of the movement. In the *Finale* they are welded together again, inseparable at last in the framework ideally suited to the exploitation of the double-theme—the double-fugue.

The principal motifs of the *Fifth* haunted Bruckner many years before he felt his mastery of their possibilities equal to their symphonic shaping. A manuscript fragment of a B flat Symphony sketched in the fall of 1869 reveals in essence the pizzicato introduction to the first two theme-groups and a main theme with the same rhythmic contour as that of the *Fifth*, not to mention the downward octave-leap which is perhaps the most striking characteristic of the *Finale*.

## I. ADAGIO. (2/2). ALLEGRO. (2/2).

The *Fifth* begins on a note of almost hushed awe, like the mystic invocation to a Muse too lofty for more familiar hailing. The listener senses at once that he is about to experience a mighty adventure of the spirit. This concise *adagio* introduction, the only one in all the Bruckner symphonies, is an integral portion of the work because it presents the very origin of the main ideas to be exploited. They are heard in the process of creation: tone, to rhythm, to harmony, to melody. The mysterious measured plucking of the basses intensifies the initial air of spiritual uncertainty portrayed by the other strings as they grope upward one by one towards the light.

Adagio.

*pp*  
8va bassi.....

The interruption by a softly uttered chorale fragment is the first glimpse of the path leading to that light — Faith.

At first hardly more than an element of devotional coloring, it assumes thematic shape in a reinforced repetition. Like a halo it hovers over the sturdy motifs which immediately take form beneath it. Issuing out of the central theme of the *Romantic* this majestic, marchlike fragment ascends step-wise, its merged romantic-religious flavor suggesting some heroic figure,



come his mother-tongue. To other nineteenth-century composers it was a more or less academic cultural idiom; to him it was a living language, capable of expressing a world of emotional nuances.

## II. ADAGIO. (4/4).

The song of earthly sorrow which begins the *Adagio* is aptly framed in the poignant tones of the oboe.

*Adagio*

*mp dolce mf*

*mp Str.*

A lyric interpolation in keeping with the earnest dramatic burden of the entire work, triumph over suffering through renunciation, it yields gradually to strains of increasing hope.

*Sehr breit.*

*f (Str.)*

*mf*

Brighter and brighter grows the light surrounding the uplifted spirit. Finally the very gates of heaven seem to open as the golden voice of the trumpet sounds its radiant message of indomitable Faith, scattering the last cloud of doubt.

III. SCHERZO. (3/4). *Molto vivace*. TRIO. (2/4). *Allegretto*.

The heroic source motif made its appearance in the opening *Adagio* in major guise. Inverted and quickened, but still in the brighter mode, it was the first to enter the scene of conflict presented in the initial *Allegro*. Transformed into minor it assumes the dominant voice in the melancholy double-theme of the slow movement. In the Scherzo it is now reborn, appearing as a carefree, lilting melody, though still in minor.



IV. FINALE. (2/2). *Maessig bewegt* (Moderately lively).

In his conception of the *Finale* as the scene of highest dramatic intensification Bruckner went beyond his fore-runners, endowing the symphony with the crowning stamp of formal integrity. Convinced from the outset that the *Finale* should present the resumption and successful termination of the spiritual conflict entered upon in the opening *Allegro*, he strove to make it the most dramatic and majestic section of the symphony.

The task he set for it was to scale summits of power loftier than any attained in the previous movements, a goal of supreme spiritual triumph, resolving and clarifying all that had gone before. This *Finale*-conception, already impressively formulated in the *Third*, bore its most splendid fruition in the *Fifth*.

After a brief retrospect, the *Finale* plunges into the herculean task necessary to the final resolution of the conflict. The two opposing forces, originally heralded in the opening *Adagio*, now make their last and decisive appearance. One is a disturbing, rebellious influence, characterized by octave-leaps and a rough, sharply pointed rhythm.



The other is a sturdy chorale, infinitely more heroic in this final transformation than in its original guise.



Each is destined in turn to become the subject of a fugue, unfolding the tale of tremendous spiritual struggles, through which the Soul (as here) gathers added strength with the advent of each fresh subsidiary theme. A charming song-theme in an ingenious polyphonic setting relieves the mounting tension.



At length the tide of conflict is turned, the goal of all this striving glimpsed. In hushed awe the Soul pauses suddenly before the dazzling revelation. Out of the silence rise golden voices singing the song of eternal promise. At first sounded in impressive grandeur by the brass it is softly re-echoed in accents of deep devotion by the strings. Thus on a note of unshakable affirmation begins the celebrated double-fugue, presenting the final inseparable union of the conflicting themes.

## SIXTH SYMPHONY (A MAJOR) PHILOSOPHIC

The *Fourth* and *Fifth* were still unperformed. The premiere of the *Third*, conducted by Bruckner himself, had proved a pitiful fiasco. Loneliness, increasing illness, and financial trouble filled the composer's cup of misery to overflowing. Yet he found in unremitting work the necessary courage to carry on. The cheerfulness dominating the first movement of the *Sixth*, largely written during a long period of painful sickness, is eloquent of the resignation that had settled over Bruckner's soul.

In content this movement is definitely related to the

Romantic, to the radiant message of which (the union of Man and Nature) Bruckner here added a more human quality. The spiritual wealth amassed in the *Fifth* yielded rich interest in a calmer, more philosophic outlook. The sunrise in the *Romantic* is more brilliant, but that of the *Sixth* issues from a deeper ecstasy. It is shot through with delicately varied instrumental and dynamic shades and subtle melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic nuances.

### I. MAESTOSO. (2/2).

Bruckner regarded this symphony as his most daring expression. It abounds in phrases framed in "Bruckner Rhythm". The very opening notes, struck off by the violins in sharp staccato style, present that characteristic rhythm in lively form as a pulsating background for the main theme.

The musical score is presented in two systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece, marked 'Maestoso'. The treble clef staff contains a violin part starting with a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic, featuring a series of eighth notes with triplet markings. The bass clef staff contains a cello and double bass part starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic, also featuring a series of eighth notes with triplet markings. The second system continues the same rhythmic pattern, with the violin part marked *p* and the cello/bass part marked *p*. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/2.

Drawn softly from the lower strings, this theme begins with a sighing question. Almost a paraphrase of

the main theme of the *Romantic*, it suggests at once a definite community of content between these two works.

When the next theme-group is introduced by a doleful strain in square rhythm over a plucked accompaniment in triple-rhythm borrowed from the *Fifth*, we divine that the *Sixth* also constitutes a reflective sequel to the more dramatic struggles of the spirit portrayed in the preceding symphony.

**Bedeutend langsamer**

The first system of the musical score shows a piano accompaniment for strings (p Str.) in the lower register and woodwinds (Ob., Viol., 1. Horn.) in the upper register. The music is in a key with three sharps and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is 'Bedeutend langsamer'.

The air of gloom that hovers over the opening bars of this song-theme group is but the fleeting shadow of a painful reminiscence, swiftly dispelled by the cheery sway of the melody which bursts from it.

The second system of the musical score shows a piano accompaniment for strings (p sehr zart) in the lower register and woodwinds (Ob., Horn., Cell.) in the upper register. The music is in a key with three sharps and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is 'Bedeutend langsamer'.

Even the third theme-group, dominated by a pound-

ing unison passage in "Bruckner Rhythm", bristles with warlike intent. Vainly it searches every plane of tonality for a scene of conflict, only to succumb to the calm, richly harmonized episode, which terminates the exposition.



This air of peace also sways the development section, devoted to a eulogy of the wonders of Nature. Familiar song-themes rise on ever-broadening wings, the tide of melody surging irresistibly upward toward a climax. The listener, on the alert for some subtle bridge leading to the traditional recapitulation, suddenly realizes that he is in the midst of that restatement. Yet nothing abrupt has occurred. In this opening movement, for the first time in symphonic literature, the climax of the development and the beginning of the recapitulation actually coincide. That this remarkable innovation in sonata-form was no mere flying ship in Bruckner's workshop is convincingly proven by its increasingly convincing reappearance in his subsequent symphonies.

## II. ADAGIO. (4/4).

The slow movement begins with a yearning love-song, the bright counterpart of the plaintive message

presented in the corresponding section of the *Romantic* and intensified to deep gloom in the *Fifth*.

**Adagio, (sehr feierlich)**

*et oct. bassi* .....

A shadow crosses the sunny path of this three-voiced melody when the oboe intrudes its counterpoint of plaintive sighs.

A mournful phrase in the horns threatens to revive the memory of unrequited love (Bruckner's life abounded with instances); but the new-found spiritual antidote, philosophic resignation, easily counteracts all bitterness. The second theme is a soaring, untroubled love-song.

An ominous, gloomy contrast to all this yearning is the third subject, a march-like theme of funeral cast.

Grave.

pp  
et oct. bassi  
Fke.  
Str.  
mf  
dim.

The central portion of the movement is occupied with a resourceful contrapuntal exploitation of the opening theme, its varied restatements resulting, as usual with Bruckner, in a subtle mingling of rondo and sonata form.

### III. SCHERZO. (3/4). *Ruhig bewegt.* TRIO. (4/8).

The magic play of elfin spirits characterizes the beginning of this rather impressionistic *Scherzo*, the first of a series of Bruckner *Scherzi* to portray the witchery of Pan entangled with the very roots of Nature.

*Ruhig bewegt. (Etwas gemessen.)*

pp  
C. Fl.  
Ob.  
Kl.  
1. Viol.  
2. Viol.

The *Trio* unfolds a fresh aspect of this extraordinary gayety. The woodwind advances fragments of melody based on the opening theme of the *Allegro*, while mischievous harmonic interruptions issue from plucked strings or horn groups in sharply punctuated rhythm.

The image shows a musical score for two instruments. The upper staff is for Violin, marked 'Viol. pizz.' and 'mf'. The lower staff is for Cello and Double Bass, marked 'Celi. Rb.' and 'mf (sehr bestimmt) Horn.'. The music is in 4/4 time and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes with various accidentals.

#### IV. FINALE. (2/2). *Bewegt, doch nicht zu schnell* (Lively but not too fast).

The comparatively calm atmosphere prevailing over the *Finale* is one of the most individual features of this symphony. The virtual absence of conflict is wholly consistent with artistic integrity. Since the opening movement advanced no conflict, the *Finale* has none to resolve. Lacking the dramatic character of other Bruckner closing sections, it remains nevertheless a *Finale* conforming in essential respects to the accepted meaning of the term. All its thematic factors (and there is an unusually rich store of these—fanfare, chorale, march, and song) move swiftly and smoothly along. Drawn together at last, as though by some mysterious inductive power, they become merged into the jubilant reentry of the opening theme of the symphony.

SEVENTH SYMPHONY (E MAJOR) LYRIC  
I. ALLEGRO MODERATO. (2/2).

The long, soaring song-theme which opens the *Seventh* is a spontaneous union of three distinct melodic segments.

The image displays a musical score for the opening of the Seventh Symphony. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system shows the piano part in the upper staff, marked *pp*, and the cellist/bassoon part in the lower staff, marked *mf breit*. The piano part features a series of chords in the right hand and a melodic line in the left hand. The cellist/bassoon part enters with a melodic line. The second system continues the piano part and the cellist/bassoon part. The key signature is E major (three sharps) and the time signature is 2/2.

It is closely related to the main theme of the *Romantic* which it resembles in harmonic and instrumental color, but its employment of additional melodic elements from the opening bars of the *Fifth* and *Sixth* lends it far wider scope. In short, this broad-winged theme unites the chief thematic elements of the three preceding symphonies, integrating them in a new, final expression of unforgettable beauty.

Beauty of song, the ideal proclaimed at the outset and unwaveringly maintained throughout, is the chief factor accounting for the popularity of the *Seventh*. Its huge proportions result from the use of larger thematic structures in place of the concise motivated blocks char-

acterizing the three earlier works of the major tetralogy. This popularity, the unprecedentedly huge proportions of the work notwithstanding, proves that an orderly array of beautiful ideas, possessing all the vital characteristics necessary to the maintenance of interest in an extended orchestral composition (abundant melodic, harmonic, rhythmic, instrumental, and dynamic variety), will always prevail over any objections that may be raised against such a work from an academic viewpoint. The successful employment of a longer singing theme in the *Seventh* represents the fulfilment of Bruckner's individual principle of thematic construction, involving the complete subjugation of form to content.

Whereas the first theme, a homophonic composite of three ideas, is an invocation to Song, the second, predominantly polyphonic, is more mobile, its apparent peacefulness disturbed by restless fundamental harmonies.

The image shows two systems of musical notation. The first system consists of two staves: the upper staff is for Oboe (Ob.) and the lower staff is for Horn and Trombone (Hörn. Trp.). The Oboe part has a melodic line with a slur over the first two measures and a dynamic marking of *mf* in the third measure. The Horn/Trombone part has a rhythmic accompaniment with a dynamic marking of *pp* and the instruction *ruhig*. The second system continues the Oboe line with a dynamic marking of *dim.* and features a more complex rhythmic pattern. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4.

Spinning itself out in little rhythmic turns, it evades cadence repeatedly. Not even a complete restatement in inversion can shake off this restlessness.

The third theme-group consists of two contrasted melodies—one a sharply rhythmic idea of satirical cast, the other a wistful concept of pastoral flavor.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is for Holzbr. (Woodwinds) and the bottom staff is for Str. (Strings). Both are in a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The Holzbr. part starts with a sharp rhythmic motif, while the Str. part provides a more wistful accompaniment. Below the Holzbr. staff, there is a separate staff for Viol. (Violin) starting with a wistful melody marked 'p'.

Of all these themes only the satirical one is a really hostile element, contesting the sway of song in the development. In that section the appearance of the opening-theme exclusively in inverted form is a subtle piece of artistry, reserving the forthright restatement of the theme for the recapitulation proper, where it appears completely fresh. As in the *Sixth*, the climax of the development and the return of the main theme coincide, enhanced thematic freshness rendering this phenomenon in the case of the *Seventh* even more effective.

## II. ADAGIO. (4/4). *Sehr feierlich* (With great solemnity).

For this celebrated *Adagio* Bruckner adopted the

general features of the classical variation form, but abandoned as unsuited to his message the florid filigree-passages widely cultivated by his forerunners in varying their slow themes. He chose rather to inject a touch of sonata-form through the interpolation of concise passages of thematic development. Using familiar melodic elements he recreated them into delightfully fresh thematic structures.

This gigantic earnest Adagio is generally regarded as a "funeral ode" in honor of Wagner whose death occurred while the composition was in the making. The inexpressibly mournful opening theme, set for a choir of Bayreuth tubas, eloquently supports the movement's accepted nickname, "Adagio of Premonition".

*Sehr feierlich, (aber nicht schleppend.)*

*p sehr ausdrucksvoll*

*cresc.*

*p dim.*

Yet the actual "funeral music" (according to Bruckner himself) does not begin until close to the end, where it is ushered in by a jarring cymbal crash. "At this point,"

said Bruckner, "the shocking news of the master's death reached me."

Two broad-winged song-themes, totally contrasted in mood, alternately sway the entire content. The first, the funeral theme, progresses from stately solemnity to majestic affirmation on the impressive three-chord "Resurrection" motif from the *Te Deum*. The unfolding of this motif's tremendous latent power evokes the movement's supreme climax. Climbing steadily from plane to plane, the span of its wings constantly broadening, it becomes a mighty universal "Credo" sweeping aloft to the very gates of heaven.

The second theme, like a radiant melody sung by Cherubim, presents a unique combination of charm and nobility.

**Moderato (sehr ruhig.)**

The image shows a musical score for a Moderato section, marked "sehr ruhig." (very calm). The score is written for Violin (Viol.) and String (Str.) instruments. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The Violin part features a melodic line with a crescendo and decrescendo. The String part provides a rhythmic accompaniment with a similar dynamic structure. The score is divided into four measures, each with a fermata over the final note.

III. SCHERZO. (3/4). *Sehr schnell* (Very fast); TRIO. (3/4). *Etwas langsamer* (Somewhat slower).

After this contemplation of Eternity the *Scherzo* seems like a rude awakening to earthly things. The opening theme, a bit of bizarre realism for Bruckner, sounds its drab Reveille, a melodic paraphrase of the crowing of the cock.

In a moment all is feverish motion; the constantly increasing agitation finds vivid outlet in a wild dance-orgy.

The *Trio* is an idealized, nostalgic *Laendler*-melody, eloquent of Bruckner's inextinguishable love for his Upper-Austrian homeland.

**Etwas langsamer.**

IV. FINALE. (2/2). *Bewegt, doch nicht schnell* (Lively, but not fast).

A majestic dome-like structure is the *Finale*, the very order of its themes suggesting an arch. The opening subject is a martial concept, literally the lyric initial theme of the symphony arming for battle.

Viol.  
pp  
p  
zart, doch bestimmt  
p sehr bestimmt  
Viol.  
cresc.  
poco ritard.

Martial rhythm underlies even the prayerful chorale-theme that follows.

pp immer sehr zart  
p

A "third" theme, in reality the opening subject now fully armed, completes the array of spiritual forces involved in the conflict about to take place.

Schwer  
ff sempre marc.

In the development section which presents this conflict, all the material set forth is granted resourceful exploitation in a number of fresh melodic recreations, varying from gentle playfulness to titanic grandeur.

RETROSPECT AND FAREWELL

VIII Symphony, C Minor (1885)

IX Symphony, D Minor (1894)

## EIGHTH SYMPHONY (C MINOR) THE GERMAN "MICHEL"

Salient structural features, revealed in progressive development in the preceding symphonies, attain supreme representation in the *Eighth*. Chief among these are: the continuous generation of fresh thematic life out of a few given motifs; the exploitation of this cumulative content through a vital polyphonic idiom; the logical shaping of a vast symphonic structure, culminating in a grandiose climax, the welding of the principal themes of all four movements into a single choir of triumph. Spiritually also, the *Eighth* marks the summit of Bruckner's symphonic expression. In this work, at last, is unfolded in full tonal grandeur the sublime Christian epic of human suffering, humility, and transfiguration through Faith that had been Bruckner's symphonic message from the outset. Not the somewhat theatrical *Third*, not even the *Fifth*, that mighty austere utterance of his middle years, had pierced so deeply into his soul for its roots. The tragic implications of the *Fifth* were but passing clouds beneath the radiant sun that shone steadfastly over Bruckner's tetralogy in major keys.

The portentous opening movement of the *Eighth* ushers in a change in his spiritual world no less drastic than the sudden sunrise of the *Romantic*. The *Fourth* seems literally to have sprung from Bruckner's ecstatic happiness in Wagner's recognition; the *Eighth*, con-

ceived immediately after Wagner's death, is an eloquent witness of the grim impress made upon Bruckner's spirit by that event. The rude shock of the cymbal clash climaxing the "Adagio of Premonition" in the *Seventh* was more than Bruckner's realistic record of the moment of his great friend's passing; it was also the herald of a rude awakening in his own creative world, a dawn less roseate, but ushering in a more sapient and human view of life.

The contemplation of Death, looming before him like a grim spectre, and the realization of abject solitude, conjuring up the panorama of a lifelong struggle against adversity, determined the tragic, introspective content of his new symphony. C Minor, the key which he had adopted for his *First* and *Second*, beckoned to him out of the dim past with the promise of more significant revelations. The pointed rhythmic contours of the main theme of the *First* seemed to bristle with new life unbounded, clamoring for expression. Reaching back to this initial work he also gathered up in the course of retrospect the essential wealth of the intervening symphonies. Thus Bruckner consciously made his *Eighth* an intensely personal expression, almost a spiritual autobiography in tone.

The tragic caste and unusual length of the opening section made inadvisable the traditional juxtaposition of a correspondingly grave, extended slow movement. Faced with a similar problem in his *Ninth*, Beethoven had interposed a fleet, stirring *Scherzo*, thus not only relieving the spiritual tension aroused by the first movement, but also freshening the listener's mind for the

weighty revelations of the slow movement to follow. Therefore, Bruckner also decided to accord his *Scherzo* second place in this symphony.

The first movement in its original form was completed in the latter part of 1884 in Vienna. Before continuing on to the *Scherzo* Bruckner experienced a miracle. The *Adagio* of the *Seventh*, given its premiere at Leipzig on December 30, was hailed by experts as a symphonic masterwork. At once the elderly, shy professor of counterpoint became the most discussed figure in the realm of serious music. He had long since reconciled himself to a life of obscurity, sighing, "Surely I am the most incurable idealist to go on composing at all." Nevertheless, his happiness in this wholly unexpected world-fame was unbounded. He re-experienced this brilliant triumph over long prevalent adversities in the fictitious person of the typical Upper-Austrian rustic "Michel", whom he subsequently named as the hero of the *Scherzo* of the *Eighth*.

Much of the naive "Michel" story, however, was a mere afterthought. The original manuscript at the point of the first entry of the "Michel" motif bears the notation "Almeroth". Carl Almeroth, a lovable, genial Upper-Austrian, was one of Bruckner's dearest friends. A native of the charming little town of Steyr, where Bruckner composed the *Scherzo* and later movements of the *Eighth*, he (and not the symbolic "Michel") was the character the composer intended to embody in his lumbering, sturdy, good-natured motif. Doubtless it occurred to Bruckner afterwards that Almeroth's nature was typically Austrian. Thereupon he evolved

the rest of the "Michel" background for the symphony, carrying some of the incidents over into the *Finale*. As a valid commentary on the Promethean happenings reflected in the score it is certainly inadequate. Not unless one is willing to concede Bruckner that peculiarly Mahlerian trait of symbolism, is the miraculous transformation of "Michel" to "St. Michael", allegedly celebrated in the closing triumph of the symphony, in the least plausible.

Letters Bruckner wrote to the critic Helm and the conductor Weingartner years after the work was finished are the chief authorities for the details of the "Michel" legend. Said Bruckner to the former with special reference to the *Scherzo*, "My Michel typifies the Austrian folk-spirit, the idealistic dreamer, not the German spirit, which is pure *Scherz* (jest)." Thus unconsciously, perhaps, he made his "Michel" a species of self-portrait.

A representative portion of Bruckner's commentary on the *Scherzo* follows. "Michel, pulling his cap down over his ears, presents his head, crying 'Punch away! I can stand it!' Wearied by the showers of buffets he yearns for rest. He swings about him with all his strength scattering his enemies, and emerges victorious. (*Trio*) Michel dreams of the country — He longs for his sweetheart — He prays — Sighing, he awakens to rude reality."

And in the *Finale*: "Michel, from a place of concealment, steals a view of the pomp and ceremony (*The meeting of the emperors*) — He is pursued and captured by Cossacks — The trombones begin a funeral

chorale for him — He squirms away and disappears with a chuckle high up in the flutes.”

The absence of reference to “Michel” in Bruckner’s remarks concerning the first slow movements is added proof of the synthetic nature of the legend. One is reminded of his inability to “remember” the imagery underlying the *Finale* of the *Romantic*. Poetic commentaries easily might be adduced to “illuminate” the content of the *Eighth*. So vast is its scope, however, that cosmic imagery alone may conjure up an even remotely adequate verbal parallel. Like Beethoven’s *Eroica* it defies and beggars “description”. It stems from the inmost depths of absolute music, the arcana of which no verbal abracadabra may pierce.

### I. ALLEGRO MODERATO. (2/2).

The identity of the tonic is veiled as the opening theme is first presented in lightly sketched outline against a mystic background (string tremolo tinged with sustained horn-tone).



What a strange, yet masterly theme this is! Occurring scarce three full measures in animated tempo, it consists of the four motifs of the symphony, one of them the more rhythmic pattern formed by the union of the other three. This rhythmic profile at once commands the centre of attention. Set forth in relief

through a series of uninterrupted recurrences it is the vehicle upon which the three tonal motifs grope upward through modulations to the light of definite tonality.

Since all the thematic life of the symphony is drawn from these motifs, they are eminently worthy of analysis. They are

- a) Two tones a second apart. This interval dominates the heroic passages.
- b) Two tones a sixth apart. This interval, notably prominent in Bruckner's most heartfelt inspirations, governs those particularly expressive moments of the *Trio* (Scherzo), *Adagio*, and *Finale*, given over to songs of yearning.
- c) A lyric group of five closely-knit tones, the chief melodic element of the first theme-group and the source of numerous subsequent passages filled with tender ecstasy. The first movement, *Adagio*, and *Finale* close with this motif.
- d) A rhythmic framing of a, b, and c. To the relentless persistence of this grim motif is due in great measure the deeply tragic undertone of the opening movement. Especially impressive is its appearance as pure rhythm (on a monotone in the brass) at the climax of this section, a passage Bruckner aptly called "Death's Annunciation."

The lyric motif (c), at first the sole melodic phrase, at once spreads its wings. Inverted and augmented it bursts into flight, preparing the advent of outspoken "Bruckner Rhythm".

Viol.  
Hörn.  
cel.  
mf

Descending in a stream of impassioned phrases this first predominantly melodic expression of the symphony resolves in a graceful cadence midst imitative echoes (woodwind) bearing the motif's original rhythmic contour.

The mode of thematic structure in this opening group, aside from the vastly richer motivation of the later work, is essentially that of the *Romantic*, a steadily rising edifice of uniform theme-blocks. Furthermore, this process in the *Eighth* goes on in a highly dramatic atmosphere. Levi, the eminent conductor who pronounced the work "the crown of nineteenth century music," was the first to recognize the perfect centralization of its gigantic framework embracing a world of subtle and delicate details of construction. Wellesz, an unexcelled authority of our own day, choosing the opening theme-group of the *Romantic* and Brahms' *Third*, has shown the superior sensitivity of Bruckner's symphonic creative process. How much greater had been this disparity had he chosen Bruckner's immeasurably more masterly *Eighth*!

In the *Romantic*, the advent of "Bruckner Rhythm" is sudden, spontaneous. In the *Eighth* it is heralded in advance. We glimpse its profile in the course of the opening theme-group. When it emerges full-blown,

shaping the pure lyricism of the second theme-group it calls for no intellectual readjustment on the listener's part. Yet the preparation has about it nothing of the traditional "bridge"; it is a new, self-evolving process, sprung from the dynamism inherent in the motif *c*.

The second theme-group begins with a song of ardent aspiration, its nobility precluding all eroticism.



Lingering sighs, skillfully drawn from an inversion of the song-theme, are stilled by the air of trust and solace spread by a fresh melodic structure previously unheard.



Thus the intellectual factors swaying the first theme-group have been balanced by their emotional counterparts dominating the second.

There is an additional feature in the human make-up which determines man's heroic nature: the will — the spiritual force that makes for human tragedy or triumph, depending on the degree in which its possession

invokes resistance to adverse, destructive influences. This heroic element is the ruling quality of the third theme-group. A restless, staccato counterpoint in the strings provides the background for an increasingly animated interchange between horns and woodwind.

Energetic motifs, derived from the preceding theme-groups, enhance the power of the ensuing string unison, striving upward toward a great climax by chromatic stages.

Another striking motif, a broad downward-leaping seventh in trumpets and woodwind, adds to the growing agitation.

Trumpet fanfares, obvious heralds of heroism, intensify the militant nature of this group, bringing the exposition of the themes to a stirring conclusion.

The development section presents the titanic conflict of the three main factors: the mind, the heart, the will.

The logical unfolding of such a struggle involves a climax of inextricably united elements, rendering ineffectual a traditional recapitulation of separate theme-groups. The air of suspense, mounting steadily through the violent encounters unfolded during the extended development, is maintained unabated throughout the recapitulation. Not until the last climax, at the very threshold of the *Coda*, is there a moment of relief, and then only a sombre one, described by the composer as the "striking of the clock of Death". This intensification of suspense until the end is a formal doctrine already effectively formulated in earlier Bruckner symphonies, yet never so masterfully as in the *Eighth*.

Two summits stand out along the rising skyline of the development. The first, the product of united thematic elements of the first two theme-groups, is finally sealed by means of a grandiose combination of these elements in inversion and augmentation. The second, attained just before the *Coda*, is that realistically dramatic moment which Bruckner in a new moment of foreboding, happily not realized until more than a decade later, described as his own "Death's Annunciation."



The stark profile of the opening theme, grimly bereft of all quality save pulse, is a vivid tonal portrayal of the inexorable pounding of Fate upon Life's door. What avails it to continue the despairing struggle against a force beside which the united strainings (de-

velopment section) of mind (first theme-group), heart (second theme-group), and will (third theme-group) sink to pygmy insignificance? The *Coda*, an epilogue of utter resignation, presents a sudden contrast, intensifying the tragic implications underlying the whole movement.

II. SCHERZO. (3/4). *Allegro moderato*. TRIO. (2/4). *Langsam* (slow).

The *Scherzo*, like all these lighter, fleeter-footed Bruckner movements in triple-rhythm, presents no formal problem. In a mystic atmosphere of whispered-string-tremoli pierced by horn-tone, the rustic "Michel" motive (already discussed) lumbers good-humoredly into the changed foreground.

The image shows a musical score for the Trio section of the Scherzo. It consists of two systems of staves. The top system includes a Violin staff (Viol. (geteilt)) with a *pp* dynamic, a Horn staff with a *mf* dynamic, and a Cello/Double Bass staff (C&B.) with a *mf* dynamic. The bottom system includes a Violin staff with a *p* dynamic and a Cello/Double Bass staff with a *p cresc.* dynamic. The music is in 2/4 time and features a prominent eighth-note rhythmic pattern in the strings and horns.

Inverted the motif becomes still more droll. "Michel is sleepy," explained Bruckner. A delicious bit of instrumental realism is the stinging effect of plucked strings combined with hymning, bee-like horn-tones,

portraying the rude manner in which "Michel's" sleep is disturbed by outer influences.

The *Trio*, in double rhythm, is "Michel's" *Träumerei*, filled with daydreams of his beloved homeland.



Is this not Bruckner's own dream of longing, reaching back from the imprisoning huddle of the Metropolis, the home forced upon him by circumstances, to the wooded mountainous freedom of his native Upper Austria? Fragments of yearning, folk-like strains, conjure up passing visions of the scenes of his childhood. The occasional arpeggiated voice of the harp, most rarely heard in Bruckner's orchestral family, intensifies the music's nostalgia.

III. ADAGIO. (4/4). *Feierlich langsam, doch nicht schleppend* (solemn, slow but without dragging).

This sublime slow movement, the longest in symphonic literature, rises to unprecedented heights of devotional ecstasy, over which the celestial voice of the harp hovers like a halo.

Three motifs combine to produce the opening theme of the *Adagio*. The first, a long-drawn sigh, reflecting yearning, and the second, a broad, diatonic descent, reflecting devout humility, form a question answered

by the third, an upward mounting broken major-triad, bright with the promise of splendors to be revealed. Upon a syncopated background of softly pulsing strings over a tonic organ-point of twenty measures is unfolded the heartfelt initial melody.

Feierlich langsam, doch nicht schleppend.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system features a first violin (1. Viol.) part with a melodic line and a string (Str.) part with a syncopated rhythmic pattern. The second system features a horn and tuba (Horn, Tuba) part with a melodic line and a string (Str.) part with a syncopated rhythmic pattern. The music is in a minor key with a tonic organ-point.

So naturally have familiar motivated elements been fused into this new melodic line that their presence, readily identifiable, nevertheless makes the impression of complete spontaneity. Out of an atmosphere of restrained melancholy, the latent depth of its pathos betrayed alone by the impassioned accents of the violin G-string's upper range, the prayerful theme mounts steadily, merging with the vision of splendor (referred to as the third motif).

**Ein wenig belebend.**

There follows now a song of fervent gratitude, a fitting supplement of the foregoing melody.

Unmistakable in their Brucknerian quality are the hymnlike chorale fragments characterizing this passage. Ecstatic harp tones radiate from its melodic summit.

In the second theme-group the impassioned yearning and the devotional fervor dominating the two themes of the preceding group, respectively, are fused into an ardent song of hopeful longing.

Viol.  
p Cello.  
mf  
Ob..  
pp  
cresc.  
dim.  
f

Against a background literally trembling with portentous expectation (string-tremoli) the full tuba choir proclaims the promise of Eternity.

pi  
mf  
dim.

Another hymnlike utterance is the soul's grateful response to the message from Above. A brief interlude in triple rhythm prepares the scene for the return of the initial theme.

The restatement of themes is nowhere a severer test of the composer's resourcefulness than in the *Adagio*. In the first recurrence of the opening theme, the bright, answering portion is intentionally omitted. As the motifs of yearning are reared to a tremendous climax,

it would seem as though the whole universe were appealing for salvation. A world of subtle polyphonic detail is heralded by the echoing horn that follows closely upon the main melodic line. Reshaped and recombined familiar motifs attain richer significance, revealing glimpses of loftier summits yet to be scaled by the indomitable spirit.

For the final restatement, embodying the triumph of the soul, is reserved the thorough exploitation of the motif of splendor, thus far intentionally omitted. Here the horn fanfare of the first movement is reborn in a more heroic guise, unmistakably reminiscent of the Siegfried-theme. Bruckner explained this as a tribute to his great friend Wagner, as yet scarcely cold in his grave. The very Heavens seem to open to the overwhelming climax ushered in by this remarkable passage. The *Coda*, reminiscent of the beginning, presents for the last time the initial sighing motif over a sustained organ-point on the tonic. Gone is the fleeting shadow of doubt that darkened the motif's first appearance. Yet the movement ends upon a note of devout humility. Resigned, but swayed by unshakable faith in Eternity, the glories of which it had beheld in revelation, it awaits the great release, the fateful signal of the "Clock of Death".

#### IV. FINALE. (2/2). *Feierlich, nicht schnell* (solemn, not fast).

The unlimited thematic richness of the *Finale* shows that Bruckner had steeped his soul in the motivated life of this symphony more intensely than in any pre-

ceding work. In the increased subtlety and resourcefulness of its melodic derivations from the central motifs already extensively exploited in the foregoing sections it is truly the crowning movement of the symphony. Bruckner did not merely compose the *Eighth* - he lived it. An inkling of the inspired abandon with which he set down this *Finale* may be gathered from the ejaculation "Hallelujah!" written in his hand at the point of climax in the manuscript marked by the simultaneous entry of the main themes of all four movements.

Some of the "Michel" incidents allegedly suggested by the *Finale* have already been set forth. Remarkable indeed is Bruckner's transplanting of this jolly legendary character into a scene of political pomp (the meeting of Franz Josef and the Czar at Olmütz). Is not this "Michel" who views the grand ceremony in reality the new Bruckner, now a famous musician, proudly bearing the decoration of the emperor's own order? His worship of rank and pomp can only be understood as closely akin to his devout participation in the church ritual. The emperor was to him a temporal symbol of divinity.

The harmonic foundation of the opening bars has a transitional effect, qualifying the abrupt change from *Adagio* to *Finale* character.

**Feierlich, nicht schnell.**

The image shows a musical score for the beginning of the finale. It consists of two staves: a piano (p) staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom. The piano staff features a complex texture of chords and arpeggios, with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) at the start. The bass staff has a more rhythmic and melodic line, often moving in parallel motion with the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is marked "Feierlich, nicht schnell." (Solemn, not fast).

Motifs of a warlike nature serve as the backbone of the first theme-group. Prominent among these is a regular, rhythmic stamping, like the clatter of horses' hoofs, suggesting the approach of squadrons of cavalry.



Impressive instrumental coloring, horns, trombones, and tubas dominating, reflects the pomp of the occasion. Jubilant fanfares herald the great triumph now in sight. The "Michel" motive, wide-awake and armed for battle, is welded to the rest, lending the thematic scene freshness and jollity.

The second theme-group, rich in chorale fragments, is characterized by an air of prayerful devotion.



This religious fervor at this point is more impassioned than that of the chorale passages of the *Adagio*. It has a more rapid pulse and a vital supporting melodic line formed by a familiar motif descending inverted. The expressive voices of the solo horn and the violins in low register lend it added warmth.

The third theme-group presents a remarkable paradoxical combination of underlying significances.



Gracious melodies filled with the promise of peace spread reassuring wings over the disturbing burden of martial rhythm in the strings.

The contrapuntal skill with which the development is reared to an overwhelming climax, the simultaneous union of the principal themes of all four movements, beggars description. Heroic settings of familiar themes plunge the section into mighty conflict. The din of battle mounts, subsides, and mounts again to greater heights of fury. One moment we seem to be in the very midst of battle, next we catch its echoes from the distance. Chorale fragments are hurled into the breach to sustain the heroic spirit, on the ultimate triumph of which all depends.

The most impressive passage of the movement is the *Coda*, the overwhelming record of that triumph. A last powerful, austere presentation of the opening theme in the trombones; an equally heroic last appearance of the "Michel" motive in broad augmentation in the trumpets and the total stage for the great triumph is set. The gloom of the initial key, C-minor, has been transformed to the bright splendor of C-major. Now in the utmost imaginable splendor resounds the consummately welded choir of the symphony's four principal themes, the very embodiment of Bruckner's polyphonic genius.

## NINTH SYMPHONY (D MINOR)

During the five years he devoted to the composition and revision of the *Eighth* Bruckner still enjoyed robust health. It was not until his sixty-fifth year, the time of his first sketches toward a *Ninth*, that the chronic trend of a dropsic condition, the dread ailment which had carried Beethoven off at the peak of his creative power, evoked the foreboding that his days were numbered.

Thereafter his existence was swayed by a single longing: to be spared long enough to finish his *Ninth*. With the inexorable advance of the disease this longing turned to prayerful obsession, in the despairing grip of which even his awe-inspired humility towards God underwent a singular transformation. The physician who attended him at the Belvedere Palace (a belated, ironic luxury which the emperor had granted him) has communicated some impression of the doomed man's religious attitude. Wrote Dr. Heller, "Often, I found him on his knees in profound prayer. As it was strictly forbidden to interrupt him under these circumstances, I stood by and overheard his naive, pathetic interpolations in the traditional texts. At times he would suddenly exclaim, 'Dear God, let me get well soon; you see I need my health to finish the *Ninth*.'"

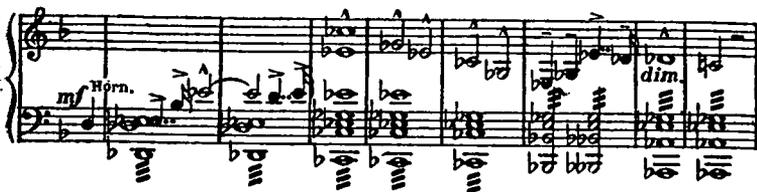
Hence this symphony might aptly be named "Farewell", rather than "Unfinished". Though the futile, tortured strivings of his last hours to formulate a suitable *Finale* show that Bruckner himself regarded the sym-

phony as unfinished, posterity has come to view its three movements as a consummate framework for one of the noblest, most inspiring revelations in tone. When the last note of the *Adagio* has died away there remains no expectation of further revelations to come. Those familiar with this close only in the "Loewe" version may regard such a view with some doubt. There Bruckner's intention, drastically altered, echoes the end of *Parsifal*, its air of resignation suggesting a sinking back to earth. In Bruckner's original manuscript the *Adagio* is marked by no such descent. Ascending ever higher it merges in an ecstasy of affirmation with Eternity.

I. FEIERLICH MISTERIOSO. (2/2). (Mystically Impressive).

The opening bars present a synopsis of the symphony's content. Brooding contemplation of the ultimate mystery, Death and the Hereafter, is suggested in this celebrated passage. Like a solemn chant is the initial motif, softly intoned by a choir of eight horns against a portentous background (tremolo).

The image shows the first system of a musical score. It consists of two staves: a piano part on top and a horn part on the bottom. The piano part begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/2 time signature. The first measure is marked *pp* and *Str. trem.*. The horn part is marked *Horn*. The piano part features a series of notes with a tremolo effect, indicated by a wavy line underneath. The horn part plays a series of notes, with a *pp* marking and a *Picc.* instruction. The system ends with a double bar line.



The grimness of its sombre rhythm is accentuated by hollow, choked trumpet-tones. Its mournful pathos midst austere majesty suggests man's last backward glance from the threshold of the Unknown. One terrifying instant of perplexity, and then the parting soul leaps aloft to meet the dazzling revelation of Eternity. Words cannot describe the splendor here attained by the horns, which have burst their unison fetters to form a golden halo of harmony. Descending they sound like jubilant angel voices bearing a wondrous message down to earth. Their cadence is the spreading of its gracious burden over all mankind. Such is the mystic underlying significance of this richly motivated introduction to the first theme-group. Yet the presentation of these motifs has achieved a purpose symphonically far more important than the mere formulation of a musical passage, however beautiful. It has released the elemental forces from which the main or central theme is to evolve.

The breathless pause at this point is a vivid record of personal reaction, the reaction of one who has beheld a miracle and is completely overwhelmed. As some-

times in a poem a fresh stanza will issue from an echo of the preceding verse, so the transfigured cadence of the opening passage lingers on in the episode that follows. Enharmonic transformations on ascending planes of tone and volume reflect growing suspense in the face of a tremendous disclosure. Downward leaping octave-intervals anticipate the dominant feature of the approaching theme.



An ominous roll in the timpani intensifies the air of agitation. The thundering unison that bursts forth with cosmic power from the summit of this dynamic interlude is the Voice first heard in the trumpet-theme of the *Third*. There speaking in the same key and rhythm, but subdued and diminished by infinite distance, it was like the herald of a miracle to come. Here it sounds the revelation itself. Thematically it also consists of two segments, a gigantic descent by octave-leaps and a broad, diatonic return aloft, gradually accelerated. The whole cosmos trembles with the irresistible force of its reverberations (timpani-roll), while plucked strings sound waning fragments of familiar motifs, gradually releasing the overwhelming tension.

**Streng im Zeitmaß.**

*ff*

G-Saite.

Out of one of these, a descending sixth, is born the song-theme introducing the second group, a prayerful melody in the violins, unmistakably Brucknerian in the spirituality of its yearning.

**Sehr ruhig.**

*p*

Str. *p*

Str. Ob. Horn.

A graceful, encircling figure enhances its charm and expressiveness. Like the corresponding song-theme of the *Seventh* it is supplemented by an inversion of itself. Directed aloft it points the way to a summit of jubilant ecstasy, the goal of the entire song-group.

The character of the third theme-group is without

precedent in Bruckner's symphonies. Hitherto the vehicle of heroic elements, destined to sustain the conflict during the development, this theme-group in the *Ninth* begins on a note of infinite world-weariness, a longing for ultimate peace so overwhelming that it seems to span the whole universe.



It culminates in a song of lofty aspiration. Despite a slight physical similarity due to a community of motivated sources, its kinship to the main theme of the song-theme group is not close. Spiritually it is a more impassioned expression.

A musical score for Violin and Horn, likely from the Ninth Symphony. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the Violin and a bass clef staff for the Horn. The music is in 3/4 time and features a melodic line in the Violin part and accompaniment in the Horn part. The dynamics are marked *p*, *d*, and *mf*. The score shows a sequence of notes and rests, with some notes beamed together. The word "etc." is written at the end of the Horn part.

The development presents a thorough exploitation of the themes and their motifs on a gigantic scale. Its plan, like that in the opening movement of the *Eighth*, is an ascent over a gradually rising range of mountain-

tops to a supreme summit. Darkness, the gloom of the earthbound, hovers over the first of these peaks. Occasional glimpses of radiance caught through the clouds intensify, by contrast, the dominant gloom. The motifs employed are exclusively those of the introduction to the first theme-group.

In the next paragraph the grand unison theme of the first group is the center of attention. It now becomes the material for a huge tonal structure, skillfully enriched with every resource of the polyphonic master. The austerity of this passage is enhanced by the persistent reappearance of the gloomy opening motif in march-like guise. The climax attained by the exploitation of these dramatic elements overtakes and absorbs the formal reentry or recapitulation of themes. There is no let-up in suspense until the uttermost barrier of tension is reached. An abrupt pause — and then, as in the opening theme-group, awe-inspired melodic fragments venture to open timid lips, reflecting the overwhelming impressiveness of the foregoing passage.



Not before the re-entry of the song-group does the listener become aware of the identity between the climax of the development and the recapitulation of the first theme-group, already accomplished. From the

shadow of the third theme's world-weariness issued the Coda, the most austere passage of the whole movement. The brooding initial motif and the startling upward-leap that followed it constitute this last paragraph's thematic bases.

II. SCHERZO. (3/4). *Bewegt lebhaft* (Lively). TRIO. (3/8). *Schnell* (fast).

As in the *Eighth*, to relieve the long-sustained dramatic tension of the opening movement, Bruckner placed the *Scherzo* second. From every viewpoint his most vital expression in the lighter vein this *Scherzo* yields to none of its predecessors in rhythmic variety, harmonic charm, instrumental color, and perfection of welding. Referring to one of its many daring features Bruckner said, "When they hear that, they won't know what to make of it; but by that time I'll be in my grave." The heated arguments aroused among experts by the very opening harmony eloquently bore out his forecast. Whatever its grammatical nature, all were agreed upon the originality of its effect. Framed in a unique witty rhythm it is the veritable echo of Bruckner's chuckle of anticipation.

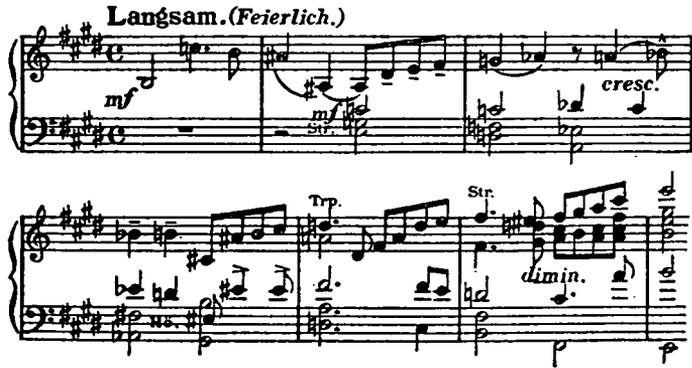
The image shows a musical score for three instruments: Flute (Fl.), Violin (Viol.), and Cello (Cell.). The music is in 3/8 time and marked *pizz.* (pizzicato). The top staff is for Fl. Viol. pizz., the middle for Viol. pizz., and the bottom for Fl. allein and Cell. pizz. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The music consists of rhythmic patterns with various accidentals.

Even amid this carefree rhythmic abandon there is a moment for pure melody. A nostalgic memory of youthful bliss forever vanished finds expression in a song of ardent yearning.



III. ADAGIO. (4/4). *Langsam.* (*Feierlich.*)

The *Adagio*, the most human as well as the most austere of Bruckner's slow movements, opens with a motif of infinite yearning midst utter loneliness.



In the impassioned voices of the violins this motif, a rising minor ninth sinking back chromatically into a

descending octave, seems the very essence of melancholy. It suggests the weary, earth-bound soul, poised before its flight into the Unknown, posing the ultimate question, "Is Death then the end?" Brooding signs issue from its perplexed cadence, insistently questing the light of Revelation. They culminate in a radiant E-major tonic harmony, a promise of the splendor of the Hereafter.

Portentous implications latent in the opening motifs are stressed in the further exposition of this first theme-group. A series of boundlessly poignant outcries by the horns is answered by savagely blaring trumpet-fanfares against an orchestral background seething with agitation.



This passage was significantly described by Bruckner as the "Motif of Fate". It is the symphony's most impressive embodiment of the startling upward-leap in the horns at the beginning of the first movement. Raised to a ninth, its eloquence enhanced by polyphonic setting, it plays an outstanding role in the thematic life of the *Adagio*.

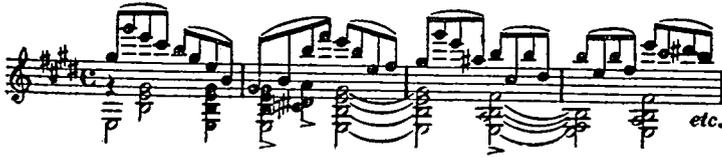
A natural sequel is the ensuing noble, placid melody which Bruckner himself called his "Farewell to Life".

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is labeled "Hörn. Tub." and the bottom staff is labeled "ritard. e dimin.". Both staves show a melodic line with sustained notes and a harmonic accompaniment of sixths.

Harmonious sixths in horns and tubas lend it unmistakable Brucknerian character. One beautiful theme follows the other in this sustained song theme-group, spreading burdens of wondrous solace, faith and gratitude.

The image shows a single staff of musical notation with a melodic line and a harmonic accompaniment of sixths.

The degree of pure lyric ecstasy here attained is matched only in the soaring 3/4 section of the *Adagio* of the *Seventh*. In its sustained character, however, the singing quality of this last *Adagio* is supreme. Dreamy echoes of the *Seventh* and *Eighth* haunt the closing measures.



Almost until his last hour on earth Bruckner worked desperately over his futile sketches toward the *Finale*, which he was fated to abandon, a mere sphinxlike fragment. Among the quavering, incoherent pen-strokes on his note-paper near the end (the author is the proud possessor of one of these precious pages) are scattered phrases from the Lord's Prayer indicating the unshakable Faith of the man in whose life and work the power of prayer had played so important a part.

## QUINTET (F MAJOR)

Composed during the earlier half of 1879 Bruckner's *Quintet for Strings*, scored for two violins, two violas, and cello, represents his sole contribution to the literature of chamber-music. Aside from his nine numbered symphonies it is his only mature instrumental work in a larger form. It was first performed in 1880 in Cologne.

### I. GEMAESSIGT. (3/4).

The principal melody of the opening theme-group, a genuinely romantic idea, is introduced softly in the first violin.

The image shows two systems of musical notation for piano accompaniment. The first system is marked "Gemäßigt" and "p.". It features a triplet melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The second system is marked "sempre cresc." and "dim.". It continues the triplet melody in the right hand and the supporting bass line in the left hand.

Of the lighter lyric texture native to chamber-musical expression, it has, nevertheless, the broadly soaring

melodic line of Bruckner's symphonic cantabile passages. One of its elements, an ascending arpeggio, at first assumes an individual role in the cello; then in a resolute, staccato transformation it becomes the rhythmic and harmonic backbone of an ardent supplementary theme in the first violin.



The cadence of this theme, a brief, characteristic motif, is the source of the vigorous rhythmic life in the ensuing passage. Its dramatic possibilities are gradually revealed by the different instruments, at first alternately, then in combinations of increasing strength, leading to a powerful climax in a typically Brucknerian unison utterance.



The second (or song) theme-group begins with a

melody of delicate texture in the bright, ethereal tonality of F# major.

The image shows two systems of musical notation for piano. The first system is marked *pp sehr zart*. The right-hand part features a delicate, chromatic melody in F# major, while the left-hand part provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the piece with similar textures, showing the continuation of the melodic and harmonic lines.

A rather unusual harmonic phenomenon for classic sonata form, this chromatic rise, in place of the traditional dominant change, is nevertheless amply sanctioned by Schubert. Bruckner has merely postponed the entry of the dominant to achieve increased richness of harmonic color. Skillfully he leads the song theme-group over paths of ever fresh harmonic interest, until the expected tonal haven has been reached.

The short development section is devoted almost exclusively to the exploitation of the thematic material in the first group, the song theme-group being represented only by fragmentary particles in subordinated settings. The first violin, somewhat in the manner of improvisation, sounds the key-note of the preliminary portion. One by one the other instruments add their voices; then they unite in various combinations suited

to the changing contrapuntal texture of a Brucknerian development section. A warm, comforting melody in the first violin counteracts the restlessness evoked by the exploitation of conflicting motifs.

When the first violin suddenly sounds the opening theme in its original form, the recapitulation seems to have set in, but immediately the second viola, inverting the theme, contradicts this impression. New contrapuntal life now arises in an imitative conversation in the violins. Finally, the first violin, in an impassioned *Cadenza* "ad libitum", leads to the real recapitulation.

No mere repetition of ideas previously presented, this "restatement" soon strikes out along paths of fresh revelation. A triplet figure, drawn from the opening bar of the principal theme, attains special significance. A richer contrapuntal texture lends this final setting an air of fulfillment. The song-group is reintroduced in novel tonal surroundings, enriched by subtle enharmonic coloring.

The hand of the symphonic master is evident in the structure of the summary (*Coda*). The principal ideas, arrayed side by side, are finally resolved. The movement closes jubilantly with an organ-point on the tonic.

## II. SCHERZO. (3/4). *Schnell* (fast).

Unlike Bruckner's hardy symphonic *Scherzi* this airy movement also shows the composer's keen grasp of the essential difference between symphonic and chamber-music. Yet it, too, is a dance of unmistakable Upper-Austrian flavor.

The outstanding thematic line, assigned to the second violin throughout the opening portion, is a curious, winding melody in *Laendler* rhythm.

The image displays two systems of musical notation for piano. The first system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a complex, winding melodic line with slurs and accents, while the bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed at the beginning of the first measure. The second system also consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff continues the melodic line, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. A dynamic marking of *cresc. poco a poco* (crescendo poco a poco) is placed at the beginning of the first measure. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4.

Above it the first violin softly plays a lilting counter-theme. Cello and violas mark the rhythm, at the same time filling out the rich harmonic texture. Both themes are then inverted in the violas, the music acquiring increased harmonic and contrapuntal subtlety. The complex nature of this passage caused Bruckner to insist upon a slower tempo: "almost andante," he said in a letter. The form, as usual, is simple A-B-A, the original themes returning to bring the *Scherzo* portion to a close.

The *Trio* is a slower, more graceful, expression, also of *Laendler* character.

**Langsam.**

*mp* *p* *pp*

*p* *pp*

The flourishes of the second violin are haunted by the sunny spirit of "Papa Haydn". This delicate melodic line and the broader one it surrounds are both unmistakable sequels of the principal theme of the *Scherzo*, which also consists of two contrasted melodies. Yet how different are the two themes in effect!

### III. ADAGIO. (4/4).

Of truly symphonic breadth is the opening theme of the *Adagio*, introduced in the first violin.

**Ausdrucksvoll.**

*p* *sfz.* *mit Wärme*

*cresc.*  
*p* *r. H.* *legato* *dim.*

Beginning softly it soars aloft on stately wings with growing ardor, and then descends in gracious curves to become the whispered confession of a noble soul's yearning. To find another melody of such depth and purity one would have to go to Bruckner's greatest symphonic *Adagios*. A series of prayerful sighs lead to impassioned outcries.

A regular unison pulsation in the violins and second viola, almost like a living heart-beat, introduces a brighter mood.

*pp* *cresc. p* *cresc. dim.*  
*gesangvoll*  
*pp* *breit*



A melody radiant with hope and confidence appears in the first viola, the pulsation surviving in rich supporting harmonies. The total absence of any bass gives this "tenor" theme a lofty, visionary quality.

A new, livelier descending figure, at first of rather dramatic character, attains apotheosis in the violas, clothing with the splendor of a benediction the farewell reappearance of the "tenor" theme in the first violin. Ineffable peace hovers over the last phrase.

#### IV. FINALE. (4/4). *Lebhaft bewegt* (lively).

The closing movement can be completely grasped only in the light of the preceding sections. A lively staccato motif in the second violin over an organ-point of distant tonality dominates the beginning.



Though the first theme-group is devoted to the restoration of the central tonality of the work, even the most unsophisticated ear need not shrink from the com-

plexity thereby implied. It is not the dry grammar, but rather the poetry of harmony that sways this tonal quest. It lends the entire passage an air of suspense, like the preparation for some significant disclosure. In Bruckner's symphonies such passages culminate in gigantic unison outbursts. Here the excitement subsides into a mere whisper, hushed in a "general pause."

The second (or song) theme-group, slower than the first, is dominated by a swinging, *Laendler* figure, drawn from the *Scherzo*.

Langsamer.

The image shows two systems of musical notation for a piano piece. The first system is marked 'p' and the second system is marked 'cresc.'. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of two flats, and a common time signature. The music features a prominent rhythmic motif in the bass line, which is described in the text as a 'Laendler' figure. The first system shows a melodic line in the treble and a more active bass line. The second system shows the melodic line moving to the bass and the treble line becoming more active, with a 'cresc.' marking indicating a dynamic increase.

This rhythmic motif given to the first viola, provides a firm basis for the somewhat rhapsodic melody in the first violin. Later, with broadened span, it acquires the bold sweep usually associated with fugue-themes. The cello takes it up with strokes of full power; the first viola answers it in the dominant. Yet it proves to be no fugue, but rather the herald of a highly contra-

puntal development section, presenting the final and decisive conflict of the work. A brief triplet motif, derived from the very first phrase of the *Quintet*, becomes the outstanding thematic element. Motifs of the song theme, as well as a prominent figure in the *Adagio*, are also exploited.

The contrapuntal artistry of this development defies description. In the natural felicity of his polyphonic idiom Bruckner was a supreme master. Yet the convincing effect of this *Quintet-Finale* is the result of no combination of devices, however masterly. Here also, as in Bruckner's symphonies, the spirit's gradual, indomitable rise towards ultimate triumph in the face of a world of obstacles is the underlying concept.

## APPENDIX

### MISCELLANEOUS DATA

#### FIRST SYMPHONY (C MINOR)

SCORED FOR: 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets (in revised version),  
2 bassoons, 4 horns, 2 trumpets, 3 trombones, strings, timpani.

COMPOSED: Linz, 1865/6; dedicated to University of Vienna.

REVISED: 1877 and 1884 without important changes; this version bearing the subtitle, *Linz version*, was published by the *Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag*, Vienna, 1934, as part of the projected *Gesamtausgabe*.

REVISED: 1890/91; published by Josef Eberle & Cie., Vienna.

PREMIERE: Linz, May 9, 1868, Bruckner conducting; Vienna, Dec. 13, 1891, final version, Hans Richter conducting; Aachen, Sept. 2, 1934, *Linz version*, Peter Raabe conducting.

AMERICAN PREMIERE: Brooklyn, N. Y., 1938, Kosok conducting; Chicago, 1940, Stock conducting—first American performance by a major orchestra.

#### SECOND SYMPHONY (C MINOR)

SCORED FOR: 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 4 horns,  
2 trumpets, 3 trombones, strings, timpani.

COMPOSED: Vienna, 1871/2; dedicated to Franz Liszt.

REVISED: 1890; published by Doblinger, Vienna, 1892.

PREMIERE: Vienna, Oct. 26, 1873, Bruckner conducting; origi-

nal version: Hamburg, April 29, 1937, Eugen Jochum conducting.

AMERICAN PREMIERE: Philadelphia, 1902, Scheel conducting.

### THIRD SYMPHONY (D MINOR) WAGNER SYMPHONY

SCORED FOR: 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 4 horns,  
3 trumpets, 3 trombones, strings, timpani.

COMPOSED: Vienna, 1873; published by Rättig, Vienna, 1878;  
dedicated to Richard Wagner, hence known as the *Wagner  
Symphony*.

REVISED: 1888/89; published by Rättig, Vienna, 1890.

PREMIERE: Vienna, Dec. 16, 1877, Bruckner conducting; Vi-  
enna, Dec. 21, 1890, Hans Richter conducting revised version.

AMERICAN PREMIERE: New York, Dec. 5, 1885, Walter Dam-  
rosch conducting; revised version: Chicago, 1901, Thomas  
conducting.

### FOURTH SYMPHONY (E FLAT MAJOR) ROMANTIC

SCORED FOR: Flute, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 4 horns,  
3 trumpets, 3 trombones, bass tuba, strings, timpani, cymbals.

COMPOSED: Vienna, 1874; dedicated to Prince Konstantin zu  
Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst.

REVISED: 1888; published by Gutmann, Vienna, 1889.

PREMIERE: Vienna, Feb. 20, 1881, Hans Richter conducting;  
revised version: Vienna, Dec. 21, 1888, Hans Richter con-  
ducting; original version: March 1, 1936, Hans Weisbach  
conducting.

AMERICAN PREMIERE: March 3, 1888, Anton Seidl conducting; first American nationwide broadcast: NBC March 4, 1939, William Steinberg conducting the NBC Orchestra.

### FIFTH SYMPHONY (B FLAT MAJOR) TRAGIC

SCORED FOR: 3 flutes (piccolo), 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, contrabassoon, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, contrabass tuba, strings, timpani (cymbals, triangle); in the *Finale* added brass in the Loewe edition only: 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, contrabass tuba.

COMPOSED: Vienna 1875/77; dedicated to Minister of Education Karl Stremayr; published by Doblinger, Vienna, 1896.

PREMIERE: Graz, Apr. 8, 1894, Franz Schalk conducting; original version: Munich, Oct. 28, 1935, Siegmund v. Hausegger conducting.

AMERICAN PREMIERE: Boston, 1901, Wilhelm Gericke conducting; first American nationwide radio broadcast: CBS, Jan. 15, 1933, Bruno Walter conducting the New York Philharmonic.

### SIXTH SYMPHONY (A MAJOR) PHILOSOPHIC

SCORED FOR: 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, contrabass tuba, strings, timpani.

COMPOSED: Vienna, 1879/81; dedicated to Dr. Anton v. Ölzelt-Newin; published by Doblinger, Vienna, 1901.

PREMIERE: Vienna, Feb. 11, 1883, Wilhelm Jahn conducting (two middle movements only); Vienna, Feb. 26, 1899, Gustav Mahler conducting (complete work); original version: Dresden, Oct. 9, 1935, Paul v. Kempen, conducting.

AMERICAN PREMIERE: New York, 1912, Josef Stransky conducting.

### SEVENTH SYMPHONY (E MAJOR) LYRIC

SCORED FOR: 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, contrabassoon, 4 horns, 4 tubas (Bayreuth), contrabass tuba, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, timpani (cymbals, triangle), strings.

COMPOSED: Vienna 1881/83; dedicated to King Ludwig III of Bavaria, published by Gutmann, Vienna, 1885.

PREMIERE: Leipzig, Dec. 30, 1884, Artur Nikisch conducting.

AMERICAN PREMIERE: Chicago, 1886, Theodore Thomas conducting; first American nationwide broadcast: CBS, March 8, 1931, N. Y. Philharmonic, Arturo Toscanini, conducting.

### EIGHTH SYMPHONY (C MINOR) THE GERMAN "MICHEL"

SCORED FOR: 3 flutes, 3 oboes, 3 clarinets, 3 bassoons (contrabassoon), 8 horns, (4 tubas), 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, contrabass tuba, timpani (cymbals), harp, strings.

COMPOSED: Vienna, 1884/87; dedicated to *Kaiser Franz Josef I.*

REVISED: 1889/90; published by Lienau-Schlesinger, Berlin, 1892.

PREMIERE: Vienna, Dec. 18, 1892, Hans Richter conducting; original version: July 5, 1939, Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting.

AMERICAN PREMIERE: Chicago, 1896, Theodore Thomas conducting; first American nationwide radio broadcast: CBS, Oct. 29, 1933, N. Y. Philharmonic, Bruno Walter conducting.

## NINTH SYMPHONY (D MINOR)

SCORED FOR: 3 flutes (piccolo), 3 oboes, 3 clarinets, 2 bassoons, contrabassoon, 2 horns, 4 tubas, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, contrabass tuba, strings, timpani.

COMPOSED: Vienna, 1887/94; dedicated to Dear God; published by Doblinger, Vienna, 1906.

PREMIERE: Vienna, Feb. 11, 1903, Ferdinand Löwe conducting; original version: April 2, 1932, Siegmund v. Hausegger conducting.

AMERICAN PREMIERES: Chicago, 1904, Thomas conducting; New York, 1934, Klemperer conducting the original version; first American nationwide broadcast: CBS, Oct. 14, 1934, Klemperer conducting the N. Y. Philharmonic, original version.

## QUINTET (F MAJOR)

SCORED FOR: 2 violins, 2 violas, cello.

COMPOSED: Vienna, 1879; dedicated to Count Max Emanuel of Bavaria; published by Gutmann, Vienna, 1884.

PREMIERE: Vienna (Winkler Quartet), Nov. 17, 1881.

AMERICAN PREMIERE: Chicago, 1899 (Spiering); first American nationwide broadcast: CBS, Feb. 11, 1934, N. Y. Philharmonic, Lange conducting (*Adagio* only).

With the exception of the *First*, composed in Linz, the symphonies were written mainly in Vienna. All the original manuscripts are preserved in the National Library, Vienna. All of the symphonies have been published in their original versions in the projected *Gesamtausgabe* (complete edition) sponsored by the library.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The musical examples in this book are taken from Max Auer's *Anton Bruckner* (1923 edition) and are used with the permission of Prof. Auer and the publisher, Amalthea Verlag, Vienna. Publications of Amalthea Verlag include:

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Among American artistic developments of recent years the rebirth of interest in the music of Bruckner and Mahler is second to none in significance. When *The Bruckner Society of America* was founded on January 4, 1931, performances of these two composers by our major musical organizations were not merely rare, but also ineffectual because American music-lovers had no adequate approach to the proper appreciation of the art of either Bruckner or Mahler. Therefore the *Society*, having adopted as its chief aim the fulfillment of this void, published the first biographies of these composers in English and issued a magazine, *CHORD AND DISCORD*, devoted almost entirely to discussions of their works. Copies of *CHORD AND DISCORD* are available in the principal public and university libraries in the United States.

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